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FOR GENERAL READING.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Fifteenth Half-Yearly Volume of SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE being completed, custom makes it necessary to accompany it by a few prefatory remarks.

Its Subscribers will have seen that a change in the management of the Work has already commenced ; hereafter it will be placed more directly under the conduct of Mrs. S. C. HALL ; and, in announcing this arrangement, the Publishers feel assured that the accomplished lady, whose writings have been so eminently useful, and who is so greatly popular among readers of all classes, will give to this Magazine a high character among the Periodical Publications of the age and country.

Several marked improvements will be introduced into future Parts : the articles will be more skilfully arranged ; the work will be printed from new type, upon better paper than heretofore ; and the Publishers express their anxious wish to sustain the efforts of the Editor in the endeavour to give to the London Magazine a more enlarged sphere of usefulness, by increasing its circulation.

25, PATERNOSTER ROW,
June 1, 1852.

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SHARPE'S LONDON JOURNAL.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF ANDREW MARVELL.

ANDREW MARVELL, the incorruptiblest of men and senators in an age when nearly all men and senators were corrupt, was in his lifetime a person much esteemed for his wisdom and his wit; and for his character and conduct has been since considered worthy of an honourable remembrance, being, indeed, now generally regarded as one of those true and faithful spirits that are born for the benefit and ornament of the world. As it is presumable that the acts and qualities of such a man are still possessed of interest, it shall be our present effort to show what manner of man he was, and to represent, in so far as present limits will admit, something of his actual life and conversation. The delineation will be necessarily imperfect, but such as it is it shall be accurate, and, if possible, entertaining.

Be it known, then, to all such as do not already know it, that Andrew Marvell was born at Kingston-upon-Hull, in these days of abbreviation commonly called Hull, on the 15th of November, 1620. His father, also called Andrew, was master of the Grammar School, and lecturer at the church of the Holy Trinity in that town. Fuller mentions him as being remarkable for his facetiousness, and says further, that "he was a most excellent preacher, who never broached what he had new brewed, but preached what he had pre-studied some competent time before, inasmuch as he was wont to say, that he would cross the common proverb which called Saturday the working day, and Monday the holiday of preachers." But if his preaching was thus excellent, his life was not the less so; indeed, there seems reason to believe that he very much resembled the "Good Parson" drawn by Chaucer:—

"Rich he was in holy thought and work;
And thereto a right learned man. * * *
The lore of Christ, and his apostles twelve
He taught; but first he follow'd it himselfe."

Of young Andrew's early years there is nothing particular related. A bold imagination may figure him as a frank and joyous boy, with probably a tinge of pensiveness, studying the Latin grammar under his father at the Grammar School, and spending his leisure time in such youthful recreations as were common to his age and country. Having given sufficient indications of ability, and obtained "an exhibition from his native town," he was sent, when hardly fifteen years of age, to Trinity College, Cambridge.

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Here he was presently ensnared by the proselytizing cunning of the Jesuits, who induced him to quit his studies and run away to London, but with what specific object is not distinctly stated. Thither, however, his father traced him, and after considerable searching and inquiry, discovered him accidentally in a book-seller's shop. He was restored to the university, and for the two succeeding years he pursued his studies with becoming diligence and success.

While yet at College, Andrew lost his father, under circumstances peculiarly sudden and affecting. It appears that among his intimate acquaintances there was a lady, residing on the other side of the Humber, and who had an only, interesting daughter, endeared to all who knew her, and by her mother so idolized and passionately beloved, that she was scarcely ever permitted to pass an hour out of her presence. On one occasion; however, in compliance with the solicitations of Mr. Marvell, she was allowed to cross over to Hull to be present at the baptism of one of his children. The day after the ceremony the young lady was to return. The weather was unusually tempestuous, and on reaching the river side, accompanied by her reverend friend, the boatmen endeavoured to dissuade her from passing over. Afraid of alarming her mother by her prolonged absence she unhappily persisted. Mr. Marvell, seconding the representations of the boatmen, urged the danger of the undertaking; but finding her resolved to go, he told her that as she had incurred the impending peril to oblige him, he felt "bound in honour and conscience" not to desert her; and having at length prevailed on some of the boatmen to hazard the passage, they embarked. As they were putting off, he flung his cane on shore, telling the bystanders that, in case he should never return, it was to be given to his son, with the injunction "to remember his father." His apprehensions were very shortly realized: the boat was upset, and both were lost.

Great was the grief of the bereaved mother, but when she had a little recovered from its first impressions, she sent for young Marvell, and signified a disposition to aid him in completing his education; and at her death, some time afterwards, she left him the whole of her possessions. Meanwhile, having taken his bachelor's degree, in or about 1638, he appears to have been admitted to a scholarship. This, however, he does not seem to have retained long. A lively, and perhaps riotous temperament exposed him to a variety of temptations, into some of which he evidently fell; for we learn that he became "negligent of his studies," and absented himself from certain "exerc-

cises," which rendered him amenable to discipline. The result of these irregularities was rather serious, inasmuch as on the 21st September, 1641, he was adjudged by the masters and seniors to be unworthy of receiving "any further benefit from the college," unless he should show cause to the contrary within the space of three months; a gracious reservation, of which he does not appear to have availed himself. For that default he had, of course, to quit the university, and he accordingly girded up his loins for adventures in the open world.

It seemed to Andrew that perhaps the best thing he could do was to "set out on his travels." He therefore departed, probably about the beginning of 1642, and journeyed over a great part of Europe. On reaching Rome he fell in with his countryman John Milton, and here, it is believed, began their well-known and life-long friendship. It would be a pleasant accession to the biography of both, could one recover out of the depths of forgetfulness some of those brilliant and stirring conversations in which they no doubt frequently engaged; but as there was no ready-writing Boswell there to do them such a service, this portion of their history remains, and will remain, extremely indistinct. The most of what we learn of them is this: that both being men of intrepidity, with a strain of the Puritan in their constitutions, they openly argued against the superstitions of the Roman church, within the very precincts of the Vatican; and, what was hardly to have been expected, came off scathless. It would seem, however, that there was a certain kind of tolerance in the popish authorities of the times, and that they could very well afford to let a pair of hot-tempered and noble-spirited strangers speak their minds.

It was at Rome that Marvell began to try his hand at authorship; the "heir of his invention" being a lampoon on Richard Flecknoe. It is now pretty well forgotten, or remembered mainly as having suggested Dryden's famous satire on Laureate Shadwell. Going afterwards to Paris, Marvell made another satirical effort, designing thereby to bring into contempt a certain Abbe Manibou, who, after the manner of our present "graphiologists," professed to interpret the characters and indicate the fortunes of individuals by an inspection of their handwritings. His piece was written in Latin, and in point of merit it is considered about equal to his first performance. What impression it made on the public has not been very certainly ascertained.

For some years after this, Marvell's history is in great part a blank. We find, however, that having been "four years abroad, in Holland, France, Italy, and Spain," he was sometime subsequently engaged in the household of Lord Fairfax, for the purpose of giving "instructions in the languages" to the daughter of that nobleman. How long he remained in this employment is nowise clear or certain. In 1652 he offered himself as a candidate for the office of Assistant Latin Secretary to the existing government. In a letter of Milton's, dated the 21st of February in that

year, and addressed to John Bradshaw, Marvell is described as a man of "singular desert," and as being in point of learning and ability well qualified for the appointment he was then soliciting. The letter concludes in these terms: "This, my lord, I write sincerely, without any other end than to perform my duty to the public in helping them to an humble servant; laying aside those jealousies and that emulation which mine own condition might suggest to me, by bringing in such a condutor." Though thus strongly recommended, Marvell was unsuccessful in his application, and did not obtain the office till five years afterwards.

The powers in high places seem nevertheless to have been well disposed to serve him: for in 1653 he was appointed tutor to Cromwell's nephew, Mr. Dutton. Marvell's mode of proceeding towards his pupil appears to have been distinguished by great sense and conscientiousness, and even by a touch of Yorkshire caution. "I have taken care," says he, in a letter to the Protector, "to examine him several times in the presence of Mr. Oxenbridge, as those who weigh and tell over money before some witness ere they take charge of it, for I thought there might be possibly some lightness in the coin, or error in the telling, which hereafter I should be bound to make good." He adds further: "He is of gentle and waxen disposition; and God be praised, I cannot say he hath brought with him any evil impression, and I shall hope to set nothing into his spirit but what may be of a good sculpture." How Marvell succeeded in building up the inner man of Mr. Dutton, or for what length of time he was so engaged, cannot here be certified, owing to the scantiness of the materials relating to this part of his life. But there seems reason to believe that, in whatsoever way employed, he remained connected with the person and family of Cromwell for a considerable period, as on the publication of Milton's "Second Defence of the People of England," he was commissioned to present the work to the Protector, and in 1657 was promoted to the Assistant Secretaryship which he had formerly solicited.

In 1658 Cromwell died, and we hear no more of Marvell till the opening of the parliament in 1660. To that parliament he was returned for his native town of Hull. He was one of the last members of the House of Commons that received *scages* from their constituents, and the duties which he performed were perhaps on that account more onerous than those of ordinary senators. He appears to have carried on a regular correspondence with the Hull electors, giving them full particulars of the parliamentary proceedings, and of the part which he himself took in them. A great number of his letters are still preserved, and are valuable for the proofs which they afford of the writer's diligence and fidelity, and in some respects also as throwing light on certain points of parliamentary history and usage. A few passages from these letters, intermingled with certain portions of his private correspondence, may serve perhaps to illustrate the character of Marvell's patriotism, and to

show the unsparing criticism which he applied to the public transactions of the times.

It is matter of notoriety that the court and administration of Charles II. were extremely unscrupulous and corrupt: it may not, however, be uninteresting to some to see a little of what Marvell noted close at hand. In a letter to a friend in Persia, he says: "The king having, upon pretence of the great preparations of his neighbours, demanded 300,000*l.* for his navy, (though in conclusion he hath not set out any,) and that the parliament should pay his debts (which the ministers would never particularize to the House of Commons,) our House gave several bills. You see how far things were stretched, though beyond reason, there being no satisfaction how those debts were contracted, and all men foreseeing that what was given would not be applied to discharge the debts, which I hear are at this day risen to four millions; but diverted as formerly. Nevertheless, such was the number of the constant courtiers increased by the apostate patriots, who were bought off for that turn, some at six, others ten, one at fifteen thousand pounds in money, besides what offices, lands, and reversions to others, that *it is a mercy they gave not away the whole land and liberty of England.*" In the same letter he adds: "They have signed and sealed ten thousand pounds a-year more to the Duchess of Cleveland, who has likewise near ten thousand pounds a-year out of the new farm of the country excise of beer and ale, five thousand a-year out of the Post-office, and they say the reversion of all the king's leases, the reversion of all places in the Custom House, the green wax, and indeed what not? All promotions, spiritual and temporal, pass under her cognisance."¹

Of the king's unconstitutional visits to the House of Peers, Marvell gives the following account:—"Being sat, he told them it was a privilege he claimed from his ancestors to be present at their deliberations. That therefore they should not for his coming, interrupt their debates, but proceed, and be covered. They did so. It is true that this has been done long ago: but it is now so old that it is new, and so disused, that at any other but so bewitched a time as this, it would have been looked on as a high usurpation and breach of privilege. He indeed sat still, for the most part, and interposed very little . . . After three or four days' continuance, the lords were very well used to the king's presence, and sent the lord steward and lord chamberlain to him, to know when they might wait as a house on him, to render their humble thanks for the honour he did them. The hour was appointed them; and they thanked him; and he took it well. So this matter, of such importance on all great occasions, seems riveted to them and us for the future, and to all posterity . . . The king has ever since continued his session among them, and *says it is better than going to a play.*"²

From this one can perceive that, whatever might be

his faults, Charles II. was a pleasant fellow. Of another kind of pleasantry, arising out of the peculiar relations between members of Parliament and their constituencies, we obtain some curious glimpses from these letters. On more than one occasion it appears that members had *sued their constituents for arrears of pay*; and that others had threatened to do the like, unless the said constituents would agree to re-elect them at the next election. "To-day," says Marvell (in a letter dated March 3, 1676-7), "Sir Harbottle Grimston, Master of the Rolls, moved for a bill to be brought in, to indemnify all counties, cities, and boroughs, for the wages due to their members for the time past, which was introduced by him upon very good reason, both because of the poverty of many people not able to supply so long an arrear, especially new taxes now coming upon them, and also because Sir John Shaw, the Recorder of Colchester, *had sued the town for his wages*; several other members also having, it seems, threatened their boroughs to do the same, unless *they should choose them* upon another election to Parliament." We gather further that electors of those days did not pride themselves very much upon the suffrage, and that there were even instances of unpatriotic boroughs begging to be *disfranchised*, to escape the burdensome honour of sending representatives!

In such a state of things, it was hardly to be expected that the attendance of members should be very prompt or punctual. Such, indeed, was the difficulty of obtaining a "full House," that it was deemed advisable at various times to threaten severe penalties against the absentees. In one of these letters we are told—"The House was called yesterday, and gave defaulters a fortnight's time, by which if they do not come up they may expect the greatest severity." In another—"The House of Commons was taken up for the most part yesterday in calling over their House, and having ordered a letter to be drawn up from the Speaker to every place for which there is any defaulter, to signify the absence of their members; and a solemn letter is accordingly preparing, to be signed by the Speaker. This is thought a sufficient punishment for *any modest man*; nevertheless, if they shall not come up hereupon, there is a further severity reserved." These reserved severities, however, could be rarely put in practice, so that the absenteeism of honourable gentlemen was for a long time more or less a standing hindrance to legislation.

Among the other unpleasant perplexities incident to the House of Commons in those days, were the frequent disputes into which they were in the habit of falling with the House of Lords. The following is an amusing complication of their relations, and must have been extremely difficult of adjustment. "I have no more time than to tell you that the Lords having judged and fined the East India Company, as we think *illegally*, upon the petition of one Skynner, a merchant, and they petitioning us for redress, we have imprisoned him that petitioned *them*, and they have imprisoned several of those that petitioned *us*." "It

(1) Marvell's Letters, pp. 405, 400.

(2) *Ibid.* pp. 417-419.

is," adds Marvell, "a business of high and dangerous consequence," as indeed it manifestly was, though nothing very serious resulted.

As a curious example of the odd accidents on which important events may sometimes depend, the following singular anecdote may be cited. Sir G. Carteret had been charged with embezzlement of public money. "The House," says Marvell, "dividing upon the question, the ayes went out, and wondered why they were kept out so extraordinary a time; the ayes proved 138, and the noes 129; and the reason of the long stay then appeared. The tellers for the ayes chanced to be very ill reckoners, so that they were forced to tell several times over in the house; and when at last the tellers for the ayes would have agreed the noes to be 142, the noes would needs say that they were 143; whereupon those for the ayes would tell once more, and then found the noes to be indeed but 129, and the ayes then coming in proved to be 138; whereas if the noes had been content with the first error of the tellers, Sir George had been quit upon that observation."¹

It appears there is no evidence that Marvell ever spoke in Parliament. He was nearly twenty years a member, and all the time a silent one. His influence in the House, nevertheless, seems to have been more than usually considerable. The strong and decided views which he took on public affairs, the severe, satirical things which he was constantly uttering in conversation, or publishing in pamphlets and addresses, and the steadfast and well-known integrity by which his entire conduct was distinguished, rendered him a formidable opponent to the government, and even gained for him the secret respect of some of the court party. Prince Rupert honoured him with his friendship, and is said to have remained attached to him when "the rest of the party had honoured him by their hatred," and to have occasionally visited him at his lodgings. When he voted on Marvell's side of the House, as not unfrequently happened, it used to be said that he had been closeted "with his tutor." Our patriot, however, was nowise without his enemies—as indeed every good man necessarily lives in antagonism with the bad; and there are no relations hitherto discovered under which they can with any permanence be amicably associated. We find it said that on more than one occasion, Marvell was threatened with assassination; so that in spite of conscious virtue he had need of walking guardedly, and with the strictest circumspection.

Of his severe probity, his utter inaccessibility to bribery, and the manifold forms of flattery and temptation which the governing powers employed against him, there are many substantial evidences. The account of his memorable interview with the Lord Treasurer Danby, though it has often been repeated, and is, perhaps, generally familiar to historical readers, cannot properly be omitted in any relation having reference to Marvell's acts and cha-

acter. It appears that he once spent an evening at Court, and very highly delighted the "merry monarch" by his wit and other personal accomplishments. In this there is nothing to astonish us; as it is known that Charles enjoyed wit and lively conversation almost more than anything. To his excessive admiration of wit and drollery he was indeed continually sacrificing his royal dignity. However, one morning after the above-mentioned interview, he sent Danby to wait on our patriot with a special message of regard. Charles perhaps might think that with a fellow of such humour it would not be impossible to come to an understanding. His lordship had some difficulty in finding Marvell's residence, but at last discovered it on a second floor, in a dark court communicating with the Strand. It is said, that in groping up the narrow staircase, he stumbled against the door of the apartment, which, flying open, revealed to him the patriot writing at his desk. A little surprised, Marvell asked his lordship, with a smile, if he had not missed his way. "No," said Danby, in courtly phraseology; "No; not since I have succeeded in finding Mr. Marvell." He then proceeded to inform him that he came with a message from the king, who was impressed with a deep sense of his merits, and was anxious to serve him. Marvell replied, pleasantly, "that his majesty had it not in his power to serve him." As Danby pressed him seriously, he told his lordship at length that he knew well enough that he who accepts court favours is naturally expected to vote in conformity with its interests. On his lordship's saying "that his majesty only desired to know whether there was any place at court which he would accept," the patriot replied, "that he could accept nothing with honour, for either he must treat the king with ingratitude by refusing compliance with court measures, or be a traitor to his country by yielding to them." The only favour, therefore, he begged of his majesty, was to esteem him as a loyal subject, and truer to his actual interests in *refusing* his offers than he could be by *accepting* them. His lordship having exhausted this species of persuasion, had recourse to what he probably considered more formidable logic, and told him that his majesty requested his acceptance of a thousand pounds. But this too was firmly and respectfully rejected, though, as it is related, soon after Danby left him, Marvell was compelled to borrow a guinea from a friend, to meet his immediate expenses.

It has been already hinted, that though no orator in Parliament, Marvell was moderately ready with his pen; and there can be no one at all acquainted with English literature, who does not know that he was one of the most popular writers of his age. Most of his works, however, were written for temporary purposes, and have accordingly in great part passed out of mind with the circumstances that occasioned them. The production on which his fame as an author may be said principally to rest, is the *Rehearsal Transposed*—a piece written in a controversy with Dr. Samuel Parker, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, a splendid impersonation of the High-Church militant. Parker, in

(1) Letters, pp. 125, 126.

a preface to a posthumous work of Archbishop Bramhall's, which appeared in 1673, had displayed an excessive zeal against the Nonconformists, and with the fiercest acrimony and the uttermost extravagance, had urged those abominable maxims of ecclesiastical tyranny, which were fashionable among the rampant churchmen of the age. The preface was anonymous, but the author was not on that account unknown—his *style*, perhaps, exposing him. As a champion for tolerance, Marvell took the matter up; and as his adversary persecuted himself without a name, he facetiously dubbed him "Mr. Bayes," the name under which the Duke of Buckingham had lately ridiculed Dryden in the famous play of the *Rehearsal*. The title of Marvell's book was, indeed, suggested by a scene in the same play—that in which Bayes states the manner in which he manufactured his dramatic pieces. The passage is as follows:—

"Bayes.—Why, sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula duplex*,—changing verse into prose, or prose into verse, *alternatiôe* as you please."

"Smith.—Well, but how is this done by rule, sir?"

"Bayes.—Why thus, sir; nothing so easy when understood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that is all one: if there be any wit in it (as there is no book but has some), I *transverse* it; that is, if it be prose, put it into verse, (but that takes up some time,) and if it be verse, put it into prose."

"Johnson.—Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verse into prose shall be called *transprosing*."

"Bayes.—By my troth, sir, 'tis a very good notion, and hereafter it shall be so."

Seizing upon this conceit, Marvell called his work the *Rehearsal Transposed*; and the ridicule which he heaped on Parker was so unsparing and complete, that it is said even the king and his courtiers could not help laughing at him. The success of the work was signal, immediate, and universal. Bishop Burnet says, in allusion to it, with an evident enjoyment of the humiliation of the victim, "After Parker had for some years entertained the nation with several virulent books, he was attacked by the liveliest droll of the age, who wrote in a burlesque strain, but with so peculiar and entertaining a conduct, that, from the king down to the tradesman, his books were read with pleasure; that not only humbled Parker, but the whole party; for the author of the *Rehearsal Transposed* had all the men of wit (or, as the French phrase it, all the *laughers*) on his side." To give a faint notion of the ridiculous light in which Marvell exhibited his adversary, and for the reader's entertainment, we may here insert some few sentences from the book. He says:—

"This gentleman, as I have heard, after he had read Don Quixote, and the Bible, besides such school-books as were necessary for his age, was sent early to the university; and there studied hard, and in a short time became a competent rhetorician, and no ill disputant. He had learned how to erect a *thesis*, and to defend it *pro* and *con*, with a serviceable distinction

. . . . And so, thinking himself now ripe, and qualified for the greatest undertakings and highest fortune, he therefore exchanged the narrowness of the university for the town; but coming out of the confinement of the square cap and the quadrangle into the open air, the world began to turn round with him, which he imagined, though it were his own giddiness, to be nothing less than the quadrature of the circle. This accident concurring so happily to increase the good opinion which he naturally had of himself, he thenceforward applied to gain a like reputation with others. He followed the town life, haunted the best companies; and to polish himself from any pedantic roughness, he read and saw the plays with much care, and more proficiency than most of the auditory. But all this while he forgot not the main chance; but hearing of a vacancy with a nobleman, he clapped in, and easily obtained to be his chaplain: from that day you may take the date of his preferments and his ruin; for having soon wrought himself dexterously into his patron's favour, by short graces and sermons, and a mimical way of drolling upon the Puritans, which he knew would take both at chapel and at table, he gained a great authority likewise among all the domestics. They all listened to him as an oracle; and they allowed him, by common consent, to have not only all the divinity, but more wit, too, than all the rest of the family put together. . . . Nothing now must serve him, but he must be a madman in print, and write a book of Ecclesiastical Policy. There he distributes all the territories of conscience into the Prince's province, and makes the Hierarchy to be but Bishops of the air; and talks at such an extravagant rate in things of higher concernment, that the reader will avow that in the whole discourse he had not one lucid interval."

The *Rehearsal* soon elicited several *replies*; some of them written in awkward imitation of Marvell's style of banter, and all now deservedly forgotten. Parker himself remained for a long while silent, but at length came forth with a *Reproof of the Rehearsal Transposed*, wherein he urged the Government to *crush* Marvell as a "pestilent wit," and stigmatized him as "the servant of Cromwell, and the friend of Milton." It was but natural that Marvell should retort, and he accordingly wrote and published what is called the "second part" of the *Rehearsal*. He was, moreover, constrained to i. by a pithy anonymous epistle, signed "T. G.," left for him at a friend's house, and concluding with these words,—"If thou darest to print any lie or libel against Dr. Parker, by the eternal God, I will cut thy throat!" A man of Marvell's boldness was not to be intimidated, and he straightway printed this pleasant document in the title-page of his reply. To this publication Parker attempted no rejoinder. Anthony Wood informs us that the said Parker "judged it more prudent to lay down the cudgels, than to enter the lists again with an untowardly combatant, so hugely well versed and experienced in the then newly-refined art, though much in mode and

fashion ever since, of sporting and jeering buffoonery. It was generally thought, however, by many of those who were otherwise favourers of Parker's cause, that the victory lay on Marvell's side, and it wrought this good effect on Parker, that for ever after it took down his great spirit." Burnet tells us further, that he "withdrew from the town, and ceased writing for some years."

No adequate notion of this the most considerable and curious of Marvell's writings, could be given by any such selection of extracts as could be inserted in these pages. Indeed it would be very difficult, even with the most copious quotations, to convey anything like the impression which the work itself must have originally produced. As a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* has said, "The allusions are often so obscure—the wit of one page is so dependent on that of another—the humour and pleasantry are so continuous—and the character of the work from its very nature is so excursive, that its merits can be fully appreciated only on a regular perusal." There are other reasons also why any lengthened citations cannot be given. "The work has faults which would, in innumerable cases, disguise its real merits from modern readers, or rather altogether deter them from giving it a reading. It is characterised by much of the coarseness which was so prevalent in that age, and from which Marvell was by no means free; though his spirit was far from partaking of the malevolence of ordinary satirists."¹ It is not to be inferred, however, that the merit of the *Rehearsal Transposed* consists solely in wit and banter. Amidst all its ludicrous levities, there is, as D'Israeli has remarked, "a vehemence of solemn reproof, and an eloquence of invective, that awes one with the spirit of the modern Junius;" and, as the critic above quoted subjoins, "there are many passages of very powerful reasoning, in advocacy of truths then but ill understood, and of rights which had been shamefully violated."

About three years after the publication of the second part of the *Rehearsal*, Marvell's "chivalrous love of justice" impelled him into another controversy. In 1675, Dr. Croft, Bishop of Hereford, had published a work entitled, "The Naked Truth; or, the true state of the Primitive Church; by a humble Moderator." This work enjoined on all religious parties the unwelcome duties of charity and forbearance; but as it especially exposed the danger and folly of enforcing a minute uniformity, such as was then so generally demanded by the High-Church intolérants, it could not be suffered to pass unchallenged by the leaders and guides of that trenchant faction. It was accordingly attacked, with a considerable display of petulance, by Dr. Francis Turner, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, in a pamphlet entitled, "Animadversions on the Naked Truth." Provoked by the unfairness and asperity of this production, our satirist replied to it in another pamphlet, which he entitled, "Mr. Smirke; or, the Divine in Mode." He here fits the object of his banter with a character out of Etherege's

"Man in Mode," as he had before fitted Parker with one from Buckingham's "Rehearsal." The merits and defects of this performance are considered to be of much the same order as those of his former work, though it is, perhaps, somewhat less disfigured by vehemence and coarseness. On Dr. Croft's pamphlet he has one remark which beautifully expresses his admiration of the work, and indicates a feeling of which many persons must have been conscious, when perusing other works of eminent superiority. "It is a book of that kind," says he, "that no Christian can peruse without wishing himself to have been the author, and almost imagining that he is so: the conceptions therein being of so eternal an idea, that every man finds it to be but a copy of the original in his own mind."

Two years after the appearance of the "Divine in Mode,"—namely, in 1677,—Marvell published his last controversial piece, elicited, like the rest, by his disinterested love of fairness. It was a defence of the celebrated John Howe, whose conciliatory tract on the "Divine Prescience," had been rudely assailed by three several antagonists. This little volume is not included in any edition of Marvell's works, and is now extremely scarce, it being, presumably, unknown to any of his biographers. We are indebted to the writer in the "Edinburgh" before quoted for drawing attention to its existence.

Marvell's latest work of any extent was entitled, "An Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England." This appeared in 1678. It was construed by the Government into a "libel," and a reward was offered for the discovery of the author. Marvell, however, does not appear to have been alarmed by these proceedings, nor to have been any way called to account for the publication. He thus humorously alludes to the subject in a private letter, written some months after the work was published:—"There came out about Christmas last, here, a large book concerning the growth of Popery and arbitrary Government. There have been great rewards offered in private, and considerable in the Gazette, to any one who could inform of the author or printer, but not yet discovered. Three or four printed books since have described, as near as it was proper to go, (the man being a Member of Parliament,) Mr. Marvell to have been the author; but, if he had, surely he should not have escaped being questioned in Parliament or some other place."

During the latter years of his life, Marvell published several other political pamphlets, which, though now forgotten, are considered to have been influential at the time in unmasking corruption, and rousing the nation to a consciousness of its political degradation. Among these is a clever parody on the speeches of Charles II., in which the flippancy and easy impudence of those singular specimens of royal eloquence are said to be happily mimicked, and scarcely, if in any degree, caricatured. Let us, for a few sentences, hear the witty Charles, as our caustic author represents him speaking:—

(1) *Ed. Rev.* No. 159.

"I told you at our last meeting, the winter was the fittest time for business; and truly I thought so, till my lord-treasurer assured me the spring was the best season for salads and subsidies . . . Some of you, perhaps, will think it dangerous to make me too rich; but I do not fear it, for I promise you faithfully, whatever you give me, I will always want; and although in other things my word may be thought a slender authority, yet in that, you may rely on, I will never break it. . . . I can bear my straits with patience; but my lord-treasurer does protest to me, that the revenue, as it now stands, will not serve him and me too. One of us must pinch for it, if you do not help me. . . . What shall we do for ships then? I hint this to you, it being your business, not mine. I know by experience I can live without ships. I lived ten years abroad without, and never had my health better in my life; but how *you* will be without, I will leave to yourselves to judge, and therefore hint this only hy-tho-by. I don't insist upon it. There is another thing I must press more earnestly, and that is this:—it seems a good part of my revenue will expire in two or three years, except you will be pleased to continue it. I have to say for it,—Pray, why did you give me so much as you have done, unless you resolve to give on as fast as I call for it? The nation hates you already for giving so much, and I will hate you too, if you do not give me more. So that, if you do not stick to me, you will not have a friend in England. . . . Therefore, look to it, and take notice, that if you do not make me rich enough to undo you, it shall lie at your door. For my part, I wash my hands on it. . . . I have converted my natural sons from Popery. . . . 'Twould do one's heart good to hear how prettily George can read already in the Psalter. They are all fine children, God bless 'em, and so like me in their understandings! But, as I was saying, I have, to please you, given a pension to your favourite, my Lord Lauderdale, not so much that I thought he wanted it, as that you would take it kindly. . . . I know not, for my part, what factious men would have, but this I am sure of, my predecessors never did anything like this, to gain the good-will of their subjects. So much for your religion; and now for your property. . . . I must now acquaint you, that by my lord-treasurer's advice, I have made a considerable retrenchment upon my expenses in candles and charcoal, and do not intend to stop, but will, with your help, look into the late embezzlements of my dripping-pans and kitchen-stuff, of which, by the way, upon my conscience, neither my lord-treasurer nor my Lord Lauderdale are guilty."

All this is very pleasant and facetious. But it seems Marvell's intrepid patriotism and witty writings rendered him extremely odious to the court, and especially to James, Duke of York, and heir presumptive to the crown. As already mentioned, he was frequently compelled to conceal himself out of dread of assassination. He died, however, to all appearance,

peaceably in his bed, on the 16th August, 1678—the year in which his obnoxious work on the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government was published; but as he was in vigorous health immediately before, strong suspicions have been entertained that he was poisoned. We know of no evidence in support of these suspicions, so that, probably, there were no grounds for them, as we are all aware that strong and vigorous men have not unseldom died suddenly.

Aubrey describes Marvell as being in person "of a middling stature, pretty strong-set, roundish-faced, cherry-cheeked, hazel-eyed, brown-haired,"—the very figure of a jolly Yorkshireman. He adds, that in conversation he was modest and of very few words; and was wont to say, "he would not drink high or freely with any one with whom he could not trust his life." Who would? Of his collected works, we believe there is no complete edition. Cooke's edition, published in 1726, contains only his poems and some of his private letters. That of Captain Thompson, in three volumes quarto, published in 1776, is not considered quite complete, and is very indifferently edited. There may be other editions, but if so, they are unknown to the present writer. The "Life of Andrew Marvell, with Extracts from his Prose and Poetical Works, by John Dove," (1832), is, we believe, the fullest and most recent account we have of this distinguished patriot; and, perhaps, the passages selected will, to ordinary readers, prove the most interesting and agreeable portions of his writings.

"The characteristic attribute of Marvell's genius," says the Edinburgh critic already quoted, "was unquestionably wit, in all the attributes of which—brief sententious sarcasm, fierce invective, light railery, grave irony, and broad laughing humour—he seems to have been by nature almost equally fitted to excel. To say that he *has* equally excelled in all would be untrue, though striking examples of each might easily be selected from his writings. The activity with which his mind suggests ludicrous images and analogies is astonishing. He often absolutely startles us by the remoteness and oddity of the sources from which they are supplied, and by the unexpected ingenuity and felicity of his repartees. His *forte*, however, appears to be a grave ironical banter, which he often pursues at such a length, that there seems no limit to his fertility of invention. In his endless accumulation of ludicrous images and allusions, the untiring exhaustive ridicule with which he will play upon the same topics, he is unique; yet this peculiarity not seldom leads him to drain the generous wine even to the dregs, to spoil a series of felicitous raileries by some far-fetched conceit or unpardonable extravagance."

But whoever supposes Marvell to have been *nothing* but a wit, simply on account of the predominance of that quality, will do him great injustice. As the same writer remarks:—"It is the common lot of such men, in whom some one faculty is found on a great scale, to fail of part of the admiration due to other endowments; possessed in more moderate degree,

(1) Marvell's Works, vol. i. pp. 428, 429, as quoted in Ed. Rev. No. 159.

indeed, but still in a degree far from ordinary. We are subject to the same illusion in gazing on mountain scenery. Fixing our eye on some solitary peak, which towers far above the rest, the groups of surrounding hills look positively diminutive, though they may, in fact, be all of great magnitude." Though wit was his most predominating endowment, the rest of Marvell's talents were all of a high order of development. His judgment was remarkably clear and sound, his logic ingenious and adroit, his sagacity in practical affairs admirable, his talents for business apparently of the first order, and his industry in whatever he undertook steady and indefatigable. He had all the qualities which would have enabled him to succeed in almost any department of exertion; while in regard to candour, strict integrity, and all the solid merits which render a man honourable and worthy, he was not surpassed by any man of his generation.

Marvell has some, though not very considerable reputation as a poet. His poems are, for the most part, quaint, fantastic, unsmooth in rhythm; but there are a few pieces which display both beauty of thought, and no indifferent elegance of expression. The "Emigrants in Bermudas," a "Dialogue between Body and Soul," "The Nymph complaining for the Death of her Fawn," and a "Dialogue between the Resolved Soul and Created Pleasure," though all more or less unequal, contain nevertheless many sweet and pleasant lines. Besides these, there are some satirical pieces, which though largely disfigured by the characteristic defects of the age, are upon the whole highly felicitous and amusing. A few lines from a whimsical Satire on Holland may not be unacceptable, by way of enlivening the growing dullness of the present paper:—

"Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but the off-scouring of the British sand;
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots when they heaved the lead;
Or what by th' ocean's slow alluvion fell,
Of shipwreck'd cockle and the muscle-shell;
This indigested vomit of the sea
Fell to the Dutch by just propriety.
Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
They, with mad labour fish'd the land to shore;
And dived as desperately for each piece
Of earth, as if it had been of ambergrease,
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
Less than what building swallows bear away;

For as with pigmies, who best kills the crane,
Among the hungry he that treasures grain,
Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,
So rules among the drowned he that drains.
Not who first sees the rising sun commands:
But who could first discern the rising lands."

Though Marvell's works are now but little read, and are not unlikely to be by-and-by forgotten, there can be no question that they considerably modified the character of his own generation. With his keen weapons of satire, he did manful service in the cause of virtue, by assailing, and to some extent subduing various principalities and powers of despicability and

corruption. By exposing and rendering contemptible the false, he vindicated and did honour to the True. Thus, he did not live his life in vain; nor did the influence of his activity or of his example, cease when his own existence terminated. Though dead, and imperfectly remembered, he nevertheless speaketh through that transmitted and ever-present power which belongs inseparably to goodness. The uttered word may cease to be repeated, but the spirit of truth, whose manifestation and embodiment it was, departs not out of the world, but like an invisible electric current, circulates with an enduring efficacy throughout the whole development of humanity.

Personally, Marvell is memorable mainly for his high integrity and moral worth. It is this which attracts, and will continue to attract the admiration of posterity, more than anything which he actually accomplished by means of his particular endowments. His steadfast and inflexible abidance by an individual uprightness and sincerity, when all the rewards and enticements of life thronged round him like syren shapes to beguile him into apostasy, is a grand and striking spectacle, the rarity and the beauty whereof will never fail to command the earnest homage of mankind. Admiring men have called him the "British Aristides," and certainly no other man connected with our history can be mentioned who has more honestly deserved the honour thus attributed.

THY WILL BE DONE.¹

BY GENERAL GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I.

SEARCHER of Hearts!—from mine crase
All thoughts that should not be,
And in its deep recesses trace
My gratitude to Thee!

II.

Hearer of Prayer!—oh, guide aright
Each word and deed of mine;
Life's battle teach me how to fight,
And be the victory Thine.

III.

Giver of All!—for every good
In the Redeemer came:—
For raiment, shelter, and for food,
I thank Thee in His name.

IV.

Father and Son and Holy Ghost!
Thou glorious Three in One!
Thou knowest best what I need most,
And let Thy will be done.

(1) This beautiful hymn was written by the author of the popular song, "Woodman, spare that tree." He presented it to Miss Catherine Hayes, by whom it has been sung at her recent concert in Boston, U. S.

NELLY NOWLAN'S EXPERIENCE IN SERVICE AND OTHER MATTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"It's asy talking with you, so it is, Aunt Peggy; it's asy talking with you that had never the experience but of one sweetheart in ye'r born days—and he a bocher."

"He was no bocher, Nelly Nowlan," interrupted "Aunt Peggy;" "He was no bocher—he had the use of his limbs as well as yerself has the use of ye'r tongue; and that's limber and active enough for anything, I'm thinking."

"Well, it was blind he was, any way," said the caucy girl, laughing.

"Only of one eye, Nelly."

"And that was the eye always next you when you war courting—wasn't it?"

"I never courted, Miss Nelly Nowlan—I defy any man to say that I ever showed him favour or affection from one gale day to another. I defy any man to say whether I had black or blue eyes, for I never looked off my knitting or my straw plait, when a boy was in the place, but kept myself to myself, clane, dacent, and respectable—to be what I am."

And Aunt Peggy drew herself up, and looked even more demure than usual.

"To be what you are,—an *ould* maid that nobody cares for," said her niece, spitefully enough.

"That no onc cares for!" repeated poor Peggy, bending as closely over the grey worsted stocking she was knitting, as if she had dropped a stitch—"that nobody cares for, Nelly?—well—may be so!" There was a deep pathetic tone in her voice, and in another minute something very like a tear was glittering on the needles she plied with such unceasing industry.

Nelly, rosy and pouting, sat opposite her aunt; the half-twisted thread had fallen from her fingers, and her foot rested upon the step of her idle wheel. The wilful and the affectionate feelings of her bright, yet capricious nature, had but a short struggle; for before the quarter round of stitches were off the needle, she had flung her arms round her aunt's neck, and entreated forgiveness.

"And it's I that should not say the like of that to you, my own darling Auntie," exclaimed the repentant girl, "who took me from my dead mother's bosom, and slaved to rear me in decency and honesty, when my father never did a hand's turn to save me from starving. Oh, *deelish-a-vooneen*, forgive me!—I don't know what's come over me, that I'm grown so fractious and vicious in myself; I'm sure I do my best against it; I've fasted harder than ever this Lent, and sure enough it was asier *fasting*, than *feasting* on the potatoes, that have water enough in their hearts to bile themselves! I've been to the Priest's kneec, when as his Reverence knows the thrille of sin wasn't worth listening to—I double my prayers night and morning, and bite my tongue twenty times a-day, striving to keep it quiet. I lent my *pumps* to my cousin Anty, just that I mightn't be able to go to the hop at

Larry Lacey's, because you said against it; and I found myself covering the buckle in my stocking-vamps, as if there never was a pump in the world!—Oh, Aunt Peggy!" added the young girl earnestly—"Aunt Peggy, *a-coushla*, it isn't me that's in it at all, or I could not have said that hard word to the only friend I have in the world!"

"The *only* friend?" repeated her aunt. "Why don't you marry Tom, at once, and have two friends: you'll never get such another chance, a clean likely boy—steady."

"*Very* steady," said Nell, relapsing.

"He ought to be steady at thirty."

"He'll never see the sunny side of thirty-five."

"With a farm of ten acres."

"Half bog, the other half mountain," interrupted the incorrigible Ellen.

"Two cows, a stone house, with fittings and furnishings as good as the priest's—the cleanest and finest pigs in the country, and"—

"A widow-man, with three soft children!" concluded Nelly.

"And what are *you*, to object to a widow-man, I wonder!" said her Aunt.

"I'm your own darling Nell!" was the reply, and then drawing herself up with an enormous increase of self-esteem, she added—"And if ye come to that, I'm good enough wife for any boy in the parish—though I don't think I'm very like the mother of three roaring, red-headed bog-trotters, the eldest almost as big as myself."

"Nelly, *ma courneen gra*, ye'll sup sorrow before ye'll be wise; ye'r mother was wilful, and your father was wild, and never kept in his own country."

"Well, Aunt," interrupted the girl, "the truth is, I'll never settle 'till I've seen something of the world; and before I marry Tom, if ever I do marry him, I'll just take a summer or two out of myself in England. I'll go as servant, lady's-maid, or house-maid, in some great family, where they give great wages, and come home like a queen, with money and means. I'll have more knowledge then, you know, to—to *manage* the—three children!" she added with a merry laugh.

Aunt Peggy stared, and Aunt Peggy wept; she had, in her humble way, high expectations of Ellen, like most Irish women.

She was a bad reasoner, but a fervent declaimer. She knew that Nelly had a brave bright spirit, which nothing could intimidate, and yet she pictured England in the way the poor Irish are taught to regard it, and the more dangerous she made it seem, the firmer became her niece's determination to seek her fortune, like some of the heroes she had read of in her story-books. She had a cousin married to a tradesman in Newcastle, and as many ladies in the neighbourhood had wooed Nelly to go to service, knowing how well she spun, and knit, and stitcheed, and made butter, and that every one invited her to assist at great bakings, and brewings, and "big washes," Ellen Nowlan entertained no doubt of finding it easy to obtain service in England, and by this means free herself

from her aunt's importunities on the score of her marrying "Tom," a very kind worthy person, but who certainly had not touched either Nelly's heart, or Nelly's imagination. So after some delay, and many tears, she bade adieu to Ballincollig, and was kindly received by her cousin at Newcastle. The following letters are so characteristic of her acute and sunny nature, of her own prejudices and the prejudices she had to encounter, and her quick observance, that they are worth transcribing as a portion of poor Nelly's experience. She was no mean scholar, as will appear when she speaks for herself:—

"Newcastle, July.

"MY DEAR AUNT PEGGY, AND DEAR FRIENDS,
—I have been three months in this mighty grand place, which isn't a castle at all, but a town, dirty below, and grand above, which you will understand when I tell you that the streets are gravelled with coal-dust, and the houses stiff and stately above it, and there's no air in it at all at all—to call air—only smook; but, to be sure, as the craythurs don't know the differ, it makes no great matter. Sure it's they would get voices if they could have a blast of the Almighty's fresh wind, that comes over the mountain with the rising sun into our cabin door; it's *that* would teach them to spake good English, and take the suffocation away that burs like a bumble-bee in their throats. Oh! wisha, Aunt dear, but *they* are a discontented, thankless people, as you'll understand if you give me time to tell. I heard a great deal on the vessel about the 'strike' at Newcastle, and how bad and dangerous it was, and all to that, and, Lord have mercy on us (I said to myself), is it war they are going to with France or Amiracy? but I didn't like to ask, knowing that the English are so fond of calling us 'ignorant Irish.' Well, when I got to my cousin's, she was as glad as anything to see me. The next day she took me out with her to buy her bits of things; and as we went along, I thought I had never seen so many idle men together, barring at a 'Repale' Meeting, when, what with one thing and the other, the boys were always off their work for a week any way, though peaceable and quiet; but Aunt dear, to see these fine, big, well-fed men, well-dressed too, from head to foot, and they standing in twentys and thirtys, surprised me; and I asked what they were after, and Grace said, they were on 'the strike.'

"Oh, then, what hypocrites they are!" I says, 'just look at them, without sense or motion, and they so vicious in their minds, looking peaceable and innocent as lambs.'

"The strike,' she says, 'means that they'd no work.' 'Well,' I thought, 'that's not an Irish strike.' But, 'Why not?' I says, and she makes answer, 'Because they'r not paid enough.'

"Oh, murder," says I, 'and we that have idleness so often thrown in our faces, only complain when we can't get paid at all.'

"But what do you think they call bad pay?—

from eleven to sixteen shillings a-week, for seven hours' work for five days, with a house rent and tax free, a rale house with glass windows, and grates, and ovens that would delight your heart, in it, and a garden, and coal enough to roast meat for the wedding of a priest's niece, all for nothing! Think of that,—and more than that,—Grace says, though *they* say they have but eleven shillings a-week, they can make eighteen or twenty, and plenty of employ for their boys. Well, every word in my head was knoe't down my throat, with thinking of (if it was the Lord's will!) how unequally the world is divided! Twenty shillings a-week is *fifty-two pounds* a-year, and the house, garden, and coal to the back of it. Oh, *yah wisha oge!* bedad, many a minister, to say nothing of a priest, hasn't as much for teaching the right way, according to his knowledge; many a young squire sits on a hunter, and follows every man's hounds, with not the quarter as much; and hundreds of young ladies toss their heads, and expect the pick of the young men in the country, because of their being 'grate fortunes,' just on the remembrance that there *was* such a property in their family—*once*. They're a greedy people, and extravagant, the parish supports all their poor relations, and they eat meat every day. Oh, Aunt, think of our poor labouring men having fifty pounds a-year! If *they didn't* turn into gentlemen at once, and leave off work on the strength of the house rent-free, and the washings of coal, how thankful, and loving, and peaceable they'd be, and supporting all their poor relations, and the priest's dues, and the shilling now and again, to redeem their country, and the first at a Station, and powers of 'white eyes,' or the finest of 'kidneys' with herrings in Lent, and a bit of salt pork on Sundays, and turning out to first mass with their children, and plenty of 'em; but when I said this, that unnatural erythtur, Grace, made answer, 'it was our being so asily contint made the Irish such slaves.' I could not help saying that those who ever and always keep on worrying themselves about niceties, are slaves to a worse and a meaner thing than the patience that keeps hope in a neighbour by a cheerful countenance, and their own hope by waiting on the Lord's goodness. Sure, dear, it's a blessed thing to live one's life trusting in *that* which is all we have to take a grip of when the breath is laving us! But what bre *ks* my heart entirely, is the talk they keep on with about the Irish being extravagant. Wisha! at the very time that they say they can't live on as much in a week as a poor Paddy could earn by the slavery of his body and bones, heart and soul, in six, they'll talk of 'Irish extravagance.' Good luck to them! it would be a new thing for us to have anything to be extravagant with.

"They say we waste our time! I'll own to that. We do 'waste' our time, *because we've nothing else to do with it*. It hangs like a millstone round our necks, days and weeks and months crawling away with our lives. Crawl, crawl! and nothing to do. Give us anything to do, and we'll not waste our time.

"Oh, yah! but it's as I heard one say that knows;

they let us get on with our faults, and then they punish us for them. To be sure.

"When I came to look at it, it came mighty sweet from Gracey's husband, to up with *that*, to poor Irish labourers, who have eightpence, tenpence, or in some places a shilling a-day, only in the sunny season, or when a landlord that hasn't enough to take him abroad, stops at home, and goes on with his improvements in the dead time of the year, when men are glad to work twelve hours for eightpence! *Save out of that!* and feed and clothe the wife and the *grawleens* out of it! no way of employing the children, nor even money to keep the wife's needles or wheel moving! Only forced to stop at home, tho gay, sprightly little *colleen* turned into the heart-broken wife. Oh, then, women are mad that marry, to see the man they loved above all, as I've known many, ould and crushed before his summer was come, and gone to his grave while his years were few in number, but heavy with sorrow and heart-broken; while the bit of dry potato sticks in his throat that he hasn't strength to swallow, and giving the rest of it to his children he strives to smile in the face he loves, and tells her he isn't hungry! I think more of them things than I used, and am thankfuller than ever to you, dear Aunt, for the good rearing you gave me, and all you taught me, and I'm not at all dispirited at being looked down upon by the ignorant because 'I'm Irish;' they have as quare ways *here* as anywhere else, only somehow when people get used to themselves, they can't see anything *quare* in what they do. Now isn't it mighty unnatural to wash clothes by the stone weight, as they do at Newcastle, and to calculate (great rich people) the bit you eat into your keep, setting the wages on one side, and the cost, ay, of a farthing, at the other side, to put on at the end. And isn't it quare to see a son siting fair and easy and comfortable with his pound a-week, by the fire, drinking his tea and eating his white bread and fresh butter, and his parents in a *Union* workhouse? And talking of blunders,—sure if ever there was a blunder that is one, to call the place a *Union*, where everything is disunited that the Almighty joins together. But though I'm not going to say they have *no* good in them, and though I'll own that they have all manner and kinds of headness and great knowledge, yet Aunt, *agra!* they need not be so fond of looking down upon everything only because it's not English. I've had my share of trials, looking for a place and able and willing to work, and with a character that's as bright as a diamond, and a heart that's as honest as the light and as clear as the water of a holy well, ready to give love, let alone gratitude, for employment. I haven't got a situation yet. Written characters won't be taken,—now isn't that quare, as if a body wouldn't rather *spake* a lie, than write it where it could be brought as evidence against ye at the day of judgement? I laid down my character as bright as a diamond in seven recommendations from the quality of our own place that knew me, as I could the lady, from the time I was the size of a turf. And seemingly

not having much to do, she read them every one, and then fowlding them up very mannerly, she said, 'she didn't know the writers.' So I answered, 'I didn't think you did, ma'am, but you might if you'd just step over to Ballinacolly. Sorra a one of them that wouldn't be proud to see you.' I couldn't do less than that.

"And she said again, 'You wouldn't suit us.' And I felt my heart sink, and made *bould* to inquire why. And she said, 'Because you are Irish;' them was the words. My heart got up as high at that, as it had got low before; and for all her word was so hard, she was a fine countenanced woman, and had a power of amiability in her face. And so for the honour of old Ireland I made bould again, and says I, curtsying, 'I'm sorry not so much for myself, ma'am, as that you should have such a bad opinion of my country, and more than sorry that you have suffered by the Irish.'

"No," she says, 'I never suffered by them, for I never had any of them under my roof.'

"Well, a load went off me that minute."

"Thank God! my lady, that none of them ever disgraced their country with you, and it's better to be accused wrongfully than rightfully; the sin lies on those who deal unjustly, and those, ma'am, who gave you a hard notion of us mightn't judge as yerself would if ye tried us. I'll never deny my country, for I'm not ashamed of it, and I hope it will have no cause to be ashamed of me.' Well, she looked very earnest at me and not any way angry, for she is a *rare* gentlewoman, living as good as a mile out of the thickness of the place, and she says, 'The truth is, I am very particular, and my friends have had dirty and untidy Irish servants so often, that I do not like to venture.'

"And," I says, 'ma'am, have you never had any English with the same faults?' I don't know what made me so strong in myself, but it was Ireland's glory I was thinking of. So she answers open and honourable, with a smile like a sunbeam on her face, 'I can't say but I have,—very dirty, and very untidy.'

"You know that, my lady, of *them*," I says, curtsying again to make up for my freedom—"You know that of *them*, but you only *heard* it of us."

"Well, she smiled again, and an English smile has a dale of truth in it.

"It is unjust," she says, speaking again, as if to herself; and her eyes flew round the room from one to the other of the most useless bits of chayney you ever see,—unnatural animals of all sortings, that she had planked upon little daws by bits of tables that looked for all the world like a rickety babby that could not stand alone. And then she turned her eye at me, as well as to say, 'I wonder could you keep them clean?' 'It's a housemaid I want,' she says, doubting; and there are bright stoves. Did you ever clean bright stoves?'

"I've cleaned things as bright, ma'am," I said; for I thought of the beautiful shine I got on Mrs. Mulchay's fender, with oil and brick-dust, to say nothing of the gridiron I made as good as new.

"And these ornaments," she said, pointing to the chany.

"Oh, it isn't such trifles as them would make me fear my work, ma'am," I answered; "I can get over as much as any one, washing coorse and fine, butter making, and baking, dusting, sweeping, and scouring. I'd soon bring them yellow bits of chance to a colour, with silver-sand out of a running *strame*."

"Well, she smiled at this, but that smile wasn't like the last, for she said again, that she thought I would not do; but as for her chance, she always looked after that, herself. I told her I'd be sorry a mistress of mine should have the trouble of looking after anything. And in return she observed, that I seemed ready and willing, but I had a deal to learn; and says she, 'The only thing for you is to go as under housemaid or with a working mistress, who would teach you the English ways; it will not do to rub foreign china with silver-sand.'

"I thought the scuse would leave me at the iday of going *under a servant*. I had heard that an English lady is often kind to an Irish girl; but the English of her own sort take cruel jealousy in their heads against them, so I said nothing,—only wished her good morning.

"It would hurt you, Aunt dear, if I told you how often my country is thrown in my teeth, by those who know nothing about it,—who take up the cry, just as one dog barks, because another dog began it; even when they advertise for servants, they say at the end, 'No Irish need apply.'

"I have been for many a ten hours, around and about, willing to work for half wages—for no wages almost, if I could get a place; and if it wasn't for the pride, which I don't mind owning to you, who understands it, I'd have gone home long ago—the pride, and the desire I have to learn. Though we are above owning it, we like to learn. It is now about eight days since I was asking at a grocer's where Grace deals for her quarter of sugar and two ounceys of tea, if they knew of a situation, when a respectable, responsible looking ould gentelwoman inquired also, if they were acquainted with any stout, strong, brave, able young woman, tall and active, who could help her to wait on a lady that had an accident. 'I'm nurse to her,' she said, 'but I'm not able to lift or turn her, and she can't help herself—I'd want her to do all that—and sit up—and wake me to give the medicine; one that wouldn't mind a little fever, if it should come, which the doctor says is likely.'

"'Would I do?' I says, 'I'm five feet seven in my stocking-feet—I'm never sick, sad, or sorry,—and as I never took "the fever," though I've seen many through it, praise be to God! I've no need to fear it.' Well, she took to me at once—and the quare-looking grocer's wife, that never in her born days gave me a civil answer, now spoke for me like a Christian.—

"'I'll ensure her being ready for work—civil and good tempered,' she said, 'and as to her country—of course we'd all be born in England if we could; but she's as quiet and peaceable as if she'd never been in

Ireland.' So I thanked her, for she meant it kindly, but it was on the top of my tongue, to say, I wouldn't be born anywhere but just in the little cabin I was, and to ask her, if she thought Irish women went about the world with shillalas ready for a 'strike'; but I held my whislt, for she meant nothing but compliment and kindness, and the English always think it's the highest compliment they can pay you, to say you'r like themselves,—and dear, it's best to take people as we find 'em, and to remember that though the Lord did not make us all alike, there's some of Himself in every one that bears His image through this world of trial.

"So I thanked the grocer, and the nurse and her had some *colloging* together, and I heard the shop-keeper say—'It's too little to offer any one that stands on two legs,—honesty is honesty, and fair is fair, Mrs. Jones; but I'd have gone for anything sooner than keep on as I was, for the Irish here and the Irish at home ain't quite the same. If they'd stick together *here*, they'd carry the world before them; but they don't, and I'm sorry to say, there's some of them like any music better than the voice of a countrywoman, and so, I agreed with a blessing to every thing. And who do you think the lady was, that met with the accident? The very same that smiled so brightly, and took an objection to the Irish, and to my claining the foreign chayney with the silver-sand!

"Oh, then, it was weary for her to be laying there with none but Mrs. Jones to speak to—that hadn't a word in her—and a doctor all black, and diamond pins, tending her once a day! feeling her pulse, and telling her to 'keep quiet,' the lone cry-thur, that couldn't stir! And when the poor thing spoke to me, nurse grew jealous, and wouldn't let me in the room, barring she was asleep, or wanted for what she could not do herself;—and I'd have had no consolation, if it hadn't been dusting and fixing the bits of chayne, and keeping an old divil of a contrary parrot quiet, and combing a lap-dog, that is as knowledgeable as a Christian,—and, sure it's asy to lift the crathur about.

"She's like a feather, (*the lady*;) and seeing that hardly any one calls on her, barring a carriage that leaves a bit of pasteboard at the door, just to show it's tittle. I asked the cook—(that hasn't done a hand's-turn since I came to the house, but what I've done for her)—had Miss Durhan (that's her name) *no people*?—It was ever so long before she understood I meant relations—and what do you think?—the unnatural erythur, that's eat her bread, and been warmed by her fire, and sheltered by her roof, these three years, if she didn't tell me, that she neither knew nor cared! She has a fine place, and lashings of money, and everything the world can give; and yet, somehow, there doesn't seem any heart in the neighbours towards her; but dear, people live next door to each other, and meet every day in this place, and yet are no neighbours,—now isn't that quare?"

"I've a dale more to tell, though I can't tell it

now;—the nurse was quite surprised to find I could write—and the cook works me hard, with her love-letters to a banksman, who can't afford to marry her until he gets more than eighteen shillings a-week!—tell that to James Coyne, who married the widow Nolan, because she had three shillings, and he wanted them! I may be turned away to-morrow, though I'm certain sure it wouldn't be by Miss Durham, who told me yesterday, with a smile on her face, that looked for all the world like a Christmas sunbeam, so weak and pale it was,—not to scrub the chayneys with silver-sand. Poor thing!—she little thinks the hard time I have of it, or the things I see: all I can do, is my duty, putting my trust in the Lord above! And don't let on that I've had my own troubles and heart-scalds to any one, particularly to Tom, or his people—poor Tom! We'll, anyhow, when the trouble is heaviest on me, I remember I'm not tied to it for life, and if I'd been tied to him, the grass would have been green on my grave now—and what harm if it had? Sure, it's where the soul is, not the poor dust and ashes, that makes the matter!

"And now, may the blessing of the Almighty be about you night and day! May the Lord's grace soften sorrow, and his mercy turn all displeasure from your door! Think of me in the strange land, when on ye'r bended knees! If I suffer hardship, it's my own fault. I'm tould that there's fine air in some parts; and when the poor gentlewoman can be moved, they talk of finding her better air. I don't know anything that's before me, only death, that's before us all, though we so seldom think of it; and it's hard to think of leaving this world, and the faces that have the sunshine of kindness!—but I'll say no more; for my heart's full, sonchaw, and I want more courage to end my letter than I did to begin it. Good-bye!

"*Mavourneen gra!* and the bracket-hen; don't forget the black pepper rowled in a taste of fresh butter, if she has any return of the pip; the young turkeys have got their red heads before this, so they're safe—and the poor ould pusheen cat! don't forget the sup of sweet milk for her—and take care of yourself, darling, for you're all I have to love in *earnest*, or that loves me, in the big world; and if any one asks after me, say I'm making thousands, which I will be, please God, soon! and that Newcastle flogs Ireland for beauty—but no, don't say that; say, that for all I've seen, Ireland, God bless her! flogs the world; and poor Tom! tell him I wish him a good wife, and a good mother for his children. I'll have something to say in my next will surprise you.

"Whisht!—the nurse is fast asleep, and so I'll go sit by the mistress's door for fear she'd want anything. Oh then, to think of a lady that could, breakfast on crown-pieces, if they'd do her any good, trusting to such watching as mine! there isn't an eye waking this blessed minute in the house, but hers and mine; and the ould nurse goes mad if she thinks I give her a drink, unless she bids me!

"The Lord be about you, once more; the good-

bye must come to all things, as well as the end of a letter! and it's the hardest word I've written this week, but there it is again,—

"Good-bye in earnest. So no more at present from

"Your loving and dutiful Niece,

"ELLEN NOWLAN.

"Widow Leary has a fine chance of Tom now. She said the strangers would crush my heart, but I'm *not* crushed—I'll be a bright girl yet, please God; so don't fret about me, even if my heart was breaking. There's not a woman in the place knows how many cuts should go to a dozen of spun flax, and they've no taste in quilting and knitting.—Whisht!—I must go now."

(*To be continued.*)

MADEMOISELLE RACHEL AND MISS CUSHMAN.

BY MADAME DE MARGUERITES.

It is impossible, in witnessing the performance of Charlotte Cushman, not to be reminded of Rachel; and, though in many things they are dissimilar, yet the effect of their appearance is the same—riveting the attention and interesting the mind from the first moment they come before you. The influence of that earnest and steady glance they both possess, lushes at once to silence every trivial thought: then the deep tones, conveying a meaning in each syllable, arouse the elevated instincts of our nature; an awe, far above that felt for earthly potentates, comes over us; unconsciously the memory of heroic deeds, lifting us far above the dross of the wearing world, fills our soul. With eye uplifted, heart expanded, nerved to generous impulses alone, we feel, we recognise that we are in the presence of genius—genius that came from heaven, but now rarely seen in a world possessed by a small, well-educated and self-satisfied array of petty talent. Not that genius does not visit the earth; but like the ermine, rushing all eager from her lair, it shrinks from the mire through which it must wade to reach celebrity. From this genius turns in sadness to its home—there, deep in its heart, burying its powers and aspirations, communing only with the heaven to which it tends, in solemn calm and silence there it dies.

Both Rachel and Cushman, endowed with a strong will, as well as high genius, have obtained the place they hold by long and arduous struggles. Neither possesses the one element to woman's celebrity, personal beauty; so that in describing them to one who has never seen either, a negative is the answer to almost every question usually asked about an actress; the public having got out of the habit of expecting anything put prettiness and grace in the mere conventional representatives of the dramatic poet's inspiration.

As a whole, perhaps, Rachel and Miss Cushman would not act a play alike—they are of different

countries, have different educations, different associations; but there are touches of the same passions which, though in different dramas, are so much alike as to be almost miraculous. In vain the Atlantic divides and countries differ; genius knows no limits and but one language—that of truth and inspiration.

There is a play in which Miss Cushman rarely appears, and perhaps for many reasons. As a whole, the play is unsuited to her. This play is "Love." There are real home touches of truth and genius in this, which none have perhaps taken the trouble to analyse, which would, if noticed, have revealed the exquisite delicacy of the conception and delineation. In the scene where the Countess reveals her love to Ilou, Miss Cushman attains the very highest and most refined range of art. That our feelings are not outraged, our habitual associations shocked, but that, on the contrary, all our sympathies are aroused, our respect and pity enlisted for this woman who oversteps the modesty of nature, is owing to the thorough sweetness and truth of the actress, to the tender delicacy she infuses into this one cry of a passion long pent up in a proud and bustling heart. So in *Phèdre*, the revolting character of the scene where she reveals her passion to Hippolytus, is lost in the struggling feelings of latent modesty and rising remorse which Rachel infuses into the bold declaration which, almost in spite of a better nature, seems to fall from her lips.

Phèdre was a heathen heroine, and intended by Euripides and Racine to appeal to all our compassion as a victim of the vengeance of the gods; therefore Rachel has profoundly studied tradition and history in showing the struggle between the woman and the relentless fate which urges her on; though she has entirely swerved from stage tradition (that which has clogged and crushed so many aspirations) in not making this scene from end to end one whirlwind of passion. Here again Charlotte Cushman has had the same inspiration, though it assumes a different form. Pride—the pride of woman and of high birth—combines to make the tender avowal difficult. Miss Cushman's reserve of manner—almost entire absence of gesture, while her words are warm and gushing—the utter shame which bids her, when she ceases, bury her woman's blushes in her hands—are all such minute yet masterly touches, which render the conception of the scene one of the great proofs of her genius and her versatility. That the mind which could conceive the fierce heroism of *Meg Merrilies*, and make the audience quail beneath her wild fury, should conceive, trace and impersonate the holiest and gentlest, yet the tenderest of woman's sentiments, is even in the annals of the gifted, remarkable. But people now-a-days go to see a play to learn the plot, to wait for one or two grand points and effects; not to follow closely each delineation of the passions before them, as all contributing and leading to the catastrophe, and testing and displaying the profound study and genius of the artist.

In this has Rachel had less to contend with than

the American actress. She appeals to an audience in whom, from the highest to the lowest, the dramatic taste is inherent; an impulsive, imaginative and passionate people—ever ready to identify themselves with the drama, and capable of concentrating their attention exclusively on the characters and scenes before them. She acts, too, before an audience educated to attach importance to dramatic art, as perpetuating the memory of glorious deeds, cultivating poetry and eloquence by rendering the flowers of language familiar, and rousing the better feelings of our nature, (which the dross and dust of the world would so often scar over,) by appealing to our sensibilities, our intellect, and our hearts. She, too, plays to critics deep-learned in history, deep-skilled in metaphysical analysis—critics who have studied art and are there to guide or to restrain—critics whose art has a mission as high and distinguished as that of the artist himself—never making it a trade animated only by the sound of tinkling metal, which on every superlative sets a price.

But Charlotte Cushman, though she knows that but the louder tones of her voice will reach the masses, plays as though the whole artistic world were listening.

Led on by genius, she loses sight of others' approval, and plays as she is inspired. Both Rachel and Charlotte Cushman have left tradition far behind them—for often they have found tradition at variance with feeling and truth. The world has changed since majestic princes and princesses stalked on the scene in flowing robes and talked of griefs too high for human sympathy. Heroines no longer need to tear their hair or dash them to the earth to rouse our dormant griefs. Now, in these stirring times, the drama sits at our hearth, the passions germinate in our teeming brain, breathe in our beating hearts; it wants not sock nor buskin to move us now. The sad, deep tones of despondency, the occasional outburst of grief, the impulsive but natural gesture, the simple and solemn language of truth, now find their way to move our natures, even when but retracing the commonplace occurrences of every-day life, now become both fatal and dramatic by the effects of a civilization which has found the material world unprepared for its gigantic strides.

To follow both Rachel and Charlotte Cushman through all their impersonations would be too long an indulgence. One more example of the resemblance of their instincts, and we have done. Again the example is in *Phèdre*—the dying scene as contrasted with that of Katharine of Aragon, in "Henry VIII."—and the scene is the most impressive of both plays—the death-scene. Katharine the Queen, oppressed by persecution, worn by slow malady, the lines of age and death marked on every feature of her face, is slowly borne into our presence. Those who have stood beside the death-bed of a beloved parent, and watched the slow approach of that crisis which is for ever to end all sufferings, will instantly recall that hour when they watched the expiring Queen before them. The languid head, seeking the support of the pillow, the

husky voice, the uneasy movements of the hands, the pale and hollow cheek, are all true, too true, to nature. Thus Rachel in "Phédre," arrested, in the full force of youth and health, by the poison which circulates in her veins, her eye already glazing, her cheek pallid, her voice all changed, with faltering step is led on to die. Both the christian and the heathen queen have done with the world—that they have to say to those around is but a last duty in which they take no part—but one thought, at last, recalls the past to both. With the holy and resigned christian woman, whose duties and affections had united, it is the remembrance of her child which animates the worn-out frame; a smile like a mild moonbeam once more plays over those features, and the voice, though plaintive, is yet sweet and clear. Yet 'tis but for a moment, and then she returns her thoughts to heaven, her mind to eternal rest. So Phédre, exhausted by passion, tortured by bodily pain, falters out slowly, word by word, the confession of her passion and her crime; but as she speaks, her thoughts recur to that time when, sheltered by deep woods, she watched the swift car of Hypolitus flying before her admiring gaze; then, with this passion which has been her fate, again the eye kindles, again the voice grows firm and loud, her strength returns; and following still her visions, with extended arm, nostrils dilated, and glance of fire, she rises from her chair. But the vision fades, the fictitious powers vanish, and she falls exhausted back to her place in agony and despair, to give to the infernal gods her unquiet spirit.

How like, and yet how different, is the same thought which, moulded to the fashion of the character and circumstance, inspired both these women of genius! Time will scarcely mar any of the qualities of either of these great actresses. Europe has not tired of Rachel, and both America and Europe are always ready to welcome Miss Cushman: but when years and years are gone by, they will still be remembered—because the impression, on seeing both, is like an event of one's life—and as such will be related by the old to the younger, and thus their genius will live for ever.

Chronicle of Ethelfled.

IN SIX BOOKS.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

[THE authenticity of this Chronicle, which we have only collated with that of Asser, is highly questionable; and we do not hold ourselves responsible for its correspondence with any other monkish manuscript. Doubts have been raised concerning the genuineness even of Asser's work, from which we derive nearly all the information we possess, and are accustomed to believe, of our glorious king; the reader must, therefore, take both of these authors on their own merits, and believe as much or as little of them as he chooses, since we have neither time nor occasion for the question. . . . There seemed no reason why the Chronicle of our good abbess should not be rendered into the modern vernacular, save in the occasional use of an archaistic expression which had 'no incongruity nor unnatural strangeness,' when sanctioned by her own evident use of a Saxonism badly Latinized.]

BOOK FIRST.

FORASMUCH as sundry persons have taken in hand, whether with or without reason, to set forth in order

the notable things which in divers times and places have happened, it seems good also to me, Ethelfleda, Abbess of this poor house of St. Audrey, to record certain events, for causes that will in fit season appear.

I Ethelfled, second daughter of Athelred, surnamed Mucil, Earl of the Gainsi,¹ was born in the year of our Lord's incarnation 858. My sister Ethelswitha was by five years my elder. Now it came to pass, about a week after her first coming into this naughty world, that my mother had a dream concerning her, somewhat after the fashion of the patriarch Joseph, to the effect that the child newly born should eventually be set up on high, and that her father, mother, and kindred should do homage to her, which in due time came to pass. And this gives me occasion to think that dreams are not always mere phantasies of the brain, but that on occasions suited for the discernible action of a superior intelligence, visions of forthcoming events are sometimes disclosed to the inward and spiritual sight.

By reason of the frequent incursions of the pagans, who laid hands alike on live stock, arms, chests of plate, and noble damsels, my father was fain to commit my sister and me to the care of an aunt, who was Superior of one of the very few religious houses left in Mercia for the refuge of holy and highborn virgins. This was about the time of the good King Ethelbert's death. Ethelred his brother then reigned over West Saxony in his stead. That was in the days of our King Buhred. It mattered very little to my sister and me who reigned, as long as mother Gundred let us see her hive the bees and take the honey. Ethelswitha was fairer and more facetious than I, therefore the greater favourite; and being by so many years my elder, had many pleasures and indulgences which I had not; but, on the other hand, I had many pleasures too, all to myself. For instance,—fabling certain flowers to talk to one another and to me, and to tell of their how and about. Also fancying certain trees and patches of chalk on the hill-side into images of dragons and ghosts until I was sore ydrad, and yet feeling a strange mixture of pleasure and trepidation in going up to the dragon's mouth with a handful of grass, and saying, "Dragon, will you bite me?" and then running away. There were certain peep-holes through the oak-pulings, and dark corners among the tree-roots, that I should have been sorry if any had wist of except myself. Once, lying under a hollow oak, I seemed to feel the faeries pulling at my hair, that they might get withinside of it. One of my peep-holes looked into our burial-ground. I knew defunct persons lay there, their faces all turned upward; and my aunt the Abbess told me their souls went to heaven. I thought if I kept a sharp look-out, I should see some of them going there, on a starry night, if any of the nuns would but die.

There was a sister who, I think, was as learned as Leobgitha, the correspondent of Boniface. She was always making enigmas and poring over manuscripts.

(1) Gainsborough.

Of her I acquired my facility of writing, which the king says is remarkable; but, in regard of its neatness, I am always at the mercy of my pen:—however, I now always have a good one.

About the year 869, my sister and I were sent home. Thenceforth, my father, mother, and Ethelswitha were much at court; but, by reason of my tender years, I went not. After one of these their visits, it was currently reported among us that Alfred, Prince of the West Saxons, whose sister had married our king, would shortly come to see our chase. The best tablecloth was washed, and many dishes were cooked; howbeit, he came not. The fewer, the better cheer; and I was less disappointed than was Ethelswitha. This time, she told me so many fine things about the court, that when they all returned to it, which they shortly did, I felt for the first time lonely. They had made a pretty clear larder before they went, and I was left nominal mistress of the household, both servile and freed, but with very little to do, except to see a stag now and then put his head out of the forest. They might have been gone three hours, and I was eating bread and honey, when there winds me a horn at the gate, and, lo you, Prince Alfred come by himself, and nobody to receive him. Eadwulf took his horse and his spear, and Urfried washed his feet; but what could we do? The best tablecloth in the buck-basket, no fresh meat in the larder, nor had I even the key of the cellar. There were eels in the dike; and a goose hung by the wall, if he would have waited to have it boiled: howbeit, he made light of all, said bread and honey was fit for a king, especially when the bread was warm and the honey fresh from the comb; and Adam's wine was better than mead or metheglin for a water-drinker like himself, who slummed wine and eyder like John the Baptist. I was glad to find him so easy to please; indeed, had never lighted on so cheerful and winsome a young gentleman; and, having seen but few gentlemen before, whether young or otherwise, by reason of our retired living, I shortly lost all fear, forgot he was a prince, and made him welcome to what we had, as freely as if I had known him twelve years, that is to say, my whole life. He asked me how I came to be so small for my age. But I could not tell. He asked me if I could read, if I said my prayers, if I loved bread and honey, and if I were afraid of him. To the three first, I said yes, to the last, no. He said that was right, and arose pushing aside the yldestan-setl, and bade me good speed, and bear in mind King Solomon's saying, "To eat much honey is not good;" and so departed. But, when he had mounted, his horse reared at our white owl that suddenly flew out of its hole, and threw the prince, whom we picked up with his bright hair all dabbled with blood, and brought into the house. He did not seem to regard it much, but gave his orders to one and the other with wonderful precision; and, being laid on a double sett, Urfried and I washed and bound up his wound as we best could, and two of our freed-men rode off to advertise the king, and bring back

my father and mother. Hereabouts, I Ethelfled must relate that Urfried's fear of approaching the blood royal had at first been so oppressive and unwise-like, that she had thrust me forward into office more cowardly than a woman of her years needed to have been; but, as soon as she found the prince affable, would have made my tender age a reason for setting me aside and stepping into my place. Howbeit, his grace settled it by desiring she should instantly make him a dish of frumenty, and stir it herself all the while it boiled; and then he bade me sit over-against him on a tripod stool, keep an eye to his bandages, and nurse him the best I could; observing that he always found himself the better for a great deal of attention.

And hereupon ensued a discourse, wherewith I have frequently recreated my nuns by repeating it to them. Poor maids! they sometimes get a little dull, specially between Whitsuntide and Christmas, when there are no great festivals; and I find nothing sooner brings all things straight than a little innocent conversation, chiefly in the infirmary, where a good many find themselves in the fruit and pulse season, and a good many more contrive to be nurses. We should never forget we were once young ourselves.

After I had held my peace a good while, the prince asked me if I could tell him a story. Thereupon I put it to him whether he would have Morvidus and the dragon, or Corineus and the great giant Goëmagot. In reply he said, that when he had heard both, he would make his choice. So I told him first one, and then the other, and proceeded to ask him whether he thought there had ever been a dragon. He said, yes, there was one always going about, seeking whom it could devour. I said I hoped it would never come my way. He said, oh yes, it would, sooner or later; I must mind what I did, or even thought, or he would swallow me at a snap. So then I found who he meant.

I asked him whether he would not like to see a fairy. He said he had seen one once: he was riding one day, all alone, through a dark, glooming wood, when he came upon a bright, green glade; and there, very much to his surprise, he saw a fairy. I could not help drawing a little nearer to him on this, to ask him what the fairy was like. He said, like a woman, only a very small one, with a lily skin, and long silky hair, and dressed in blue. I said I thought they always wore green. He replied, "Why, they do say so, but this one had a cyrtle just like yours, with a little darn in the hanging sleeves, from her leaning on her elbows." So then I said, Oh . . . ! and was a little ashamed; for I found he meant me.

He asked me what I would give to see a giant. I said, a good deal. He said, that was no answer at all—would I give the next handsome present I expected to have, whatever it might be? After some thought, I said yes, provided I were out of harm's way. He said, Ah, he had been thinking of giving me something very costly, in return for my civility to him, but now he would keep it for himself, and take me with him to fight the Danes, for he understood

they had just landed a giant as big as Goliath, very fond of human flesh, especially when young and tender; whose fist was heavier than a hundred sledge-hammers, and his foot as large as this . . . here he drew the outline of a foot about a yard long in the air; his cloak was fringed with kings' beards and ladies' tresses; and there was a yard or so of fringe yet wanting. He should like to go out against him like David the son of Jesse, and bring him down with a pebble. He'd teach giants to come to England!

I said, I marvelled that the Dances dared intrude on us as they did. He said, "Why, I suppose you know we are only intruders ourselves. What fellowship have we with the old Britons whom we have hunted into the Cambrian dens and fastnesses? Surely you have heard of wicked Vortigern, king of the Britons, who first invited us over, under Hengist and Horsa; and how, when the pagan Hengist, (for we were all pagans then,) came into his Christian presence, he said, 'I regret your ungodliness, but am glad of your coming.' King Vortigern ought to have known better, but he was much given to drinking and sleeping, whereas our Hengist, pagan though he was, was a brave and fine fellow, standing seven feet high, as I have been told by one who never saw him. But Vortigern was nidering, and deserved the end he had, which was to be smothered with smoke in his fastness, like a wasp in his nest."

After some farther parley on this and that, he called for another story. I said, I have told you two, you must now tell me one. He said, "Two? you have told me a hundred!" I said, "How can that be?" and, just then, my father and mother came in, somewhat to my regret; they having met some one on the road who told them of Prince Alfred's visit, which caused them to turn back. They fell to condoling and excusing; and the prince said there was no need; he had been so deftly tended by the handiest little chamber-boy he had ever met with in all his life. Thereupon my mother looked grave, saying I had commonly been accounted silent; which indeed was true enough, and I wist not how my tongue had on this occasion become loosed. But there was something about him, methinks, that thawed all hearts. My mother applied all-heel and wound-wort to his head; and I kept near him all I could; but Ethelswitha approached him not, only questioned me straitly at bed-time, of all he had said, so that we spent half the night in talking.

It was Ethelswitha's wont to take me on her knee, and with her silver comb to comb out my hair, which was not nearly equal, in length, to her own; her locks being, indeed, as long and yellow as Queen Guinever's. Seeing me hold something fast in my hand, she sayeth, "What have you there?" I laughed, and would make her guess; at length, said, "Some of the prince's hair which we cut off to wash his wound." "His hair?" then-cries she, "what are you going to do with it?" I said, "Make a ball of it." "Oh, silly, silly child," she then cries, "forsooth you must give it me, I will find a better use for it." But I closed my fingers fast on it, and said, "What shall you, then, do with it?"

After a pause, she said, "Use it in place of gold thread, to embroider a kerchief for the Virgin." So I gave her all but one long, pale brown curl, which I have even now, (for it is not every one can show a lock of the hair of King Alfred,) but, in truth, Ethelswitha kept not her vow, for the Virgin's kerchief has never been embroidered from that day to this.

Next morning, I was summoned to my mother, who was sitting surrounded by her maids. "Child," says she, "Urfried tells me there was a bare larder yesterday, which I partly apprehended, though enough went down from the hall, I should have thought, to have kept you for a week. However, twice-warmed meats are not for a royal table: and yet his grace informed me over-night, you had feasted him like a king! What am I to believe?"

My heart smote me when I bethought me of the havock we two had made, and I cried hastily, "In troth, mother, 'twas he emptied the honey-pot rather than I, he laid it on so thickly; and I dared not say him nay!" My mother could not forbear smiling; saying, as she tapped me on the cheek, "Well, you seem to have saved the credit of the house."

Before noon, that day, there was a dinner prepared that might have been set on King Arthur's round table. I peeped through a chink, and saw Ethelswitha present the basin, and my father carve the venison, and my mother kiss the cup. Howbeit, the prince only touched it with his lips; so demand was made for spring-water, which, amid so many sweet and spiced beverages, had never been provided; and, every hand being busy, Urfried gave me a pitcher, and bade me run down to the spring, which I gladly did. By the spring sate an old man, tuning a harp. I bade him make way, because I was in haste for water for Alfred the prince. He said, "Is Prince Alfred here?—then I will into earshot of him, for he loves the sound of a harp . . ." and, following me up to the house, he commenced playing at the gate, and was soon let in. In truth, the afternoon proving rainy, and the prince drinking no wine, nor playing at tæfel, scaccorum, nor any game of hazard, this old harper's arrival was very opportune, for he went on, from one ballad to another, as if his head were lined with them, and Alfred the prince was hugely pleased; in special with one that told how Baldulf got into King Arthur's camp, disguised as a glee-man, and, while he was harping, learned all he wanted to know, without ever being found out. He called it a good stratagem.

At length the prince asked the harper if he had ever heard of the song of Cwædmon. "That have I, my prince," returned the minstrel; "and can sing it, too: how that some of the angels kept not their first estate, but fell into perdition, because they would have shared glory with the Highest; and how He made for those perfidious an exiled home. Sweet as honey is that stave describing their first bliss:—

"They were very happy,—
Sin they knew not,
Nor to frame crimes;
But they in peace lived.

Also, how the earth and stars came to be created out of nothing; and how the first man and woman, beautiful as angels, dwelt in Eden-garden: 'tis a song-o'-Sunday!"

"Sing me as much as you can of it," says the prince, "and I will presently give you this gold bracelet."

"I dare say your glory knows," pursued the harper, (who was a Cornish man; his name was Timme:) "how holy Aldhelm availed himself of this our vocation to instruct the lower sort, and took his stand on the public bridge, like a common harper, to win the ears of the foot-passengers by intermingling gay and grave matters." . . .

"Aye! believe ye," interrupted the prince; "I have heard all about him a hundred times; but now begin your song, or you will not conclude till midnight."

* * * *

The following year, (568,) there befel a grievous murrain among all cattle; and after the murrain, a famine throughout the land; and after the famine, a pestilence; so that the hand of the Lord was heavy upon man and beast. It was lamentable to see the dead bodies left by the way-side, with none to cover them out of the reach of birds and dogs. The poor people might be seen ravening on half-putrid flesh, and eagerly devouring the cresses and ramps that grew in the ditches; which unwholesome diet was enough of itself, my mother thought, to account for the pestilence. But the failure of the crops was a manifest visitation of God; and as He foreknew that the scarcity of wholesome diet must needs drive the people to eat that which was pernicious and unclean, the sickness, to my mind, was an indirect chastisement from him too. We gat much to our knees in prayer; and Ethelswitha, who was very soft-hearted, prayed my mother to let her have all the bones, scraps, and broken food from our table, to seethe into pottage for the poor, and dispense at our own gate, which my mother willingly did, and thereby drew down on our house many a poor soul's blessing. And it befel that, one forenoon, Ethelswitha and I, having provided a larger mess than usual, and carrying it forth to the folk at the gate, steaming, and very savoury, there appears Alfred the prince standing among the rest, looking fixedly upon Ethelswitha, who at first marked him not; and presently, without more ado, he steps up, and kisses her before all; an unfair thing, for even a king's son to do, seeing she could not defend herself by reason of the full bicker. And the people, with one accord, set up a shout, as if it were the jolliest sight eyes ever saw, to the great shame of Ethelswitha.

The prince dined and supped with us, and told us of many things he had seen in Rome when he was a *knicht*;¹ and talked, and harped, and sang, and did more to entertain us than we could do to entertain him: in special, as Ethelswitha was quite dull all the afternoon. But I was full blythe, and at last he fell

to talking with me more than any: only, it befel, that while we were cracking and eating some nuts, he paused of a sudden, and I looked up and saw his lips quite white, or rather blue, and a cold, grey shadow on his brow. I cried, "Oh, mother!" and she arose in haste, saying, "What ails you, sweet prince?" And commenced rubbing his hands. But, presently, he smiled, and said, "This prick at the heart is passing off . . . it is all for my good!" Howbeit, there was no more merry-making that afternoon, but we sat closer and quieter, and looked more earnestly at one another, and talked of prayers, and saints, and penances, and heavenly chastenings, and earthly probations, and celestial refreshings; and I think the latter end of that day was better than the beginning. He spent two days with us; and on the evening of the second day, he took my father aside, and had long speech of him: we concluded, concerning the pagans, who seemed drawing together in Northumbria, upon some mischief. It may, or may not, have been so; howbeit, my father came forth from the conference with a strange mixture of care and elation on his brow; and the prince was much flushed, and sprang on his horse, that had long been pawing the ground at the gate. As he rode off, he cried, laughing:—

"I am now one of your family by the law of the land, for I have slept two nights under your roof; and, if I do any wrong on the king's highway, you will be answerable for it!"

"That be my care, sweet prince!" returns my father, cheerily: "May I never have a more dangerous *cuman*² under my roof! Return when you will, whether in company or scorchless."

He was out of sight before one could say Ave. To bed we went, but not to sleep: as for myself, I lay awake, thinking over all the brave things I had heard, and ejaculating inwardly, "Happy they who hold thy stirrup and water thy horse! happier they that carve before thee at table and hear thy pleasant voice!" As for Ethelswitha, though we were in the dark, and she lay long quite still, I had an impression that she was weeping; so, to make sure, I kissed her, and found her face quite wet. I asked her why she wept; she answered, she could not tell me, because she did not know herself. So there was an end, only I took care not to worry her by my own wakefulness, and lay a musing of P *nee* Alfred in the streets of Rome, till somehow, or ever I was ware, I fell on sleep.

I must now mix public affairs with private, because of those pagans, the Danes, whom the East Anglians having with great pusillanimity received and set on horseback, with less anxiety for the general welfare than for their own particular safety, they had established themselves in Northumbria. The news now came that the invaders, not content with having seized the city of York, were advancing upon us Mercians; and, indeed, they followed so closely on the heels of the news, that before we well wist they

(1) A little boy: a lad.

(2) Come-one: guest.

were on the move, they had taken possession of Nottingham, which the Romans well called "the house of caves." For the town is sheltered by a huge rock, perforated with numerous caverns and passages, some of which pierce it even to the summit, doubtless wormed in it by the people of some obscure age, whom, in these modern times, we have altogether lost sight of; and there is a spring of water above as well as below, which makes this rock a notable stronghold in time of war, and doubtless will continue to do so while the world lasts. Now it fell, that so soon as the pagans had seized Nottingham, we were all in a sore strait; and King Buhred sent to my father to wit what he should do, and my father's counsel was, that he should ask succour of Ethelred, and King Buhred said no one was so fit to ask or so likely to obtain it as my father; so he sent my father to the West Saxon court, and King Ethelred gave ear unto him, and promised to come with Alfred the prince, and the Earl of Berks, and a great army to assist the Mercians. Now, the pagans kept close quarters all the winter; but so soon as ever the rivers unfroze, and the roads were practicable, or ere there was a bud on the bushes, or a bird on the tree, we all rose to arms. I say we, albe I Ethelfled only looked on with other women and children, for we all had a pretty strong interest in the issue; and there were troops of men tramping past our gates daily, and glad of water and bread, and anything they could get. It was an expensive season to my father and mother, for King Ethelred, Prince Alfred, the Earl of Berks, and Osric his brother, came and went to and from us all the time of the siege; but it was losing something to save all, and I am sure we never grudged them our best; besides which, as there was always something going on, they made the house very pleasant. Howbeit, the pagans had entrenched themselves so strongly in Nottingham castle, that there was no dislodging them. So peace was made with them, sorely against our wills, and the West Saxons drew off their forces with King Buhred's consent, seeing he could not get them to stay any longer.

At this time, every tongue spoke in praise of Alfred the prince, now in his twentieth year, who was the darling of all hearts, and certainly of mine. This, I was going to say, was all in an innocent way; but I may rather assert that it was more than that, and did me much good; for it is of infinite value to young persons to be admirers of some living excellence; and as to any vain imagination of being brought into nearer conjunction to him than I was already, I no more thought of it than of being married to the north star; chiefly applying my mind to the reconsideration of whatever fell from his lips, which, young as he was, had mostly something wiselike and far-sighted in it. These cogitations I was well able to pursue while my hands were busy at the loom and spindle, and their effect was to wean me very much from puerile things, and make me thoughtful and womanish. Howbeit, my appearance was still that of what in truth I was, a mere child. How amazed

was I to hear that there was a treaty of marriage on foot between Alfred the prince and Ethelswitha! Of some things, I was, from a child, very observant, and reflected much on them; of others, not at all. Hence it came that had I not been told of this projected alliance, a long time might have ensued before any of its signals had warned me of its coming. As it was, the surprise and joy stunned me, like the falling of a great weight on my head, so that I believe I showed not myself so gladdened as in truth I was; especially as the thought of losing Ethelswitha, when it dawned upon me, dissolved me in a shower of tears. But she consoled me all she could, by dilating on the blessedness of continually consorting with such a companion as Prince Alfred, and promising to have me much with her in the royal city of Reading. On my mother's side, as is well known, we are of royal descent; therefore Ethelswitha was no ill match for a king's younger brother; and as there was no reason for delay, the betrothal took place speedily. The Earl of Berks was one of the Prince's sponsors; and the transaction, to my mind, was very interesting and imposing. The foster-lean was settled, and the morgen-gift agreed on, which was to consist of sundry large parcels of land for three lives, with men and horses thereunto belonging; and so much more land for Ethelswitha to bestow on her nearest and dearest of her own free choice, for the term of her life and after it; always providing that if she were widowed, she should for a twelvemonth keep herself in the peace of God and of the king, before she married again.

My father, not to be outdone, promised to give with her two thousand swine, which was thought a good deal of by those whom Alfred the prince called "the spinning-side," i.e. the female part of the house. Since, as every one must see, this was adding gift unto gift, and enriching that which was already of infinite worth; and our Saxon laws most wisely provide that presents shall universally come from the other, that is, the brydema's side, where there is anything to bestow, if it be but a hen; since a man must think a wife little worth the having if he will not pay pretty handsomely for her, and think her a good bargain too!

However, Alfred the prince was not to be excelled in generosity even by my father; and to the morgen-gift he added, over and above the men, horses, and land, presents worth the two thousand swine once and again: to wit,—rings, bracelets, necklaces,—one of them curiously twisted like a serpent—crosses, circlets, buckles, a golden brooch shaped like a fly; wimples, tunics, cyrtles of silk and samite; fine linen, mentels, cuffian and binden,¹ a mirror; a hand-bell; a golden foot-stool; a silver foot-bath; fringed coverings for seats and high-settles; wall-hangings worked with the Siego of Troy; a bed-curtain presenting the Landing of King Brute; a coverlet woven with golden flowers; another, for winter, of dressed skins, wondrous light and pleasant; gold and

(1) Cuffs and ribbons.

(2) Head-settle.

silver and glass cups; pouches, purses, curling-irons,—in fine, everything a royal lady could need or wish.

Now, though the morgen-gift was not due till the day after the wedding, many of these valuables arrived beforehand, in large corded chests, to the great delectation of the "spinning-side;" and I, among the rest, had the oversight and the handling of them, which, to a girl of such tender years, was no small privilege. When the prince came a courting, the Earl of Berks was oftentimes in attendance on him; but, still oftener, he came by himself, when least expected, (save that we were always expecting him in our own hearts,) and sometimes he would find Ethelswitha and me walking together in the chase, and would come springing towards us as fleetly as any hart in the forest. But, though he would come up to us as blythe as blythe lark, it almost always befel that before we had been long together, he would become as serious as an apostle, and talk of graver matters than one would have expected from so young a man. But whatever fell from his lips was pleasant to Ethelswitha, and to me Ethelfred. The wedding-day now drew nigh; and people were drawing together from various parts, to be present at the festivity; and there was great mustering of men, both servile and freed, to beat the woods for boars and wild deer; and snares were laid for smaller game and fowls; and pits were dug to bake the meats that were not broiled nor sodden; and hampers of pears and apples were brought from the orchards, and eels from the dike, besides haddocks, skates, lampreys, lobsters, and oysters, from the seas and rivers; and sacks of fine flour, and systers of honey; for there was much people to be filled.

In due course came the royal purveyors, to see if there were enow for all; and the head purveyor said unto my mother, "You have enough and to spare of everything, if so be that your mead run not short." But my mother said, "We have enough of mead, morat, and methglin."

Now, by reason of the report of the wedding spreading far and wide, joculars of all sorts, or as we say, glee-men, began to assemble; some with bears, some with dancing dogs, and other-some with jugglers' balls and instruments of music. These began, beforehand, to set up their booths and stages round the green, under the skirts of the forest; by reason of whom, our chase, that was of late so retired, became rather unsafe walking. My mother would not have me go forth, unless under the care of Eadwulf the freedman, who was brave, faithful, and good-natured. I remember, one day taking the air with him in the woods, we came upon a ceorl cruelly maltreating a cnicht of our household, who by reason of his burthen could not requite him as he deserved. Eadwulf, without more ado, took and bound the ceorl hand and foot with his girdle, and laid him at length on the ground. Having thus made him feel his masterdom, he stood over him leisurely, and, with a stern look which he knew very well how to put on, said "There thou lies: now then, what shall be my will of thee? If I blind thy thief's eyes, I must fine forty shillings;

if I lame thy clumsy feet, I must fine thirty; if I deafen thee, twenty-five; if I break thy thumb, twenty; if I crop thine ears, twelve; if I take thy little finger, eleven; if thy great toe, ten; if a slice of thy Dane's nose, nine; if thy fore-finger, eight; if I break thy jaw-bone, six; if one of thy ribs, three; if I knock out one of thy teeth, a shilling. 'Go to! thou's not worth a shilling unto me, the whole bundle of thee!—the cnicht's beyond thy reach now, so go thy ways, and ne'er deal the like with a poor harmless fellow again.'

So saying, he undid the girdle, and let him go free; when the ceorl, bounding out of arms' length, shook his fist at him, and grinning horribly, cried, "Thou's bound a ceorl unsinning; and, by the law of the land, shouldst fine not one shilling, but ten, an' I could catch an' keep thee!" And so went off, reviling; leaving Eadwulf laughing at his impotent anger. Alfred the prince was amused at the transaction when I told him of it, and, the next time he saw Eadwulf, gave him a mancus.

To proceed, however, to the wedding, which, if I were to spin out this chapter to the length of Gildas's epistle, I must come to at last.

LOVE IN THE NORTH.

BY D. F.

THE grouse shooting had commenced a few days. The steamers on the Caledonian Canal were crowded with sportsmen and tourists. The inns at Fort William and Benevie were nightly besieged by wild troops of hungry Sassenachs. Eley's cartridges and Black's hand-books rose to a premium in the provincial markets; and the Highlands resounded with the joy of the stranger. The Gael gladly reaped, in expectation, the anticipated harvest, while the breast of every mother palpitated with pleasurable excitement as she fixed one eye on the list of arrivals in the *Grouseshire Courier*, and the other on her red-haired daughters. Meanwhile, the said nymphs were deciding on their dresses for the northern meeting, and thumbing *The Red Book* for the genealogy of every new-comer. In fact, gaily reigned in the North, except in the case of a few unfortunate tourists who found themselves at Inverness, and, having visited Macbeth's castle and the Field of Culloden, were at a loss how to employ themselves.

In one of the many country-houses famed for Celtic hospitality, a very merry party was met. There were grouse-shooters and Highland belles. The host and three other chieftains, who rejoiced in the names of The McDum, Kill-devil, Devil hit, and Kill-bogle—there is a run on satanic nomenclature in the North, such as would drive a Yezidi to distraction—two or three English visitors made up the party of gentlemen. Of ladies, there were the daughters of the houses of McDum and Kill-devil, with many other of the neighbouring damsels, all, of course, closely related to each other.

The mornings were devoted by the gentlemen, as in duty bound, to the game. In the afternoons they, perhaps, competed as Toxophilites with the ladies, or assisted them in adorning their albums with caricatures of the face of nature. In the evenings, dancing, music, and flirtation, prevented the most ardent sportsmen from becoming totally brutalized.

Of all the young ladies assembled beneath the roof of McDum, the one most renowned for desperate flirtation was Miss Clementina Kill-Loon. She was a young lady of great animal spirits. She was handsome, had a tolerable figure, and her ankles were not much larger than an Englishman's. She could ride, shoot, fish, dance a reel against any number of consecutive Sassenaclis, and was altogether a great accession to a country-house. Yet she remained unmarried, and her twenty-seventh year was drawing on. But the reason was, the gentlemen said, she was *so very* affectionate. Every one was frightened at her readiness to catch at an offer; besides, she so soon changed from one to another. There were Smith and Jones—they came one Wednesday. On Thursday Smith nearly capitulated, when she got hold of his hand in the conservatory, and would keep it; but on Friday, coming unexpectedly into the dining-room, he found her on her knees before Jones, rubbing his left arm, which was rheumatically given—Jones looking rather sheepish. Smith fled from the spot, and refused to return. This season she had determined to make a victim of some unconscious Southerner. The natives, she knew, were too shrewd to be caught; besides, they none of them had anything to live upon but the proceeds of their shootings and fishings. So she laid her plans accordingly. At the last northern meeting she had met a Lieutenant Spooner, then on recruiting service in the vicinity. He saw—admired—danced as often with her as propriety would permit,—(and they do not think much of propriety beyond the Highland line, as long as a lady has a "lang pedigree,")—and was encouraged by her kind behaviour to say more than he had ever dared to utter before; for he was a timid youth and inexperienced in the ways of the world. Therefore, when he had replied to the question, of "How do you like the North, Mr. Spooner?" by answering, "I wish I could always remain where I am now,"—she was lovingly squeezing him up into a corner of the sofa—he blushed violently and almost repented his audacity. However, her glances and squeezes of the hand restored his courage, and before he left the ball-room he was desperately in love. He told his passion in confidence to a friend, who, of course, told his friends, and so the tale came, not undiminished, to the ears of Miss Clementina.

A year's absence had almost effaced her image from his mind, for he had been suddenly called on duty; but the lady could not divine this, and, therefore, when she heard he was coming to pay The McDum a visit, she naturally concluded he was irresistibly drawn thither by her charms; of course, he came to seek her consent to make him the happiest man on earth. Full of this idea, on the morning of his arrival, she

held a council of the ladies, and expounded to them the state of the case.

"But, you know, he is so shy," she said to her sympathising friends.

"Well, Clementina, we will do all we can for you; you are quite sure he wishes to propose?"

"Oh, yes! I know he only wants an opportunity. The dear creature—how pale and interesting he is looking!"

"Listen, ladies all," said Miss McDum. "This evening, after dinner, we will slip out of the room and leave them alone—then he is sure to speak."

So it was settled. The gentlemen entered readily into the plan, each one delighted to find the fair Clementina was not after him. Meanwhile the unconscious Spooner was deliberately preparing for dinner, quite unaware of their kind intentions towards him.

Of course, he handed Clementina down from the drawing-room, and the tender speeches and affectionate glances she bestowed upon him during dinner-time recalled many of his last year's feelings towards her. Indeed, he would have been still more subdued had not his timidity led him into a mistake, the confusion arising from which banished all thoughts of love from his breast. Not thinking himself sufficiently intimate with the chief to call him simply "McDum," he actually addressed him as Mr. McDum! The head of the clan looked like an insulted lion, and an embarrassing silence rebuked the trembling offender. He had scarcely recovered by the time when the gentlemen resought the drawing-room, and he was glad enough to seek for consolation from the charming Clementina, who allowed him to nestle close by her in a curtained recess. Engrossed by her conversation, he scarcely remarked the departure of most of the company from the room; but, at last aroused by the silence, he looked up just in time to catch a glimpse of the last couple as they disappeared through the doorway, and he and Clementina were the only occupants of the room. He felt the awkwardness of the position, and suggested to her that they should follow the others.

"Why should we, Mr. Spooner? Do you wish to go away?"

"Oh dear, no!—only I thought—they are all gone somewhere," gasped Mr. Spooner.

"Dear me! so they are; but I dare say they will soon be back; but pray go if you wish; don't let me detain you."

What could Mr. Spooner do? He balanced himself on the right foot, then on the left, and then sat down again, but at the other end of the sofa. A pause ensued; he felt very like a schoolboy for whom the master has sent—something was evidently coming. There was music on the chair close by. Clementina took up a song, "Oh! had I but one loving friend."

"Can you love me as a friend, Mr. Spooner?" she said, with a sweet glance.

"Oh yes, I dare say I can, if you wish it, Miss Kill-Loon," replied the unhappy man, clasping his

moist hands together, and feeling as if he would have given the world for a thunderbolt to fall in the room. "What is she going to say next?" he thought. He looked at the door; if it had been open, he would have fled. It was shut—she would catch him before he could get it open. An involuntary sigh escaped from his lips.

"Why that sigh?" she whispered. "Is there any grief upon your mind?"

He determined to make an effort.

"Really, my dear Miss Kill-Loon, if you will excuse me —"

"Oh, Mr. Spooner!"

She blushed and turned her head.

"Now is the time to bolt," he thought, rising from the sofa.

"He is going to fall on his knees," she thought.

"If you will excuse me for a few minutes," he began.

She turned her head back again. She seized his hand.

"I know it all," she said. "You have come here on purpose to see me —"

"Hear me one moment, Miss Kill-Loon!"

He would have given the world to cry for help.

"On purpose to see me—to tell me all; but papa will never hear of it—but, oh! my heart," sobbing, "my heart has long been yours."

"What will become of me?" thought the unfortunate Spooner. It must be a dream. It was too horrible to be true. No—she held him firmly by the hand—there was no mistake about it.

"Take this," at last she said, placing a ring on his limp, passive finger, and abstracting his, the most valuable of his goods, in exchange, "these shall be the tokens of our mutual affection."

She paused awhile; and then, as he seemed incapable of doing or saying anything, she left him standing alone, and disappeared.

The company returned. Mr. Spooner pleaded indisposition, and retired to his bedroom. In that night his whiskers became prematurely grey. Before breakfast time he was on the mail with his face towards the South. At Carlisle he was laid up with a nervous attack, arising, as the doctor said, from some excessive mental agitation. On his recovery he returned the ring in a letter, the concocting of which cost him four days' incessant labour and a quarter's pay expended in stationery. Even then he did not think himself safe, and he seriously entertained a project of emigrating to some very distant settlement, when one morning in looking over the *Times* for vessels bound to California direct, his eye was caught by a paragraph—

"On December 3, at Loonty, Augustus Reginald Fitz-Stephen, only son of Timothy Stephen, Esq. of Camberwell, to Clementina Alexandrina, eldest daughter of Hector Kill-Loon, Esq. of Strathbogle, and niece of The McDum."

Mr. Spooner immediately gave up all intention of emigrating, and became calm; but always, to this day, shudders at the very name of Grouseshire.

FEMALE TRIALS IN THE BUSH.

BY MRS. TRAILL,

Author of "*The Backwoods of Canada*."

It has often been remarked how much more prone to discontent the wives of the emigrants are than their husbands; and it generally is the fact, but why is it so? A little reflection will show us the cause. It is generally allowed that woman is by nature and habit more strongly attached to home and all those domestic ties and associations that form her sources of happiness, than man. She is accustomed to limit her enjoyments within a narrow circle; she scarcely receives the same pleasure that man does, from travelling and change of place; her little world is home—it is, or should be, her sphere of action, her centre of enjoyment; the severing her at once and for ever from all that made it dear in her eyes causes her the severest pangs.

It is long before she forms a home of comfort to herself like that she has left behind her, in a country that is rough, hard, and strange; and though a sense of duty will and does operate upon the few to arm them with patience to bear and power to act, the larger proportion of emigrants' wives sink into a state of hopeless apathy or pining discontent, at least for a season, till time, that softener of all human woes, has smoothed in some measure the roughness of the colonist's path, and the spirit of conformity begins to dispose faithful wives to the endeavour of creating a new home of comfort within the forest solitudes.

There is another excuse for the unhappy despondency too frequently noticed among the females of the higher class of emigrants; and as, according to an old saying, "prevention is better than cure," I shall not hesitate to plead the cause of my sex, and point out the origin of the domestic misery to which I allude.

There is nothing more common than for a young settler of the better class, when he has been a year or two in the colony and made some little progress in clearing land and building, to go to England for a wife. He is not quite satisfied with the paucity of accomplishments and intellectual acquirements among the daughters of the Canadians, he is ambitious of bringing out a young lady fit to be the companion of a man of sense and taste, and thoughtlessly and selfishly induces some young person of delicate and refined habits to unite her fate to his. Misled by his sanguine description of his forest home, and his hopes of future independence, she listens with infinite satisfaction to his account of a large number of acres, which may be valuable or nearly worthless according to the local advantages they possess; of this she, of course, knows nothing, excepting from the impressions she receives from her lover.

He may in a general way tell her that as a Bush settler's wife she must expect to put up with some privations at first, and the absence of a few of those elegant refinements of life which she has been

accustomed to enjoy; but these evils are often represented as temporary, for he has rarely the candour to tell her the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Deceived by her lover, and deceiving herself into the fond belief that her love for him will smooth every difficulty, she marries, and is launched upon a life for which she is totally unfitted by habits, education, and inclination, without due warning of the actual trials she is destined to encounter.

There is not only cruelty, but even want of worldly wisdom in such marriages. The wife finds she has been deceived, and becomes fretful, listless, and discontented; and the husband, when too late, discovers that he has transplanted a tender exotic to perish beneath the withering influence of an ungenial atmosphere without benefiting by its sweetness or beauty. I need hardly dwell upon the domestic evils arising from this state of things, but I would hold such marriages up as a warning to both parties.

Some will say, But are these things so? and is the change really so striking between a life in England and one in the Colonies? I speak that which I have seen, and testify that which I do know. Even under the fairest and most favourable circumstances the difference must necessarily be great between a rich fertile country, full of resources and the refinements of civilization, and one where all has to be created or supplied at the expense of time and money. But I speak more especially of those, who, living in the less cultivated and populous portions of the Colony, are, of course, exposed to greater privations and disadvantages, as settlers in the Bush must be. In towns and populous districts these hardships are less remarkable.

I remember, among many instances that have fallen under my notice, one somewhat remarkable for the energetic traits of female fortitude that were called forth by a train of circumstances most adverse, and unexpected.

A young man residing in our neighbourhood, of sanguine disposition and slender property, had contrived by means of credit and a little money to start a large concern, a saw-mill, a store tavern, and other buildings, which were to form the germs of a large village. Full of hopes of the most extravagant kind, if he deceived others I believe he also deceived himself into the vain belief, that all his various castles were destined to make his individual fortune, and confer a lasting benefit on the country where they were situated. Under this delusion, and finding, moreover, that it was absolutely necessary to raise resources for carrying on his schemes, he went home, and was not long in forming an acquaintance with an accomplished young lady of some fortune. She was an orphan, and, charmed with the novelty of the life he described, consented to marry him and become the queen of the village of which he gave her so glowing a picture. Perhaps at that period he was not fully aware of the fact that the property of the young lady was under the control of trustees, and that the interest only was at her own command; and fortunate it was for her

that the guardians of the property were inflexible in their principles, and resisted every solicitation to resign any part of the capital.

The young bride, accustomed to the domestic beauties and comforts of the mother country, beheld with dismay the long tract of gloomy pinewood through which she journeyed to her forest home, and the still more unseemly fields blackened by charred pine and cedar stumps, in the midst of which rose the village, whose new and half-finished buildings failed to excite any feeling in her breast but bitter disappointment and aversion; and she wept and sighed for all that was fair and beautiful in her own beloved country, rendered now ten times more lovely by the contrast with all she beheld around her; yet, though she was miserable and discontented, she clung with passionate love to her husband, and with womanly fondness made every sort of excuse for him, even to herself, and always to others. It was this love which, as it increased, upheld her when the sad reality of ruin arrived. Misfortune, as an armed man, came fast upon the devoted pair—every fair and flattering prospect vanished. Unable to provide for the satisfaction of his importunate creditors, as he had expected to do from his wife's property, they would no longer be put off, and he became a perfect prisoner in his own house. The land, buildings, all faded as it were from his grasp; even the yearly income arising from her money had been forestalled; and all her costly clothing went by degrees, all her pretty ornaments and little household luxuries were disposed of piecemeal to supply their daily wants. All—all were gone; but with fresh trials, fresh privations, came unwonted courage, and energy to do and to bear. She was now a mother, and the trials of maternity were added to her other arduous duties. She often lamented her want of knowledge and ability in the management of her infant, for she had been totally unaccustomed to the trouble of young children. To add to her sorrows, sickness seized her husband; he who had been used to a life of activity and bustle, scarcely caring to rest within doors, unless at meal-times, now sunk under the effects of confinement, chagrin, and altered diet, and a long and obstinate intermittent ensued.

Though to some persons it might seem a trifling evil, there was nothing in all her sad reverse of condition that seemed so much to annoy my poor young friend as the discolouring of her beautiful hands; she would often sigh as she looked down upon them, and say, "I used to be so vain of them, and never thought to employ them in menial offices such as necessity has driven me to."

Poor thing! she had not been trained to such servile tasks as I have seen her occupied in, and I pitied her the more because I saw her bearing up so bravely under such overwhelming trials; she who had come out, not two years before, to our woods as a bride, a proud and fastidious woman, unable and unwilling to take part in the least household labour—who would sit on the side of her bed while a servant drew

the silk stockings and satin slippers on her tiny white feet, and dressed her from head to foot—who despised the best fare that could be set before her by any of her neighbours—who must despatch a messenger almost daily to the distant town for fresh meat and biscuits, and new white bread, was now compelled to clothe herself and her babe, to eat the coarsest fare, black tea unsweetened and only softened with milk instead of rich cream, which she walked twice or thrice a-week to fetch from my house or that of my sister-in-law, bearing her stone pitcher in one hand, with the additional weight of her baby on her arm.

So strange a thing is woman's love, that she, whom I had been wont to consider as decidedly selfish, now showed a generous and heroic devotion towards the man whose thoughtlessness had reduced her to this state of poverty and privation, that seemed to make her regardless of herself. What personal sacrifices did she not make, what fatigues undergo! I have met her coming from a small field where oats had been sown, with a sheaf on her back, which she had cut with her own fair hands to feed an old bullock, the only remnant of stock that had escaped the creditors, and which was destined to supply the household with beef for the ensuing fall. Yet she was quite cheerful, and almost laughed at her unusual occupation. There was a poor Irish girl who stayed with her to the last, and never forsook her in her adverse fortune; but she had been kind and considerate to her, when many mistresses would have turned her out of their house, and now she stayed with her and helped her in her time of need.

One day I came to visit her, fearing from her unusual absence that something was amiss with the child or herself. I found her lying on a rude sort of sofa which she had very ingeniously made by nailing some boards together, and covering with chintz after she had stuffed it with hay, for she was full of contrivances; "they amused her and kept her from thinking of her troubles," she said. She looked very pale, her fair hair was neglected, and there was an air of great languor and fatigue visible in her frame.

But when I expressed my apprehension that she too had fallen a prey to the ague or fever, she eagerly replied, "Oh no, I am only dreadfully tired. Do you know, I was wandering in the woods a great part of the night."

"On what errand?" I inquired in some surprise; on which she related her adventures in these words:—

"I had reason to suppose there were English letters in the post-office of some consequence, and as I had no one to send down for them to whom I dared trust them, I made up my mind yesterday morning to walk down for them myself. I left my little boy to the care of Jane and his father, for carrying him a distance of so many miles and through such roads was quite beyond my strength. Well, I got my letters and a few necessary articles that I wanted, at the store, but what with my long walk and the delay one always meets with in town, it was nearly sunset before I began to turn my steps homeward.

I then found, to my great distress, that I had lost my faithful 'Nelson,' (a great Newfoundland dog that accompanied her wherever she went.) "I lingered a good while in the hope that my brave dog would find me out, but concluding at last that he had been shut up in one of the stores, I hurried on, afraid of the moon setting before I should be out of the dark wood. I thought, too, of my boy, and wondered if his father would waken and attend to him if he cried or wanted feeding. My mind was full of busy and anxious thoughts as I pursued my solitary way through those still lonely woods, where everything was so death-like in its solemn silence that I could hear my own footsteps or the fall of a withered leaf as it parted from the little boughs above my head, and dropped on the path before me. I was so deeply absorbed with my own perplexing thoughts that I did not at first notice that I had reached a spot where two paths branched off in nearly parallel directions, so that I was greatly puzzled which of the two was my road. When I had walked a few yards down one, my mind misgave me that I was wrong, and I retraced my steps without being at all satisfied that the other was the right one. At last I decided upon the wrong, as it afterwards turned out, and I now hurried on, hoping to make up by renewed speed for the time I had lost by my indecision. The increasing gloom of the road thickly shaded with hemlocks and cedars now convinced me I was drawing near swampy ground, which I did not remember to have traversed in my morning walk. My heart thrilled with terror, for I heard the long-drawn yell of wolves, as I imagined, in the distance. My first impulse was to turn and flee for my life, but my strength suddenly failed, and I was compelled to sit down upon a pine-log by the side of the path to recover myself. 'Alas! alas!' said I, half aloud, 'alone, lost in these lonely woods, perhaps to perish miserably, to be torn by wild beasts or starved with hunger and cold, as many have been in this savage country. O my God, forsake me not, but look upon the poor wanderer with the eyes of thy mercy!' Such was my prayer when I heard the rapid gallop of some animal fast approaching—the sudden crashing of the dry boughs, as the creature forced his way through them, convinced me it was too near for escape to be possible. All I could do was to start to my feet, and I stood straining my eyes in the direction of the sound, while my heart beat so audibly that I seemed to hear nothing else.

"You may judge of the heartfelt relief I experienced when I beheld my dear old dog, my faithful Nelson, rush bounding to my side, almost as breathless as his poor terror-stricken mistress.

"You know that I do not often indulge in tears, even when overwhelmed with trouble, but this time I actually cried for joy, and lifted up my heart in fervent thankfulness to Him who had guided my dumb protector through the tangled bush to my side that night. 'Come, Nelson,' I said aloud, 'you have made a man of me,—'Richard's himself again:' dear fellow, I shall fear neither wolf nor bear while you

are with me.' I then fastened my bundle about his neck, for my arm ached with carrying it, and on we trudged. At first I thought it would be wisest to retrace my steps; but I fancied I saw light like a clearing breaking through the trees, and conjectured that this by-road led, in all likelihood, to some of the bush farms or lumberers' shanties. I resolved to pursue my way straight onwards; nor was I mistaken, for some minutes after brought me to the edge of a newly-burnt fallow, and I heard the baying of dogs, which, no doubt, were the same sounds I in my fright had taken for wolves.

"The moon was now nearly set, and I judged it must be between one and two o'clock. I peeped into the curtainless window of the shanty. The glimmering light, from a few burning brands and the red embers of the huge back log in the wide clay-built chimney, showed the inmates were all asleep, and, as the barking and growling of the dogs, who, frightened by Nelson's great size, had retreated to a respectful distance, had failed to rouse them, I took *bush-leave*, opened the door, and stepped in without further ceremony. On a rude bed of cedar-sticks slept two females, the elder of whom was not undressed, but lay sleeping on the outside of the coverlet, and it was with great difficulty that I managed to rouse her to a consciousness of my presence and my request for a guide to the mills. 'Och! Och! Och! my dear crayer,' she said, raising herself at last on her brawny arm and eyeing me from under her black and tangled locks with a cunning and curious look, 'what should a young thing like yourself be doing up and abroad at such a time of night as this?'

"'Good mother,' I said, 'I have lost my way in the Bush, and want a lad or some one to show me the way to the Mills.'

"'Sure,' said the old woman, 'this is not a time to be asking the boys to leave their beds; but sit down there, and I will speak wid the master:' she then pushed a rude seat in front of the fire, and roused up the logs with a huge handspike which she wielded with a strength of arm that proved she was no stranger to the work of closing in log heaps, and even chopping, and then proceeded to waken her partner, who with three or four big boys occupied another bed at the furthest end of the shanty.

"After some parleying with the man it was agreed that at day-break one of the elder boys should be sent to guide me home, but not sooner. 'There, mistress,' said the man, 'you may just lie down on my old woman's bed; the girl has the ague, but she is as quiet as a lamb, and will not disturb you.' I preferred sitting on my rude seat before the now blazing fire, to sharing the sick girl's couch, and as to a refreshment of field-pork and potatoes, which my hostess offered to get ready for me, I had no appetite for it, and was glad when my host of the shanty and his partner retired to bed and left me to my own cogitations and the mute companionship of Nelson.

"One feeling was uppermost in my mind,—gratitude to God for my present shelter, rude as it was. The

novelty of my situation almost amused me, and then graver thoughts came over me, as I cast my eyes curiously around upon the smoke-stained walls and unbarked rafters, from whence long draperies of moss and grey lichens waved in a sort of fanciful drapery above my head. I thought of my former life of pride and luxury. What a singular contrast did it present to my situation at that moment. The red flashing glare of the now fiercely burning logs illumined every corner of the shanty, and showed the faces of the sleepers on their humble beds. There lay close beside me on her rude pallet the poor sick girl, whose pale visage and labouring breath excited my commiseration, for what comfort could she have, either mental or bodily, I asked myself.

"The chinking in many parts had been displaced, and the spaces had been stuffed with rags, straw, moss, wool, and a mass of heterogeneous matter, that would have plainly told from what part of the world the inmates had come, if their strong South of Ireland brogue had not declared it past all disputing. Few and scanty were the articles of furniture and convenience. Two or three unplanned pine-wood shelves, on which were arranged some tinware and a little coarse delf, a block of wood sawn from the butt-end of a large timber tree, and a rude rickety table with a pork and flour-barrel, some implements of husbandry, among which gleamed brightly the Irish spade, an instrument peculiar to the Irish labourer's cabin, and a gun, which was supported against the log walls by two carved wooden hooks, or rests,—such was the interior of the shanty. I amused myself with making a sort of mental inventory of its internal economy, till by degrees weariness overcame me, and leaning my back against the frame of the poor sick girl's bed, I fell sound asleep, and might have slept till broad day, had not my slumbers been suddenly broken by the rolling of one of the big logs on the hearth, and looking up I almost started at the sight of the small sinister-looking eyes of my host, which were bent upon me with so penetrating a glance that I involuntarily shrunk from before them. In good truth, more stout-hearted persons might have been justified in the indulgence of a cowardly feeling, if they had been placed in a similar situation, so utterly helpless, and alone; but my courage quickly returned; I thought it wisest to show no distrust, and addressed the uncouth looking personage before me with a cheerful air, laughing at his having caught me napping. Yet I remember the time, when I was a youthful romance reader, I should have fancied myself into a heroine, and my old Irishman into a brigand; but in my intercourse with the lower class of Irish emigrants, I have learned that there is in reality little cause for fear. Their wild passions are often roused to a fearful degree of violence by insult, either against their religion or their nation to acts of vengeance; but such a thing as murdering or robbing a helpless unoffending stranger, seeking the hospitable shelter of their roofs, I never yet heard of, nor do I believe them capable of an act of covetousness and cruelty so unprovoked. While I

thought on these things my confidence returned, so that I would not have hesitated taking the man for my guide through the lone woods I had to pass, trusting to this impression of the Irish character, which with many defects has also many virtues, and that of hospitality is certainly one of the most prominent.

"The first streak of light saw the old woman stirring to prepare the morning meal of pork and potatoes, of which I was glad to partake. One by one came stealing sleepily from their nests four ragged urohins, whose garments I verily believe were never removed for weeks, either by day or by night. They all had the same peculiar smoke-dried complexion, a sort of dusky greyish tint, grey eyes, with thick black lashes, and broad black eye-brows, with a squareness of head and a length of chin which I have not unfrequently noticed as a characteristic feature in the less comely inhabitants of the Irish cabins. The boys stole looks of wonder and curiosity at me, but no one spoke or ventured to ask a question; however, they bestowed great marks of attention on Nelson, and many were the bits of meat and potatoes with which they strove to seduce him from my feet.

"When our meal was ended, I gave the old woman a small piece of silver; and accompanied by Master Michael, the biggest boy, I gladly left the shanty, and was glad enough to reach my own home, and find all as well as when I had left them, though some anxiety had been felt for my unusual absence."

Such was the adventure of her midnight wanderings in the bush. She used often to say to me, "I think if you were writing another book on Canada, some of my troubles might be of use to you in illustrating female trials in the bush."

It is now many years ago since she returned to her native country. I had a letter from her after she was quietly and comfortably settled in her new home, in which she says, "I can now look back upon my Canadian struggles with very different feelings to what I did formerly; almost with satisfaction, for they proved to me that I possessed more energy of character than I was aware of." And after making many inquiries after persons who had shown her kindness in her time of adversity, she adds by way of postscript to her letter, "I often think of the night we parted, and wonder if ever we are destined to meet again in this world," and then says, "I often smile now at the trouble I had with that abominable old breachy ox. Do you remember how often I had to cut oats for him with my own hands, because we dared not let him roam at large?"

It must not be supposed, that because I have dwelt with some earnestness on the injury done to young females of the higher class, in bringing them out to the colony unarmed because unwarned of the change that awaits them, that my strictures extend to those young couples who embark upon a new and untried mode of life, resolving mutually to share its trials and its advantages together; and still less to those who, feeling the necessity of emigrating for

the benefit of their families, naturally expect to be accompanied by the wife of their bosom, who has sworn to take them for better and for worse, for richer and for poorer, and faithfully to cleave to them even as Ruth, the Moabitish damsel, cleave to her mother-in-law, the Hebrew Naomi.

It is only to warn young men against the cruelty they are guilty of, in using any sort of deception, and practising any want of candour to one whom they may render for years unhappy, miserable beings; for it is not every one that can exert the degree of mental courage that was displayed by the lady whose adventures I have been narrating.

THE MOUNTAIN TORRENT.

(WITH AN ENGRAVING.)

I.

"My family, by the paternal side, was originally of Berne, in Switzerland, whence a branch of it removed to the Milanese, to improve its fortunes. The name of Reding—well known in the Cantons—was sustained with credit by my father. He inherited a thriving mill and farm, about a quarter of a league from the straggling village and venerable castle of St. Michael, within sight of the Tyrolese Alps. Travelling to Zurich, where he had distant connexions, he returned with a companion who weaned him from the desire of wandering any more.

The Castle of St. Michael, with the estate on which our little property was situated, belonged to an Austrian noble, who managed it by deputy, and lived in courtly splendour at Vienna. Count Mansfeldt was equitably represented by his steward, Engel; and under him, our house enjoyed prosperity from the days of my grandsire.

I had but one sister; my mother was the sole superintendent of her education; she thought the feminine mind, so susceptible of impressions, should never be spontaneously consigned to foreign culture. Katherine was worthy of her preceptress. It is not for me to dilate upon her excellence—a portrait by my hand might be deemed the glowing creation of a brother's fondness. It is enough to mention the strength of our attachment. I was two years her senior; and when her age qualified her for sharing in childish pastimes, she was the welcome partner of all my amusements. I showered into her lap the first flowers of spring, and brought her the wild strawberry from heights where few would venture. In her friendship, I reposed the confidence of ripening boyhood—frequently were the overflows of a sanguine temperament repressed by her mildness. With innocent wiles she endeavoured to veil my errors from parental eyes: when I did incur displeasure, her accustomed gaiety was gone, and the voice that recalled her truant smile, was ever that which pardoned the offender.



II.

I was entering my twentieth year, when our situation underwent an important change. Our landlord was gathered to his ancestors, having bequeathed his Lombardy estate to his second son, Count Rainer. Engel, the good old steward, was soon after dismissed from office, and retired, with the fruits of faithful service, to his native town in Carniola.

Count Rainer was a captain in the imperial army. He was with his regiment at Pavia when informed of his father's death. Devolving his authority on an emancipated sergeant of hussars, the purveyor of his libertine pleasures, he despatched him to St. Michael to wring money from the tenantry, and prepare for his reception.

Ludolf was a swaggering bravo, emulous, at middle age, of the vices of profligate youth. On his arrival, he circulated a pompous intimation that he came vested with full powers to treat with the vassals of the Count, and renew their engagements.

My sister had gone to the village to make purchases, and I left the mill at vesper chime with the intention of meeting her. The path was abrupt, and little frequented. I was cherishing discontent at the husbandman's unvaried existence, when I was roused by the distant accents of a female in distress. They were clearly distinguishable, and I rushed to the quarter whence they proceeded. In a corner of an open spot, backed by a deep ditch, fenced with luxuriant underwood, Katherine was keeping a man, unknown to me, at bay: he was above the middle size, and in his beard and costume affected the fashion of the military. He faced me as I approached, and my sister, with disordered dress and agitated frame, flew to my side. Defenceless as I was, my first impulse was to chastise the ruffian, though he wore a sabre; but consideration for the terrified girl, who clung to me imploringly, induced me to forego my purpose. We had not receded many paces, when Katherine relinquished her hold, and uttered a warning cry.—the hand of violence was already at my throat; and a harsh voice, unsteady from rage or intemperance, demanded why a contemptible slave dared to interfere with the representative of Count Rainer.

Unequal to my opponent in bulk and inert force, I was far above him in activity and the resources of a vigorous constitution. A sudden jerk freed me from his hold, and a well-applied push sent him reeling to the verge of the ditch. He drew his weapon with a rapidity on which I had not calculated: Katherine's coolness saved my life: she arrested his arm in its sweep. Ere he could disengage himself, I collected all my energy for one buffet, and laid him supine in the reservoir of mud.

III.

Count Rainer was greeted at St. Michael with the show of rustic rejoicing usual on the appearance of a new master. He was accompanied by a train of riotous associates. The roar of bacchanalian merriment shook the dusky halls of his patrimonial fabric, which, in the blaze of unwonted festivity, seemed to have

renewed its youth. Nought, from the evening of the rencounter, had we heard or seen of Ludolf. His rudeness might have originated in the coarse jocularity of a soldier, stimulated by too fervid an application to the bottle. Prudence required that I should abstain from needlessly irritating a man whose enmity might mar my father's arrangements with his lord: I therefore avoided the chance of collision.

I was strolling about the fields with my gun on my shoulder, when a pet pigeon of Katherine's whirred past me, pursued by a hawk. I fired at the bird of prey, which dropped in an adjoining meadow. Springing across the intervening hedge, I found myself in the presence of a group of mounted sportsmen and their attendants. One of the horsemen was examining the dead hawk; his attention was directed towards me by a retainer, in whose brawny proportions, husky voice, and ferocious moustachios, I recognised my adversary, Ludolf.

My gun was demanded, in the name of Count Rainer: I refused to surrender it. The party formed a circle around, pinioned me, and wrested it from me, ere I could attempt resistance. "Mr. Steward," said the Count, "you may now acquaint your friend with the consequences of destroying a nobleman's falcon." The ready villain and his servile followers, dragged me to the earth; they profaned my person by stripes. When they left me in my abasement, the air felt pestilent with their brutal laughter.

I lay with my face to the greensward long after their departure. My brain was eddying in a hell-whirl. I could have welcomed the return of chaos, that the circumstance of my shame might be obliterated in the clash of contending elements. Had the sun been blotted from the heavens, and the summer earth turned to blackness and desolation, I should have thought them fit and natural occurrences. I raised my burning brow; but the orb of day was rising high in his glory, and the meadow grass and wild flowers were fresh and fragrant as if they had not witnessed the act of degradation. I discovered that a stranger had been regarding me with a vigilant eye. I confronted him, and darted at him a devouring glance; his firm, contemplative look remained unaltered. Placing a hand on my shoulder, he said, "Albert Reding, consider me your friend."

"I know you not," I answered, "nor care to know you." He smiled benevolently: "Young man, I am no Austrian. I shall be with you to-morrow."

IV.

The stranger kept his word—on the ensuing day he came to our dwelling. Making, he said, a tour through the north of Italy, the picturesque scenery tempted him to prolong his sojourn at St. Michael. In his excursions, he had chanced to hold random converse with my father, whom he professed to value as the worthy descendant of an independent and intelligent people.

I had forbore to grieve my family by the story of my disgrace, nor had it yet been detailed to them by the officious communicativeness of pretended friends.

Our visitor made no allusion to it, but expatiated very agreeably on topics of general interest. He described the passes of the Alps with the accuracy of a mountaineer, and displayed an intimacy with the localities of the Cantons that filled my parents with pleasure and surprise. In pursuit of knowledge, he had traversed the most remarkable sections of the globe; and his observations, affluent in instruction, proved that his wanderings had been of a different order from the capricious migrations of sight-seeking wealth.

The warmth with which I seconded some of his sentiments appeared to please him. He complimented my father on my education; adding, that the judgment with which I developed its resources designated me for a wider sphere of action than belonged to a tiller of the soil of Lombardy. I had been vain enough to entertain the same opinion; and its confirmation by a competent authority was balm to my spirit. Gladly I acceded to his request, of guiding him to the Baron's Font, a romantic cascade, where, to use his own language, he sighed to offer allegiance to Nature.

My companion noted the peculiarities of the route, and committed to writing the information I furnished respecting the district. We rested on the summit of a steep, skirted by the foaming stream of the cascade, beyond which rose wooded grounds in bold acclivity, mellowing, with their dusky greenness, the gloomy grandeur of a mouldering tower.

The stranger abruptly adverted to the hateful humiliation of the preceding day. He descanted on the contumely I had suffered, with a vehement bitterness that chafed my young blood to flame. I denounced endless hostility against the Count and his minions. He calmly commented on the futility of the threat. In the frenzy of exasperation, I insinuated the possibility of resorting to the darkest means of accomplishing revenge. He replied, that in cooler moments I would spurn the idea of Italian vengeance. Requiring a pledge of secrecy, he proceeded to point out an honourable mode of lowering the crest of the oppressor.

"My name," he said, "is Philippon—my profession, a military engineer, in the service of the French Republic. The armies of Liberty only await the capture of Toulon to sever the chains of Italy. I am terminating a secret journey of observation through Piedmont and the Milanese. Come with me to Paris, and join the standard of Freedom. In France, no parchment barrier excludes untitled youth from fame and fortune; draw a blade in her cause, and relieve the place of your nativity from the thralldom of its petty tyrant. These brutal and stolid Austrians must be driven to their laud of hereditary bondage—justice demands it. The time has gone by for insulted and injured Humanity to shed tears in secret. Five dreary years I pined in the dismal solitudes of the Bastille—I saw it fall, amidst the curses of my countrymen; and never shall the spirit of a liberated nation taste repose, until every stronghold of remorseless power is patent to the winds of heaven as yon grim old

fortress, where the Count Rainers of the past outraged with impunity the natural equality of man!"

The majesty of generous indignation irradiated his brow: the eloquent thunders of the Roman forum seemed to roll around me.—I agreed to attend him to the capital of the young Republic.

V.

Bent on entering the field of martial adventure, I anticipated much difficulty in obtaining the concurrence of my father. A lover of tranquillity, he had sickened at the sanguinary measures that had crimsoned the cradle of the French Revolution. Yielding also to age and infirmity, he had been accustomed to the prospect of resigning to me the chief management of our affairs. The narrative of my shame, however, which led him to tremble for the consequences, determined him against opposing my departure. Of my military project, and the pursuits of my patron, I made no disclosure—I barely stated the fact, that he had promised to provide for me at Paris, and proposed, in the mean time, giving me employment as an amanuensis.

Sorrow and joy are twin daughters of affection. Notwithstanding the excitement of curiosity and ambition, reluctantly and despondingly I crossed our humble threshold. I went away at night, and this added to the melancholy character of the separation. My mother was unwell, and at her bedside I received her blessing. The features of my gentle-natured sister gave dim and pallid testimony to the fulness of her affliction. When I had parted with my parents, she escorted me to the extremity of the orchard. "Oh, Albert!" were the only words she had power to utter; and her face looked so mournful—so heart-appealing, in the moonlight—that to desert her smote me as a sin. One embrace, and I bounded off like a chamois—then paused, till weeping relieved my soul—Katherine! Katherine!

VI.

I remained about a year at Paris in the house of my patron. Toulon had fallen, and the army of Italy had commenced operations by a successful movement on the Sardinian frontier. Profiting by the opportunity I possessed of studying the theory of the military art, I was rewarded with a commission in a regiment of the line—one of those destined for the invasion of the Milanese. I received, with alacrity, the order to proceed to Nice. I was shocked and disgusted by the dreary spectacle of civil broil, and I thirsted for distinction. The memory of wrong also rankled in my bosom, and in my dreams I planted the revolutionary banner on the battlements of St. Michael, and heard myself hailed in the halls of the insolent Austrian with the acclamations due to a hero.

I joined my regiment; but a government weakened by vacillations in its form, and dissensions in the capital, permitted the army, with which my hopes were associated, to languish ill-appointed and inactive. Instead of running a career of glory, it was forced to content with the most depressing privations. In my despondency, a long-delayed letter arrived from my

father. Its contents were almost limited to the earnest request, that I would immediately hasten home.

Its emphatic urgency, unaccompanied by explanation, assured me that all went not well. I would fain have obeyed the summons, but it was impracticable. The Directory, established in authority, ordered the army of Italy to the field. General Bonaparte, an officer in his twenty-sixth year, marshalled the way to the Alps.

Napoleon's campaigns in 1796 are familiar to all Europe. It was my fortune to be present in the most remarkable engagements, and to escape without a wound. When Wurmser, after repeated defeats, succeeded in recruiting his forces in the Tyrol, a strong body of our troops, headed by the Commander-in-chief, advanced against a division of 20,000 Austrians stationed at Roveredo. Our line of march lay through the district of my birth. A few hours before we were in motion I was summoned to the quarters of the General. It was the well-known characteristic of this extraordinary man scrupulously to ascertain the extent of his resources, even to the qualifications of an individual soldier.

Aware of my knowledge of the country he was about to penetrate, he wished to make it subservient to his purpose. He questioned me as to the correctness of some local information, which I perceived had been derived from the documents of Philippon. Satisfied on these points, he sportively inquired, if I had any dislike to act as his herald to my old neighbours. I related my obligations to our German superior, and he promised me ample powers for discharging them in full.

We were evidently unexpected. No artificial obstacle opposed our progress, and we proceeded with unexampled celerity. Our advanced posts were only separated from St. Michael by a few miles of broken ground, when I was despatched with a detachment to surprise it. The troops halted in a chestnut grove, about half a league from the mill, while I, grasping a fowling-piece, assuming a light hunting-cap, and covering my uniform with an ordinary cloak, went forth to reconnoitre the place, and to provide for the safety of my relatives.

I skirted round the village and castle, which I found were occupied by a company of Hungarian infantry under Count Rainer. Not anticipating the irruption of an enemy into their secluded fastness, camp indulgences had relaxed order. My informer, a poor peasant, seemed afraid of confiding to a stranger his opinion of the Count and his followers. I asked concerning my family, but with the name of Reding he was unacquainted.

It was the beginning of September. There had been a continuance of unusually sultry weather, and the melting of the mountain snows had swelled the stream at St. Michael to an impetuous torrent. Twilight was approaching when I reached a sheltered position on the bank opposite the castle. The waters dashed furiously against the base of the building, and

the crazy supports of the antiquated bridge quivered like a harpstring.

I resolved on a nocturnal attack, and was about to seek a passing interview with the dear domestic circle, when, looking towards the castle, I saw what stayed my step. A female ran wildly to the stream, pursued by some menials, in the rear of whom, on horseback, came the Count their master. The fugitive cleared the bridge just as her pursuers gained it. At that moment the centre of the infirm structure gave way to the torrent. Concealed among the trees, I perceived the female on bended knees, distractedly blessing God for her deliverance; and I knew that it was Katherine, my only—my beloved sister!

I fired a shot at him who had been foremost in the chase—the infamous Ludolf—as he clambered up a remnant of the shattered bridge. He stood unhurt amidst the group that surveyed me, while I sheltered the dove of my boyhood in my bosom. In the confusion I exposed my uniform; the alarm was given, and every instant became precious. I supported Katherine until out of sight of the foe. “Fly!” I cried, “fly to our parents, dear sister! tell them I shall bring glad tidings in the morning!”

I counselled in vain. The sense of injury had unsettled her mind—she hung helplessly upon me—her lips moved, but I could distinguish nothing of what she spoke, save the repetition of the words, “Home! I have no home!”—Oh God! she was sadly altered!

A bugle echoed among the cliffs. I bore her to a cavern, the discovery of my youth, and wrapt her in my cloak. Hurrying, by familiar paths, with a speed I had never before exerted, I rejoined my associates.

VII.

An intricate and circuitous track brought us at midnight to the isolated church of St. Michael, commanding the village and the narrow road to the castle. We crouched in the churchyard, until every sound ceased, and the lights that had blazed in different directions were no longer visible. Leaving part of my force to intercept the communication with the village, I led the remainder to a point of the fortress which I had scaled in my youthful rambles.

The pacing of the sentinels, and the noisy vigils of the Count and his guests, were clearly audible as I descended the ivied wall. My party followed, one by one, and our success would have been signally complete, but for the accidental discharge of a musket. This was answered by a volley from the guard, the din of arms, and the hasty gathering of a tumultuous body of defenders. Ordering my men to keep close and follow me, we pressed forward to a private door that opened into the body of the pile.

This barrier was quickly shattered by a shower of balls, and in a second the great hall resounded with the groans of the dying and the shouts of the triumphant. In that arena of slaughter I was collected as I am now. Once had Rainer's bloated visage confronted me in the fray, but the baleful meteor vanished, and bootless to me was the issue of the

conflict, until blade or bullet did its work on him and his subordinate.

The hall gave indications of a carousal. The red wine streaming from flagons overturned in the struggle, mingled with the life-drops of the wassailers. Death derived a more appalling aspect from the relics of recent revelry. Some intoxicated wretches had been bayonnetted with the goblets in their hands. One had fallen backwards on the hearth above the burning embers; he was mortally wounded, and the blood gushed freely in the flames. I stooped to raise him from his bed of torture. The streaks of gore did not disguise the lineaments of Ludolf. The reprobate had closed his reckoning with mortality.

Victory was ours, but discipline was at an end; I could with difficulty muster sentinels for the night; the cellars were ransacked, and weariness and intemperance soon produced their effects. Sending confidential messengers to attend to my sister's safety, and convey intelligence to my father, I prepared to await the dawn of morning.

Feverish from anxiety, I felt no inclination to grant my wearied limbs repose. My brain was racked with the thought of Katherine, and apprehension for my parents. I had seen enough to convince me that Rainer had done his worst.—What confederate demon had enabled him to escape me?

I paced from post to post, execrating the sluggish march of time. Leaning over an eminence near the broken bridge, I listened to the turbulent music of the waters. A subterraneous opening cut in the rocky soil below communicated with the vaults of the castle. Hearing the echo of a foot-fall, I bent cautiously over the outlet. A lamp glimmered beneath. A muffled figure raised it aloft to guide its egress, then extinguished it hastily. The light fell on the face of the Count.

I grasped his cloak as he emerged, but, slipping it from his shoulders, he retreated towards a shelving wood-walk on the margin of the stream. Had he gained it, the darkness must have saved him. Both my pistols missed fire. I outstripped in the race, and bore him back to the very edge of the ravine. He made a thrust at me with his sword. I neither paused for a trial of skill, nor attempted to ward off the weapon; the butt-end of a pistol found its way to his forehead; not a sound passed his lips; down he went—down—down—passively bounding over the jagged declivity, till a heavy plash told that he was whirling with the torrent.

Vengeance was satisfied: I recoiled involuntarily from the scene of the encounter. Suddenly arose an explosion, as if a volcano had torn up the foundation of the castle: I was felled to the earth ere I could speculate upon the cause.

VIII.

My campaigns were over. Rainer had laid a train, and fired the powder magazine of his captured hold. The bravest of my men perished; and I, crushed beneath a fragment of the topping towers, lived to curse the art that returned me, mutilated and mis-

erable, to a world in which I was henceforth to have no portion.

I left the hospital a phantom, and set forth on a pilgrimage, the performance of which was the only business that remained to me in life. The tide of battle had ebbed from St. Michael, when I crawled up its steep—the church and castle were blackened ruins—the habitations of the villagers roofless and deserted—the mill a shapeless mass of timber and stones. Our orchard was unfolding the buds of spring—I fancied that the hoary apple-trees wore the aspect of friends—the voice of singing floated on my ear, as I neared the dwelling of my infancy, and the fountain of my heart re-opened.

Close to the spot where our pretty porch once stood, a matron, in the garb of extreme penury, was bending over the trampled remains of a plot of flowers. Her features were only partially revealed, but the mountain melody she sang could not be mistaken—I fell at my mother's feet! Shading back the hair from my scarred temples, she asked me if I had come from her children!

Mersey was vouchsafed to her and to me. She soon slumbered with the clods of the valley. My father had died, ere my departure from France; and the story of our injuries from the Austrian lightened the burden of remorse for the shedding of blood. I have discovered no trace of Katherine since I quitted her at the cave.

FOOTSTEPS OF OUR LORD AND HIS APOSTLES.

It is one of the happy characteristics of our age, that the spirit of inquiry is general. Thus, while mathematicians are inventing new formulæ, chemists exhibiting new elements, and engineers unimagined powers of mechanical combinations, classical criticism, and antiquarian research, are carried on with no less zeal; while the geologist triumphs when his newest discovery makes the world appear more ancient than it is. The same variety may be seen in geographical research. While new countries or provinces reward the zeal of discoverers, the soil beneath the surface of which lie the relics of empires is sifted as if every grain was so much of pure gold, for the treasure-house of history. Even where no extraordinary discovery can be expected, the cautious temper of our best travellers becomes every day more conspicuous. The results are, in many cases, of a highly interesting character. Popular errors are corrected: the more valuable kinds of tradition are rendered more reasonable, and therefore more credible; and the traveller thus becomes a fair guide to the inquirer, who, though at home in the body, may possibly be one of those who, by a remarkable but real instinct, possessed by some men, contemplate distant countries with the most sagacious observation.

(1) "Footsteps of Our Lord and His Apostles, in Syria, Greece, and Italy. A succession of Visits to the scenes of New Testament narrative, by W. H. Bartlett." London: Arthur Hall, Virtue & Co.

Many books have been written descriptive of Palestine; some by travellers, some by mere scholars; some are of very ancient, others are of modern date. But there is ample room for more. However ably one set of writers may describe such a country, others, if endowed with the necessary intelligence, will bring to view traits of the natural landscape, or probabilities of history, unnoticed by their fellow-travellers. True it is, such minuteness of description may be as wearisome as useless, except in some few cases; but Palestine is one of the few, in which interests of the highest kind are served by exact and varied information.

We should have a most excellent and conversable circle of friends, could we assemble around us the principal travellers and pilgrims in the Holy Land. Conspicuous among them would be the mother of Constantine, who would doubtless tell us many things that would silence a score of our later guides. And there would be the eloquent Gregory Thaumaturgus, and Cyril of Jerusalem, and the stern Hieronymus, men who knew every inch of ground in the most famous localities of the land. Two or three centuries later, and when the light of primitive Christianity was failing, another set of our supposed companions began their pilgrimage. They had neither the learning, nor, perhaps, the acuteness of their predecessors; but they were not so ignorant as modern presumption would represent. They did not walk quite in the dark, as some writers would make us believe; they could at any time have told their right hand from their left. A great, but common mistake, indeed, is committed in respect to the monkish travellers of the middle ages. If we had them to converse with, they could and would, we are persuaded, give us much valuable information. But in order to elicit intelligence from such men, we would not question them as sceptics but as believers; and though, in the latter capacity, we certainly should not credit all they told us, we should learn what aspect Palestine bore in times of which we can really know nothing, if we despise our informants.

But among the earliest guides to Palestine, we should find some, whose observations and acuteness would not be shamed by the best of modern wits. We question, indeed, whether any book has ever been written, considering the advantages or disadvantages of the author's age, superior to the Guide Book of the fourth century, the "*Itinéraire de Bordeaux à Jérusalem*." This remarkable production describes, with great care, all the most important objects on the pilgrim's route through the fairest provinces of Europe and the East. The distances are measured by careful reference to official authorities. No available historical information is neglected; and there can be little doubt, that the pilgrim who made adequate use of the help thus afforded him, must have arrived in Jerusalem with a mind well exercised in the best science of a traveller.

It is well worth notice, that the means of information which existed even in the dark ages, were quite

sufficient to direct any really earnest traveller to the main points of interest in his journey through the Holy Land. A careful comparison, a comparison which should have somewhat of a psychological character about it, of the records of early pilgrimages with those of later periods, would be valuable in many respects. Superstition would be made to indicate the depth at which truth lies beneath the surface; and it might be found, after all, that as the sands of the deserts have saved many a precious column or torso from destruction, so the old monkish traditions have preserved relics of true history. Worthless, indeed, as the sand are such traditions in themselves; but carefully examined, they might reward the search of the most sceptical inquirers.

One passage in Mr. Bartlett's book is of especial interest as illustrative of the above remarks. "When we consider the amazing number of revolutions that have swept Jerusalem as with the besom of destruction, there needs no other evidence of the credulity or fraud which would seek to identify the houses of Lazarus and Dives, the place where the cock crew when Peter denied his Lord, and the many other spots where New Testament incidents are said to have occurred, even if the very monuments, by the modern style of their architecture, did not prove the absurdity of the tale. But, all allowance made for these changes, it is not altogether improbable, to say the least, that the streets may yet retain much of their original direction. In a city of such limited size as Jerusalem, and, moreover, so strongly marked as to site, nothing is more likely, as we see at the present day in oriental cities, than that the houses should be rebuilt very much upon the line which convenience or necessity originally dictated."—P. 170.

It is in the spirit of these observations that Mr. Bartlett pursues his route from one station to another in Jerusalem, and throughout the Holy Land. Praise of no ordinary kind is due to him for the judgment which he has thus displayed. While, in common with the greater number of English travellers, he naturally scorns imposture in the garb of holiness, he has the patience to ask, after he has had his laugh, whether it may not be as well to consider, that the streets of Jerusalem "may yet retain much of their original direction." Undoubtedly they may, and most probably they do; and in this probability is involved a principle of vital interest to the cause of both historic and religious truth.

Mr. Bartlett's narrative abounds in passages which, viewed in this light, give an unusual value to his work. But we should be very unfair both to the author and the public, if anything we said should lead to the idea that its principal merit is of a critical or controversial character. It is, on the contrary, just the book which we should read to one whom we wished to carry with us, on winter evenings, or summer afternoons, in an imaginary pilgrimage through the countries described. We have spoken only of the part which relates to Palestine; but a considerable portion of the work is occupied with an

account of cities and provinces rendered famous as scenes of Apostolic labours. These are described with great vigour; and the anecdotes of personal adventure, the expression of feeling, always earnest and kindly, throw a pleasant pathos over the whole, and add, in no slight degree, to the charm of a very charming, as well as very useful book.

It would not be difficult for any one, however slightly instructed, to find reasons for questioning this or that passage, in a narrative which embraces so large and so sacred a field. But though it has been our lot to examine many works on the scenes here described, we have no hesitation in saying, that we should be very dissatisfied, indeed, were we set upon the task of finding a book of the kind containing more information, generally useful, or written in a more agreeable and attractive style. We abhor the title by which it is advertised: "Mr. Bartlett's Gift Book." A gift-horse, which the author of the advertisement must have had in his mind, is certainly nothing like this beautiful volume; but much as we spurn the name, we think that the book itself would probably be as acceptable a gift as any which friends could bestow on friends at this season of the year.

THE POACHER.

CHAPTER II.

A NIGHT IN THE FOREST.

AFTER having with some little difficulty passed the borders of the wood, which were lined with brambles and other small bushes, we arrived at the old forest. I was involuntarily struck with the grandeur of those noble trees, whose thousand arches of foliage were intermingled like the roof of a Moorish palace, and whose mossy trunks formed verdant colonnades. Here solitude did not appear to court the poetic muse, as it had done in the wood I traversed with Marcella in the morning, but invited rather to a hazardous and manly life. Animated by the fresh air, attracted and interested by the ever-varying and numberless prospects which opened on all sides, enjoying the pleasure of walking on a thick carpet of leaves, it was no difficult matter to understand the mania which about the twelfth century took possession of the whole of the nobility, and led them to the forest in the midst of horses, hounds, and the shouts of the huntsmen. At that time the woods, like a rising tide, invaded fields and villages. In Normandy, a single gentleman removed thirty-two parishes to make a chase; at Gavre the flood of verdure had, in like manner, banished man, and laws were necessary to preserve the nobles from the seductions of hunting. I, in my turn, experienced the irresistible attraction of the forest. The further I penetrated, the more pleasure I felt, and the more was I induced to proceed. I experienced an intoxi-

cating ardour which made me willing to adopt the favourite device of America.

The poacher, to whom I attempted to describe my feelings, declared that when out of the forest he was but half-alive. Being the son of a *boisier* at Camore, he had been born and bred in the forest. It was to him what the sea is to the sailor; he loved its sounds and its shades, and was acquainted with all its secrets. After following the foot-path for a few minutes, he passed through several openings, where the broken branches testified that the wild boars had already taken the same track. In the midst of the numberless thickets which intersperse the forest, and from whose inextricable labyrinth it seems utterly impossible to make an escape, he walked stright forward without looking on either side, as though led by some invisible guide. In proportion as we advanced the prospect became more and more wild. At length all trace of man's handiwork disappeared. We were now in the midst of a chaos of trees of every size, a phalanx of vegetation in which the weaker clung to the stronger, which sheltered and nourished it. Here and there huge oaks destroyed by time supported their crumbling skeletons against the robust trunks of their successors; the creepers, in search of the sun, had twined themselves round the noble trees until they reached the summit, when casting themselves from branch to branch they formed innumerable suspension bridges, much frequented by the squirrels. The soil itself, formerly disturbed by some terrible convulsion, was separated by ravines, from whose sides projected rocks thick set with briars and small bushes. Occasionally there was an opening in this medley of stones, rocks and verdure, through which appeared ponds embroidered with water-lilies. Above were seen large flights of wood-pigeons, whilst the halcyon passed rapidly close above the osier plots, and the heron, perched on the dried branches of the willow, inclined its head to the tranquil waters like the patient fisherman.

We were following the banks of one of these solitary lakes, when suddenly a general movement was made around us. The frogs which had been croaking on the edge, precipitated themselves to the bottom of the waters, the music of the foliage was hushed, and the birds descended hastily to the foot of the trees. At the same moment the silvery surface of the pond was darkened by two large wings, and I perceived a sea-eagle apparently floating in the azure of the sky. After hovering in the air for some minutes, the eagle descended like a dart into the thicket, whence he soon returned, holding his prey in his beak. I then saw him fly towards a large oak, at the top of which Bon-Affût showed me his nest. The sea-bird was as large as a shepherd's hut, and seemed too great a burden for the tree he had selected, which appeared to tremble under his weight. My guide informed me that the eagles were very numerous in the forest, and that they even extended their ravages to the poultry-yards of the neighbouring villages. It seemed, indeed, that by their audacity they encouraged the less powerful,

and I learnt that *the raven who attempted to imitate the eagle* was no allegory, but melancholy reality. These cheese-stealers here are so bold as to fasten themselves on the young lambs, and attempt to pluck out their eyes.

We had reached the centre of the forest and found ourselves in a glade, a large portion of which was occupied by a piece of water, so tranquil and limpid that the sky was there reflected in all its beauty, with the lovely azure and the light fleecy clouds. On arriving at this spot, the poacher slackened his pace, and looked around him most complacently with the air of a proprietor entering his domains. He began to answer the song of every bird, by a note of such extraordinary resemblance, that the deceived bird hopped down from branch to branch and stood still at a few feet from us, inclining its head in order to hear more distinctly. The squirrels approached at his cry; the water-fowls came from the rushes to pick up the grain he scattered on the side of the lake; the hares which were playing under the heath, stopped and looked at us almost with an air of effrontery. The poacher smiled at my astonishment.

"These are my friends and neighbours," said he; "for a long time we have lived happily together without the slightest difference, and as no one ever comes to this part, they have not been taught to fear."

"Then you never set traps for them?"

"Never; that would be betraying their confidence. But I do not see the serpent; she is generally the first to greet me."

He approached the water and began to hiss in a particular manner; soon a similar hiss replied, and the triangular head of an enormous adder rose from the rushes. I involuntarily started back.

"Do not be alarmed," said Bon-Affût, quietly; "this is an old comrade; she has recognised me—look!"

The adder had, in fact, issued from the reeds and was swimming towards us, with head erect, and hissing with her forked tongue. Her long body, of a green hue, marked with dark spots, left the trace of its passage on the still waters; she reached the bank with a single bound, and drawing herself up to her full height gained the poacher's waist. He extended his arm, around which she rapidly twined herself, and thus reached his breast, in which she nestled.

"You are astonished at my boldness, sir," said Bon-Affût, remarking my expression of disgust and alarm, "but this is quite harmless, it is a water-aspid. When one passes long weeks alone in the woods, you see, one becomes less difficult to please in the choice of company; one is happy to find anything that lives and knows one. Thus, when I cannot go to the Magdeleine to have a chat with Louisa, and Bruno is away travelling, I come here to amuse myself, and God's creatures are my only companions."

He added many singular remarks on the animals of the forest. He had composed for himself a natural history, a union of prejudice and observation, in which it appeared to me very difficult to distinguish truth

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from error. The lesser animals had been classed by him into friends or enemies of man, and he pretended to be able to recognise their nature according as they were sensible or not of the human voice; tradition ascribes this division to the first days of the world. At that time man and the lion were disputing for the possession of the earth; the animals took part in the quarrel according to their own inclinations. All those who were of open hearts and submissive tempers ranged themselves on Adam's side, whilst the violent and stupid took the part of the lion. Man gained the victory; but he was shortly afterwards driven from the paradise he inhabited, and thus lost the crown of the world. Since then the animals who fought against him, have ever remained the enemies of those who supported his cause. Unfortunately, the men of our time have forgotten the past, and, as the treaty of alliance between their fathers and the animals of the terrestrial paradise was lost in the deluge, they no longer remember their former friendship; but when one knows all this, one has only to show oneself, and certain animals, such as deer and goats, who were formerly the soldiers of Adam, instantly remember it. During these explanations we had left the thicket, and were now at the entrance of a large ravine. We there met Bruno, who was seated at the side of the road, peeling the branches of a black alder. On perceiving the poacher who first issued from the wood, he made a sign of recognition, which was, however, interrupted and disguised as far as he was able on seeing me. Bon-Affût glanced rapidly down the avenues. "Well," said he, placing himself before the youth, who had resumed his work, "you are preparing baskets for us, eh, my boy?"

"Pardon me, this is for the cage-maker at Rozet," replied Bruno, without raising his eyes.

"It is rather late to think of preparing prisons for the little birds when they have already got all their feathers," observed the poacher; "and you are not usually so diligent, for you do not generally attempt to whiten your sticks until the sun has shut one eye."

"The day is not so long as one would wish it to be," replied Bruno.

"And do you intend to take your merchandise to Rozet to-night?"

"No," replied the youth, raising his head and looking at Bon-Affût,—"the road on the side of the *boisiers* is too bad;—look."

He pointed to the muddy soil, which was marked with deep wheel-ruts and the traces of recent footsteps. The poacher appeared particularly struck with the latter, which he doubtless recognised, for I saw him exchange looks with Bruno, and after hesitating a minute, he said hastily,—

"You will not need my services any more, sir; you have only to follow the ravine, and you will reach the *boisiers'* huts; if you like to walk fast, you may arrive there before evening."

I perceived that there was some motive for this determination which I was not intended to know, and

which it was consequently useless to attempt to discover; I therefore took leave of my guide without further delay, and commenced my solitary journey through the long avenue. The dense foliage intercepted the last rays of the sun in such a manner that a kind of semi-obscurity prevailed; but now and then, the evening breeze opened the verdant roof, and a ray of the setting sun penetrated the shade and appeared to disperse into a thousand luminous spots. When I turned round, I perceived the immense avenue unrolled behind me like a subterranean vault, at the end of which appeared the azure sky already bespangled with silvery stars. The first hamlet of the *boisiers* which I met with was composed only of a few huts; I passed by it without stopping, and proceeded until I reached the principal encampment. I saw here and there, in the twilight, groups of cabins in the immense glade, like a network of forest villages. All the huts were round, and built with branches, the interstices of which were filled up with turf and moss, the whole being re-covered with a roof of chips and shavings. When I passed the doors, which were formed of hurdles, only half the height of the entrances, the wolf-dogs rose from before the hearth where they were lying down, and approached me barking, the half-naked children hastened to the threshold and looked at me with surprise and curiosity. By the light of the heath fires, on which the evening meal was preparing, I was enabled to distinguish the contents of the cabins. A large fire-place occupied the side opposite the entrance; press-beds were placed round the hut, with a few other indispensable articles of furniture; whilst in the centre stood the common table, of which the men and women made equal use.

I learned at a later period that these scattered huts were inhabited by nearly four hundred *boisiers*, who never quitted the forest. To them the world extended not beyond the trees by which they were sheltered and nourished. Nevertheless, in this limited circle of obscure individuals was found all that agitates the external world: hopes deceived or fulfilled, affections returned or repulsed, family joys or griefs, and above all, that dreaded sword which is ever suspended over the banquet of mankind—want. For the time it was happily absent; but its visits were remembered, and the women described many of them to me. Frequently the sale of the wood had failed, the price of corn had risen, and the distressed *boisiers* had been compelled to live, like the wild beasts, on what they could find in the forest. Driven by hunger, they had sought for assistance in the neighbouring villages; but poverty had closed the doors which friendship alone could have opened, and, to the labourer living out of the forest, the *boisier* is a stranger. No bond of union connects the open country with the forest, no common custom unites them; there is, besides, an old difference which renders the former mistrustful of the latter, and which the rude and hurried accent, the mean garments and savage look of the forester, do not tend in the smallest degree to diminish. Tradition narrates that formerly the

boiseries were the asylum of desperadoes, who made incursions into the villages to obtain possession of the women or the crops; and although these evil practices have long since ceased, the remembrance of them has not perished.

I found at the principal encampment, as I had been informed, that there was one hut larger than the rest, which was converted into a kind of public-house, and in which several persons were already assembled. I perceived Moser at supper in a corner with his two guards, and hastened to join them. In the centre of the cabin, round a large fire, whose smoke escaped through a kind of funnel formed of turf and hurdles, sat several women. From the singular appearance of the place, I might have imagined myself in the wigwam of a red Indian, had it not been for the noisy conversation of the spinners assembled round the hearth. The name of Marcella, which was frequently pronounced, attracted my attention; and I soon discovered that in point of scandal the forest had no need of instruction from the town. The attractive *boisière* was evidently out of favour with every body, yet they could not agree as to her faults. Some accused her of being too haughty, others of being too familiar; some abused her for thinking only of making her fortune, others for ruining herself in order to have fine clothes; one declared that she had no wit, another that she had too much; there was unanimity only in slander. When all remarks had been made, a young girl whose muddy complexion and red hair were sufficient excuse for her jealousy, inquired why Marcella was not with them that evening.

"Sweet innocent!" exclaimed a second spinner, of a bitter-sweet countenance, "don't you know that when the youths are at supper, you are sure to find them at home?"

"Well, what of that?" asked the other tartly.

"Why, my jewel, Marcella chooses her time," continued the malicious peasant, "and is at this moment going from hut to hut to show her white cap."

"You think so, eh! Landry?" interrupted a voice, suddenly.

The *boisière* appeared at the entrance of the cabin, apparently in haste and out of breath.

"She has been listening!" exclaimed the astonished spinners.

"I do not wear enough dirty caps to be obliged to show them when they are white," resumed Marcella, casting a significant glance at Landry's red cotton night-cap, "and I have not yet visited a single soul since I came here."

"You are, however, very warm, my good creature," observed the spinner with a viper-like air.

"Because I have run all across the glade on account of what Bruno told me," said the *boisière*.

"Ho! ho! so you run away from the honey-seeker now, do you?" resumed Landry, ironically; "when you used to meet him on the high road it was he who took flight, but I suppose you have made him bold."

"Be quiet with your would-be innocence," exclaimed Marcella, angrily; "it was not Bruno who

frightened me, but what he told me, and I dare say you would not have been more courageous, if you had heard what he said."

"And pray what did he say that could make you as red as a berry of holly?" inquired the most venerable of the spianers.

"What did he say, goody Lolette?" replied the *boisière*, in an under tone; "well! he told me that he had just met, near the thicket of the Dead Man, the Spectre Huntsman."

At these words there was a general movement; all conversation was suddenly interrupted.

"And Bruno saw him?" inquired several voices at the same time.

"As plainly as I see you," returned the *boisière*; "he was holding the chain of his dog, and appeared to be looking for footsteps on the ground. At first Bruno thought it was a forester; but when the 'Forerunner of Sorrow' turned towards him, he saw his eyes flash fire, and heard him pronounce his terrible words:—

"Beasts of the forest
And fowls of the air,
Make way for souls condemn'd."

Then he disappeared in the plantation, withering all the leaves as he passed."

The women had ceased spinning, the men looked at each other, the guards themselves appeared seized with fear. Moser inquired what that meant. One of them replied with a little embarrassment that, according to the tradition of the forest, the appearance of the Spectre Huntsman announced the "hunt of the evil spirits."

"And can Christians believe such tales?" asked Moser, indignantly. A murmur arose amongst the *boisiers*.

"Christians believe what their ears hear," observed an old man; "all those who are here have heard the trumpet of the 'Forerunner of Evil,' and your people themselves can bear witness to it."

The guards acknowledged, with a little hesitation, that such was the case.

"Then you have heard the horn in the forest without seeking the hunters?" inquired the Alsatian.

"If they had sought the hunters they would have met with their death," replied the *boisier* who had already spoken: "the arrival of the Spectre Huntsman is always a bad sign; but he who attempts to witness the chase may as well prepare his coffin first, for his hours are numbered."

"Well, I shall take the chance of it," said Moser, "and the devil take me if I don't compel your evil spirits to give up their arms."

A simultaneous exclamation arose from the bystanders; the old man bowed his head. "We must not trifle with the dead," said he; "God has allotted to all their time; he has given the day to man, and the night to evil spirits. It is a sign of a proud heart to act against his will, and if you have a good patron in heaven, he will keep you from this act."

"I expect, on the contrary, that he will assist me

in it," replied Moser. "For fifteen years I have lived in the forest, and have only seen poachers belonging to this world: I should be glad to see some from the other world; but you will find the chase will be put off—the devil will find us too much on the alert to permit the Spectre Huntsman to sound his horn."

No one replied; a pause ensued: The silence that reigned in and around the hut was uninterrupted save by the whistling of the wind and the murmur of the water. Suddenly a horn was heard; the sound rushed through the ravine, becoming every moment louder and louder, until at length it reached the door of the cabin, when it was almost overpowering. The effect was terrible and sudden. Both men and women rose hastily. Moser looked at me with surprise; there was a short silence, then the sound of the horn was again heard more distinctly, and at a less distance.

"It is he! It is he!" murmured all the voices.

The forester rose: "It is clear that some one is amusing himself at our expense," said he, impatiently; "it remains, however, to be proved who will be the one to laugh at last."

Then, turning towards his two companions, he added: "Now, get ready: the Spectre Huntsman seems to me rather hoarse; let us see if we can clear his voice for him."

The guards, who had risen, looked at each other with anxiety; the horn continued to sound with ever-increasing force; all the *boisiers* were assembled round the fire-place, where they carried on their conversation in an under-tone. Moser was awaiting his companions near the door, and examining his gun. At length the two men joined him, but in a manner that betrayed their uneasiness. The Alsatian asked if they were afraid.

"People may well be afraid of what they do not understand," said the elder one, sullenly; "and for my part, I should very much like to know what we are going to do in the forest at this time of night."

"Your duty," replied Moser, sternly; "do you know what is concealed under this absurd joke, by which some one is trying to frighten us? Are you sure that it is not intended to serve the purposes of some poacher or another? The wood is confided to our care, we ought to watch over it as our child. Do you wish me to take you for cowards? Come, advance, I tell you, and look to your guns."

The guards made no answer, and we directed our steps to the thicket. Moser turned towards the spot whence the sounds proceeded, which became more distinct at every step. The notes did not at all resemble contemporary hunting airs: they were long and plaintive sounds, interspersed with furious fanfaronades; their ancient rhythm reminded me of the old French airs. The Spectre Huntsman appeared to be taking a path parallel to that in which we were proceeding. In a short time the horn sounded at our right, and so close to us, that we seemed to be separated only by a few bushes. Moser turned rapidly to that side, but at the same moment we heard the note

at our left. The surprised forester instantly changed his course; the whoop then sounded on the right, and more loudly than ever. This time, Moser himself appeared disconcerted, and asked the guards if there were any echoes in the forest. Both of them replied in the negative; they at the same time remarked that the horn had again changed its position, and was heard behind us. The Alsacian was about to turn back, when we distinguished it in front of us. The sound continued in this direction, which we followed for some time, but there were variations which frequently deceived us. At one time, the nocturnal hunter appeared only a few steps distant from us; at another, we might have fancied him at the other end of the forest. The two guards followed us tremblingly and panting from alarm. When, at length, we halted at a wild crossway, they began to look about them with undisguised terror.

"It is like going to meet misfortune," said the elder of the two, in an agitated voice; "the forester ought to know, that at this hour we have nothing to do with men,—common sense tells us we ought to go to our huts!"

Moser answered not. With his head inclined, and his ear open to all the sounds of the forest, he appeared to be paying particular attention to the note of the Spectre Huntsman; he at length turned towards us, saying:—"I have found the key of the enigma: the distant sounds are clearer and stronger than those nearer to us: it is neither the same musician nor the same instrument; there are evidently two horns, and we have been wasting our time for the last hour."

Probable as this explanation appeared, it did not suffice to convince our companions, who refused positively to explore one side of the forest while Moser and I took the other. The Alsacian was obliged to conduct them in one direction, and leave me to take the opposite road alone. One of the guards gave me his gun, and I entered a narrow path which conducted me to the most solitary part of the forest. I proceeded with difficulty over a marshy part, where my foot slipped at every step. The light of the stars imparted a fantastic appearance to the whole wood: sometimes streams of light, penetrating the foliage, danced before me on the grass like fairies; at others, withered and aged trees rose like phantoms, waving in the air their ivy dress; a thousand sounds were wafted on the evening breeze, nameless cries issued from holes under the roots, stifled sighs descended from the summit of the trees; an unknown and invisible world seemed to surround me. The horn had ceased to sound; but for some time I had heard the crackling of dead branches and acorns announcing footsteps, which gradually became more and more distinct. At length, at the entrance of a glade, I perceived a shadow holding a hunter's horn: like myself, it was emerging from the darkness, and entering an open space. At the slight exclamation which escaped me, it turned round, then darted to the centre of the glade, and disappeared behind a dark mass, which, at first, I took for a rock; but which, on approaching,

I found to be a gigantic oak, from whose decayed trunk had grown some thick leafy branches at a few feet from the ground. After having walked round the colossus, without being able to reach the flying shadow, I turned suddenly back, and found myself opposite to the bearer of the horn, who was no other than Bruno.

On recognising me, he appeared more surprised than alarmed; but I was angry with him for the joke which had caused me so much uneasiness, and seizing him by the collar, exclaimed: "By Jove! I've got the Spectre Huntsman now; and I'll take care to introduce him to the people of the forest."

"For love of heaven! do not do so, sir," interrupted the honey-seeker, in an agitated tone, "you would ruin me for life—and others with me!"

"Who besides?" inquired I.

He hesitated.

"Our music does not injure any one," returned he, avoiding my question, "we only wanted to make the people talk—"

The report of a gun interrupted him; he stopped short with a disconcerted air.

"That sound belies your words, master Bruno," replied I.

"It is the guards firing on their return," stammered the youth.

"The guards are in an opposite direction," returned I, "and I doubt not that those who know the sounds of the forest guns, would have little difficulty in recognising that of Bon-Affût."

Bruno looked at me.

"Some one must have told you this, sir," remarked he, "you would never have found it out by yourself.—But, sir, you would not, I am sure, wish to harm a poor man."

"More especially as I know for whom the chase is made," replied I.

I then related to him how I had heard the promise made to Louisa by the poacher, and informed him at the same time that Moser was in the forest with his guards.

Being alarmed for Bon-Affût, who deemed himself secure from pursuit on account of his stratagem, Bruno wished to go and warn him. I had lost my bearings across the marshes, and for fear of losing myself in the forest, I determined to follow him. The honey-seeker took neither the large avenues nor the narrow footpaths, but cut across towards the bed of a stream then dry, which we followed for some time, walking noiselessly over the damp leaves and flowers, and concealed by the hazel-trees. We thus reached a thickly wooded halting-place, where the poacher had just arrived with the roe.

Bruno rapidly explained to him our meeting and the presence of the guards in the forest. I indicated as clearly as I was able the direction I had seen them take, and the cross-road at which we had appointed to meet. Bruno observed that the direction they were taking would lead them away from us.

"If they follow it!" exclaimed Bon-Affût, "but,

like this gentleman, they will have heard the report of my gun; by following the sound of it, they will come along the ravine of *La Hublais*, and in less than ten minutes we shall have them upon us. The most sensible plan will be to turn towards the heath, and to proceed by the *Petite Fougeacé*."

Upon this, without awaiting our reply, he took the roe, whose legs Bruno had fastened together, threw it over his shoulder, and set out. On issuing from the thicket a large shelterless heath opened before us, which we were obliged to traverse. All the stars had disappeared from the heavens; a cold wind had risen; through the night fog we could distinguish the edge of the forest encircling the heath with a yet darker border, from which proceeded the low murmur of the wind in the foliage. From time to time were heard the cries of famished wolves, to which the barkings of the village dogs responded like echoes. Bon-Affût at length re-entered the thicket, and having traversed a young plantation, turned towards the glade of *La Fougeace*. We began walking along the pond which encloses it on the left, when a great light suddenly appeared on the opposite side among the trees. Luminous vapours rose under the verdant roof, which were soon lost in volumes of white smoke.

"Fire! fire!" exclaimed Bon-Affût, "the wood is on fire!"

He ran with us towards the glade. We found that the conflagration had then only reached the borders. The fire was, however, gaining rapidly; it spread from shrub to shrub and soon gained some of the large trees, whose knotty trunks it affected but slightly. Bon-Affût stood leaning on his gun with both hands.

"It is some devil of a cow-keeper who has been setting fire to the brushwood again!" said he; "if we don't get rid of these idle scoundrels, we shall have no forest left soon."

"Besides which, it is we who are always accused of these things," remarked Bruno.

"The boy is right," exclaimed Bon-Affût, looking at me. "To-morrow the guards will swear that the poachers set fire to the thicket, as if people were in the habit of burning their own houses and fields." I doubted not that the Alsatian forester would regard the accident as some new trick of the Spectre Huntsman, and told them he would do well to avoid meeting Moser unless he wanted to spend a few weeks in the Savenay prison.

"Me in prison!" interrupted Bon-Affût, raising his gun in a menacing attitude; "that is impossible! The thicket is necessary to my existence. In prison! the devil take me if I would not tear away the walls with my nails! It is in the forest I have all my friends; I must be there. . . for the adder. . . and for others besides. . . But you are right, sir, nevertheless; it is no good stopping here; especially as we can do nothing to prevent the fire. If the wind remains in this quarter, there is no danger; the forest will be right enough. Only we must turn back, for we cannot pass by here, seeing we are enclosed by the fire and water."

We turned towards the entrance of the glade; but before we reached it, Bruno, who was in advance of us, turned back hastily.

"What is the matter?" inquired the poacher, stopping short.

"I saw some one in the path!" replied the youth in an undertone.

We turned back and reached the shadow cast by a group of willows on the edge of the pond; but were too late to escape the eyes of Moser and his two guards, who were just issuing from the wood.

"We are taken!" exclaimed the honey-seeker on seeing the Alsatian pointing to us.

"Not yet!" muttered Bon-Affût, concealing himself behind the foliage.

The foresters continued to march towards us; they could not have perceived the poacher, who, from the first moment, had disappeared in the shadow. I hastily gave Bruno to understand that the only method of concealing the presence of Bon-Affût, and of preventing a dangerous engagement was to go and meet them. He instantly dispossessed himself of the hunting horn, which he let fall on the grass near Bon-Affût, and advanced with me towards Moser. The forester had scarcely recognised me when, without losing time in questioning us, he hastened to examine the conflagration. Although the flames did not appear to be gaining, he sent the two guards to obtain help from the *boisiers* as speedily as possible. It was only after their departure that we were enabled to exchange a few words. As the poacher had expected, Moser had taken the direction indicated by the report of the gun. The brushwood being on fire confirmed his suspicions.

"The poachers are at work," said he to me, "and in order to keep the wood to themselves, they have attempted to frighten us. Happily, I have had too much experience to be alarmed by old women's tales. From the first I perceived that the forest was being plundered; every one makes use of it as if it were his own property. The flocks of the Gavra graze there and eat up the growing oaks; the scythe of the peasant cuts down the rest for litters; the bird-lime merchants, by taking off the bark of the holly, get a hundred louis a-year for dead wood. There are no longer stags in the forest, and soon one may search in vain for roes. It is high time to put a stop to the proceedings of these vagabonds, who thus impudently live upon the king's property."

At this moment his eye fell on Bruno, who was returning to us after examining the marsh, and he asked me who was the companion I had met with on my road. I explained our meeting at the farmer's during the day, and a few minutes since, at the "Oak of the Grand Duke," in such a manner as to avoid suspicion. Moser addressed several questions to him, but the honey-seeker appeared not to understand. An air of stupidity had suddenly spread over his countenance; at every question the forester asked, he burst out laughing, and gave long and childish answers. I soon perceived that,

while he was thus diverting the attention of the Alsatian, his eyes were fixed on the opening of the glade, and he appeared by his glance to be penetrating the obscurity of the night; I looked in the same direction, and fancied that I could distinguish a vague form climbing up the side of the pond. This I instantly took to be Bon-Affût, who was then gaining the wood. Bruno testified no inclination to follow him. While seated on the grass before the fire, which appeared now to be dying away, he listened attentively to Moser, who was explaining to me his plan for the seizure of the forest plunderers.

Our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the guards, who were accompanied by a numerous body of *boisiers*. At the announcement of a fire they had all hastened to the spot, armed with buckets, pitchforks, and axes. The women themselves had followed to lend their assistance. A slight effort sufficed to render them masters of the conflagration: the hedge which was still burning was cut down, the ground cleared, and the fire extinguished. The damage was very slight; but the *boisiers* being supported by the wood of the forest, which they considered as their property, were alarmed and irritated by the summons they had thus suddenly received. Everybody inquired at the same moment how the fire had broken out in the first instance.

"How? indeed!" repeated the forester; "ask those idle scoundrels whom you leave masters of the wood, and who will one day make of it a heap of cinders! This is what comes of your ghost tales round the fireside! The flourish of a horn makes you tremble like a parcel of old women, while the poachers are busy killing the game, and setting fire to the wood."

There was a general movement and exchange of looks among the country-people. The younger part of the community evidently inclined to Moser's opinions; but the larger portion could not thus easily escape from the empire of tradition.

"Bruno has seen the Spectre Huntsman," said a woman.

"We have all heard the vile horn," added an old man.

"To-morrow we shall have proof of the hunt by feathers and other things strowed in the paths."

"And since the forester went out during the chase, no doubt he will have his share."

"The devil take me! I should like to see myself at that game, certainly!" exclaimed Moser laughing, and taking up his gun, which he had placed against an oak.

He suddenly stopped short. The foot of a roe was placed in the very mouth of the gun! The surprise was general. The *boisiers* looked with terror on what they considered as a talisman of evil sent from the Spectre Huntsman; the Alsatian, after reflecting for a moment or two, struck his forehead, and turning towards me exclaimed:—

"It is a trick of that young lad whom you met at the Duke's Oak; he was here just now, what is become of him?"

I looked round me for Bruno; but he was not to be found. The forester was inquiring what road he could have taken, when the women who had gone to the pond in search of water to extinguish the last surviving embers returned with the hunting horn which Bruno had concealed under the willow. The *boisiers* instantly remembered that they had seen it in the hands of Bon-Affût. At the mention of this name, light appeared to break in upon Moser. The information he had received since his arrival concerning the poacher, inclined him to the belief that all that had just happened was his work. The honey-seeker was evidently his accomplice; both had taken advantage of the credulity of the *boisiers* to perform the comedy of the Spectre Huntsman, and when they found themselves pursued, had set fire to the thicket in order to escape attention.

Despite the probability of this explanation, the *boisiers* would have remained incredulous had it not been for the arrival of Marcella, who, on hearing of the fire, had proceeded to the spot by the main road, and was, consequently, ignorant of what had passed in the glade. She stated that in the lesser ravine she had seen two men who at first alarmed her, but on approaching, she had recognised Bruno and Bon-Affût; she had called to them, but instead of answering her, they had hurried into the plantations. This announcement put an end to all doubt. A general murmur of disapprobation arose. Ashamed of having been thus duped, and alarmed by the conflagration which threatened their means of subsistence, the *boisiers* exclaimed that the poachers ought to be arrested. Marcella's statement induced them to take the road leading to the Magdeleine: they divided themselves into several parties with the intention of occupying all the passages, and re-assembling at the farm. Being unable to warn the fugitives or prevent the pursuit, I determined on not quitting the forester. The troop that Moser led on took the path in which Bon-Affût and Bruno had been seen; but the latter were doubtless too far in advance of us to be overtaken, for we arrived at the Magdeleine without seeing anything of them. Although the farm was all shut up and still, yet one treacherous gleam of light on the threshold proved that everybody was not asleep; a dog having barked at our approach the light disappeared. Moser motioned us to remain where we were while he advanced alone. Almost at the same moment the door opened, Louroux looked out to see who was coming, and the forester suddenly appeared in front of him.

At the farmer's exclamation we all advanced simultaneously, while he moved back to permit us to enter; but instantly recovering himself, he again advanced to the threshold, and asked what brought us there.

"In the first place, this good-for-nothing fellow," said Moser, pointing to Bruno, who was seated by the fire, "and in the second place, another one, who, I take it, is also at the farm with him."

"Who is that?" inquired Louroux, with an air of astonishment.

"Anthony, the poacher."

"Bon-Affût? he is not here, as you may see; but I spoke to him only yesterday, as this gentleman can testify."

The forester did not waste his time in disputing, but diligently examined every corner of the farm, though without success. Louroux seeing his disappointment, judged it a favourable opportunity to complain of a visit of this description, and at such an hour: he began in a very lofty tone, but the Alsatian soon silenced him by stating that his connexion with the poachers was well known, that the reception of the honey-seeker at midnight was proof conclusive, and that he would have to give an account of his share in the double sin of poaching, and setting fire to the wood. He then briefly narrated what had happened, adding that all the roads were guarded, and resumed his pursuit followed by the terrified peasant, who had speedily changed his key, and was now in the humblest manner calling on all the saints in the calendar to bear testimony to his innocence.

The forester desired Bruno to follow him. On passing one of the press-beds which surrounded the only apartment of the farm, the youth murmured a few words which I was unable to distinguish; but he had scarcely departed, when the door of the bed was gently opened, and by the dawning light I perceived Louisa's lovely head advancing cautiously. Fatigued with my nocturnal walk through the forest, I had seated myself in the shade by the fireside, where she could not see me. She leant towards the side of the bed, looked again at the door, and quietly gained the floor; her feet were uncovered, she wore a plain cloth petticoat and a little nightcap, like a child's. I saw her advance towards the door carefully—look out—reach the second entrance, which opened on a back yard.

Being persuaded that it was her intention to warn the poacher, I followed her to the threshold. As she was about to cross the yard, Moser's voice was heard, and he himself soon appeared. The young girl was at first startled, and began to retreat, but apparently, on second thoughts, maintained her ground. The forester approached in company with Louroux. Marcella was at a little distance, carrying on a very lively conversation with Bruno.

"Pray what is the cause of all this bustle, M. Louroux?" inquired Louisa smiling; "why are the poor shepherdesses awoke before day-break?"

"Where does this girl come from, and what does she want?" interrupted Moser quickly, while Marcella started at the sound of Louisa's voice.

"What!" exclaimed she, approaching, "cannot the forester see that it is the shepherdess of the Magdeleine, whose parents did not leave her either shoes or stockings."

And addressing the young girl with triumphant and insulting pity, she continued:—

"Alas! this is a sad misfortune for you, poor child! your dear friend, Bon-Affût, will soon be taken to prison."

"And his misery appears to be a great benefit to you," replied Louisa rather bitterly; "at least, to judge from your face."

"It is always a benefit to honest people, when justice is done," returned Marcella, raising her voice; "Bon-Affût is a bad man who has set the hedges on fire. . . ."

"That is untrue, Marcella!" exclaimed Louisa, whose blue eye flashed with indignation; "Bon-Affût loves the wood too dearly to set it on fire. It is but poor courage to attack those who are absent, especially when there is no one to defend them."

"You are defending him yourself, stupid creature!" replied the *boisière*, bursting out laughing.

"That is at least a proof that she has a kinder heart than you," observed the honey-seeker sternly.

Marcella turned towards him with an air of disdain. "Well done, my good Bruno!" said she, satirically, "we know that you think well of Louisa and Bon-Affût. 'Birds of a feather flock together;' but, at present, things are against you, poor fellow, and you are both secured."

"That's another fib!" interrupted the shepherdess angrily; "Bon-Affût is not, and will not be taken."

"The cunning little thing, she knows that, at any rate!" cried Marcella; "I should not wonder if she knows the poacher's hiding-place too!"

Moser, who had hitherto paid but little attention to the dispute between the girls, now joined the conversation. He questioned Louisa, using every possible method of surprising her; but the little shepherdess eluded his snares with a quick and a ready tact, that quite surprised me. The *boisiers* arrived during the colloquy; they had explored the roads, but without meeting any one. The forester was unable to conceal his vexation. Besides the necessity he felt for justifying the trust committed to him by the administration, whom he had promised to reform the abuses by which the forest was being destroyed, he doubtless found his *amour-propre* wounded, by not succeeding in his project when surrounded by so many witnesses, especially as he had intended to signalise his arrival at Gavre by an important capture. Having given orders to search carefully the environs of the Magdeleine, he seated himself at the door, and lighted his German pipe, as if he intended there to await the result of the fresh researches.

Nevertheless, I observed that he continued to watch Louisa's movements. The day had dawned, and the horn of the cow-keeper was heard in the distance; the shepherdess brought the cattle out of the stables, and proceeded towards the pasture-land. Moser allowed her to depart without appearing to take any notice; but she had scarcely left the house two minutes, when he extinguished his pipe, and resumed his gun. I asked him what he proposed doing; he placed his finger on his lips, pointed to the shepherdess, and quickly gained the field she was crossing. I joined him without a very clear perception of his intentions, and we followed Louisa to the other side of the hedge. The young girl was singing, neither

hurrying nor looking behind her, and apparently was solely occupied with the straws she was weaving. On reaching the pasture-land, she climbed on a little eminence, and seated herself under a group of ash-trees. For the first time she looked round her, but in a careless manner, as though she had no particular object in so doing. Almost at her feet extended a field of ripe corn, waving in the morning breeze. On the right, was situated the forest, on the left were some shrubs by which we were concealed. Louisa continued singing; but her voice was insensibly raised, and the sound extended to a great distance, in the stillness of the morning.

"In what heathenish tongue is she singing?" inquired Moser, vainly attempting to understand the words.

I motioned to him to be silent, for I had recognised the rude Breton accent. Louisa was singing the old "*Quers de Jean Devereux*," but interspersing it with advice to an invisible auditor. "Bretons, be on your guards, there is the dwelling of *Jean la Prise*; he is in the citadel with his soldiers, like a snail in his shell."

At this part, the intonation of the voice changed slightly, and the traditional words were substituted for the following concise warning: "The whole troop of the *boisiers* is here; the best thing for you to do is to return to the forest by the '*Mare aux Aspics*.'"

Then the original strain recommenced: "They have pillaged the country of both old and new things,—the silver crosses of the churches, and the golden drinking-cups of the citizens."

The voice was again raised in order to add, "There is no one on the right; follow the corn-field without raising your head, you will reach the thicket of holly."

I looked towards the wheat-field, and in a few seconds saw a small opening made in the side, and a kind of furrow appeared, which seemed to be moving towards the forest. I rose in order to see more distinctly; Moser, who was watching my movements, followed the direction of my eye with his own, perceived the motion of the wheat, and uttered an exclamation of joy; he had guessed all. Hastening past the shrubs by which we were sheltered, he ran through the meadow and reached the wheat-field, which was surrounded at that part by an enclosure too high for leaping over; he hurried forward, and soon discovering a gap merely filled up with branches, sprang towards it; but uttering an exclamation of pain, he suddenly fell down. He had met with the scythe which was concealed under the branches for the destruction of wild boars. The two guards, who had at that moment arrived, and like myself had observed the accident, hastened to assist Moser. He was covered with blood, but appeared not to trouble himself about it. "Quick, quick, to the poacher!" murmured he, pointing to the road Bon-Affût had taken.

After a moment's hesitation, the guards commenced their pursuit of Anthony, whilst Moser raised himself and followed their movements with his eye. I

inquired in vain whether he was dangerously wounded. Mechanically stanching with his handkerchief the blood which flowed from his breast and hands, he appeared solely intent on the poacher's progress. As soon as the latter saw that he was discovered, he did not attempt to conceal himself in the corn, but ran quickly through the field, hoping to gain the wood. The guards followed him; but he had evidently had more practise in running than his pursuers, for the distance between them was increasing at every step. He was on the point of escaping from them, when, at the last enclosure, he unexpectedly found himself in front of a troop of *boisiers*, who surrounded and seized him. At the cries which announced this capture, Moser made a triumphant gesture, and, faint from loss of blood, fell down on the ground.

A quarter of an hour afterwards every body was assembled before Louroux's farm. A cart was preparing for the forester, whose wounds had been bound up. At a short distance, in the centre of a circle formed by the peasants, stood Bon-Affût and Bruno, with their hands tied. Louisa was seated at a few steps from them, sobbing violently. I approached to give some encouragement to the prisoners; but the poacher, who had been silent for some time, just at that moment addressed the young shepherdess; he spoke Breton, that he might not be understood by the rest of the people.

"Do not cry any more, dear child," said he in a gentle voice. "Do you not remember that there is a jealous heart here, drinking in your tears like water?"

He looked at Marcella, who was watching them at a distance with an expression of joy mingled with uneasiness; but Louisa paid no attention to the kind of advantage she thus gave her rival: the misery of her two friends engrossed her attention. "You will be in prison! in prison! my dear ones!" resumed she, clasping her hands together.

"The had will not be long there, for they can bring forward nothing against him."

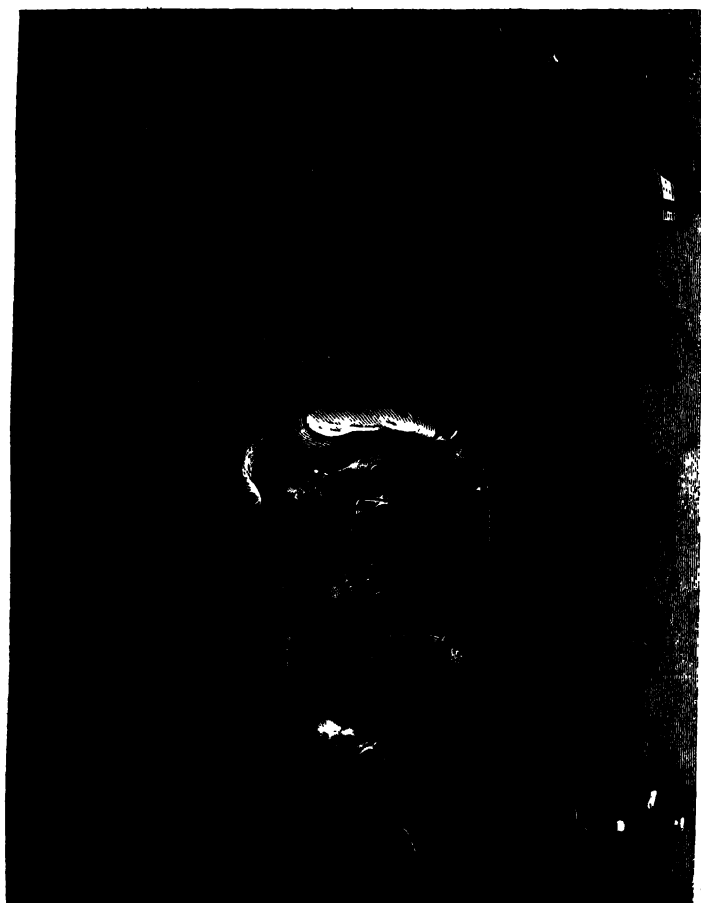
"But you, dear Anthony," said Louisa, looking at Bon-Affût with filial tenderness, "what will become of you when you have no beautiful trees over your head, when you can no longer breathe the fresh air, and will be obliged night and day to be confined in a wretched cell?"

A shade passed over the poacher's face. "Yes, it will be a hard trial," said he, sadly.

"Let me at least be with you, dear old Anthony," resumed Louisa, quickly; "perhaps they will let me live with you, or if that is forbidden, I can go to the prison-door and sing, to let you know that I am there, and I will go to the judges to ask them to let you come home again."

"Poor innocent one!" interrupted Bon-Affût, "what would the people say here? and how would you live down there?"

"Here they would say that I act towards you as if you were my father," replied the shepherdess; "you know they say so already; and to obtain my living at



Savenay I would work, or if there is no work to be had, why, I would sit down near the prison, and when any kind persons passed, they would see that I was hungry and give me something."

A softened smile illuminated the countenance of the poacher; he looked kindly on the little peasant girl, whose face was turned towards him. "You are kind-hearted, Louisa," said he, "but you must stay at the Magdeleine; it is my desire. It is not proper for young girls to be begging on the road. Remain here; Bruno will be back before long, and I shall return afterwards."

The shepherdess wished still to oppose this plan. "I have said it, do you understand?" added the poacher, imperiously. Louisa joined her hands and bowed her head. "I will do as you wish," said she with almost timorous resignation.

There was a tolerably long silence; Bruno interrupted it by announcing in a *solto voce* that they were going to start. The guards had just placed Moser in the cart and taken their guns. Louisa threw her arms round Bon-Affût and sobbed aloud. The poacher's courage appeared to fail: he turned pale, trembled, and was obliged to sit down; but it was the emotion of a moment. He rose almost instantly. "God will protect you, poor child," said he, with difficulty restraining his tears, "do not weep. . . . Say good-bye to her, Bruno. . . . and now, enough. Courage, Louisa, we shall return when God pleases."

Then recovering himself, he added in a lower tone:—

"One word more, Louisa; you know where the *Mare aux Aspics* is, you know the snake's hole; I have hidden seven pieces of money there, it is all I have saved. I wanted to make up the number to ten for the day when you and Bruno return from church together. As long as there is any chance of my completing the sum, do not touch it; but if you hear that I am no longer alive, then take it as a legacy; the snake knows you as well as she knows me, and will let you go to the hole."

At these words he again embraced the young girl, whose sobs redoubled in spite of herself. I determined to interfere.

"Do not grieve yourself thus, my good girl," said I, in Breton, "your two friends will soon return."

"You speak *Blohi*,¹ sir," exclaimed the poacher, "then you have heard everything."

"But I will take advantage of nothing," added I, quickly, "for I am now about to depart as well as yourself, and I will join you to-morrow at Savenay, where I hope my deposition will completely acquit you."

"May God reward you!" exclaimed Bruno and Louisa at the same moment. We could say no more, for the guards approached. They motioned to the prisoners, who placed themselves behind the cart, and the little escort set out on their march. On passing, Moser hailed me. There was on his pale face and in his feverish eyes an expression of

savage joy. The *loutier* watched the little band from the farm-yard, while Louisa, standing on the little wall, was by signs taking farewell of the prisoners, but suddenly she uttered a cry, and turning towards me, burst into tears. The cart and the prisoners had just disappeared in the shadow of the ravine.

I was unable to reach Savenay until the second day after my departure from the Gavre: but I immediately went to the magistrate who was entrusted with the affair of the poacher and Bruno. My explanations sufficed to dissipate all suspicion about the conflagration, and to set the young honey-seeker at liberty. As to his companion, he had two heavy old accounts to settle with the foresters to enable me to obtain his freedom before my departure; but I had happily found an old school-fellow at Savenay, who was then a lawyer, and who promised to attend to Bon-Affût, and assist him if he needed aid. I spent a long time after my excursion to the encampment of the *boisiers*, that the lawyer at Savenay had succeeded in procuring Bon-Affût's liberation after a few weeks' imprisonment, and that he had procured him a situation on the estate of Carheil, where the former poacher had become the *lean ideak* of a gamekeeper. I was informed also, that the latter was about to be once more associated with the honey-seeker, who had recently been engaged as gardener at the castle, and who was to join him after harvest time with the shepherdess of the Magdeleine, whom the natives of the forest denominated beforehand, Louisa Bruon.

TRIC TRAC.

TENIERS.

THE scene of this picture is the outer and inner guard-room: it is composed of three distinct groups, all differing in character, and yet united in duty, and forming a perfect whole. The men of the remotest group are huddled round the fire, and though their backs are towards us we can see that they are smoking and drinking and engaged at cards. Games of chance are the delight of soldiers. The second or central group is composed of three soldiers—men of mark no doubt in their regiment, for they stand in grave deliberation, and are either discussing the plan of the next campaign, or lamenting the lack of discipline, and love of drink and gaming in their comrades. Those of the third or foreground group are engaged on the game which gives the name to the picture. Two of them seem very citizens, or are more probably members of the Commissariat: the other two are officers, one of whom holds a small flagon in his hand, while the other is remonstrating with his opponent in the game, and by his clenched hands and serious visage seems to be on the point of losing it. The varied expression and light and shade and handling of the work are all masterly, and show on what grounds the reputation of the painter has been established.

(1) The Breton dialect of Vannes.

With the works of the school to which Teniers belongs no one was better acquainted than Reynolds, for he made a picture-tour in Holland and Flanders; made patient observations, took copious notes, and passed no fine production without careful examination. "Their merit," he says, "often consists in the truth of representation alone: whatever praise they deserve, whatever pleasure they give when under the eye, they make but a poor figure in description. It is to the eye only that the works of this school are addressed: it is not therefore to be wondered at, that what was intended solely for the gratification of one sense succeeds but ill when applied to another." This is an unfair description, we think, of the works of the Dutch School: had any one told Sir Joshua that his portraits were addressed but to the eye, he would have resented it as an affront, and with good reason. The pictures of which he speaks are full of domestic gladness and fireside joy, and though copies—literal perhaps—of what the painters saw, they supply the spectator with matter for reflection and study. Their object was not only to please the eye, but to gratify the mind. They are not exalted by genius, nor do they excite any extraordinary ecstacy, yet they please other senses than the sight—wherever human character appears, and of this the Dutch compositions are full, the mind is called into action.

It is one of the rules of study laid down by Reynolds, that a painter had to make up his idea of perfection from the various excellences dispersed over the world. To Italy, he said, men must go for dignity of thought and splendour of imagination, and for the higher branches of knowledge; but as a poetical fancy and power of expression, or even correctness of drawing, were seldom united with such skill in colour as would set off these beauties to the best advantage, it would be necessary to go to the Dutch to learn the art of painting, for in the true use of colours they were unequalled. An artist, he says, by a close examination of their works may, in a few hours, make himself master of the principles on which they wrought, which cost them whole ages—and perhaps the experience of a succession of ages—to ascertain.

Works bearing the name of Teniers are numerous in the world—three painters, a father and two sons—and each skilful—may in some degree account for this, but unquestionably there are counterfeits in circulation. Skilful copies pass in the sight of many for rare originals, or a slight change in a figure or a piece of furniture enables the happy proprietor to call it a first or a second thought of Teniers, and demand a high price. Their cabinet size aids too in countenancing the imposture, for a fine Teniers or an Ostade, a Jan Steen or a Gerard Dow will go into small space, and may have been contained in the hitherto unrummaged chamber of some Dutch Burgomaster: all this is present to the mind of the wily seller, who is as ready with simulated names and dates as with simulated commodities.

Those who visit Holland will still find the pictures

of Teniers plentiful, though the French reaped a rich harvest of art in the land. The Dutch had the taste to fill their cabinets with pictures not only suitable in dimensions but also national with respect to subject. Whatever gave a true and brilliant image of the land and the people found favour in their sight; nor were they averse to look on the humblest scenes. Teniers was a painter after the people's heart: he went but to the cottage or to the market-place or the barracks for subjects: a woman spinning by a clear fire and well-swept hearth: a market-girl holding up a hare for sale: an old man repairing spectacles: boors drinking in the inside of a change-house or quarrelling at the door: a man blowing a trumpet or proving the strength of a new brewing; or soldiers at cards on the drumhead, or dancing on the dusty road-side during a march, or gambling in the guard-room, as in the present picture, were matters dear to the sight and welcome to the pencil of this eminent master.

THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN.

BY JANE M. WINNARD.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOVE AND LOVE'S ENEMY.

FOURTEEN years! twice seven glowing summers and as many icy winters had waxed and waned over the souls of that man and woman, with results notable and strange enough; but they had passed away as a tale that is told, and left no perceptible effect on that ruined turret. The self-same ivy wreaths clung round the old stones; the wall-flowers bloomed exactly where they use to bloom; and the delicate briar-rose showered down its perfumed petals on the moss as of yore, when the linnet sprung forth from its nest in alarm at the approach of human beings. To David Underwood the bird seemed the very same bird that he had so often disturbed when, impelled by the fervour of his youthful passion, he used to repair to the old turret at most unseasonable hours of the day and of the night, that he might be nearer, a little nearer to Miriam Grey. The bird burst forth now just as it used to do, fluttered about, uttered its short sweet note of alarm, swept rapidly round and round within the circle of the old wall; and then, descending once more, bravely settled on the topmost bough of the bush that concealed its precious home, and looked at the intruders with a bright bold eye, but a visibly palpitating heart.

"Poor little flutterer! you are here as of old," thought David Underwood; "What you are now you were then. The same love swells that melodious throat, the same joy satisfies, the same fear agitates that little beating heart. You are the same—the same! fourteen years have wrought no change in you. Oh! thou little bird—ye peaceful ancient stones! that for one hour I might be as ye, peaceful of no

change in all these long, long years! That I might forget a little while that it is not with me as with you! That I might be a boy once more, that this painful load of experience would roll away from my heart, and send its deepest waters gushing up again into the sunlight, to gladden and refresh! But it cannot be! No, not for one hour—my lost love! Probation, struggle, failure, change! These—these are life, and I have lived! Love too is life. And I have lived in other love than this earliest one. Lived in the true love! aye, and well-nigh died of the false love; bitter hideous mockery of God's best gift!"

He stood with folded arms, erect, motionless, save for the slight quivering of that upper lip—that sensitive upper lip—which no amount of experience and victory over passion could quell into perfect calm, when the heart within was moved strongly. Seventy years of earthly life would not wear out the power of feeling in that heart. David Underwood would never die from mere fatigue of living. Even in the midst of his greatest sufferings, disappointments, crushing failures; when all the pleasant refreshing breezes of the morning of life had passed, and he was toiling amidst the burden and heat of the sultry noon; even then he had scarcely ever longed for death, but felt keenly the truth sung by our great contemporary poet—

"'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh life, not death, for which we pant!
More life and fuller, that I want."

He stood before his first love, and shrank not from gazing on her, though his heart had not throbbed for her unceasingly, as he once believed it would do through life. David Underwood had not been a constant lover, and he had now to confess the truth. He could not choose but remember, how, fourteen years before, he had sought an interview with Miriam Grey on that spot to confess a far different truth. He looked back on the boy, David Underwood, with unutterable tenderness and sympathy. How he loved and venerated that young, pure, earlier self; that strong, untried spirit, crowned with no glory but that of a first love for the girl-angel, Miriam Grey!

He stood and gazed, and gazed. What was there in the expression of that woman's face, of those sightless eyes, that struck through him like an electric shock? Why are his arms extended as if to clasp her? Why do they sink again with ineffectual longing? Why are his eyes closed, as if to shut out earth and heaven, and all the past years that stare in upon him and tell of the actual, of the *folly* of unavailing regret; of the *necessity* for all things being as they are? Why is David Underwood, the philosopher, trembling before a woman? Fast losing his present, conscious, self-possessed *Ego*, and becoming a boy again?

This must not be. He did not think he was so weak. It must be suppressed—shaken off. He is no longer a boy, to be mastered by his feelings. His will is the lord and master over them. He will speak at

once. First, about his father's unfortunate losses—and the remedy which he himself (thanks to his success in the career of this world) is able to bring, and of which he can as yet speak to no one but herself. After that, he will speak of David Underwood, as of an intimate friend who has sent him to tell the story of his eventful life; that she may know all, and judge righteous judgment. He will school his voice, and bring about the desired end by the means he himself appoints. That is to act like a wise man and a strong minded one; and such is he, by the acknowledgment of all the world. He folded his arms resolutely once more, he threw back his head, as if that proud action were necessary to his complete self-possession, and was about to speak; when a simple circumstance overturned pride, self-possession, plans, philosophy, all—

Miriam Grey, on her side, felt and thought. It takes long to write what a moment or two suffices to the heart and brain to think and feel;—and while the sound of the retiring footsteps died away, and while David was immersed in vivid emotion, such as I have so imperfectly indicated, the clear, pure spirit of Miriam Grey became subdued, and she waited patiently for the words of the stranger. At first she was simply expectant; conscientiously waiting, and endeavouring to hold her mind in readiness for any blow. But while she was waiting with her face turned towards the quarter where she felt sure the stranger was standing, a change came over her. There was an external influence, something she could not define, but which was as real as if she could grasp it in her hand, or explain it in mathematical form to another—an influence from without, from the unseen point where that stranger stood, which seemed to permeate and warm her whole being, and to draw her heart with trembling joy towards it. Her soft eyes brightened, the disquiet and fear passed away—an instinct, a moral certainty impelled her. She half rose. Some one was there whose presence was as sunlight to her soul. Pressing one hand over her eyes, she stretched out the other, and said in a low tone, half joyous, half fearful and surprised—

"Where are you, David?—For it is *you*, I know, *now*, though I cannot see. Where are you?"

The outstretched hand was grasped in silence—in silence pressed to lips, eager and trembling as those which had touched it on that night so many years ago. Oh! he had come back loving her still. She could not be mistaken. All her fears and doubts vanished. He had been true to her. How could she even for a moment think what she had thought this last few hours? But, he had come back—he was at her feet once more.

How it was so he knew not; but life came back again as it had been with him when he last kissed that gentle hand. The fourteen intervening years, with all their changes, trials, duties, rolled away, away, like a troubled dream when one awakes. For a brief space they were utterly forgotten, and David Underwood was a boy again—a boy that had never

been a man—a lover who had never so much as dreamed that it was possible to love any woman but Miriam Grey. All that he had determined to do vanished from his mind,—his actual position was forgotten, and the thing he had believed was impossible took shape in a moment. He sunk at her feet—his arms were flung round her—his face was buried in her lap, his strong voice murmuring low—

"Miriam! my lost, lost love!"

Her hands were folded on his head; they pressed it fervently; she trembled in every limb, but her eyes looked steadfastly up to the sunny heaven which she could not see, as she uttered her simple thanksgiving:

"Oh God! I thank thee that thou hast brought this hour. That thou hast blessed me thus."

"Miriam! Sweet, lost love!" came forth in passionate accents from the heart that communicated somewhat of its wild pulsation to her own, usually so tranquil and resigned.

"You have come back to us, to me, at last. I knew you would. I had confidence always in your love."

"Miriam! Miriam!"

"Nay—if you had never come back, I should have trusted. I know that life for such as you, with genius and power, life has stern duties—duties which might keep you away from me long—very long."

"Miriam! Do you not know?"

"I ask not to know anything just now; but that you are here, and that you love me. These are truths enough."

"They are truths—but not enough. My own, my lost Miriam!"

"Yes, yes," she murmured, bending her gentle face down that she might whisper in his ear. "Enough for the present. Ample! I could bear no more now. You shall explain and justify hereafter. Since you hold the old love, let all the sad dreary past go by.—Forget it."

"Forget! Never! There is no forgetting. There is no going back." He started up.—"What mad delusion is this?" he continued, stepping slowly back as if to withdraw himself from her influence. "God pardon me! I have been dreaming, and—I have led you to mistake. I did not mean to wrong you thus. Pardon! Oh, pardon! You do not know—my father did not tell you—I see it now! It remains for me to tell, what should have been told you long since by others. Your old lover, David Underwood, was married five years ago."

Sudden as a lightning flash the eloquent blood rushed over her face and neck. There was a nervous clenching of the little white hands that had rested on his head a few moments before, and then slowly she rose and turned to go away without a word, a sigh, or tear.

There was a something in her motion as she stepped with an uncertain cautious tread, so unlike the graceful decision of the girl he had loved, that he was reminded of her affliction once more. He was penetrated to the soul with tender pity. Pity for her blindness crossed that other pity for the pain he had

inflicted. So gentle, so delicate, so sensitive, and (as he now learned) still so loving towards himself! How could he bear to see her thus—blind, helpless, solitary; and not to have the power to comfort and support her! Nay, to have been himself the cause of the agony she now suffered, and which she, with all her pride and reserve, could not conceal!

"Miriam!" he cried in a voice of deep emotion, and grasping her arm gently. "Stop. Do not go, I implore you! Speak to me, Miriam!"

How that fair face turned from him, and the arm was withdrawn from his grasp!—How gently, how full of sorrow and gentle reproach!—there was no indignant pride in the action.

"I cannot speak to you now. Presently I—I—"

"Only one word—to save a fellow-creature from great pain. Say that you will hear my story one day,—that you forgive me. I wrote long since to you, to tell you of my intended marriage."

"I never had the letter."

"It was enclosed in one to my father."

"He never opened any of your letters. He—I—no one knew of this. It has taken me by surprise—after our meeting just now. *Before*, it would not have surprised me." She moved on.

"Miriam! you have not said you forgive me."

"Forgive, what? What do you ask me to forgive?"

"My faithlessness to you. I will not extenuate."

"There is no need. You owed me no faith—you were free. Did I not set you free when you first went away?"

"Forgive me, Miriam!"

"What shall I forgive?" She raised her head proudly, and the blind eyes filled with tears were fixed on him.

"Forgive me for betraying you into the manifestation of a feeling of which you are now ashamed. Forgive me for daring to forget what was due to you and to myself—for being led away by the associations of this place, and the disordered state of my own mind. Forgive me the pain, the—the *insult*—"

"Ah! there it is! that is the word: you have said it," she replied, in a low distinct tone. "Listen to me, David Underwood! You are right; I have somewhat to forgive. Of what once was between us—for it *was* a reality, even in *your* heart—of that I will say nothing. Let it go. Past of what is and ought to be I will speak. When David Underwood returns to his native place, should his first act be to enter into his father's house in disguise? Should his next act be to insult Miriam Grey in the very spot where he sought her love? Truly there is somewhat for me to forgive—a direct insult to myself, and the sudden annihilation of my reverence for a great man;—for until this hour, David Underwood, I have believed you to be a truly great and good man.—Let me go hence and learn to forgive."

He took her hand; he held it forcibly in both his. "Nay, Miriam; for the sake of truth and justice you will—you must hear what I have to say in defence of—"

As with eager remonstrant look and tone he held her hand, and was about to explain the cause of his strange conduct, the little door which communicated with the tower opened suddenly, and Mrs. Ward appeared.

"Come, Miriam, breakfast is waiting; the bannocks are nearly cold. There's Philip—Eh!—I beg your pardon, I did not know you had a visitor. You're just in time for breakfast, sir."

"I am afraid I must not remain any longer, madam; you are very kind—another time, perhaps.—Bannocks of your own making? that is a temptation, indeed! but it is impossible. I am waited for at the rectory. Good morning, madam; good morning, Miss Grey,"—and he disappeared.

"Well, he is the strangest looking creature I ever saw!" exclaimed the pretty widow, looking after him with the greatest curiosity. "What brought him here, I should like to know; he is an old acquaintance of yours, I suppose,—you seemed *extremely* intimate, Miriam!—why, she is gone, I declare!"

Miriam had passed through the doorway, had reached her own room, and locked herself in, before Mrs. Ward had recovered from her astonishment, and was recalled to a sense of the importance of bannocks and breakfast.

CHAPTER IX.

MIRIAM GREY

It was a small chamber high up in the tower, lighted by one window, gothic-arched, and covered with antique scutcheons of the Greys, painted by the hand of an Italian artist. It commanded a wide prospect—overlooking Milford Valley, and range after range of hill and mountain beyond; and on the far horizon, when the day was clear, might be seen a long blue line, which was the ocean.

Often, very often in early youth, had Miriam Grey crept into the deep embrasure of that window, and sat there with her eyes fixed longingly on that faint distant streak; seeking she knew not what—only something fuller, freer, more vivid than her life on this remote hill-side. The craving for emotion, for adventure, for change,—natural to every young and active soul, was strong within her, but it had to succumb to the iron rule of circumstance. The instincts of the free savage, the child of nature, with which we all come into the world, must be subjugated by the laws of civilized and social life, if we are to become members of a civilized society at all.

With *men*, who think without authority from other men, it oftentimes becomes a question whether membership of a civilized society is worth having, at the cost of cramping and crushing out many noble instincts, many germs of truth and beauty. With them it becomes a *question*, whenever the bonds of society are drawn tightly across their own souls, and they struggle to get free—only drawing the bonds the tighter by their struggling. With *men* it is a question, I say, because they feel within themselves a strength, (if the

will were strong enough,) to break away from this artificial life,

"To burst all links of habit—there to wander far away
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day."

"There, they think, would be enjoyment, more than in
this march of mind,
In the steam-ship, in the railway, in the thoughts that
shake mankind."

There the passions, cramp'd no longer, shall have
scope and breathing space—"

And this comes not from a desire for licence, but from a desire to seek out a better law, a truer law, a law that shall more nearly approach to God's law felt within themselves, than the little laws of man's making. This question is almost always decided (whenever it does arise in the mind of a man) in favour of remaining within the bounds of the civilization in which he was born. He believes it to be the least of two evils; that is all. He is by no means thoroughly in love with this beautiful state of things called Western civilization—nobody is who has a mind apt to look beneath the surface—but he accepts it as a necessary condition, a means; *perhaps* the only means, *certainly* the means appointed by the Great Creator for the passage of humanity to a higher mode of life here on the earth.

With women it is otherwise. It is no question with them, as regards their conduct, what they shall or shall not do in the matter. Morally, they are disabled from entertaining it, because they have neither the will nor the power to choose. Their desire is to another—in—and for another; and provided that desire be gratified, they are not curious about how the affairs of the world are managed. It is not a moral question with them;—the "ought I," or "ought I not," never comes to their minds in these matters. Even the *pseudo*-emancipated women do not discuss the question of emancipation from civilization itself: they only want to be emancipated from certain things in the present state of society which they believe to be positive evils, unnecessary and obstructive of civilization, and not things essential to the very existence of civilization itself;—which it is said by some wise people that they are. But though it is not a moral question, it is often, very often, a subject of speculation and imagination with cultivated women. They wonder what life, more especially life for woman, is like, elsewhere,—among the Amazons—in polygamous countries—among the Nomadic tribes of Central Asia, in that other civilization of China and Japan, and among the South Sea Islanders. Generally, as is most natural (whether always most strictly in accordance with the rules of logic and right reason, let logicians decide,) they draw comparisons much in favour of the land they live in. The more imaginative their nature, and the more of quiet and solitude and leisure there is in their daily life, the more are young girls wont to speculate upon modes of life most opposed to that to which they are accustomed; and very much astonished would the constituted

authorities set over them be, if they knew half the wild ideas which find lodging in their brains.

Miriam Grey had been one of the most active-minded dreamers of this class when quite a child;—and as all the circumstances of her subsequent life had tended to confirm this habit, it had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength. Her gentle, somewhat sentimental mother, would sit for hours on the mossy bank in the old turret, musing silently and vaguely, while her little daughter would sit beside her, musing silently too, but by no means vaguely:—when she sat alone, coiled up on the window-seat in her chamber, her eyes strained towards the blue ocean line, the growing girl spent many an hour in a beautiful imaginary existence. She lived and moved in worlds of her own creation even then, and realized within herself all that she read about in legend or fairy tale, history or travels. As she grew older she was obliged to sacrifice many a charming impossibility on the altar of common sense; then came a perception of the poetic, as opposed to, and yet as reconcilable with, the practical. She listened to the schemes and hopes of that marvellous boy, David. She took them up—she carried them out in her own imagination. Her mind was a truly feminine one—recipient, not originating. It was greedy of great, beautiful, and new ideas; and David supplied her mind with these abundantly. How often she longed to be a boy, that she might travel into unknown regions with David Underwood, and see all the wonderful things and strange races in the world!—perhaps even, she might help him to get to *other* worlds!—Life in another planet! Ah! that, indeed, was worth thinking about! As she was on the eve of womanhood came Love, the Arch-Enchanter, unrecognised as yet, but felt through his magic power gilding their common life with glory, and making their barren native valley fruitful as the garden of the Hesperides. Soon came that August evening, which brought the knowledge that she loved, and with that knowledge came the banishment of her lover, and the beginning of sorrow for her. It was a rude awaking to this actual life, to find herself doing wrong, and yet not willing to do so. She loved David Underwood, and he was not worthy to be loved; for he had broken God's law, and had defied his father's authority. How was it possible that she still continued to love him, when she knew that? It had not been so in her dreams of love. There, the object of her love had always been faultless—made of every creature's best, and because he was better than all other men, therefore she had loved him. How was it that she was thus faithless to her own ideal? That she condemned, and yet loved? She had yet to learn her own weakness.

She suffered much; especially when within a month after David's banishment she received a letter from him, declaring that he set her free from her promise to him—that he had no right to bind her in any way; that it might never be in his power to claim her hand, even if she were willing to give it, in opposition to her guardian's will; that it would certainly be

many years before he could take up a position in the world which he himself should think worthy the husband of the last descendant of the Greys of Milford. Moreover, as if to end the love between them, he had said in that letter, that in expiation of his offence against his father, he had determined *never to seek her love any more without his sanction*. Thus David gave her up. At first, Miriam did not understand his motive in writing such a letter, for there was a voice within her own heart which she could never silence, and which said that he loved her, and would continue to love her in spite of their separation. When she *did* understand that it was a principle of duty, a sense of honour, which had prompted the young man not to involve her in his uncertain fate—to leave her, young as she was, free to make a happier choice; when she understood *that*, the letter no longer gave her pain. David Underwood was almost restored to her good opinion, and she was less ashamed of loving him. If his passions were violent and terrible, he was no blind slave to them; he repented; and there was hope that, in time, he might subdue them, and become the great man which Mr. Shepherd had so often prophesied that he would be. So she went on loving him in secret, and spoke of him to no one. At length, as time passed on, and her reason became matured, she, still nursing her girlish love, examined the conduct and character of her guardian, and discovered in them the main cause of David's error. *That* once settled satisfactorily to her own mind, Miriam's peace was restored. David was worthy to be loved, and now she should never think of any other, but would love him as long as she lived, though she might never see him any more.

It was probable, nay, it was more than probable that David had now forgotten her in his wanderings in distant lands, and among the many great and beautiful ladies whom he must have associated with at the courts to which he went with Admiral Underwood and his family after he had become famous as an author. She had learned these facts about him, from the good vicar. He had friends in the great world who wrote to him occasionally of the figure made by his old pupil among them. Before that time, too, he had travelled so much, that Milford must have dwindled away into a speck in his recollection. Yet he had not quite forgotten it or her, *then*, because, from time to time, there came newspapers addressed to Miss Grey; a well-known hand; but never a letter—newspapers that came from every part of our habitable globe, telling of his whereabouts. He had not forgotten her then: and it was a lively pleasure to Miss Grey to feel assured of that, though she had given up all thought of him as a lover. He had kept away too long for the early love to have dominion over him now, though it might be a sweet recollection. But since his return to England, between five and six years ago, no newspapers had come to her, nor any other intimation that she was remembered. In those years, he had established his fame as an author—and she had become blind. Perhaps she regretted her affliction because she could not read and

re-read his books to herself, more than for any other cause. Mr. Shepherd read them to her: those books of his! How distinctly they spoke to her heart! They were indeed part and parcel of the man. How wise he had become, how unworldly, how truly religious! Many times did she thank God for her lot, sad as it might seem to others, and sometimes to herself. David Underwood, the friend of her childhood,—her lover for a brief space of youth, was playing a noble part in the world, and she might sit silent in her solitude, and take a secret joy in all he did; and feel sure that he could do nothing unworthy of himself and of her admiration. Sometimes she thought he would come back to Milford one day—and then—she never liked to dwell on what might happen then. Whatever it might be, God would give her strength to bear it, or to rejoice in it. To a gentle, quiet soul, such as Miriam's, when the buoyancy of youth is past—the strength to rejoice seems harder to attain, than the strength to suffer.

She was not made for happiness in this life—she had long rested in that truth: but neither did she foster self-importance by magnifying the evils of her lot. They were few, and she could look them in the face calmly. She had been disappointed in love, like so many others. She had earnestly longed for variety in her external life—for other places—other people—other occupations and interests; and she had lived in the monotony and solitude of the Grey tower all the best years of life. God had willed it thus: He had also willed that she should possess a thousand small blessings, and some great ones.

"Shall I take good at the Lord's hands and not evil?"—Nay; I will submit with cheerfulness. I am his intelligent child, not his senseless, thankless slave. True! the happiness I yearned for once has been denied, but He has given me contentment in its stead.

"And that is next to best."

"Miriam Grey shall not be a useless member of society, because her love has been unfortunate."

In this frame of mind, the slow growth of years, she had been yesterday. Last night a change had come. That stranger, whose few words, foreign as was the accent, had sounded dimly familiar;—as if she had heard them before in a dream;—that stranger, who had a mission to Mr. Underwood and to her, *must* have come from David. Her heart told her so at once. When she was brought home and carefully tended and put to rest by her sister and old nurse Bernard, she seemed to have recovered her equanimity, and they left her to sleep.

How little do our housemates know how we really pass our time! Mrs. Ward was absolutely ignorant of Miriam's life,—she was worse than ignorant, for she *mis*knew, and could have no conception that what she knew was false. For that, and for other reasons, she could never know better, as a stranger might. They dwelt peacefully under the same roof, ate at the same board, sat oftentimes in the same room, talked oftentimes of the same things and people, but

they did not *live together*, they lived as wide apart as the two poles. Contact is not sympathy.

"Good night, dear! Now you are quiet and comfortable you will sleep, I dare say," said Mrs. Ward when she left her on the previous night.

Sleep! How absurd the word sounded to Miriam's ear. Sleep! with this wild indescribable tumult in her heart. Why was it? What cause for apprehension, dismay, anxiety, the total breaking up of quiet within her? A stranger had come to the Grange, had seen Mr. Underwood on private business, and had requested to see her alone on the morrow. Was that cause sufficient for this disturbance of mind? Did not Mr. Underwood often have visitors on private business, and did not strangers often come to her on business, too? *Why* was she so disquieted now? There was no assignable reason, and therefore she was the more disquieted. She tried to pray, but she could not command her thoughts sufficiently. She did what she had been in the habit of doing ever since her childhood, in seasons of trouble; it was a childish thing, and would have astonished her sister, but it had a powerful effect in soothing and composing her mind,—it was like a dear familiar strain of music, charming away the cares and pains of the actual life. She stole from her bed, and felt her way across the chamber to the old window-seat. The great chair, by aid of which she used to clamber up, stood there, just as it used to stand twenty years ago. She did not sit down, but used it to step up by now, for the window-seat was high. One trifling act, however, marked the difference between the little maiden of twelve and the woman of two and thirty. It was unromantic but significant. She felt over the chair for a cloak which had been thrown there the previous night, and drew it carefully over her, before she mounted to the window. The little girl would have sprung up there in her night-dress, and stayed there an hour without thinking about taking cold, and probably she would not have sustained any injury. The woman took precaution by habit,—but, because she feared, she was in more danger than the thoughtless enthusiastic child. It was a delicious night, and she opened wide the painted casement, through which the moonlight was casting "warm gules" upon the chamber floor; and there, coiled up on the broad seat, wrapped in the cloak, she leaned forward to catch the midnight breezes on her face, and to look over the fells, far away to the East, where the ocean boundary was. Looking! she called it *looking*, from habit, when her eyes rested there; though they *saw* nothing. Yet, in truth, she saw just what she had seen when she was a child: the world of her own imagination. The old associations stole over her; in the midnight quietude, she was sailing over that Ocean yonder. Not indeed *now*, to Crusoe's island, and "the vexed Bermoothes,"—not with Columbus or De Gama,—not to find out the sources of the Nile, or the Lost Tribes. Not now did she seek all the wonders of the world; she cared no more for local habitations and for names; the desire of her soul was, "Oh that I had wings like

a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest." The desire fashioned itself into music,—the soul-supporting, soul-winging Handel-music, and it carried her away softly into the land of dreams. She slept on the window-seat as she had often slept in childhood, with the soft breezes playing in her hair, and the moonbeams gliding over her gentle face. But her childhood had returned only in outward semblance, within was trouble and care: her dreams were the dreams of to-day.

She is with the stranger who was at Mr. Underwood's that evening, *where* she knows not. He is sleeping, and she wakes him hurriedly, and urges him to go somewhere and do somewhat—she urges him with prayers and tears. He goes at her entreaty, and she follows him,—to the Grange? Yes. It is the Grange garden; the tablet over the door shines out white in the moonlight, and she reads the words, (for in her dreams she is never blind,) reads them aloud:—

"I have set the Lord always before me; He is on my right hand, therefore I shall not fall."

As she reads, a mist comes over the words, and she sees nothing more. Aton she is walking through a wood.—It is cold and dark, though the moon still shines, and there is a roaring as of a cataract in her ears. Suddenly the form of Mr. Underwood appears before her, as she has never seen him. He is hurrying through the wood, turning occasionally to gaze at her. His face is pale and haggard, his hair and dress disordered, his step uncertain and rapid. The stern, majestic, self-possessed guardian, whom she feared and loved so much, looks like a midnight murderer. He waves her off as she approaches, and hastens onward. She cries aloud; and at that moment David appears beside his father. It is the same David that she loved, that she parted from so long ago, radiant in youthful beauty and strength. He clasped his father in his arms, this time. No fierce looks now, no haughty words and dreadful blows are interchanged. The father's headlong course is arrested by the son's embrace, and then the scene changes. They are all three standing in the moonlight, within the ancient rifted turret, as they were on that fatal night; but now David does not defy his father;—and though he holds her with one arm as he did then, his father looks kindly at them. Presently some one, whom she did not see, seizes David suddenly; he loses his hold on her, and she falls to the ground as she did that other time. But now the blow is severe, and she feels a sharp pain; she utters a cry and awakes.

At first, she cannot distinguish between the dream and reality. Can it be that she has slept in the old window-seat all through the night? She raises her head, and listens eagerly to the faint waning notes of that heavenly music which awoke her. It is passing away, over the side of the hill, towards the distant ocean line, where,—

**"the day begins to dawn, and the light
Shoots like a streak of subtle fire."**

She hears it still, the grand consolatory song: "Come unto me; all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She leans forward in her half-conscious ecstasy, straining after that heavenly choir, and joining in the blessed music,—
"Come! come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden." The sharp cold air of the morning, and the sound of her own sweet voice, restored her to complete consciousness. She rests her head against the grey stone mullion, and thinks how much of actual life is less vivid, less real than such dreams. Truly they mean something; God worketh within us in a way we know not.

While she was awaking, while her sweet voice joined in that spiritual melody, two men, linked arm in arm, walked slowly across the Grey Fell. They stopped at the same moment, and turned suddenly towards the Tower. Perhaps the sound of her voice had reached them, afar off as they were.—They gazed awhile as if rooted to the spot;—perhaps, they saw the angel-face that looked in rapture from that upper window. She in her blindness saw not the wanderers at that unseasonable hour; if she could have seen, she would have been almost as much alarmed as she was in her dream; for Mr. Underwood was one of them. She retired from the window, and then they passed on, down into the valley.

An hour or two of still, dreamless sleep, and Miriam Grey awoke to a recollection of her appointment. She was to meet the Strange Gentleman with Leah, near the old turret. She arose fevered and weary; all the sweet consolations of the night were gone. The dreary, dreary day was before her, and she shrank from the events which were about to unfold themselves. With aching head and limbs, and with a sorely aching heart, she threw herself on her knees to pray: but the prayers would not come; only the sense of utter helplessness, and an indescribable fear. But even then, Miriam's faith was not quite paralysed.

"No, no," she thought, "it is not so. God does not forget me.—I cannot pray just now, because I am ill, exhausted, fevered. The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak. God is not far from me, though I do not feel his hand upon me now. I will go out into the morning air, and recover myself. Why am I so oppressed with sad presentiments? Even as a father pitieth his own children, so will God have pity upon me, and teach me his will, and guide me in the way I must go."

She went out, and the appointment was kept as we have described. * * *

She returned again to her chamber alone, a prey to contending emotions, and scarcely recognising herself. Fever was in her blood, and disordering her brain. She shut herself up, to think over all that had happened. She fastened the door eagerly, as if dreading intruders on her suffering. Not that she was likely to exhibit any violent outward symptoms of grief. Miriam Grey's nature was deep, reserved, and undemonstrative. She did not fling herself about in

passionate attitudes; she did not fall on her bed, or on the floor, and give vent to floods of passionate tears. There was a still composure in her strongest grief. It was not that she subdued the natural expression of it, but that it was not natural to her to express it. On the present occasion, when she felt herself alone once more, she stood for some minutes in the centre of the room, with pale compressed lips, looking straight forward with her sightless, tearless eyes. She seemed to be trying to recollect what it was that had moved her so. Gently she raised her hand to her forehead—it was burning. The contact seemed to remind her that there might be a physical cause for the disorder of her mind. "I shall be better presently. It will all come right presently." She moved to the washing-stand, and with her usual gentle action, poured out water in a basin, and bathed her face and head. That done, she said to herself,—"Now I must go and rest awhile in the old window-seat, and look out to the sea until I recover myself. Something has gone wrong with me. I will wait patiently. It will pass away."

Again she reclined in the old place, and leaned her head against the stone-work, and the breezes, now warm with sunbeams, played over her face. Passive and full of dim misery she lay. Visions and fragments of memory floated uncontrolled through her brain. Recollections of early childhood—her mother, her earliest home in Germany, the figure and the voice of her old German nurse, Lotte, which she had not thought of for years and years, came upon her now like realities, as palpable as the stone which supported her head. Then they all passed away, and her mind seemed empty—a blank—there was no memory and no speculation in it. How long this state continued she knew not;—hours of bright summer time by the dial—months of oppressive vacuity to her heart. At length a thought passed through her mind like a dagger, and a word burst from her lips, "Married!" "Married!" she repeated again, after a time, and a great tear rolled down her cheek—another and another, and then her very heart seemed to dissolve itself in silent weeping. This was a relief, and when the weeping was ended, she raised her head once more and recollected all that had passed.

"Why is it so strange to me? Did I not always know that he would come back? And he has come back. Did I not say to myself a thousand times, it is impossible that his boyish love can hold? Did I not think of his marriage very often—picture it to myself—dream of it? Was I not familiar with the idea? Why am I so unreasonable? Why weep like a love-sick girl because I find that to be true which I expected would come to pass? It would seem almost as if I loved him with that sort of love which I have ever guarded against. What is this within me? Ought I not to rejoice in David's marriage? Oh, Miriam! Miriam Grey! what is this? Then,—he,—he,—forgot what was due to me. It pleased him to give free scope to a fitting fancy, called up by that old place, and he dared to make me minister to

it. David! David Underwood! you should have died rather. For I am still Miriam Grey, and no light flirting girl, whom you, or any wise man, may amuse yourself with in an idle hour—if such poor amusement be to your taste. In all our best men there is folly: the gold and the clay are so mixed. Even in our David it is so. But to have no more respect for *me*—that indeed is humiliating to us both. And why has he come in disguise? Why entered his angry father's house to deceive? His return should have been so different. Ah! it is all strange—perhaps it is a dream—I have been dreaming much about him of late. Let me rest awhile. I'll think no more. It will all come right presently. God is over all. He will come close to me presently, and show me the meaning of all this, and teach me his will. Away all bad fears. The Underwoods are right. 'The Lord is on my right hand, therefore I shall not fall.' " And while the disquiet fades from her mind, the insidious fever creeps slowly through her veins. The hot sunbeams pour in through the open window: she heeds them not, but lies in a dull heavy slumber for many hours.

CHAPTER X.

BREAKFAST AT THE GRANGE.

THE rat-shooting had been eminently successful, and the shooters were prodigiously hungry.

It wanted ten minutes of eight o'clock, at which hour the breakfast-hell at the Grange was always rung; and by the time the peal died away every person was expected to be seated at the table. Mr. Underwood's rigid punctuality acted like a law of nature in his household; even those who seemed the least held in check by it conformed to it involuntarily. Therefore Jack brought Mr. Bang to the house ten minutes before the bell began to ring, that they might have time to mount to his dormitory, and "make themselves fit to be seen," as the latter gentleman said, though the former doubted the feasibility of the thing in his friend's case; and said so, earning by his candour the epithet "Puppy!" They were radiant and loquacious with the success of their shooting, as they went up the stairs. *Chemin faisant*, they met Philip Ward, very radiant also, but the reverse of loquacious.

"Hulloah!" cried Jack, clapping him on the shoulder, "what are you doing, loafing about here, my *formosus puer*? Waiting for some one, and trying to look as if you were not. Heartily glad to see you, though you were such a fool as not to come after those rats. We've had beautiful sport! Come along, and I will tell you all about it. You've come to breakfast, of course. Leah brought you, did she? Upon my honour! a most sensible thing of Leah! But are you sure she does not want to convert you? Let me remember," he continued, flinging off his shooting jacket, "which of the rats, I mean girls, is it you are spooney about? Rachel? Ah, yes! We noticed last night it was Rachel, didn't we, Bang?"

"Will you hand me over that brush, youngster," said Mr. Bang, "and just keep to subjects you're up to. Stick to the rats, and let the girls alone."

"Well, to oblige you, I'll acknowledge girls *is* rats'-bane to me. What's your opinion of them, Adonis?"

"Of which? the rats?" asked Philip, gently stroking the prettiest budding moustache in the world, and examining it with the gravity of a guardsman.

"No, the girls."

"Which of them?"

"Oh! you're particular, are you?"

"Not in the least, my dear fellow."

"Don't they allow you more soap than this, youngster?"

"It's Rachel's fault. She undertakes to see that my room is in a right condition. I'll blow her up on your account. What are you thinking about, Adonis? you look—Now, just look at him, Bang! Is it poetry? *Have* you been writing an ode?"

"Have you been imbibing alcohol? I can't stand here listening to your sweet voice, and watching Bang comb that sweet hair of his." And Philip lounged to the door, anxious to conceal his eagerness to rush down stairs to Mary. He wanted to say one word to her before they were surrounded by the rest of the household, and before *the Noisies* could get together. He saw that one of them had some inkling of his love, and he knew, from experience, that it would soon spread to the rest. However, he was not particularly bashful, and he flung open the door with a *Hang-it! who's-afraid?* sort of look. As he went down stairs he heard Jack's voice roaring out the following song, to his ineffable contempt and disgust.

"First love is a pretty romance,
But not quite so lasting as reckon'd;
For when we awake from the trance
There's a great stock of bliss in a second."

"Do hold your noise, or I'll annihilate you with a nail-brush!" growled Bang.

Jack went on—

"And e'en should the second subside,
Yet lovers need never despair;
For the world is uncommonly wide,
And the women uncommonly fair."

"What sort of voice do you call yours, my young Bull of Bashan?"—interposed Mr. Bang with a grim smile, such as one would bestow on a baby reuding Bacon,—Jack being nineteen, and having never had the remotest idea of falling in love.

"A bad barytone, at your service, Mr. Critic, for the completion of my song.

"The poets their raptures may tell,
Who never were put to the test—
A first love is all very well,
But believe me the *last* love's the best."

Thank heaven there's the bell, at last!—We are going to have something to eat! Think of it! 'Now could I do such deeds!'—with a knife and fork. Come along!—Let's get down before the governor."

When they entered the room they were struck

with the look of anxiety which seemed to pervade all faces.

"*Father* not get up to breakfast!" exclaimed Jack, made serious in a moment.—"Asleep?—What can be the reason of it?"

"The reason of it is probably that he sat up all night, and is tired," said Mark, taking his father's place at the head of the table, and trying to look unconcerned, for he saw that Mr. Bang was on the alert. Now, Mr. Bang was a lawyer—an agent for neighbouring proprietors—and Mark thought it *might* be as well not to let him suspect that matters were going wrong with his father.

"But Mark! He never did such a thing before in his life," said Jack vehemently.—"What *could* he sit up all night for?"

"That's just what *I* want to know," said Rachel.

"Everything seems to go wrong this morning. I'm sure something is going to happen. There's Leah gone out before I was awake and not come back since. There's Mary been out, too, and won't tell—"

"Suppose we sit down and begin breakfast," said Martha; "Father would not like us to wait."

"Shall I go and see if he would like to take anything?" asked Jack, upon whom the fact of his father being in bed at that hour produced a great effect.

"My dear," said Martha, gently but sadly, "he is fast asleep—he is not well—he had better not be disturbed."

"Oh, nothing of any consequence, I apprehend," said Mark, in reply to Mr. Bang's inquiry, whether the news his father had heard from the Strange Gentleman the evening before, was likely to have disturbed Mr. Underwood.

"Oh! here comes Nanny Post," exclaimed Rachel, running to the open window; "I suppose she has got letters for somebody."

"That's not unlikely, my dear," said Jack with his mouth full of ham, "since it is her business to carry letters for everybody."

"Good morning Nanny," said Martha, turning round and speaking in a kind tone to some one in the garden.

Nanny Post was a *character* in Milford, and deserves a few words of description from any one who attempts to tell a story about the inhabitants of that remote and self-satisfied village. Nanny's real name was Jennima Sharp, but she was called *Post* because she carried the letters of Milford to and from the neighbouring post-town; and *Nanny*, because her predecessors from time immemorial had been called by that name. Nanny was a widow of about fifty—short, thin, bony and alert; quick-eyed, quick-footed, and quick-tongued. She knew everybody's business, but only troubled her head with her own. And her business, properly so called, consisted of two branches, carrying the letters, and keeping her only son at home. *Jemmy Sharp* was a ploughman to Mr. Underwood; he had one idea in his head, which one idea his mother was bent on eradicating. It was

an idea that if he listed for a soldier he should be better off than if he stayed to plough fields in Milford. He had already enlisted twice, and been got off by the friendly interference of Mr. Underwood. Besides Jemmy, Nanny Post had one other object of domestic solicitude, to wit, her donkey, Bob. Bob carried her to the post and back again three days in the week. Bob was a beast of preter asinine sagacity, he knew when to stop and when to go on, which is more than can be said for some human creatures. Bob had stopped, as usual, of his own accord, at the front gate of the Grange, and Nanny had jumped down with a bag of letters in her hand, and was searching diligently therein for the Underwood packet, as she walked up to the house. On hearing Martha's voice and seeing Rachel's good-humoured face, she trotted up to the window, (*ah*, not Bob,) and said,—

"Well, and how be ye all this blithe morning? That's well! But I don't see the master. In bed! Na! na! Miss Rachel, *that* won't do. I know well enough where he's away too. Well, may be I'd best hold my tongue. Thank ye, I don't mind if I do take a sup of ale and a snack of bread and cheese. Coffee! Bless your heart! I never takes none of them French kickshaws. Ay! ay! I'll sit down. No chair; the winder will suit me best. Oh! never fear. Bob's as sensible as a Christian. He would'n't start off from now till fair-time, unless I wanted it. He knows my mind, does Bob. Ah! while the ale's a coming, I may as well see to the letters."

"Oh! I'm seeing to them, Nanny," said Rachel, "I declare they seem all for us. Every one seems directed *Underwood*."

"Like enough, lassie, like enough!" said Nanny. "I ain't looked at one on 'em since I came from the post. But gie me the bag, lassie. I must do what government pays me for doing."

"All the other officers under government don't do that, Nanny," said Mr. Bang. "That's right, my good woman, no sinecures!"

"What a radical you are, surely, sir!" said Nanny, grinning, "mind government does not hear of you, and put you into prison. There's a big letter for you in the bag, I know, and Bob will be as pleased as Punch when I tell him we haven't got to go up yon fell to your house, sir. There!—There it is! —Bang, Esq. Blengarth Lodge, Blengarth Fell, Milford."

Mr. Bang took his letter eagerly, and although Rachel was looking at him all the time, he was soon absorbed in reading it. In the meantime Nanny Post was adjusting her spectacles to examine the directions, and then taking the letters carefully out of the bag and laying them out upon her lap. Jack, Mary, Philip, and Rachel left the table and clustered round the good woman.

"That's for father," cried Jack, seizing a formidable looking one, and then reading the inscription on the seal aloud,—"London and ——— Grand Junction Railway Company."

He read it so loud that Mr. Bang could not help looking up for a moment from his own letter.

"Jack," said his brother Mark, "I thought you piqued yourself on being a gentleman. I've heard that it is not thought gentlemanly to examine the addresses and seals of other people's letters."

"Why, it's his own father's," said Philip; "I don't see much harm in that."

"But father would, though," said Mary, "and so should I. I should never like the addresses of *my* letters to be looked at by any one."

"Gideon Underwood, Yeoman, Milford." That comes from Castledown," observed Nanny.—"Who is this for? 'Mr. Underwood.'—No,—'*Mrs.* Underwood, care of Sir Ralph Grey, Bart., Torrington Hall.' —Underwood!—Is *her* name Underwood?" said Nanny, as if talking to herself.

"Who is she?" asked Rachel, with some curiosity.

"Why it's a lady staying there, with two or three children. They say her husband is a great man. He's book-learned; and has been in foreign parts and has talked many a time with the king on his throne."

"A great man, named *Underwood*!" exclaimed Rachel and Mary,—"*What* is he like? Have you seen him?"

"Not I," said the woman, spelling out another direction, "'Mr. Mark Underwood,—Grange Farm, Milford.' That's for you, Mr. Mark, and may it bring you good news. Now, here's a wee bit of a thing: who would think of sending *that* by post. That's come from abroad, I should say."

"From Leipzig, I can see the post-mark from here," said Philip,—"*How* is it addressed?"

"To the Doctor Underwood—Vicarage, Milford, —shire, England."

"That must be the Strange Gentleman!" cried out every one. "Let us look at the address, Nanny!"

"Oh! there are plenty more like it," said Nanny, turning out the contents of the bag into her lap. "Nearly all these letters are directed to Underwoods of one kind or another.—Oh! no; there's one to Philip Ward, Esquire."

"Let me help you," said Martha, who had left her place in her eagerness to hear the news.

"Mrs. Underwood, Torrington Hall.'—'Sir Ralph Grey, Torrington Hall.'—'Dr. Underwood, Torrington Hall.'—'Dr. David Underwood,'—"

"Hush! hush! There's some one coming," said Mary timidly.

"It's only Leah!" said Jack.

But he proved to be wrong. Leah was accompanied by Mr. Crypt and—

"The Strange Gentleman himself, by all that's incomprehensible!" exclaimed Mr. Bang, as he caught sight of him standing beside Leah, in the garden.

"Where have you been all this time?" asked Martha of Leah.

"We went to meet Nanny. These gentlemen wanted their letters early. We stopped with Mr. Crypt at old Dame Withers' cottage. We took this gentleman inside that he might see a specimen of what English cottages used to be in the beautiful old

times, and while we went inside Nanny must have gone by."

"Have you any letters addressed to the Vicarage?" inquired David.

"Yes, a power of 'em, sir. Here is one, the address is—"

"Never mind the address, my good woman. Here, give me all those letters, and let me take mine." Thus speaking, he seized on all the letters from Nanny's lap, passed them rapidly through his fingers like a hand of cards, gave a glance at each, put one by one into his pocket, till he had only three remaining, one of which was for Mr. Crypt, and the other two for Mr. Underwood. These he gave back to her immediately.

"Will you walk in and take breakfast?" asked Martha.

"No, I thank you. I am waited for at the Vicarage. But I will just say 'how do you do.' Your father not down yet? Is he, perchance, indisposed?"

"Not seriously, I hope; but I own we are anxious about him. He sat up very late last night."

"If you will allow me, I will see him, Miss Underwood. I am a physician. I think I can administer something that will speedily restore him to health."

"Thank you, sir. He is asleep now," said Martha.

"No, hark! that is his step over head. He is getting up. I may go and see how he gets on now," said Jack, eagerly. "may'nt I, Martha?"

"Certainly! He will be glad to see you."

"Now then, Nanny! look sharp!" cried Jack, "give me all father's letters."

"And perhaps, young sir," said the Strange Gentleman, "you will give your father this little note from me, and say I'm waiting here in hopes of seeing him."

After Jack had disappeared, all eyes turned on the Strange Gentleman. Even those persons who had letters in their hands looked from them to him as if they were *visiting* a passport. He was looking intently at a portrait of the late Mrs. Underwood which hung over the mantel-piece. Somehow, no one seemed to have much appetite for breakfast; and yet, as our readers know, they had most of them been early risers. They seemed to be expecting something. If they expected Mr. Underwood to come down, they were doomed to disappointment.

(To be continued.)

CARLYLE'S LIFE OF STERLING.¹

DURING the fall of the past year this beautiful tribute to the memory of his deceased friend was published by one of the greatest men in the country. Because he is one of the greatest men in the country, and because the book has been much abused as well as much praised, the general public are curious to know what manner of man was this friend on whom he has bestowed a Biography, and thus the first edition is already exhausted. Probably the

(1) "The Life of John Sterling. By Thomas Carlyle." Chapman and Hall. Piccadilly.

abuse, more than the praise, has furthered the sale of the book, and in this way it has been a public benefit. For, much as we desire to get foolish and bad books out of the way, still more do we desire to see good books—books stamped with true genius, lying in every one's way. The new "Life of Sterling" is full of genius from beginning to end, though written in "a very swift and immediate" style, as its author says. In addition to that, it is one of the best biographies ever written—the very flower and model of biographical writing. Not giving you a catalogue *raisonné* of the man's qualities and mental possessions, and a dry husky narrative of the events of his life,—which is all that most biographers do for their subject; but giving you the very spirit of the life itself, so that the real man lives before you, instead of being dissected. Comparisons may be odious, but they are elucidative also. If any candid competent reader will compare this swiftly-written compact and brief "Life of John Sterling," with other biographies sent forth during the last twenty years or so, they will find some light thrown on the question, "what a biography ought and ought not to be." Take up the voluminous lives of Byron, Southey, the Duke of Wellington, Dr. Chalmers, not to mention others lacking the merit which these have, and see how ineffectual they are as representations of the men,—how tedious, how devoid of what the intelligent reader most desires to know; how utterly unlike the brilliant, lifelike, artistic picture which Carlyle has given us of his friend! The face and figure smile out from the canvas, making the hearts that knew and loved him in life beat high with a sort of melancholy delight as they contemplate the picture; while those who knew him only by hearsay, and even those who never heard of him till now, are struck by a certain vital power and truth which seems to temper and direct the artistic skill, and they think within themselves—Ah! that must be an admirable likeness, as well as a noble piece of painting! In short, this book is among biographies, what portraits by Titian, Velasques and Rembrandt are in painting. The "Life of Schiller" is, perhaps, as correct in drawing; but the flesh-tints are not so life-like, so fresh, blooming and incarnadine. They could not be; for Schiller was not to Carlyle the friend that is dearer than a brother, as Sterling was.

His reason for writing this life at all he gives at the commencement of the book, thus:—

"Near seven years ago, a short while before his death, in 1844, John Sterling committed the care of his literary character and printed writings to two friends, Archdeacon Hare and myself. His estimate of the bequest was far from overweening; to few men could the small sum-total of his activities in this world seem more inconsiderable, than in those last solemn days it did to him. He had burnt much; found much unworthy; looking stedfastly into the silent continents of death and eternity, a brave man's judgments about his own sorry work in the field of Time are not apt to be too lenient. But, in fine, here was some portion of his work which the world had already got hold of, and which he could not burn. This, too, since it was not to be abolished and annihilated, but must still for some

time live and act, he wished to be wisely settled, as the rest had been. And so it was left in charge to us, the survivors, to do for it what we judged fittest, if indeed doing nothing did not seem the fittest to us. This message, communicated after his decease, was naturally a sacred one to Mr. Hare and me."

The doing nothing in the matter, it is clear, *did* seem fittest to Mr. Carlyle, but other considerations induced him to agree to the proposition that Archdeacon Hare should write a life of Sterling, and edit a collection of his published papers and remains. His "Life and Remains" we read two years ago, and can testify that it is a careful, affectionate piece of work, saying what the author thought and wished to think of his sometime pupil and much loved friend; but that it is not what Carlyle or any one who knew the whole of Sterling's nature could accept as a true account of him.

The two first chapters are occupied with the childhood and boyhood, and are singularly interesting as indications of the light, and warmth, and tenderness that there is in Carlyle himself.—How he talks of Captain Edward Sterling, "The Thunderer of the 'Times' Newspaper," John's father; of his loving, sensitive, and withal sensible mother; of his migrations and changes; of little John and his brother Anthony,—the only ones left of a numerous young flock,—of the death of those little ones, and its effect on John. Some of the incidental touches here, and indeed throughout the book, awaken thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Then comes the portion of the volume which, to literary persons, must appear the most remarkable and the most debatable: viz.—the Eighth Chapter, entitled "Coleridge." It has surprised many, and disappointed not a few; while every regular Coleridgean—whether a worshipper of the lake-poet and philosopher, or of the Highgate sage—is, of necessity, displeased. They will not accept this representation of their great man. It is a misrepresentation, a caricature—like, and yet the reverse of like. One discerning and judicious friend of ours, competent in all respects to give an opinion on the matter, warns us that we must not receive it "as anything but a delinquency by a hostile hand," that with all its brilliancy this sketch of Coleridge "can only be classed with Leigh Hunt's account of Dante in the stories from the Italian poets," or with Carlyle's own account of operatic music and the ballet just published in the Keepsake for next year. We feel the truth of this to a certain degree, but not to the degree which is the truth to a thorough Coleridgean.

In philosophy, we of the present generation, or generation now presenting itself, are deep debtors to Coleridge. "The Friend," the "Aids to Reflection," "The Constitution of Church and State," "The Literary Remains," the "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit," and the "Biographia Literaria," have had no small influence on us all, either directly or indirectly. He was the greatest thinker of the age, and was necessarily a lord of other minds. We have also sought eagerly for all descriptions of the outward man

—for all accounts of him and his gentle ways and glorious talk. We have reckoned it among the evils of our lot to have lived, though but as a child, in his life-time, and never to have seen "the noticeable man with large grey eyes," or to have listened to the rhythmic ebb and flow of the multitudinous billows of his eloquent talk. We were not prepared to receive readily any disparagement of Coleridge; and on first reading the chapter by Carlyle, of which the following extracts will give some idea, we were disposed to think it must be all wrong, and that from the Carlylean point of view no right conception of Coleridge was to be obtained.

* * * "He distinguished himself to all who ever heard him as at least the most *surprising* talker extant in this world—and to some small minority, by no means to all, the most excellent. The good man, he was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps; and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment.

"Sterling, who assiduously attended him, with profound reverence, and was often with him by himself for a good many months, gives a record of their first colloquy. Their colloquies were numerous, and he had taken note of many; but they are all gone to the fire, except this first, which Mr. Hare has printed, unluckily without date. It contains a number of ingenious, true, and half-true observations, and is, of course, a faithful epitome of the things said; but it gives a small idea of Coleridge's way of talking. This one feature is, perhaps, the most recognisable,—Our interview lasted for three hours, during which he talked two hours and three-quarters." To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, whether you consent or not, can, in the long-run, be exhilarating to no creature, how eloquent soever the flood of utterance that is descending. But if it be withal a confused, unintelligible flood of utterance, threatening to submerge all known landmarks of thought, and drown the world and you! I have heard Coleridge talk, with eager musical energy, two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist, and communicate no meaning whatsoever to any individual of his hearers—certain of whom, I for one, still kept eagerly listening in hope; the most had long before given up, and formed (if the room were large enough) secondary humming groups of their own.

"He had knowledge about many things and topics—much curious reading; but, generally, all topics led him, after a pass or two, into the high seas of theosophic philosophy, the hazy infinitude of Kantian transcendentalism, with its 'sum-m-jects' and 'om-m-jects.' Sad enough, for with such indolent impatience of the claims and ignominies of others, he had not the least talent for explaining this or anything unknown to them; and you swam and flutered in the mistiest, wide, unintelligible deluge of things, for the most part in a rather profitless, uncomfortable manner. Glorious islets, too, I have seen rise out of the haze; but they were few, and soon swallowed in the general element again. Balmey, sunny islets, islets of the blest and the intelligible; on which occasions those secondary humming groups would all cease humming, and hang breathless upon the eloquent words, till once your islet got wrapt in the mist again, and they could recommence humming."

After several times reading and reconsidering the

chapter upon Coleridge, this is what we venture to offer as our opinion. Carlyle did not like the man, had little or no sympathy with that class of mind. With all his care to be just and to guard against his conscious predisposition to judge him severely, he has not altogether succeeded in giving a true account, even in direct statement. He has almost passed over as insignificant what Coleridge has done—actually left the world in printed form. In poetry, he was unrivalled. In a rare union of all the highest qualities of poetry,—creative imagination—spiritual intuition—subtlety, force and maturity of thought—exquisite tenderness and depth of feeling, and the perfection of musical form, no one in his own day could be compared with him. Campbell, Rogers, More, Southey, Scott, and Byron, were far, far below him. Wordsworth not on a par—no, nor Shelley—though he might have been. In our own day, Tennyson possesses all, or nearly all, that Coleridge had. He was emphatically a poet—a great poet, though not a copious writer of poetry. In philosophy, too, justice is not done him here. The logician, metaphysician, bard, dwindles away into a vague disjointed talker of unintelligible transcendentalisms—a mere writer of fair verses in his youth. Intellectually and in matters of faith and opinion, Carlyle is not just to Coleridge,—could not be, perhaps, from the very constitution of his mind. Morally, however, we cannot help thinking (in despite of all reverent loving Coleridgeans) that our author is right, emphatically right. With all humility, as of a small creature looking up to a giant and noting a disproportion, we would say, that Coleridge was morally defective—wanted steadiness and strength of will—did not trouble himself sufficiently about his duties as a man—and that he suffered from neglecting his own axiom, that “the duties which we owe to our own moral being are the grounds and condition of all other duties.” The strong, upright, brave, and just Carlyle, with no personal tenderness towards the man to soften his judgment, speaks out honestly, and, as we said before, *justly*, to our thinking on the subject. Therefore is it that this chapter has caused us so much pain—we could not avoid thinking that there is much truth in it.

Our readers will be glad to see the following letter from Sterling to his son, a boy of fourteen, then studying in London in the house of his uncle, the now celebrated Frederick Maurice. It has a grave tone in it, as if a presentiment of his own speedy death oppressed the writer. It must be very precious to the receiver now.

“You may suppose that my thoughts often move towards you, and that I fancy what you may be doing in the great city—the greatest on earth—where I spent so many years of my life. I first saw London when I was eight or nine years old, and then lived in or near it for the whole of the next ten, and more there than anywhere else for seven years longer. Since then I have hardly ever been a year without seeing the place, and have often lived in it for a considerable time. There I grew from childhood to be a man. My little brothers and sisters, and, since, my mother, died and are buried there. There I first saw your mamma, and there mar-

ried. It seems as if, in some strange way, London were a part of me, or I of London. I think of it often, not as full of noise and dust and confusion, but as something silent, grand and everlasting. When I fancy how you are walking in the same streets, and moving along the same river that I used to watch so intently, as if in a dream, when younger than you are, I could gladly burst into tears, not of grief, but with a feeling that there is no name for. Everything is so wonderful, great, and holy, so sad and yet not bitter, so full of death and so bordering on heaven. Can you understand anything of this? If you can, you will begin to know what a serious matter our life is; how unworthy and stupid it is to trifle it away without heed; what a wretched, insignificant, worthless creature any one comes to be, who does not, as soon as possible, bend his whole strength, as in stringing a stiff bow, to doing whatever task lies first before him.”

The following scraps extracted from letters are doubtless read with melancholy interest by the persons mentioned:—

“Of other persons whom I saw in London, there are several that would much interest you—though I missed Tennyson by a mere chance. John Mill has completely finished and sent to the bookseller his great work on Logic; the labour of many years of a singularly subtle, patient and comprehensive mind. It will be our chief speculative monument of this age. Mill and I could not meet above two or three times; but it was with the openness and freshness of schoolboy friends, though our friendship only dates from the manhood of both.

“I got hold of the two first numbers of the ‘Hogarty Diamond,’ and read them with extreme delight. What is there better in Fielding or Goldsmith? The man is a true genius, and with quiet and comfort might produce masterpieces that would last as long as any we have, and delight millions of unborn readers. There is more truth and nature in one of these papers than in all —’s Novels put together.”

Carlyle adds—

“Thackeray, always a close friend of the Sterling house, will observe that this is dated 1841, not 1851, and have his own reflections on the matter!

“Owen is a first-rate comparative anatomist, they say the greatest since Cuvier; lives in London and lectures there. On the whole, he interested me more than any of them, by an apparent force and downrightness of mind, combined with simplicity and frankness.

“Milnes spent last Sunday with me at Clifton; and was very amusing and cordial. It is impossible for those who know him well not to like him.”

Carlyle adds—

“The ‘Milnes’ is our excellent Richard, whom all men know, and truly whom none can know well without even doing as Sterling says.”

Sterling was a good letter-writer. We would recommend to the notice of the readers of Carlyle’s “Life” the small penny pamphlet containing twelve of Sterling’s letters to his cousin William Coningham.¹ They contain the free expression of his opinions on several important subjects.

Perhaps, the letter in this book which will touch the reader most deeply by its revelation of the strong and tender friendship between Sterling and Carlyle is the following, the last he wrote to him.

“My dear Carlyle,—For the first time for many months, it seems possible to send you a few words; merely, however, for remembrance and farewell. On higher matters there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any

(1) Published by Olivier, Pall Mall.

thought of fear and with very much of hope. Certainty, indeed, I have none. With regard to you and me I cannot begin to write; having nothing for it but to keep about the lid of those secrets with all the iron weights that are in my power. Towards me it is still more true than towards England, that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you! If I can lend a hand when *you* want, that will not be wanting. It is all very strange, but not one hundredth part so sad as it seems to the standers by. Your wife knows my mind towards her, and will believe it without asseverations.

"Yours to the last,

"JOHN STERLING."

Mr. Carlyle remarks on this—

"It was a bright Sunday morning when this letter came to me; if in the great cathedral of immensity I did no worship that day, the fault surely was my own. Sterling affectionately refused to see me; which also was kind and wise. And four days before his death there are some stanzas of verse for me, written as if, in star-fire and immortal tears; which are among my sacred possessions, to be kept for myself alone."

All those persons who are in the habit of regarding Carlyle as a strong, violent man, without gentle impulses and soft warm sympathies, should read this *Life of Sterling*. He makes no moan for the loss of his friend; but this book is a sort of "In Memoriam" in accordance with his nature, as that of Tennyson is with his. The grief is felt here, not heard. Steadily he proceeds with the account of his bright, eloquent, eager-souled, graceful Sterling, the loved of all hearts, through his stages of consumption, the spirit wearing out the frail body and living till the last moment in thought and action.

Sterling's personal appearance must have been wonderfully emblematic of his character. It is thus described:—

"Sterling was of rather slim but of well-boned wiry figure; perhaps an inch or two from six feet in height, of blonde complexion without colour, yet not pale or sickly, dark blonde hair, copious enough, which he usually wore short. The general aspect of him indicated freedom, perfect spontaneity, with a certain careless, natural grace. In his apparel, you could notice he affected dim colours, easy shapes, cleanly always, yet even in this not fastidious or conspicuous; he sat or stood, oftenest in loose sloping postures, walked with long strides, body carelessly bent, head flung eagerly forward, right-hand perhaps grasping a cane, and rather by the middle to swing it, than by the end to use it otherwise. An attitude of frank, cheerful impetuosity, of hopeful speed and alacrity, which indeed his physiognomy, on all sides of it, offered as the chief expression. Alacrity, velocity, joyous ardour dwelt in the eyes too, which were of brownish grey, full of bright, kindly life, rapid and frank rather than deep or strong. A smile, half of kindly impatience, half of real mirth, often sat on his face. The head was long, high over the vertex, in the brow of fair breadth, but not high for such a man.

"There is no portrait of him which tolerably resembles. The miniature medallion, of which Mr. Hare has given an engraving, offers us, with no great truth in physical details, one, and not the best, superficial expression of his face, as if that, with vacuity, had been what the face contained; and even that Mr. Hare's engraver has disfigured into the nearly or the utterly irreconcilable. Two pencil sketches, which no artist could approve of,—hasty sketches done in some social hour—one by his friend Spedding, one by Banim the novelist, whom he slightly knew and had been kind

to, tell a much truer story so far as they go. Of these his brother has engravings; but these also I must suppress, as inadequate for strangers."

If the world did not need a *Life of Sterling*,—if it could well do without knowing exactly what *he* was, it could not do so well without knowing what *Carlyle* is. Nothing that he has yet published shows the gentle side of his nature so well—not even "The Sartor." His relations with the Sterling family appeal to all parts of our nature. Think of little Charlotte Sterling running to Carlyle to put on her doll's shoes for her—and getting the feat successfully performed;—and then reflect on the perfect way in which the whole biography is done—never overdone—or slurred. The image of John Sterling as he appeared in life to his friend, appears to us. With all his errors, and short-comings, and impediments to the attainment of greatness—he is still a true brave man with a noble lofty nature:—

"Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

PARIS IN 1851.

"All my Eye," the title under which this book was first announced, and which excited in the minds of the reading public considerable interest, appears in publication to have given place to another more characteristic and less slangy title. It is well called a *Faggot of French Sticks*, as it consists of nothing more than sketches of what every visitor to Paris can see if he will, and yet even the half of which few ordinary travellers or excursionists think worth visiting. The general impressions we carry away from Paris are full of life and gaiety, theatres and amusements of all kinds being mostly the sources whence they are derived; and few are aware of the existence of the various charitable establishments and other institutions which are here described. As our author informs us, it was his first visit to the French capital for nearly forty years, and it is to the vivid impressions produced upon his mind, of the comparison of Paris in 1851, with Paris as he knew it when an officer on duty in the British army, in the eventful year 1815, that we are indebted for these entertaining volumes. The last revolution of December 2, which took place while the book must have been passing through its final stages, can have effected few alterations in the originals of the slight but masterly series of sketches Sir Francis Head has chosen for his subject: although amusing, and interesting enough, little is said about the objects of interest and places of amusement usually first visited by strangers, and which our author's bodily infirmities and ill health prevented him from enjoying. Charities, public institutions of all kinds, and private establishments of various sorts, together with a few short notices of some places which have been already "done" to death by enthusiastic tourists of every age and condition, make up a couple

(1) "A Faggot of French Sticks. By the Author of 'Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau.'" 2 vols. Murray.

of entertaining, somewhat instructive, and very readable volumes. In places there are too evident marks of book-making, but we think that the samples we propose to give will show that there is much to atone for occasional dullness, or rather, perhaps, flagging interest.

Without any regard to order in the choice of our subjects, let us first look at his description of a Crèche, a species of establishment entirely unknown to Londoners, but of which we know there are several in Manchester, and believe that they are to be found in other English manufacturing towns, where female labour is largely required. La Crèche is simply a receiving-house for babies, where they can be sent by their mothers to be well taken care of during the day, so that their ordinary daily avocations are not interrupted by the necessity of attending to their baby, during the few months of helpless infancy. It appears that there is one in each of the twelve arrondissements of Paris, subject to the following regulations:—

- "1. That the mother be poor.
- "2. That she works out of her own house.
- "3. That she conducts herself well.
- "4. That her infant is not sick.
- "5. That it has been vaccinated.
- "6. That its age does not exceed two years."

Sir Francis now goes on to describe the internal arrangements, and much of his description we think worthy of notice:—

"Every crèche is open daily from half-past five in the morning till half-past eight at night, excepting fête-days, for the reception of all who have been recommended by the ladies vice-presidents, and whose infants have been examined by one of the physicians of the crèche. The mother is required to bring her child in a clean state, to furnish linen for the day, and, if she can afford it, to pay twenty centimes (2d.) per diem for its management. She is required to suckle the babe when she brings it; to come and repeat the operation twice during the day, and again at night, when she takes the thing ('la creatura') away; for under no circumstances is it permitted to remain all night in the crèche.

"The kind sister, having very good-humouredly explained to me these preliminaries, conducted me into room No. 1, in the centre of which there was what she called a 'pouponnière,' or pound, in which those little errant infants that can stand are allowed to scramble round a small circular enclosure, composed of a rail, just high enough for them to hold. Within it were seven or eight, all dressed in red caps, little blue frocks, covered with white spots, and very clean white pinafores, in winter exchanged for coloured ones with sleeves. Every child on its arrival in the morning is stripped of its own clothes, which are hung up in a closet, and instead thereof, it wears throughout the day the costume, or, as my *sœur* termed it, 'l'uniforme de la crèche,' as described. At night it is again washed and re-dressed in its own clothes.

"Around the pouponnière, against the walls of the room, there stood, shaded by white curtains, fourteen little iron bedsteads, two feet eight inches high, on

each of which was appended a black plate of iron, bearing, in white letters, the name of the charitable person who had given it (the bedstead, not the baby) to the crèche. The bedding consists of two clean mattresses, both filled with oat-chaff, a soft white pillow, blankets, but no sheets.

"In every one of these cradle bedsteads, in each of the three rooms, I found, as, in passing along with the *sœur*, I peeped into it, an infant in a pink cap, fast asleep. One, as I gently withdrew its curtains, suddenly twisted round, as if I had stuck a long pin through it. Another lay quite exhausted, with its little toothless mouth wide open, and with a fly on its nose. One had flushed cheeks, like roses. Another, only twenty-five days old, looked flabby, and breathed very quickly. Another was sleeping with a fist on its left eye. Another had his right arm extended, with its tiny empty hand wide open. Some were lying on their sides, some on their backs. One, with its eyes open, was sucking the whole of its hand. Another was crumpled up with its head under the clothes, and its little wrong end on the pillow. One slept with its elbow up; one, with its hand under its cap, was pinching and pulling at its own ear. Of one nothing was to be seen but the back of its pink nightcap.

"In each room, close to the windows, which were all wide open, stood a row of white basins, with two small sponges in each. In the middle of the room hung a thermometer. Outside the windows of the three chambers, in a balcony thirty feet long, and four feet broad, covered with a chequered awning, and wired at the sides, I found a number of infants in 'uniforme,' enjoying the fresh air.

"As we were walking through the establishment, I observed, attending to the children, three or four young women, dressed in blue gowns, with white handkerchiefs covering their heads, and ending in a corner down their backs. Each of these 'berceuses' is required to take charge of six infants not weaned, or twelve that are weaned, or twenty that can eat and run alone. The youngest, besides the natural nourishment their mothers are required to give to them, are kept quiet (*i. e.* full) during the day by means of what the *sœur* called a 'bibéron,' Anglice, a bottle with a zinc top. The weaned are collected together into a pouponnière, where they are fed with soup and bread.

"Among a long list of very sensible regulations, by which the crèches of Paris are conducted, and which the *sœur* was good enough to explain to me, the following are submitted for the consideration, not only of such of my young readers as may lately have happened to set up a baby, but of any one who secretly believes that some of these days he, she, or both, may perhaps have one, or possibly two:—

- "No flowers are admitted into the crèche.
- "No bonbons, no cakes, no painted toys to suck.
- "The curtains of cradles should never be entirely closed.

"Every baby should enjoy 'pieds chauds, ventre libre, tête fraîche.'

"It should never be lifted by one arm.

"It should be caressed, but—(the following regulation applies only to the *baby*)—seldom kissed.

"It should not be awakened when asleep.

"It should be seldom scolded—never beaten.

"If an infant begins to squall, the best way to quiet it, 'calmer ses cris,' is to play to it gently on an accordion.

"Lastly, its mother, however poor, should teach it 'à être aimable, aimant, poli, bon, reconnaissant.'"

We cordially agree with the author, in recommending the nursery regulations to domestic use in England.

The account of a visit to the poor of Paris, undertaken by Sir Francis Head and Lord Ashley, gives a different idea of their state, to that which we had formed in our own mind. After visiting some of the poorest localities, they came to the conclusion, that although the sanitary state of Paris is known to be far worse than that of London, still there is none of that utter destitution, and recklessness of personal appearance and decency, so often found among the poor English. They found an amount of "clean-shirtedness," and fancy in dress, even in the worst neighbourhoods, the imitation of which would vastly improve the appearance of the same class in London. While talking of sanitary arrangements, let us make an extract of his visit to the "Abattoir des Cochons," into which he is admitted, with the usual French politeness, on the mere plea of being a stranger, and under the guidance of the *chêf* perambulates the building:—

"As we were walking along, I asked him to be so good as to explain to me what was the foundation of his establishment. As if I had touched a vital point, he immediately stopped dead short, looked me full in the face, and with great dignity briefly explained to me, in the following words, the axiom or principle of the whole concern:—'Monsieur,' said he, 'personne n'a le droit de tuer un cochon en Paris!'

"Said I to myself, 'How I wish that sentence were written in gold on our London Mansion House!'

"We now reached a long building, one story high, not at all unlike a set of hunting stables; and on door No. 1 being opened, I saw before me a chamber ventilated like a brewhouse, with a window at each end, and paved with flagstones, the further half of which was covered with a thick stratum of straw, as sweet, clean, and unstained, as if it had just come from the flail of the thrasher. Upon this wholesome bed there lay extended, fast asleep, two enormous white hogs, evidently too fat even to dream. They belonged to no political party; had no wants, no cares, no thoughts; no more idea of to-morrow than if they had been dead, smoked, and salted. I never before had an opportunity of seeing any of their species so clearly; for, in England, if, with bended back and bent knees, an inquisitive man goes to look into that little low dormitory called a sty, the animal, if lean, with a noise between a bark and a grunt, will probably jump over him; or if fat, he lies so covered up, that the intruder

has no space to contemplate him; whereas, if the two pigs lying before me had been in my own study, I could not have seen them to greater advantage.

"Without disturbing them, my conductor closed the door, and we then entered Nos. 2, 3, and 4, which I found to be equally clean, and in which were lying, in different attitudes, pigs of various sizes, all placidly enjoying the sort of apoplectic slumber I have described. My conductor would kindly have opened the remainder of the doors, but as I had seen sufficient to teach me what in England will be discredited, namely, that it is possible to have a pigsty without any disagreeable smell, I begged him not to trouble himself by doing so; and he accordingly was conducting me across the open square, when I met several men, each wheeling in a barrow a large jet-black dead pig, the skin of which appeared to be slightly mottled in circles. As they passed me, there passed also a slight whiff of smoke; and I was on the point of asking a few questions on the subject, when I found myself within the great slaughter-house of the establishment, a large barn, the walls and roof of which were as black as soot. The inside of the door, also black, was lined with iron. The floor was covered for several inches with burnt black straw, and upon it lay, here and there, a large black lump, of the shape of a huge hog, which it really was, covered over with the ashes of the straw that had just been used to burn his coat from his body.

"In vain I looked beneath my feet and around me to discover the exact spots where all this murder had been committed; but nowhere could I discover a pool, slop, or the smallest vestige of blood, or anything at all resembling it. In short, the whole floor was nothing but a mass of dry, crisp, black, charred remains of burnt straw. It was certainly an odd-looking place; but no one could have guessed it to be a slaughter-house.

"There was another mystery to be accounted for.

In England, when anybody in one's little village, from the worthy rector at the top of the hill, down to the little ale-house keeper at the bottom, kills a pig, the animal, who has no idea of 'letting concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey on his damask cheek,' invariably explains, *seriatim*, to every person in the parish—dissenters and all—not only the transaction, but every circumstance relating to it; and, accordingly, whether you are very busily writing, reading, thinking, or talking about nothing at all to ladies in bonnets, sitting on your sofa to pay you a morning visit, *you* know, and *they* know perfectly well—though it is not deemed at all fashionable to notice it—the beginning, middle, and end, in short, the whole progress of the deed; for, first of all, a little petulant noise proclaims that somebody somewhere is trying to catch a pig; then the animal begins, all at once, with the utmost force of his lungs, to squall out, 'They have caught me;—they are pulling at me;—they are trying to trip me up;—a fellow is kneeling upon me;—they are going to make what they call pork of me. O dear! they have done for me!' (the sound gets weaker;)

'I feel exceedingly unwell;—I'm getting faint;—fainter—fainter still;—I shan't be able to squall much longer!' (a long pause.) 'This very long little squall is my last;—'tis all over,—I am dying—I'm dying—I'm dying—I'm dead!'

"Now, during the short period I had been in the establishment, all the pigs before me had been killed; and although I had come for no other earthly purpose but to look and listen—although, ever since I had entered the gate, I had, to confess the truth, expected to hear a squall;—was surprised I had not heard one;—and was not only ready, but really anxious, with the fidelity of a short-hand writer, to have inserted in my notebook, in two lines of treble and bass, the smallest quaver, or demi-semiquaver, that should reach my ears, yet I had not heard the slightest sound of discontent! However, while I was engrossed with these serious reflections, I heard some footsteps outside; a man within opened the door slightly, and through the aperture, in trotted, looking a little wild, a large loose pig, whose white, clean, delicate skin, physically as well as morally, formed a striking contrast with the black ruins around him.

"In a few seconds he stopped; put his snout down to the charred ground to smell it; did not seem to like it at all; looked around him; then, one after another, at the superintendent, at me, and at three men in blouses; appeared mistrustful of us all; and not knowing which of us to dislike most, stood, as if to keep us all at bay. No sooner, however, had he assumed this theatrical attitude, than a man, who, with his eyes fixed upon him, had been holding in both hands the extremity of a long, thin-handled, round, wooden mallet, walked up to him from behind, and, striking one blow on his forehead, the animal, without making the smallest noise, rolled over on the black charred dust, senseless, and, excepting a slight convulsive kick of his upper hind leg, motionless. Two assistants immediately stepped forward, one with a knife in his hand, the other with a sort of iron frying-pan, which he put under the pig's neck; his throat was then cut; not a drop of blood was spilled; but as soon as it had completely ceased to flow, it was poured from the frying-pan into a pail, where it was stirred by a stick, which caused it to remain fluid.

"Leaving the poor animal to be singed by a portion of the heap of white straw in a far corner, I followed the men who, with their barrows, had come again for one of the black corpses lying on the ground, into a large, light, airy building, as high as a church, as clean as a dairy, and with windows and doors on all sides. In the centre was a beautiful fountain playing, with water-cocks all round the walls. By this ample supply, proceeding from two large reservoirs, by steam-power maintained constantly full, the flagstones were kept perfectly clean, and were consequently, when I entered, as wet as a washhouse.

"As fast as the black pigs were wheeled in, they were, by a running crane, lifted by the hind legs, until they appeared suspended in rows. Their insides were here taken out, and carried to a set of large

stone tables, where, by the assistance of the water-cocks and fountain, they were not only cleaned, but became the property or perquisite of the cleaners. Their bodies were then scraped, until they became dead white, in which state, to the number of about 300 per week, they are restored at night to their respective proprietors in Paris.

"By the arrangements I have described, conducted by one receiver of the 'droits d'octroi' (my friend), four surveillants, or foremen, and the necessary quantity of slaughterers, wheelers, cleaners, and scrapers, the poor animals, instead of being maltreated, half frightened to death, and then inhumanly killed;—instead of inflicting upon all classes the sounds and demoralizing sight of a pig's death;—instead of contaminating the air of a metropolis;—undergo the treatment I have described, for the knowledge of which I am deeply indebted to the politeness of him who so justly expounded to me the meaning of that golden law—

'PERSONNE N'A LE DROIT DE TUER UN COCHON EN PARIS!'

We hope the reader will not think this extract too long: our zeal for the improvement of the court of Common Council was too great to admit of our omitting a single line. We commend it to their special study and imitation.

The chapter devoted to the police of Paris shows a state of vigilant watchfulness over individuals of which, happily, we have no idea in London, and yet, let France be governed by emperor, king, president, or Republic, this terrible system is considered by each and all of them necessary for the public welfare. The following instance is curious, if nothing else:—

"Every one of the twelve arrondissements of Paris is subdivided into four 'quartiers,' or sections, each superintended by a 'Commissaire de Police,' who, in his bureau, in the centre of his district, is, in fact, the efficient head of the police; and yet, although every person looks only to his own commissaire, and although of the 'préfet de police' it may truly be said or sung, 'Oh no, we never mention him,' yet all the departments I have enumerated, under his sole direction, not only work independently, but harmoniously interlace together, playing into each other's hands, giving to each other every information in their power, and even arresting for each other any one whom, in the prosecution of their own duties, they may observe infringing upon the regulation of any other department in the several services to which they belong; in short, every one acts, not only for his own district, but for all Paris; and thus the eye of the prefecture of police, by night as well as by day, like Shakspeare's Ariel, is here, there, and everywhere; indeed, almost a single anecdote will exemplify its powers. When Caussidière—now in London, and who was condemned with Louis Blanc—was, in February, 1848, made 'Prefect of the Police of Paris,' knowing that he had long been watched, he inquired at the office over which he presided for his own 'dossier.' On reading it, he exclaimed with astonishment, 'Non seulement mes actions, mais mes pensées intimes!'

Our author himself, it seems, received some highly

flattering attentions at the hands of these gentlemen, and for which we hope he was truly grateful.

"You are," said very gravely to me a gentleman in Paris of high station, on whom I had had occasion to call, "a person of some consideration. Your object here is not understood, and you are therefore under the surveillance of the police."

"I asked him what that meant.

"Wherever you go," he replied, "you are followed by an agent of police. When one is tired, he hands you over to another. Whatever you do is known to them; and at this moment there is one waiting in the street until you leave me."

"Although the above sketch, which, on the whole, I believe to be a faithful one, delineates, I am fully aware, a system which in England would be deemed intolerable, and which, indeed, I have not the smallest desire to defend, yet it must also be evident that, on the whole, it is productive of a series of very great benefits to the community."

It would not at all enhance the pleasure of our own annual jaunt of pleasure to know that a police spy was set to watch our every motion, and that seen or unseen there existed so unwelcome a participator in our enjoyment; and we do not at all agree with Sir Francis as to the benefit of such a system.

Paris from the *Arc de Triomphe* is graphically described. We pass over the perils of the ascent, and just accompany our author as he—

"—at last arrived in the fresh, warm, open air, upon an exalted platform 150 feet in length by 23 in breadth, from which there suddenly flashed upon my eyes, or rather upon my mind, one of the most magnificent views I have ever beheld, the characteristic of which was that, like that from the top of the Calton Hill, at Edinburgh, it afforded a panorama of scenery of the most opposite description.

"In front lay before me, towards the east, the broad, straight, macadamized road, boulevard, or, as it is more properly termed, 'avenue,' up which I had just been driven, terminating in the green trees of the gardens of the Tuileries. On each side of this great road there appeared, expressly for foot passengers, a beautiful shaded space, in the middle of which was an asphalt path, broad enough for about six persons to walk abreast. The foot-roads were flanked with pedestrians, the carriage-road spotted with equestrians, military wagons, cabs, public as well as private vehicles, and buses, increasing in size until they passed beneath like toys before the eyes.

"This magnificent arterial thoroughfare, nearly five times the width of St. James's-street in London, nearly bisects Paris, the whole of which, as seen at a single glance, appeared composed of lofty houses of different shades of white (unlike the heads of human beings, the youngest are the whitest), light-blue roofs of zinc or slate, and Venetian windows, bearing silent testimony to the heat of the climate in summer. But what attracted my attention more than the sight of all the objects in detail before me was the striking absence of what in England is invariably the charac-

teristic of every large city or congregation of men—namely, smoke. Here and there a dark stream, slowly arising from the lofty minaret of a steam-engine, reminded me of the existence of commercial life, but with these few exceptions the beautiful clear city before me appeared to be either asleep or dead. During the few minutes I gazed upon the scene, I several times looked attentively at the large stacks of chimneys which rose out of the blue roofs, but, with a few exceptions, not a vestige of smoke was to be seen.

"Of the two portions into which Paris by the triple road described is divided, that on the left—the largest—was bounded by the Hill of Montmartre, upon which, with great pleasure, I observed, at work, apparently the very same four windmills which were always so busily grinding away when I last resided in their vicinity. They had ground wheat for Napoleon, for the Duke of Wellington, for the allied Sovereigns of Europe, for Louis XVIII., for Charles X., for Louis-Philippe, for the leaders of the Red Republicans, and now they were grinding away just as merrily as ever for Prince Louis Napoleon. In fact, whichever way the wind blew, they patriotically worked for the public good. Round the foot of Montmartre there had lately arisen a young city of new white houses.

In the half of Paris on the right of the great triple road, there appeared resting against the clear blue sky the magnificent domes of the Invalides, Pantheon, Val de Grace, and the Observatory. Beneath on each side I looked down upon a mixture of new buildings and of green trees, which, in the advent of May, had just joyously burst into full leaf.

"In contemplating the beauty of Paris from the summit of the Arc de l'Etoile, it is impossible to refrain from remarking that, with the exception of the three domes I have mentioned, no one of which is for the purpose of worship, scarcely a church-looking building is to be seen.

"The view from the opposite or west side of the summit of the Arc forms a striking contrast to the picture of a city as just described. With the exception of the Fort-du-Mont Valérien, on an eminence 580 yards off, the horizon is composed of hills as blue, bleak, and houseless as the highlands of Scotland, which indeed they faintly resemble. Between the fort and the Arc lies prostrate the Bois de Boulogne. I had left it hacked to death by the sabres and hatchets of the troops with whom I had been bivouacked in it. But these unfriendly scars were, I rejoiced to see, all obliterated. A new generation of trees as of men had succeeded, and the large extensive dark-green, but rather cheerless-looking mass, was enlivened only by the old broad pavé, running—as it always has run—as straight as a sergeant's halbert to Neuilly, and at an angle to the left by an equally straight broad macadamized road—the Avenue de St. Cloud."

"From the south side of the platform I looked down upon, or rather into, the uncovered, gay, but

lawdry Hippodrome, the exercises, amusements, and spectators of which can be almost as clearly seen as by a hawk hovering over them. Beyond it appeared a mixture of houses, including Passy, composed of about two-thirds white buildings, and one-third green trees.

"From the foot of the north side of the Arc runs a short pavé of about 200 yards, bounded on each side by houses and trees, which, by a sort of dissolving process, change into green fields, across which were to be seen here and there little picturesque streams of the white steam of the Versailles and Northern Railways, bounded by blue distant hills."

Mrs. Colonel Amelia Bloomer is not entitled to claim all the credit for the invention or even adaptation of the peculiar costume which bears her name. The description of the Vivandière may be read perhaps with profit by ladies who have any tendencies towards the Bloomer mania. We can bear our humble testimony to its elegant appearance, and although perhaps a thought more masculine, it is infinitely more graceful than the "baggy continuations" in which the disciples of the new school of female costume prefer to encase the nether extremities.

"As we were proceeding along the ranks, I was altogether astonished to find, standing immediately on the right of every regiment, in line with the troops, and as immovably erect as themselves, one or two very nice-looking young women, dressed in scarlet regimental trousers, little short white aprons, and neatly-ornamented blue loose frocks. Under each of their left arms they held, supported by a strap that passed diagonally across their breasts, a small barrel, beautifully painted blue, white, and red, from which there protruded a bright silver cock; on their heads sat a tricolour sort of Scotch bonnet. The dress altogether was wildly picturesque; and the contrast between the soft smooth chins, slender hands, and small feet of the wearers, compared with the formal uniforms, dark hairy faces, and rough limbs of the troops, was most striking. They were the 'cantinières' of the different regiments; and being, as in my description of the 'Casernes' I have explained, the only women in the regiment, they are naturally enough petted and adorned in the way I have prescribed."

Sir Francis, we observe, in the course of his rambles never lets an opportunity slip of enforcing the moral he strove to inculcate in his work on "the Defenceless State of England." His allusions to the superior numbers and admirable drilling of the French army as compared with ours, all tend towards the same end; whatever species of military sight passes before him, the conclusion he draws is terrific to Englishmen. The gymnastic exercises of the French troops, he contends, must make the men more active, and their new guns, at the use of which they are so well practised, will tell fearfully upon us in the event of another war. But as our mission is not to preach politics, we will leave Sir Francis to settle the point with those representatives of economy and peace in the House of Commons—Richard Cobden and Joseph Hume: whether such

precautions are taken or not, all we hope is that they may never be needed.

Although visits to the Artesian well at Grenelle have been often written, we hope Sir Francis's will not be unacceptable to our readers.

"Of the water which flows into the large reservoirs enumerated, a considerable portion has, under Providence, been summoned by science to arise from a dark subterranean depth, exceeding, by 100 feet, five times the height of the cross on the summit of St. Paul's church in London!

"Although I was aware that there exists in the locality in which this feat has been performed but little to behold, I felt, on arriving at the gate of Grenelle, that sort of satisfaction which every pilgrim enjoys in reaching the shrine he has long desired to worship. On ringing the bell, the gate was quickly opened by a very young lady in curls; and on my stating I had come—I was so tired that I must have looked as if I had walked from Jerusalem—to see the Artesian well, she replied, with evident satisfaction, that she would be happy to show it to me, and accordingly, without putting on her bonnet, or granting me the smallest opening to remonstrate, she conducted me, tripping by my side, to the foot of a weather-beaten scaffolding, 112 feet high, containing a rude ladder-staircase, and encircling three iron pipes. My first object was to get myself quietly divorced; and as soon as this important measure—which, after all, only cost me a few civil words, two or three bows, and tenpence—was consummated, I enjoyed for some moments reflections which, like the water passing up the central tube before me, arose from beneath the ground on which I stood.

"On the first day of the year 1834, M. Mulot, after having entered into the contract which eventually immortalised his name, commenced the work that had been intrusted to him, of endeavouring to tap the subterranean supply of water which it had been calculated must exist about 1200 feet beneath the dry, deep, rocky strata upon which the gay city of Paris has been constructed.

"During the operation of piercing through successive beds of flint and chalk, the borer several times broke, and the fragment, by dropping to the bottom of the excavation,—deserting as it were to the enemy,—suddenly became the most serious opponent of the power in whose service it had been enlisted. Indeed on the occasion of one of these accidents, it required, at a depth of no less than 1335 feet, fourteen months' incessant labour to recover it!

"After working for rather more than seven years without any apparent encouragement, on or about the 20th February there was drawn up a small amount of greenish-coloured sand, indicating that the borer was approaching water. At two o'clock on the 26th of February, 1841, there arose through the tube a tiny thread of the element which had been the object of such ardent and long-protracted hopes; and the welcome omen of success had scarcely diffused joy and gladness among those who witnessed it, when, as

if the trumpet of victory had been sounded, there arose from a depth of 1800 feet a column of warm water of $83\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ of Fahrenheit, which, bursting through the machinery that had called it into existence, rushed upwards with a fury it appeared to be almost incapable to control.

"The height to which through an iron pipe it rises above the earth is, as has been stated, 112 feet; and thus not only is Paris gifted with an everlasting supply of water, amounting, at the surface, to 660 gallons per minute, and at the summit of the pipe to 316, but the latter quantity, in virtue of its elevation, and in obedience to the laws of hydrostatics, which it is sworn to obey, can be made to ascend to the various floors, including the uppermost, on which, one above another, the inhabitants of Paris reside.

"The concealed tube or passage, through which, by the magic influence of science, this valuable supply of water is now constantly arising from the deep, dark caverns in which it has been collected, into the light-some painted chambers of the most beautiful metropolis on the surface of the globe, has been lined throughout with galvanised iron. Its diameter is, at the bottom, about 7 inches, and at the top 21 inches.

"The water, when I tasted it, was not only warm, but strongly impregnated with iron. As a dog grows savage in proportion to the length of time he has been chained to a barrel, so does the temperature of imprisoned water increase with its subterranean depth; and accordingly it has been calculated by M. Arago and by M. Walleferdin, that the heat of the water of an Artesian well which, previous to the Revolution of 1848, it had been proposed to bore in the Jardin des Plantes to a depth of 3,000 feet (nearly nine times the height of the cross on the top of St. Paul's), would amount to about 100° of Fahrenheit, sufficient not only to cheer the tropical birds and monkeys, the hothouses and greenhouses of the establishment, but to give warm baths to the inhabitants of Paris."

We have thus endeavoured to lay before our readers a few samples of the sticks of which the "faggot" is composed. As a description of Paris it is of no value at all, but as a series of lively daguerrotypes of daily Parisian life, and scenes with which we are not already very familiar, it will be found amply to repay the reader. In the present days of universal education, we would suggest that to add the translation of all the most petty French phrases occurring in the text appears somewhat pedantic and unnecessary. The description of the Great Northern Railway is, perhaps, the best paper in the book, although we have been unable to find an extract which could be used with effect, and the article is far too lengthy for insertion in an entire form. The experience of our own North Western line, which Sir Francis "got up" for the purpose of publication in "Stokers and Pokers," has been of great use to him, and many French customs by which our own railway directors might profit are dwelt upon, as well as those instances in which they might advantageously copy our system. The article on the Paris Post-office, too, is well worthy to rank

beside the famous account of the London Post-office which appeared in Dickens' Household Words. But we have already presumed too much upon our readers, and must perforce abruptly finish, as our space is limited, and moreover we only intended to review the book, and not fill our columns by wholesale with its matter. For further information we refer our inquiring patrons to the neatly-bound volumes themselves: we have derived much pleasure and information from the perusal of them, and we hope to turn what we have read to account when next we visit the French capital; and we will take our leave in saying that we believe there is not another writer in the English language who could have made so lively a work on a field which has been already so well gleaned.

SHORT NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Use of Sunshine. A Christmas Narrative. By S. M.

THOSE who are familiar with "The Story of a Family," "The Maiden Aunt," &c., will be prepared to expect, in any production of the same authoress, a delicate perception of character, and a happy readiness in laying hold of, and delineating, those finer traits which give verisimilitude and individuality, and make her fancy sketches portraits. They will look with certainty for that intense *feeling* of the beauties of natural scenery, which is skilfully conveyed to the reader, and that power of finding in things natural, types and mementos of things spiritual, which gives no small part of its power to charm and instruct to her favourite guide, "The Christian Year;" all being bound together, in one harmonious whole, by high, moral, and definite Christian principle. Some readers will perhaps be taken by surprise, to find, in a young English lady, a power of catching those chamæleon-like tints which characterise our Irish neighbours, and of Daguerrotyping the ever-varying lights and shades of the inmates of a cabin, as if she had been familiar with them from infancy. The "History of Three Christmas-days" constitutes the tale, and the *motif*, or moral, is the "Use of Beauty and Joy."

A young English clergyman, overworked by his exertions among his flock, in one of our Yorkshire manufacturing towns, during a time of fever, is ordered to recruit his strength by quiet and pure air. A charming child-like sister, of seventeen, who has been as his child to him since the early death of their parents, accompanies him to a secluded part of the north of Ireland, on the banks of Lough-Foyle, a place to which they are attracted as having some connexion with a mysterious part of their mother's history, and by a college-friendship of *Horace* with the son of the "principal inhabitant." This friend has gone into voluntary exile in New Zealand, in consequence of offending his father, who is described by *Marion*, after her first glimpse of him, as "having a bright inexorable eye, which looked as if he could, if he had lived hundreds of years before, have walled up a town with his own hands, and been haunted by her

groans afterwards *without minding it*." At present he lives in a lone dilapidated house, having no comfort in this life, nor care nor hope for the future. Horace's wish is to be allowed to act as "Amateur Curate" in this widely-spread parish, where the people are alike neglected by the English and Romish priest; he desires, by showing them the "use of beauty and gladness," by acting as far as possible as the friend of each of his poor neighbours, to bring before them, in a living reality, the *lovingness* of the Church—to show them that all her members are of *one* family; that the various festivals of the Church,—the greater ones, immediately commemorative of our Lord himself, and the others, reminding us of his earliest followers,—are as it were the *birthdays* of spiritual kinsmen; thus forming part of our invisible communion, and binding together the "whole family in heaven and earth." How the refined, methodical Horace is tried by the *Irish* cottage-habits of his flock,—how Marion, his doating sister, by her young feminine enthusiasm, and the love which she soon acquires for the loving grateful hearts around her, who are sure that if "there is a place kept in heaven for the *rare* ladies, she will be among them!"—how they win the affections of the poor by caring for their temporal wants, and when their affection is thus gained, turning it towards their spiritual needs—how their first effort is "to give such a Christmas treat that they shall date from it as an event in their lives"—how this succeeds—how they nurse them through the Cholera—how Mr. Kennedy (the *bad* man, the rich wretch) falls sick, and is tended by them, and comes out of his long trance-like stupor, an altered man, teachable, childlike—how the remains of his stubborn nature are crushed out of him by the discovery of a life-long injustice inflicted on a dead sister—how he resolves, as a thank-offering to God, to build a church in these wilds, where the sinner may be warned, the penitent consoled, and built up in their most holy faith—how Horace is the pastor—that *Brian* Kennedy comes back forgiven—that he and Marion—But we have kept and can keep a secret; only we do believe that everybody lived and died very happy, because they were of those to whom although

"Sweet is the smile of home, the mutual look,
When hearts are of each other sure;
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook,
The haunt of all affections pure;
Yet in the world even these abide, and 'they'
Above the world 'their' calling boast."

KEBLE.

How all this, and much more, came to pass, we hope our readers will soon judge for themselves. They must form acquaintance with Peggy Doherty, an Irish opal, if such a gem exist; no pearl or diamond fitly typifies her vivid, glowing, ever changing character, with a heart of fire irradiating as it glows, and many smaller diamond-sparks. If it be their good fortune, (as we account it such in ourselves,) to open the volume on the dreariest of days, when the fog shuts us in like a wall, deadening all sounds, and

rendering spectral all sights, they will feel the more keenly the pure and warm celestial light, shining inward, but from above, which illumines the writer's mind.

"All through the wintry heaven and chill night air,
In music and in light thou dawnest on our prayer."

On the Study of Words.—Five Lectures addressed to the Pupils of the Diocesan Training School at Winchester. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, B. D.

IF one of old, tired out of all that was under the sun, offered a reward to him who should discover a *new* pleasure, meaning thereby a new aliment of luxury for the "vile body," how should we hail him who opens new avenues and paths of pleasantness, wherein the mind and spirit may wander up and down, drawing in vigour and strength with every intellectual breath, and finding that this access of vigour was not only excited by the new objects of wonder and admiration, but that our old familiar paths shone with flowers and were verdant with grasses, heretofore unobserved or unknown? How should we reward him?—He would be to us as a *friend*, one whose name, though we might never look on his face, would never be heard without a feeling of gratitude and a throb of pleasure. We are mistaken in our present author—he has caused us to mistake his character and motives—if such a reward would not be welcome to him; and if his pages awaken one and excite another, and stimulate the young mind especially, he will have his reward. His object in these five lectures is to take, as it were, the units which make the wealth of "our mother-tongue," as we fondly call it, and show the exact weight and worth of each. He detects and catches the various shades of meaning of each word, tracing its history, its date, its variations of meaning as time creeps on, and men's minds and manners vary, and so their estimation of the things indicated by words vary too. Laying all these together, he shows how a word in its derivation may stamp a historical fact (for instance, our word *Church* having a Greek origin, and being quite dissimilar to the Latin word expressing the same thing, is corroborative evidence of our *Church itself* not having a Roman source at its beginning);—how a declension in the scale of humanity is marked by the word which once was used to express a higher power, having been *forgotten*, only remaining as a tradition with some of their aged men—how our very moral being is benefited by our being cognisant of the exact significance of each word we utter, so that we may neither go beyond nor fall short of the truth. The Fourth Lecture, "On the Distinction of Words," is perhaps the most rich in *suggestion* in the series to all classes of readers. The process of "desynonymizing," or distinguishing between words synonymous in their origin, but by use and custom acquiring each its separate inflection of meaning, is most interestingly wrought out, but too closely for extracting from. We will, therefore, choose the conclusion of this portion of the book, as indicative of the *moral* application of what might at first be considered merely

scholastic instructions; prefacing it by a passage from the introductory lecture:—

"A popular author of our day has somewhere characterised language as 'fossil poetry,'—evidently meaning that just as in some fossil, curious and beautiful shapes of vegetable or animal life, the graceful fern, or the finely vertebrated lizard, such as now, it may be, have been extinct for thousands of years, are permanently bound up in the stone, and rescued from that perishing which would otherwise have been theirs; so in words are beautiful thoughts and images, the imagination and feeling of past ages, of men long since in their graves, of men whose very names have perished, those, which would so easily have perished too, are preserved and made safe for ever . . .

"Language may be, and is, this fossil poetry, but it may be affirmed of it with exactly the same truth, that it is fossil ethics, or fossil history. Words quite as often and as effectually embody facts of history, or convictions of the common moral sense of mankind; even as, so far as that moral sense may be perverted, they will bear witness and keep a record of that perversion . . .

"Language, then, is fossil poetry; in other words, we are not to look for the poetry which a people may possess, only in its poems, or its poetical customs, traditions, and beliefs. Many a single word is also in itself a concentrated poem, having stores of poetical thought and imagery laid up in it. Examine it, and it will be found to rest on some deep analogy of things natural and things spiritual; bringing those to illustrate and to give an abiding form and body to these. The image may have grown trite and ordinary now, perhaps through the help of this very word may have become so entirely the heritage of all, as to seem little better than a common-place; yet not the less he who first discerned the relation, and devised the new word which should express it, or gave to an old, never before but literally used, this new and figurative sense, he was in his degree a poet—a maker, that is, of things which were not before, which would not have existed but for him, or for some other gifted with like powers.

"Let me illustrate that which I have been saying, by the word 'tribulation.' We all know, in a general way, that this word, which occurs not seldom in the Scriptures and in the Liturgy, means affliction, sorrow, anguish; but it is quite worth our while to know how it means this, and to question the word a little closer. It is derived from the Latin *tribulum*, that word signifying the threshing instrument or roller, by which the Romans separated the corn from the husks; and 'tribulation' in its primary significance was the act of this separation. But some Latin writer of the Christian Church appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of a higher truth; and sorrow and distress and adversity being the appointed means of separating in men their chaff from their wheat,—of whatever in them was light and trivial and poor, from the solid and the true,—therefore he called these sorrows and griefs 'tribulations,' threshings, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly garner."—Pp. 4—6.

"Now let us suppose this power of exactly saying what we mean, and neither more nor less than we mean, to be merely an elegant mental accomplishment; it is indeed this, and perhaps there is no power so surely indicative of a high and accurate training of the intellectual faculties. But it is also much more than this, it has a moral meaning as well. It is nearly allied to morality, inasmuch as it is nearly connected with truthfulness. Every man who has himself, in any degree, cared for the truth, and occupied himself in seeking it, is more or less aware how much of the falsehood which is in the world passes current under the concealment of words, how many strifes and controversies,

'Which feed the simple and offend the wise,'

find all, or nearly all their fuel and their nourishment in words, carelessly or dishonestly employed. And when a man has had any actual experience of this fact, and has at all perceived how far this mischief reaches, he is sometimes almost tempted to say with Shakespeare's clown, 'Words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.' He cannot, however, forego their employment, not to say that he will presently perceive, that this falseness of theirs, whereof he accuses them, this cheating power of words, is not of their proper use, but their abuse; that, however they may have been enlisted in the service of lies, they are yet of themselves most true, and that where the bane is, there the antidote should be sought as well. Ask, then, words what they mean, that you may deliver yourselves, that you may help to deliver others, from the tyranny of words, and from the strife of 'word-warriors.' Learn to distinguish between them, for you have the authority of Hooker, that 'the mixture of those things by speech, which by nature are divided, is the mother of all error.' And although I cannot promise you that the study of synonyms, or the acquaintance with derivations, or any other knowledge but the very highest knowledge of all, will deliver you from the temptation to misuse this or any other gift of God, a temptation which always lies so near us, yet I am sure that these studies rightly pursued will do much in leading us to stand in awe of this divine gift of words, and to tremble at the thought of turning it to any other than those worthy ends for which God has endowed us with it."—Pp. 116, 117.

One word on what we should *lose* by adopting the "Phonetic" method of spelling.

"I can conceive no method of so effectually defacing our English tongue, nothing that would go so far to empty it, practically at least and for us, of all the hoarded wit, wisdom, imagination, and history which it contains, as the introduction of this scheme. In innumerable instances, it would obliterate altogether those clear marks of birth and parentage which, if not all, yet so many of our words bear now upon their very fronts, or are ready on a very slight interrogation to declare to us. Words have now an ancestry, and the ancestry of words, as of men, is often a very noble part of them, making them capable of great things, because those from whom they were derived have done great things before them."—Pp. 119, 120.

Ravenscliffe. A Novel, by the Authoress of Emilia Wyndham. 3 vols. 8vo.

WE have the pleasure of announcing to our readers that, in spite of defects, "Ravenscliffe" is a story worthy of the writer of the "Admiral's Daughter." So powerful and affecting a book has not issued from the press for a long time. It is in the skilful contrast of characters and in the equally skilful interweaving of the various parts of the story that some of the secret of its success lies; but the great crowning excellence is the concentrated feeling, the deep passion, the vehement, absorbing, real, and yet romantic struggle which goes on in the minds of Randal Langford of Ravenscliffe and his adored bride Eleanor: he loving her above all things, to the exclusion of all things else; she *loving* him, it is true; but second to another, who is as precious to her as she is to him. She is gentle and weak, bowed down by the tyranny of her worldly mother and brother, and is compelled, out of very shame at the supposed desertion of the man she loves, to accept for husband the man who loves her with his whole heart, and whom she esteems and pities and loves

from the habit of her childhood. The marriage day of these two is one of the finest and most effective pieces of domestic tragedy we have seen for a long time. The only thing which in the least mars its effect, on reflection, (it does not occur to the mind while reading,) is the similarity of position between Eleanor Wharnccliffe and Lucy in the *Bride of Lammermoor*; only the Master of Ravenswood and the Master of Ravenscliffe, in spite of their striking resemblance, play opposite parts: the latter being the unwelcome husband. The passionate and pathetic scenes of "Ravenscliffe" are worthy of the best praise we can give; but what shall we say of the clay which she has allowed to mingle with her gold? for some portions of this book are as much below par as others are above it. The authoress seems to have gone to sleep over some parts, or to have given them to a housemaid to write, they are so stupid and so slovenly. At other times the moral reflections are such as to provoke laughter: they are so very flat and silly. Who, for instance, can read such platitudes as the following in such a book, and not wonder as some people used to wonder about the flies in amber?—

"Not that the things themselves were very rare,
They wondered how the devil they got there."

We certainly did the same on coming across a few things like this:—

"It is lamentable, it is grievous—one of the great evils under the sun—is *perversion of character!!!* In my opinion almost all faulty, almost all criminal characters, are but perverted ones. There is not only the mystery of original sin, for which most are but too ready to look, to be found, but the image of God exists, however defaced, in every one. If in busying ourselves so much in *punishing*, in order to the *correction of faults*, we were to give half our attention to the *discovering and developing of good qualities*, I believe our moral education would produce far less unsatisfactory results than it at present does!!!"

Our authoress does not seem to be in the least aware that she has said something as novel as the French incontrovertible truth, "*Henri Quatre est mort.*" She goes on:—

"We ought to have more faith in human nature. Faith, in itself, moves mountains, and the very confidence in the existence of good qualities would often call them into action."

Very original and fresh, certainly! If Mrs. Marsh would tell stories and avoid moral sentiments—stick to Scheherazade and abjure Joseph Surface—she would be a charming tale-teller. She cannot write a fine style, but she can, if she will, tell a story incomparably well—as she has done now.

The Old Engagement. A Spinster's Story. By JULIA DAY. 1 vol. 8vo.

If the Authoress of this little volume had possessed a judicious friend, privileged to be perfectly frank, (and consequently very disagreeable,) and who, in virtue of that frankness, had whispered into her ear, "*Do not publish.*" Your dialogue, though lively, is often forced, and the machinery by which you move your characters is so visible, that discerning people like your Miss Vaughan and Colonel Estcourt, instead

of being again drawn together by it, would have been bound to assert their free agency, and cast off the ropes (not threads) by which officious friends were seeking to bind them together, and would take refuge, one 'at the centre,' the other, thrice further than 'the utmost pole.'" If a judicious friend had so spoken, we should have been spared the unpleasant office of whispering the same into the ear of *our* friend the public. We own, however, to a secret affection for Dr. Grove, perhaps because he is "the ugliest man in England." There is nothing in the tone or intention of the tale to condemn, and when a little reflection has enabled Miss Day to manage her plot a little more scientifically,—when, like nature, she learns to carry on her works in secret till the "bright consummate flower" bursts on us, we shall be very glad to welcome characters so agreeably sketched as hers in a more skilful grouping.

The Fair Carew; or, Husbands and Wives. A Novel 3 vols. 8vo.

A BOOK full of talent—well written, lively, sensible, with experience and insight into character—but a book that fails to keep up the attention, from the continual introduction of new people and their histories into the main current of the tale. Some of the characters, especially in the Luttrell family, are remarkably well drawn and worked out. On the whole, we are of opinion that the book ought to be more interesting than it is, and the next production of the author will be completely successful.

NOTICE OF ERROR.

IN page 274, volume xiv., there occurs a very serious error. *James Graham*, Marquis of Montrose, is there confounded with *John Graham*, otherwise called "Graham of Claverhouse." The mistake seems to have arisen from the accidental omission (either in proof or manuscript) of the word "*not*." The writer intended to have written: "It needs scarcely be mentioned that this is *not* the famous 'Graham of Claverhouse,'" &c.; he begs to present his respectful acknowledgments to the two intelligent correspondents who have drawn his attention to the error; and he trusts they will perceive how easily the omission ~~men~~ might be made, in the haste and rapidity sometimes required in periodical writing. For the benefit of the few readers whom the error may be supposed to have misled, it will be right to state that—the Graham described in the article in question as being put to death at Edinburgh, was the Marquis of Montrose, who in 1650 attempted a cavalier insurrection in Scotland, while Charles II. was an exile in Holland; and that the not so respectable "Graham of Claverhouse" was the Viscount Dundee, who fell in battle at Killiecrankie (July 27, 1689), while engaged in an insurrection which he had raised in the Highlands in behalf of James II., at the time when the "Scottish Convention" was about to settle the crown on William and Mary.

Chronicle of Ethelfled.

BOOK SECOND.

WHEN I, Ethelfleda, consider the enormous disproportion between the most aggravated and prolonged sufferings of this present life and the glory that shall hereafter be revealed to us, it seems to me that were this little span one entire spasm or throe, we might gratefully so purchase the everlasting bliss. Whereas, we very well trow that this thorn-strewn path is interspersed with many sweet flowers, and watered with many refreshing streams, and overhung with many wholesome, unforbidden fruits; and that its course lies through many a deep glade and cheerful meadow, alternately in the cool shade and genial sunshine. Well, therefore, may the holy apostle of old remind us that our present afflictions, which are but for a moment, are working for us a far more exceeding weight of glory.

But reflections such as these do not, it is true, obtain their full masterdom under the immediate pressure of trials that wring from us strong crying and tears. And such being the case, it is no wonder that I, Ethelfleda, then a mere child, should have been sorely grieved that my sister's wedding-dinner was spoilt as it was. Three days the feast arose; on the third day, Alfred the prince, clad in weeds of peace, was seated at table between my mother and Ethelswitha, with a circlet of gold about his head, and a golden cup in his hand, and a smile and cheerful saying on his lips, when he suddenly gave a sharp cry, that made every one's blood run cold.¹ You may be sure every man and woman there present started up or looked aghast, thinking he was either stabbed or poisoned; but none were so amazed as was Ethelswitha. They had both risen up, and he had staggered towards her a little, with his hands on her shoulders, his head drooping, and his face and hair steeped in a clammy dew. Then it was that my mother, who says that the same thing can never astonish her twice, did with all her composed stateliness cause him to be borne away to his chamber, attended by my father and Ethelswitha; and did check and allay the universal panic and ferment by telling the company, truly, the prince had a spasm she had seen him taken with once before. Having thus pacified the assembly, she departed with all haste to the prince's chamber; and I, Ethelfled, who, if I had been less of a child should have remained and done the honours in her stead, did, by reason of my youth, steal away from the confused groups, and make for the ante-room of the prince's chamber, having no access whereunto, I hung about for a while in the outer gallery thereof. And, looking forth of the lattice at the gaily pranked groups on the green, the pavilions fluttering with ribbons, the booths loaded with cakes, the gleemen harping and piping, archers leaning on their long bows, wrestlers rolling on the grass, and children scrambling for nuts and halfpence,² I wondered within

myself, childlike, how folks could be so unfeeling and so happy.

But they were not so, in fact, at least the elder and more thoughtful, though I wist it not at the time. Many were astounded, some in tears, and every one anxious for tidings of the prince's welfare. For he was greatly loved of all.

At length, my mother coming forth, composed, but very pale, said "You here, Ethelfleda? we should both be in the hall." I said, "Oh, mother, what has hurt your hand? it has five wounds on it." She looked at them and began to weep, saying, "The print of his nails in his strong pain; I marked them not till now." But she wiped her eyes and went into the hall directly: I close following. I remember not much of that heavy evening, every one seemed out of tune. Feigned mirth is heavy; and feigned sympathy heavier. There was a minstrel who did us good service by singing the doleful song of Beowulf, which, at the speediest, is three hours long. The men drew about him, and many gerefas and thanes that pretended to listen consulted on the expediency of taking leave and ending the feast. My mother began to look harassed; she whispered to me, "See if you can glean tidings of him," so I went and found the outer gallery full of yellow torch-light and of people waiting quietly. I passed on through the now empty ante-chamber: Ethelswitha came to the door when I tapped; she said, "He is sleeping now, help me to disengage my veil, and be within call in my little room." So I undid her veil, which had been sent from Rome, and was as fine as gossamer, worked all over with silver stars; and I unclasped her golden slippers; and then, having advertised my mother of the prince's repose, I obeyed my sister's behest, and betook myself into her little dressing closet. After a time, I heard horses' feet softly treading under the window, and, looking forth, could make out, by the light of torches, my father bidding hushed farewells to sundry guests. Still looking forth, but noting nothing, I mused of all that had befallen during the last three days, which seemed now to have no reality in them; the gay carolling and winding of horns before day-dawn; the hunters and dogs dispersed over the dewy grass, impatient to start. . . Alfred the prince stepping forth, a gay bridegroom from his closet, people huzzaing, dogs baying, horses champing, the gay sun shining over all.

Then the noon-tide feast—royal and noble guests arriving—minstrels harping—rich gifts presenting—Ethelswitha as fair as May—tables spread all down the hall and along the green—others spread in green bowers—baked meats smelling everywhere—wine, ale, and cyder running—my mother seeing to all and at leisure for everything.

The archery, the prizes, the bride on her flowery throne; the rustic sports, the music. Supper, jesting, complimenting, mirth growing noisier; every one full of themselves, and yet over looking at the bridegroom and bride . . . all at once brought to a pause by that exceeding bitter cry.

(1) See Leigh Hunt's "Indicator."

(2) Halfpence.

In the stillness of the night, I could hear one of the guards without, ask his fellow, "What made him, wit ye, so cry out?" The other responded, "They may say what they list; I take it that he was tormented of the devil." Musing much of this, and of the distinctions between chastisements and temptations, I fell on sleep or ever I was aware, with my head on my arms and a prayer on my lips; and thereupon had a dream, which was, indeed, but that of a child, yet which, for its singularity and the impression it made upon me for a long time afterwards, I cannot refrain from here recording.

Methought I was still waking, and reclining, because of my weariness, on an oaken settle that stood over-against the casement, when a bright figure stood suddenly beside me, and said, "Arise up quickly!" So I did; and we passed through my sister's chamber, where she and the prince lay strait and stiff, like two monumental figures on an altar-tomb carven out of stone; and her veil of stars, which methought she still wore, hung nigh unto the silver lamp, but burnt not. For why? A watcher sat at their head, and another at their feet, clad in long white garments, looking holier than men, stronger than women, fairer than either; and they were keeping ward. So we left them, and passed on through the outer door, that unclosed and folded again of itself; and without, in the gallery, were the lights burning dim, and men dropped asleep after all sorts of fashions; but, among them here and there, spiritual beings in orderly array, silent and attent. At each door and each bed-head as on we passed, were still other virgins on guard; and so we passed on from the chief chambers to the low, narrow, and close rooms and offices round about the court-yards beyond; and even here, too, amongst the tired servants, were other watchers. In special, I marked two in the women's quarter leaning over a poor wench, *Ethelice* by name, of fearful and sorrowful mood, and one said softly to the other, "How troubled she is above measure!" and the other made answer, "Yea, but not for long." Then the first saith, "'Tis a vain terror, a mere shadow she has started at;" and the other saith, "Yea, but whileas it lasteth, 'tis no mere shadow to her!" And so, made a cross on her forehead, and its furrows disappeared. But the brightest watcher of them all, in appearance like to a king, stood by a poor esne¹ that was driven from pillar to post from morning to night. This angel had a pale blue star on his brow, and was so deep in thought, that he noted us not as we passed by. Then we came into the outer court, into the dark glooming shade and cool night air; and, methought, my guide said "Go forward, and see the wonders of the night." So I went forward alone, and a little but not much afraid, into the chase, which soon became a forest with moonlit glades. But here and everywhere, I encountered spiritual beings, in companies or alone; some in inaudible discourse, walking, standing, or lying; some busied among the leaves and flowers; and it seemed unto me, that every tree and herb had its

(1) S.A.V.E.

gardener, though so shadowy, so silent, so like it in colour, as to be only with pain made out. None looked on me, but many looked up, and I wist not whether there were more of gravity or happiness in their faces. After a while, they seemed all to look round with reverence at some one preceding me, and then quietly return to their labours; but I could see none before me. However, I came at length to a high wall, still in the blackness of midnight shade, and in the wall, a door, and in the door, a key; and I heard some one between it and me turn that key, and that door opened and I went in. Withinside, I could discern rather than see there was a fair garden, for I could smell aromatic herbs and sweet spices, such as are used by our priests, and the odour of sweet flowers; and once and again my foot caught in the tendrils of creeping plants that seemed to grow too rankly, intermixed with weeds. A pleasing kind of fearfulness overcame me in this garden, and I went on through a tangled foot-track that descended pretty steeply to the brink of a little lone pool or well, lying in the darkness of brightness. It looked so cool and pure, that I took some of the water in my hand to drink, but it tasted bitter; and I stooped over it to look in its clear depths, expecting to see myself reflected in it; but, instead thereof, lo! another face, not mine own! And I trembled, and awoke.

. . . There was *Ethelswitha* standing over me, looking haggard in the grey light of dawn; and she said, "Poor child, sorrow hath made you heavy to slumber—send me my women, and go you and sleep on your bed."

So I did as she bade me, and sank into dreamless sleep; for, indeed, I was new to night watching. The busy throng soon dispersed; and the prince, making out from his leeches that they knew not what ailed him, and could give no certitude of speedy recovery, gat up from his couch, saying, "Then I'll bear it as best I may." And calling me to him, he took from his vest a little note-book full of wiselike sentences and saws of Scripture, whercon he loved to look, though he was not fluent at reading; and he bade me write therein a saying of *Ethelswitha's*, which had much pleased him,—"*Jesus hurts but to heal.*" Having fulfilled his behest, I returned it unto him; when, regarding it admiringly, he said, "Thou'rt the featest little scribe in *Chriendom* or *Kent*. I will give you my silver pen."

It came to pass after those days, that our country had no rest. Without, were fightings; within, were fears. We were tried and put to the proof every way; in assaults, in sieges, in pillagings, in the burning of our houses, in the destruction of our crops, in the peril of our lives. What wretchedness did those pagans, the Danes, occasion! yea, what weariness of living; yea, what difficulty to live! I have known rulers in high places as hard put to it in those days for a dinner, as were the princes of *Samaria* during the siege, when an ass's head sold for fourscore pieces of silver; and though a man were liable to the heals-

fang or neck-catch if he gave his servants flesh-meat on a fast-day, meat of all sorts was so hard to come by, that I fancy the rule was never less observed, except upon compulsion, for all ate a hearty meal when they could. As for the lower sort, they were fain to see the pottage of ramps, cresses, and refuse, such as, in common, only the swine would eat; and would hardly, I think, have refused strong drink, though a mouse or weasel had died in it, in spite of the penalty; for what escaped the troops of Tema, the companies of Sheba licked up; of Hubba, that is, and Hingmar, his brother, the sons of Lodbrog the Dane. It would seem they had come up from their place in the North, as Gog and Magog in the prophecy of Ezekiel, with all their bands, into the land of unwall'd villages, and to them that were at rest and dwelling safely, to take a spoil, and to take a prey, and to carry away silver, and gold, and goods, and much cattle.

In those days was it feelingly to be experienced, in the words of the holy Shepherd-king, that it is better to fall into the hands of God than of man; for albeit the famine and pestilence had been hard to bear, the war was much worse. These infidel wretches embittered the very morsel between our teeth, scouring the country like troops of wolves, violently taking away our flocks and feeding thereof, driving away the ass of the fatherless, and taking the ox of the widow, turning the needy out of doors, and causing the naked to lodge without covering; inasmuch that they were wet with the showers from the mountains, and constrained to burrow in caves and holes of the earth, or to roost in the forest for shelter. As for ourselves, . . . to-day there would not be a man on the premises; every soul of them fluttered like sparrows from corn; anon, like the sparrows to their meat, they come back again, every man with his hart or roebuck, or maybe a handful of them with a wild boar; and so we eat and are refreshed, till a cry comes sooner or later of "The Danes!" Howbeit, I am running on too fast, into the middle and latter part of the year, and must return for a little to the beginning of the spring, after my sister's marriage, when the floods of the valley began to show their tender blades, and the primrose and celandine to peer forth on the banks, and jack-of-the-hedge to show his saucy face along the by-paths; and the jays and starlings to chatter, and the wrynecks to pipe, and the rooks to utter their hoarse notes. I had shot up very fast, of late, into a mere cornstalk, and had, I think, a little outgrown my strength; add to which, I had applied somewhat too closely to a wall-hanging I was working for Ethelwitha, so that I lost my health a little, and was dull and sorry of cheer; but my mother thought I should clear up in the spring; howbeit, I did not. The subject of my hanging, which was lovely, I will here describe. It was the flight into Egypt, which has always had something about it very pastoral and pleasant to my mind. Joseph and Mary would, no question, shun the walled towns and populous villages, and trace their way through the most sylvan and sequestered paths. How

pleasant, to camp out, in that warm climate, under date-trees and palm-trees, out of reach of the enemy, sleeping on honeysuckle banks, crossing brooks, resting in cool valleys, and dining under hedges! . . . I depicted them, to the best of my ability, halting at one of those rustical resting-places; the ass turned loose to graze, Joseph dipping water from the spring, Mary setting out their frugal repast, and the Holy Child, looking with grave serenity at two pieces of wood, fallen over one another in the form of the cross. It was a delightful subject; only that I Ethelfled, wist not how to make the rivulet look as if it wound away into the distance; it would go up into the sky. I thought about it and dreamed about it, and I think over-application to it made me ill of cheer, but my mother thought I had taken the lung-ail,¹ and dieted me on chestnuts and honey; but this doing me no good, she made out that I was bewitched; and in the following manner.

Straying one morning in the cow-pastures, hunting for the first primroses, there comes me a pretty white doe, flitting among the bare trees, and presently trots from the brake close up to my side. I hold out my hand, which it licks; and to my surprise I note a leathern bottle tied about its neck with a thong. On handling the same, I find some drops of sour milk hardened about its mouth, and guess whosoever hath tied it about the doe's neck must depend on it, somehow, for a supply. Remembering Elijah and the ravens, I tempt the doe towards the dairy, feed it with crumbs, and fill the bottle with milk; whereon it trots away as though its mission were fulfilled. Day after day it returns with the empty cuche, which I as constantly replenish; and at length I am avised to track the pretty creature into the woods. Having now become friendly with me, it ambled on a little in advance, oft stopping for me and then trotting on again, till it had led me much further than I reckoned on, quite beyond my knowledge, and far away from home. At length I became scared, doubting how I should find my way back, and apprehensive of some salvage beast rushing out upon me . . . as for the more harmless sort, we scattered herds of them, right and left. All at once, we reach a glooming brake, with dead men's bones whitening among the grass, as though some death-struggle had occurred there long ago; and in the midst a prodigious huge gnarled oak, of unaccountable age, and embosht with moss; in the hollow of which, cowers or crouches an old woman, a gnawing of her arm, as it seemed to me, and muttering in a strange, eldritch fashion, "What ho! Thor! what ho, Odin! Bring back my little lad. . . Did he then? Lordsake, who'd mind a child? What wouldst have? here's fever-few an' time past in a honey-bug—indeed purslane's wanting . . . oh! oh!" And seeing the doe trot up to her, she clasped her skinny arms about its neck, undid the bottle with trembling hands, drained it as though she were famishing, and then fell to kissing and hugging the doe as though she were crazy, which indeed she was.

(1) Consumption.

Her face was more like that of a man's than a woman's, more like a fiend's than either; her skin like old brown leather, eyes red as ferrets, with grisly hair falling over them. Nor had I a doubt, hearing her name the names of the Danish gods, but that she was a wicca or witch; and, in my fearfulness, making a little rustling noise which caught her ears, she started up, caught sight of me, and was about to fall on me, when a savage growl from behind, followed by the spring of a huge, hairy, dark body over my head, towards her throat, so skeared me as that I fell lifeless to the ground. When I recovered, there was Eadwulf's great black and tawny blood-hound licking my face, and Eadwulf himself, with eyes as red as his hair, coming up all panting. His first greeting was, "Tell 'ee what, mistress . . . thou's led me a pretty dance; and may I be hung for a Danes' spy if e'er I let thee out o' sight of us all, so long together again!" He'd been crying, I think; and I was somewhat cowed, so 'compained him homewards quietly enow, without saying, as I sometimes did when he chode me, "Where's the harm?" or "Where's the wrong?"

Some foresters, whom we met by the way, reported old Mulla, as they called her, to be a harmless maniac, whom the pagans had bereft of her wits by slaying her sons; howbeit, my mother apprehended her to have somewhat of malign power about her; and, seeing me much fluttered by the encounter, would have it I was bewitched. An ashen bough was therefore placed over my pillow, and Gunfried, the wise woman, was called in. As for the doe, I regret to relate that the poor, harmless creature was chased away by the serfs, who held it to be little better than its mistress.

I had a secret fear of one who, like Gunfried, was reported to have some mysterious insight into bodily and mental diseases; which left me, however, the moment I saw her; for she was the keenest, yet gentlest and sweetest-looking old woman I ever set eyes on. She took me readily in hand, and made much of certain herbs which, to be of any good to me, I must gather at day-dawn myself; to wit, white horehound, hyssop, brown-wort, parsley, rue, and groundsel; of each twenty penny-weights, seethed in a syster-full of old ale till half boiled away; of which I was to drink a neap-full cold every morning fasting, and in the evening as much warm. To collect the roots and fresh leaves, she and I footed it together over the early dew many a May morning; and, whether owing to the fresh air, or to her medicine, I became quite strong and well. Many a wise lesson did she teach me of the goodness and glory of God, as set forth in the properties of this and that herb and flower; and many a lovely tale did she tell me that carried me quite out of myself. On my putting it to her, one day, why the herbs, to do me any good, must be gathered by my own hands, she, smiling, made answer,—

"There are many things which, to be of any good to you, must be done by yourself. You must pray for yourself, you must sleep for yourself, you must eat for yourself. Can my having a full meal afford any

nourishment to you, wit ye? We must all walk along the strait path ourselves, if we would wonne through the gate at the further end of it."

I have often since thought, how sad to be old Mulla, how happy to be old Gunfried. There was everything about the one to make old age fearsome; there was nothing about the other to make old age otherwise than pleasant.

Now, ever since my encounter with old Mulla, my walks had been more guarded and circumscribed. For some time, save with Gunfried, Eadwulf, or some of our own women, I stirred not. Howbeit, as habit bates sense of danger, and over-charge is onerous, I gradually became less watchful and watched, and made long progresses in and about the woods on foot, attended only by the wolf-dog, Bran. One day we met a prodigious large wolf, who had scarce glared on me with his red, hungry eyes, when Bran throttled him and laid him dead at my feet. I was so pleased with myself for being no more scared than I was, that it was the greatest effort to me to refrain from bragging of it on my return home; howbeit, I abstained, that is, for three days, lest my walks should thereon be forbidden. At the end of that time, my natural sincerity made the concealment extremely burdensome unto me; and, as the Psalmist expresses it, "my heart was hot within me." Howbeit, it seemed so stupid and shameful then to reveal a matter I had already made a secret of, that I could not bear to tell it, except to my confessor, to whom I mentioned it in confession, but so slightly, and, as it were in parenthesis, that I much think the old man never heard it at all. Howbeit, I got absolution, which peaccified me at the time, though, in the end, neither that nor my old "Where's the wrong?" proved of any avail; and I refrain not from saying that since I have come to mature years, I have done penance for that little fault.

However, the secret . . . (I pray thee, reader, bear awhile with my garrulity,) the secret, I say, was not to be so kept, whether I would or no. Previous to the appearance of the wolf, I had been knitting blue-bells about Bran's neck with an azure twine; and the very next time we three went that way together, Eadwulf, Bran, and I, Bran pulled Eadwulf by the skirt of his skin hunting-frock, to the place where the dead wolf lay, and lool ad up in his face, as much as to ask whether he had not done a clever thing. The moment Eadwulf saw it, he cries, "Hey! here's been death-work! This twine is thine, mistress!—I marked it, last week, in thine hand. Did the wolf, then, fly at thee?" I hastily cried, "Dear Eadwulf, it did;—but don't tell. It did me no harm, you see." He stood musing, and looking on me awhile, the blue twine still in his hand, and then delivered himself thus:—"Don't tell," thou says, mistress? and, 'it has done thee no harm?' Has it done thee no harm, mistress, if it comes to 'Don't tell?' Why, thou's putting a rope round thine own neck, and giving me the other end of it! I've only to say, Wolf, or to growl a little, or to say, I wish I had a piece of

twine,—to make thee ready to kill me! . . . I cares for thee, mistress, as thou wert mine own daughter; howbeit, let it be as thou wishest. . . . An thou bids me, I'll not tell."

So, of course, I consented to make no secret of the matter any longer; and all the better, I think, for my own heart and soul. Trifle as it was, I have often since remembered the wolf.

I know not whether I were at this time what is ordinarily thought comely. Ethelswitha was always so much more thought of than myself, that I thought as little of myself as the rest did, and never troubled the looking-glass much. In sooth, I was apt to take too little rather than too much thought of what I should put on; and left the charge of my hair, which was now very long, entirely to my women, who seemed to me to spend a good deal more time than they needed to have done, in smoothing and trifling with it. But the sensation was pleasant and soothing, and left me to pursue my own thoughts; so I never hurried them. My father called me his apple-blossom; and, one day, I heard some one say, to another one, without thinking I noted him . . . somewhat about . . . "Sweet as the breath of morning." 'Tis strange, how we remember such-like things.

* * * * *

About this time, for as young as I was, my marriage with the Earl of Berks became the common report; not that I had seen much of him. He was a brave man, with a face like an owl; and I must say, I should have preferred his younger brother. However, it was, of course, quite out of the question to think of the latter, since, though noble, he had not forty hides of land, and could not sit in the witenagemot. The earl his brother was good-hearted, but somewhat tedious. He sang a song at the prince's wedding, that, had he not been who he was, every one would have lost patience with. Notwithstanding which, had we been espoused, I could have found it in my heart to be unto him a good wife; but, on the whole, am thankful it went otherwise. My mother thought me too young; my father thought, if 'twere delayed too long, it might, in such unsettled times, never come to pass at all. Had he had his will, I Ethelred might not now be writing this chronicle.

However, the lamentable event which deprived me of my intended husband, demands a new book,—not to say a better and more moving writer than my most contemptible self. Nor is it to be supposed that I should ever have attempted to preserve, by my mean pen, events so worthy of a much better narrator, had it seemed likely that, in the much greater importance men attach to themselves and their own sayings and doings than to those of other people, any other chronicler would address himself to my task, or, if he did, be able to make half so much of it as I can.

—It was among the loveliest customs of the ancients to bury the young at morning twilight; for as they strove to give the softest interpretation to death, so they imagined that Aurora, who loved the young, had stolen them to her embrace.

A CHAPTER ON THE ROBIN.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

"The Redbreast, sacred to the household Gods,
Wisely regardless of the threatening sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates; and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender foot." THOMSON.

"I HAVE heard," says Macgillivray, "of a closet naturalist, who, slighting the labours of a brother of the field, alleged that he could pen a volume on the Robin; but surely if confined to the subject, written in the manner of the Classification of Birds in Lardner's Cyclopædia and without the aid of fable, it would prove a duller book than Robinson Crusoe." Now we are free to confess that we belong to that order of naturalists, to which the term "closet" is here somewhat slightly applied; and it seems to us, that we, too, could pen a volume on the Robin, and make it exceedingly interesting, without the aid of fable, although it should be very different from a mere scientific classification of orders and genera. A duller book than De Foe's immortal production perhaps it might prove, and yet not be so very dull either. There is much in natural history, even if an author confines himself to strict and literal facts, to instruct the heart and delight the understanding; and if he call in the aid of memory and association, he may, without wandering into the misty region of fable, find sufficient material for his purpose, even when writing on the least known and admired of God's living creatures. How easy, then, is his task, when he essays to place before his readers an account of so lively, and familiar, and interesting a bird as the Robin Redbreast; spruce Robinet, the cheerful Ruddock, as he is called in some districts, welcomed and loved alike by old and young;—the bird to which Carrington addresses these fine lines, in the sentiment of which all must cordially sympathize:—

"Sweet bird of Autumn, silent is the song
Of earth and sky, that in the summer hour
Rang joyously, and thou alone art left
Sole minstrel of the dull and sinking year.
But trust me, warbler, lovelier lay than this,
Which now thou pourest to the chilling eve,
The joy-inspiring summer never knew.
The very children love to hear thy tale,
And talk of thee in many a legend wild,
And bless thee for those touching notes of thine!
Sweet household bird, that infancy and age
Delight to cherish, thou dost well repay
The frequent crumbs that generous hands bestow:
Bequiling man with minstrelsy divine,
And cheering his dark hours, and teaching him
Through cold and gloom, autumn and winter, morn.
Who feeds the fowls of air, shall He forget
His own elect ones, who their every want
To Him in prayer and thankfulness make known?"

It is, indeed, truly a "household bird," and one

around which *home* memories and associations most thickly cluster; a lively and pleasant feature in the scene, when there is least in the outward aspect of nature to cheer and gladden us, and we love it accordingly, with an affection such as we bestow upon few other irrational creatures. How cheerily sounds its short sweet warble, amid the gloom and silence of a winter's day! How brightly gleams the ruddy breast, contrasted with the dull, leaden-coloured sky; the brown, naked branch; or the snow-covered earth! Who is there to whom the Robin is not a welcome visitant, and to whom these sweetly simple lines, by Dr. Jenner, seem other than appropriate?

"Come, sweetest of the feather'd throng,
And soothe me with thy plaintive song:
Come to my cot, devoid of fear,
No danger shall await thee here:
No prowling cat with whisker'd face
Approaches this sequester'd place:
No school-boy, with his willow bow,
Shall aim at thee the murderous blow:
No wily lime-twig here molest
Thy olive wing, or crimson breast.
Thy cup, sweet bird! I'll daily fill
At yonder cressy, bubbling rill:
Thy board shall plentifully be spread
With crumbets of the nicest bread:
And when rude winter comes, and shows
His icicles and shivering snows,
Hop o'er my cheerful hearth, and be
One of my peaceful family:
Then soothe me with thy plaintive song,
Thou sweetest of the feather'd throng!"

Can we suppose that the part which the Robin is made to play in the well-known story of "the Babes in the Wood" had its origin in any other than a deeply-seated and widely diffused sentiment in favour of the bird? It is in such fables as these, that popular feelings and superstitions are embodied, and made manifest, so that the likes and dislikes of a people may be surely traced in their national ballads, not one of which is more beautiful and pathetic than that wherein the untimely fate of the fair children is so sweetly and touchingly described, and in which it is said—

"No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives;
But Robin Redbreast painfully
Did cover them with leaves."

In a poem entitled "England," by John Walker Ord, we find these simple lines expanded into a fine Spenserian stanza—

"And at their graves no virgins clad in white
Attended, and no minstrelsy was heard,
But they were gather'd to eternal night
By the dear love of what!—a helpless bird!
Who sung their dirges and each corpse interr'd,
Gathering the sweetest leaves of all the wood,
And shrouding them of its own sweet accord;
So that they slept in holiest solitude,
Where nature was their tomb, and no one might
intrude."

Ever mingled with the feeling of pity, called forth by this story of helpless innocence perishing thus untimely, is one of love for the bird, which so "painfully," that is, tenderly—carefully, performed the last sad rites of sepulture, and sung a requiem over the

dear children, at the account of whose cruel death many a young heart has bled, and for whom many youthful eyes, and, for that matter, older ones too, have shed tears of sorrow; even as, according to the nursery rhyme, did all "the birds of the air"—

"When they heard the bell toll for poor cock Robin," slain by the wicked sparrow, no doubt for sheer envy at the universal regard in which Robinet was held.

But a field naturalist would perhaps tell us that we are now getting very deep indeed into the region of fable, and call us back to the terra firma of fact, to which we shall endeavour to keep, at all events until we get to the end of the chapter; not that we are ready to admit that fables are at all times, or generally, pure fictions; they embody thoughts, and feelings, and beliefs, which have their origin in truth, if they be not at all times themselves literal verities. The matter-of-fact field naturalist, however, tells us, that—"The Robin is a privileged bird, spared even by Cockney sportsmen, every one looking at him as a friendly and pleasant little fellow, whose company is never tiresome;" and therefore we speak advisedly, when we give him the praise which is justly his due, and feel that we are fully authorized to quote the "mad poets," who have sung the praises of our little favourite, which, with J. A. Wade, we observe, is the bird of memory and of pity:—

"This was the home of Memory, the grave
Was Pity's,—both were handmaids of the queen;
The first was absent from her lonely cave,
The other codd beneath the turf so green;
A Robin's nest above her tomb was seen,
Within the leaves that crowded there to shade
The grassy hillock, all around had been
Touched by some sacred sympathy, and made
A cloister for sad hearts, whose hope had been
betray'd."

This is quite in accordance with the feeling which has prompted so many a poet, when selecting some green spot of earth, where, when life's "fitful fever" is over, he may rest in peace, to wish that—

"There the earliest flowers may spring,
And there the Redbreast build and sing."

As an introduction to a more precise description of the Haunts and Habits of the Robin, we may quote Grahame's poetical and graphic lines—

"How simply unassuming is that strain!
It is the Redbreast's song, the friend of man,
High is his perch, but humble is his home,
And well conceal'd. Sometimes within the sound
Of heartsome mill-clack, where the spacious door
White-dusted, tells him plenty reigns around;
Close at the root of brier-bush, that o'erhangs
The narrow stream, with shavings bedded white,
He fixes his abode, and lives at will.
Oft near some single cottage he prefers
To rear his little home; there, pert and spruce,
He shares the refuse of the goodwife's churn,
Which kindly on the wall for him she leaves:
Below her lintel oft he lights, then in
He boldly flits, and fluttering loads his bill,
And to his young the yellow treasure bears.
Not seldom does he neighbour the low roof
Where tiny elves are taught; a pleasant spot
It is, well fenced from winter blast, and screen'd
By high o'erspreading boughs from summer sun."

Before the door a sloping green extends
No farther than the neighbouring cottage-hedge,
Beneath whose bountee shade a little well
Is scooped, so limpid, that its guardian trout
(The wonder of the lesser stooping wights)
Is at the bottom seen. At noontide hour,
The imprison'd throng, enlarged, blythsome rush
forth

To sport the happy interval away ;
While those from distance come, upon the sward,
At random seated, loose their little stores :
In midst of them poor Redbreast hops unharm'd,
For they have read or heard, and wept to hear,
The story of the Children in the Wood ;
And many a crumb to Robin they will throw.
Others there are that love, on shady banks
Retired, to pass the summer days : their song,
Among the birchen boughs, with sweetest fall,
Is warbled, pausing, then resumed more sweet,
More sad ; that, to an ear grown fanciful,
The babes, the wood, the man, rise in review,
And Robin still repeats the tragic line.
But should the note of flute, or human voice,
Sound through the grove, the madrigal at once
Ceases ; the warbler flits from branch to branch,
And, stooping, sidelong turns his listening head."

Long as this extract is, we are strongly tempted to pass on from the leafy spring-time to the bare desolate winter, and continue the description of the Scottish poet :—

"Of all the tuneful tribes, the Redbreast sole
Confides himself to man : others sometimes
Are driven within our lintel-posts by storms,
And, fearfully, the sprinkled crumbs partake :
He feels himself at home. When lours the year,
He perches on the village turfy copes,
And, with his sweet but interrupted trills,
Bespeaks the pity of his future host.
But long he braves the season, ere he change
The heaven's grand canopy for man's low home ;
 Oft is he seen, when fleecy showers bespread
The house-tops white, on the thawed smiddy roof.
Or in its open window he alights,
And, fearless of the clang and furnace glare,
Looks round, arresting the uplifted arm,
While on the anvil cools the glowing bar.
But when the season roughens, and the drift
Flies upward, mingling with the falling flakes
In whirl confused, then on the cottage floor
He lights, and hops and flits, from place to place,
Restless at first, till, by degrees, he feels
He is in safety : fearless then he sings
The winter day ; and when the long dark night
Has drawn the rustic circle round the fire,
Waked by the dinamo wheel he trims his plumes,
And, on the distaff perched, chaunts soothingly
His summer song ; or, fearlessly, lights down
Upon the basking sheep-dog's glossy fur ;
Till, chance, the herd-boy, at his supper moss,
Attract his eye, then on the milky rim
Brisk he alights, and picks his little share."

Elsewhere Grahame addresses some musical lines to a Redbreast that flew in at his window, which, however, we must refrain from quoting, having much to say about the bird which will, perhaps, prove interesting to our readers. With regard to the place which naturalists have assigned to it, in their systematic arrangements of feathered creatures, we may observe, that by Linnæus it is placed in the 6th order—*Passeræ*, or Sparrows,—under the generic title of *Simplicirostræ*, that is, having simple bills ; the family name

of the group, in which also is included the Nightingale, &c., being *Motacilla*, which name, however, Latham applies to the Wagtails, giving *Sylvia* to the warblers. It were a difficult, and, after all, an uninteresting task, to trace our red-breasted friend through the varying systems of Cuvier, Pennant, Brisson, and others, amid the labyrinths of which he plays at hide and seek in a most provoking manner, bearing now this, and now that unaccountable, and almost unpronounceable name—a veritable off-shoot, no doubt, from a Greek or Latin root, but sadly puzzling to those who have not had the advantage of a classical education. Let us then take him up where Macgillivray leaves him, standing all alone in his glory, as far as British birds are concerned, the sole and undisputed owner of the pretty generic name *Eriiha*, to which, if we want to distinguish the species from its foreign congeners, we must add *Rubecula*. There, Robinet, what do you think of such a title ? If that is not enough to make you too proud a bird to "sing to simple ears a simple lay," why, we know not what is. And now we have come to speak of your song, we may as well quote some curious remarks upon its variations, in accordance with the seasonal and atmospheric changes, from "Anecdotes of the Animal Kingdom."—

"Few observers of nature can have passed unheeded the sweetness and peculiarity of the song of the Robin, and its various indications with regard to the atmospheric changes: the mellow liquid notes of Spring and Summer, the melancholy sweet pipings of Autumn, and the jerking chirps of Winter. In Spring, when about to change his winter song for the vernal, he warbles for a short time in a strain so unusual, as at first to startle and puzzle even those ears most experienced in the notes of birds. He may be considered as part of the naturalist's barometer. On a Summer evening, though the weather may be in an unsettled and rainy state, he sometimes takes his stand on the topmost twig, or on the 'house top,' singing cheerfully and sweetly. When this is observed, it is an unerring promise of succeeding fine days. Sometimes, though the atmosphere is dry and warm, he may be seen melancholy, chirping and brooding in a bush, or low in a hedge: this promises the reverse of his merry lay and exalted station."

A Kentish poet, F. F. Dally, has given this sometimes melancholy chirping of the bird a funeral character—

"Though silent is the Nightingale,
The Robin here takes up the tale,
And unto ears that love to hear,
To hearts that fancy fairy things,
In plaintive prelude sweetly sings
The requiem of the dying year."

With William Howitt the bird is a musing monk, haunting the deserted cloisters of Wykeham's college at Winchester ;—

"A Robin Redbreast was the only musing monk that we found in these cloisters. He went with us all round, hopping from opening to opening, or perching on the bushes near us. 'Ay,' said the porter, 'that is

the chapel Robin, it regularly attends service.' The Robin is a monk indeed."

Here is a picture by Mrs. Ellis, which may well be taken for the death scene of the departing year, in which also the Robin figures as a mourner:—

"With wintry aspect had that day begun,
There was no wind, no rain, but yet no sun;
A dreamy silence slumber'd all around,
And damp and dull the dews lay on the ground;
No movement stirr'd the air, save now and then
A leaf came flickering down upon the plain;
A lonely Robin from the leafless spray,
Tuned a sad song, then wing'd its flight away."

James Montgomery also speaks—

"The song of the Redbreast with ominous note,
Foretelling the fall of the leaf."

Elsewhere the poet hails this note as the harbinger of Spring and liberty:—

"Soon shall spring, in smiles and blushes,
Steal upon the blooming year;
Then amid th' enamour'd bushes,
Thy sweet song shall warble clear.
Then shall I, too, join'd with thee,
Swell the Hymn of Liberty."

By that close observer of nature, Neville Wood, we are told that—

"The song of the Robin is not very loud, but it is remarkable for its sweet, soft, and melancholy expression. In summer, as I have observed, it is little noticed, but in autumn it is peculiarly delightful, though I am certain of the truth of Selby's supposition, that the notes which are heard in autumn and winter, proceed from the throats of the young of the year. Nor do I ever remember to have heard the adult bird singing in its natural state during the inclement seasons. But when confined to the house, or in a cage, both old and young will carol away right merrily. In softness and sweetness, I think the song of the Robin Redbreast is unexcelled by any of our other sylvan choristers, though as a whole it is surpassed by many. Witness, for instance—leaving the Brake Nightingale, 'the leader of the vernal chorus,' out of the question,—the ethereal strains of the Garden Fauvet, the Blackcap Fauvet, the Wood-Lark, and many others. But none of these, no, not even the Brake Nightingale itself, possesses that ineffably sweet expression, which we must pronounce to be peculiar to our admirable favourite."

Similar testimony to this is given by Bechstein and other naturalists. In a beautifully illustrated work on the Song Birds of Great Britain, privately printed, and edited by John Cotton, F.Z.S., it is stated that the song of this bird is "sweet and well supported, and is continued almost throughout the year." Allusion is also there made to the various familiar and affectionate appellations by which it is known, as in Bornholm (Sweden), *Tommi-Liden*; in Norway, *Peter Romsed*; in Germany, *Thomas Gierdet*; in England, "*Bob*," &c. Wordsworth also alludes to some of these titles of endearment, when, addressing the Robin, he says:—

"Art thou the bird whom man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English Robin;

The bird that comes about our doors
When autumn winds are sobbing?
Art thou the Peter of Norway boors?
Their Thomas in Finland,
And Russia far inland!
The bird who by some name or other
All men who know thee call thee brother?"

The nest of the Robin, we are told by Mudie, a good authority on such matters, is "on the ground, at the roots of trees, and in other concealed places, formed of the same materials as the nest of the wren," that is, almost anything suitable which can be found near the spot, and lined with wool or hair; these materials are very loosely put together, so that it is generally a rather bulky affair. "If, however," continues the above named naturalist, "there is not a natural concealment of foliage, the birds contrive to form an artificial one of dry leaves, under which they may reach the nest without the precise spot being known; and when the dam leaves her eggs, she sometimes covers them in the same manner, so that the strewing of leaves mentioned in the old ballad of 'the Babes in the Wood,' is true to the habits of the Redbreast. The eggs are yellowish grey, mottled with chestnut colour, and rarely exceed seven," Macgillivray describes them as "reddish-white, faintly freckled with light purplish red, nine and a-half twelfths of an inch in length, seven and a fourth in breadth," while Bolton, in his truly beautiful and valuable work, entitled "*Harmonia Ruralis*," says that they are of a dull white, or cream colour, marked with reddish brown spots, varying in number from five to nine." There is in reality however no discrepancy here, as the tints vary considerably in the eggs of different individuals. By the authority last named, we find it stated that—

"Young Redbreasts, when full feathered, may be easily mistaken for a different kind of bird, being spotted all over with rust-coloured spots, on a light ground; the first appearance of the red is about the end of August, but the bird does not attain its full colour till the end of the following month."

What its full colour is, all our readers must be aware, as its familiar habits give frequent opportunities of observing it; and this, not only in the wintry and inclement season, but also in the glad spring and leafy summer time; for, as Bishop Mant observes in his description of the month of April,—

"—most of all to haunts of men,
Familiar though to savage glen,
And woodland wild he oft may roam
Secluded, oft his wintry home,
No less the Redbreast makes his bower
For nestling in the vernal hour,
In thatch or root of aged tree
Moss-grown, or arching cavity
Of bank or garden's refuse heap,
Or where the broad-leaved tendrils creep
Of ivy, and an arbour spread
O'er trellised porch or cottage shed."

Hitherto we have looked only on the bright side of Robinet's history; but it is now our duty, as faithful chroniclers, to state the sad fact, that he is, to his own feathered friends and kinsfolk, a most dis-

agreeable, quarrelsome fellow; a very Turk among the bushes, disturbing the sweet serenity of the sylvan scene with his brawls and scuffles, and frequently, shocking to relate, staining the greensward and the pure white blossoms with blood. Who that knows this, would—*could*, invoke him as the “gentle bird!” Yes, Robinet! for the truth must be told, thou art a fierce, pugnacious fellow, and of a verity dost not deserve the affection which is lavished on thee by those who see in thee a poor little harmless creature, driven by the inclemency of the weather, and the pangs of hunger, to seek shelter and food from man, and who doubtless think thee very grateful therefore, though even this may be doubted; for, as soon as the ice-bound streams begin to flow once more, and the bare branches to put forth buds, thou art away into the woods to seek the food which best thou lovest, and to build a home for thy expected progeny. Not that we would blame thee for thus obeying the promptings of nature, nor, indeed, for anything, save thy quarrelsome propensities: so never heed the ungracious truths which we have been telling of thee, but believe us to be quite in earnest while repeating the anecdote and verses in thy praise, which follow.

The following paragraph, illustrative of the Robin's docility, and attachment to its friend and benefactor, man, is extracted from Percy St. John's “Birds.”

“John McKelvie, gardener to the lady of the late General Inghes, at her seat of Mount Charles, beautifully situated on the banks, and near the mouth of the classic Doon, has a host of winged companions, all of which come at his call, flutter around him in the garden, and feed from his hand. At the head of this feathered tribe stands a Redbreast, which all but speaks, in return for the long kind treatment it has experienced from its master. This bird, when called upon, will fly from the furthest point at which it can hear his voice, alight on his hand at once, and without any apprehensions, pick its meal, and oftentimes will sit on his shoulder as he walks or works, and nestle in his bosom in well-known security. Nay more, when the gardener goes to town, if the Robin by any chance espies him as he departs, it gives him an escort, chirping and fluttering along the hedge before him, until he reaches the toll-bar, at Alloway place, on which, or on a neighbouring tree, it perches awaiting his return.”

Mrs. Schoolcraft, the wife of an English missionary at Mackinaw, on Lake Huron, relates that—

“The North American Indians have a tradition that the Robin, which, with them, is a considerably larger bird than with us, was once a youth whose father enjoined on him too long a fast (twelve days), on occasion of the customary abstinence from food before entering upon the duties of manhood, and choosing a guardian spirit, which must be something dreamt of during this fast. When the youth was upon the point of perishing with hunger, the transformation was effected, which saved him from such a doom: and the story goes on to tell how the father,

who had been thus severe from a desire to make his son a great chief and warrior, went to the lodge in which he was confined, on the morning after the prescribed time had expired, and how he saw the change take place, crying out the while in agony of spirit,—“My son! my son! do not leave me!” But the bird looked down on his father with pity beaming in his eyes, and told him he should always love to be near man's dwellings; that he should always be seen happy and contented, by the constant uprightness and joy he would display; that he would ever strive to cheer his father by his songs, which would be some consolation to him for the loss of the glory he expected—and that, although no longer a man, he would ever be the harbinger of peace and joy to the human race.”

This tradition is beautifully expressive of the universal feeling of affectionate regard for the Robin, which seems to prevail wherever the bird is known; it appears to be looked upon as a kind of connecting link between humanity and the feathered creation, and it is a creature so intimately associated with the recollections of *home* and *childhood*, and all that is brightest, and freshest, and purest in the heart and imagination of man, that we need feel no surprise at the number of poetic tributes which the bird has received from the sensitive and the gifted sons of genius.

In conclusion, we would endeavour to express our own sentiments in relation to this universal favourite, in lines which, if they have no other merit, possess, at least, those of earnestness and sincerity.

STANZAS TO THE ROBIN.

“The Lark has ceased his merry trill, the Nightingale is mute,
The Blackbird poureth out no more his notes, so like a flute;
No longer on the bending spray sings sweet the speckled Thrush,
The Linnet's silent in the copse, the Redstart in the bush:
The trees stand bare and verdureless, all swaying to the blast,
And from the leaden sky come down the hailstones thick and fast;
No flower is seen upon the banks, but patches white instead,
Where whirling snow-wreaths cover o'er the leaves all sere and dead.
A mournful silence reigns around, no cheerful sound is heard,
No hum of insect on the wing, no note of warbling bird.
No low of cattle on the hills, no bleat of pastured sheep;
All objects wear a sombre hue, all creatures seem to weep;—
Nay! hear ye not that warble low? again it meets the ear,
Like a consolatory voice the mourning soul to cheer:
It is the Robin, who, when all our summer friends are gone,
Because he beareth love to man, still singeth gaily on.
Oh, gentle Bird! with ruddy breast, and quick and restless eye,
That flieth not our presence when the stormy days are nigh,

But makest music in our homes, and cheerest us with
song
Throughout the winter desolate, so dreary and so
long;

I love thee well, for all that thou hast done for us and
ours,
Aye ! better than the soaring Lark, or Linnet in the
bowers;
And better than the Nightingale, though sweet her
song to me,
Or e'en those children of the sun, the butterfly and
bee !

Didst thou not cover o'er with leaves, those babes so
fair and young.
That died within the gloomy woods ! and it was thou
who sung
The requiem for their sinless souls, now looking from
above,
To bless thee for thy tenderness, and never-tiring
love.

Hast thou not ever proved thyself to man a friend
indeed,
By solacing his saddest hours, and helping him in
need ?
For he is cheer'd and strengthen'd, when he listens to
thy voice,
He owns a watchful Providence, and doth therein
rejoice.

He knows the clouds will pass away, and brighter days
will come,
Thou art than him more destitute, no food hast thou,
no home :
Thy sylvan haunts no more can give a shelter to thy
head,
And all thy spring and summer friends, the lovely
flowers, are dead.

Yet cheerfully thou singest on, one heedful eye doth
see,
One arm doth minister unto the wants alike of man
and thee !
And those teachings holy, and thy friendship for
mankind,
Affection's links unto my heart shall thee for ever
bind.

A COLONIST'S STORY OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY HUGH JOHN URQUIHART.

PREVIOUSLY to the year 1847 I was comparatively a wealthy man. From small beginnings I had gradually risen to a station far beyond that to which I looked forward when I started in life. Emboldened by the success which had attended my former transactions, I plunged deeply into the railway speculations which were then so prevalent, and the result was that my golden visions vanished with those of other dreamers, and I found myself the loser of the bulk of my fortune, having however luckily saved a small portion from the general wreck.

It was a heavy blow to me. So confident had I been of success that I had been revolving the project of a marriage with a lady of suitable wealth, and therefore the disclosure of the real state of my affairs came like a thunderclap. But my previous struggles with the world having hardened my sensibility and sharpened my penetration, I at once set about collecting the ruins of my property, and consulted

with my friends as to the best means of employing the little capital with which I was to begin the world afresh.

Their advice was rather contradictory, but at length an idea of my own originating attained an ascendancy in their judgment. Acting upon it, I purchased some land in the vicinity of the Cape Colony, and soon after set off to my new home there. When I arrived I found my land situate upon the very borders of the civilized districts; indeed, it was more advanced than any of the pieces already occupied. The natives were rather friendly, for the war having been concluded to their apparent satisfaction, they seemed inclined to show kindness to the Whites.

My task was pretty hard, but I bore up against new difficulties with an energy which surprised me. By degrees my loneliness was alleviated by a few newcomers who settled round me, and I began to be reconciled to my novel situation. After the first year had passed I became more accommodated to my work; indeed I found it much lighter and easier than when I had to break the ice, as I may say.

On Christmas Eve, 1850, a party composed of my friendly neighbours was assembled round my hearth for the purpose of renewing in a foreign land the festivities with which the season is celebrated in England. First in rank, (according to my colony notions,) sat John White, who had been in the employ of the settlers since he was a boy of ten, which was then thirty years ago. During this time he had acquired an extensive knowledge of Cape life, and contrived to save sufficient to purchase a piece of land contiguous to mine. The next was a ten years' settler, Harry Percy, who also understood something of the wild countries; and the remaining two, Richardson and Hall, were men of about thirty, and a few months my juniors in the experience of this kind of life.

We were seated round the fire talking over our several adventures and experiences, when a violent knocking at the door interrupted us, and a voice exhorted us to admit the owner for the sake of God. Our whole party were on their feet in an instant, and we at once opened the door to the stranger, who rushed in with looks of terror. By his dress, which was torn and much stained with dirt, we recognised him as one of the native police, and eagerly interrogated him as to the cause of his alarm.

He explained, that having, with a companion, gone in search of a man who had stolen some bullocks, three Kaffirs had attacked them in the evening, within a quarter of a mile of my house, when his fellow had been killed, and he himself had escaped with difficulty. Under these circumstances he implored our protection, which, I need not say, was readily granted.

Rumours of an outbreak among the native tribes had reached us, and therefore we had thought it prudent to keep our weapons near us, although apprehensive of no immediate danger. My friend White glanced at the row of rifles which our party had placed by the wall, and observed,

"The man says they are only three. We are five, and could see justice done."

The native eagerly seconded this suggestion, and the result was, that seizing our weapons, we quitted my house in search of the robbers, leaving Hall behind to protect my property.

The night was rather threatening. When the moon occasionally shone forth with a faint glimmer we could discern great piles of clouds approaching, or already surrounding her. Only here and there a star could make itself visible, and as we went on, even these wholly disappeared.

We followed the stranger for at least half a mile, anxiously looking round for signs of the presence of his late assailants. Not a sound, however, broke the heavy silence of the night. We proceeded over a piece of rising ground which lay within my bounds, and when these latter were passed, continued our course into a little valley which was situate beyond.

We hurried along the path which had been worn in the centre, while at our right and left hands rose a sloping embankment, forming a rather lofty wall on either side. These walls were covered with long grass, interspersed with trees and bushes of various kinds. No settler had yet taken possession of it, although it was a promising spot and consisting of fertile earth, as the abundance and richness of its vegetation, even without artificial assistance, plainly proved.

We had reached the centre of this miniature valley when our native guide suddenly stopped. He said in a low whisper to White,

"It was here or about dry stop me. I creep forward soft, find 'em, and come back to tell."

"No!" replied the veteran colonist, "you lead us to them. We can come gently after you."

The other urged objections with such eagerness, and hesitated so much to proceed with us at his heels, that White became the more resolute to accompany him.

"You are a stranger to us," he observed in reply to the ebullition of argument, "we come here to protect you, and if you practise treachery you shall dearly answer for it."

As he spoke he reached his hand to grasp him by the shoulder. The fellow, alarmed at the action, eluded him and sprang into a thick bush close by, uttering a loud cry. A sickening emotion of despair seized us when we perceived the treachery which had been practised upon us. With a furious imprecation White raised his rifle in the direction of the fugitive, a stream of flame poured from its muzzle into the bush, a yell of mortal agony mingled with the roar of the explosion and resounded with it among the hills.

"One of 'em!" muttered White, between his teeth.

A chorus of cries burst from the ambushed savages, and we heard the rustling of the long grass and the trampling of many feet in close proximity. We commenced rapidly retracing our steps, White leading, and reloading by the way. We were soon convinced

by the savage noises which were heard in our rear that we were discovered, and in a few moments we became aware that the whole band of wretches were in full pursuit.

Favoured by the darkness, we contrived to ensconce ourselves in the midst of a clump of trees before our foes could overtake us. They passed the place of our concealment in hot pursuit, and in a few minutes had put some distance between us and them. But their fierce yells were echoed with such fearful distinctness that a foe seemed to be approaching from every side, and we knew not which way to turn.

Cautiously emerging from our concealment, we hurried to avail ourselves of the shelter of another clump of bushes, and by thus changing our quarters several times, we contrived to get over some distance. Once, when we were about starting for a fresh ambush, we all distinctly heard a rustling noise in the grass, and shrank back in dismay. We remained for some time anxiously listening for a repetition of it: but in a few minutes we heard the return of the Kaffirs, who were rushing along the path at a furious rate. White, who understood the purport of their exclamations, informed us that they believed we had evaded their pursuit. Overjoyed at the prospect of escaping their anticipated vengeance, we were crouching still closer in our concealment while they passed, when, to our unspeakable dismay, a figure started from the long grass within three yards of us, and leaped directly into the pathway.

"All up!" whispered White to us, "what we wish to keep we must fight for!"

When I consider that I had never seen a shot fired in earnest before, and look at the odds which were against us, I am surprised at the coolness with which I examined my rifle and prepared my knife for deadly work. My energies were all collected to sustain the excitement of the struggle, and I even awaited the onset of the natives with impatience.

They were not long assembling in a body directly in our front, where they deliberated for a few minutes. Our inclinations prompted us to let fly amongst them while they were thus crowded together, but Harry Percy urged the necessity of reserving our fire, and therefore we waited.

Presently our enemies made a simultaneous movement, and a shower of spears fell upon the bush in front. They then uttered their war-cry and rushed on us, keeping huddled together in a dark mass.

They were within three yards of us when, taking steady aim at breast height, we discharged our weapons amongst them. A fiendish chorus of screams of agony and imprecations of vengeance ensued, by which we were made aware that our fire had not been without due effect.

Checked but for an instant, our ferocious foes, howling with fury, leaped into the bush behind which we lay concealed. Now, we found that a hand to hand struggle must decide the question; we rose to our feet and fell upon the bloodthirsty wretches with the utmost fury. Grasping my rifle by the barrel with

both hands, I dashed the stock down upon them with a force that must have made a due impression on all who encountered the descending weapon. The mad-dened yells of the savages, the continual crashing of the bushes, the deep imprecations and short breathings of our party, and the heavy sound of the rapidly interchanged blows, all mingling together, produced a frightful effect. From the manner in which they had attacked us and the horrible cries to which they continually gave vent, I could not look upon our assailants as beings of my own species, and in the midst of the awful din I continued my heavy blows as if I had a troop of ghouls to contend with, who were fighting only for our blood.

During the first panic we contrived to keep them at fair distance, but they soon pressed so close that our clubbed rifles became unavailable. I drew my knife and sprang to grapple with a huge fellow who was preparing to dash his formidable hatchet upon the head of White, who was already engaged.

Had we been on even ground I should have been able to have struck him before he could have been ready for me; but by floundering amid the bushes I lost my opportunity. I however speedily wrested his weapon from his grasp, and was preparing to do execution upon him, but a friend came to his assistance, and in a moment after I was upon the ground, struggling between the pair.

My fresh antagonist appeared to be chiefly intent on obtaining possession of my rifle, and he seized it by the barrel and commenced twirling it about to effect his purpose. Seeing a favourable opportunity I suddenly relinquished my hold, and with the disengaged hand put a period to the opposition of his fellow. Turning to rise from the ground, I beheld the second native standing over me and preparing to bring down the stock of my gun upon me. Before I had time to lift an arm in defence it fell upon my head with a crash that sent flashes of fire across my eyes and deprived me of all sense.

After some time passed in an insensible state, I began to experience a feeling of suffocation, which caused me to make several convulsive efforts to draw my breath; then recollection slowly returned to me and I opened my eyes. I found myself lying upon the floor of a kind of hut, which I guessed was of Kafir workmanship, and near me, though not watching me, stood a native warrior. Glances of strong light were thrown into the place through the door, proceeding, as I judged, from some large fire, and illumined some portion of the hut, while the remainder was left in total darkness. From my dark corner, I observed some person lying down at a distance, and the light, suddenly flashing with more than usual brightness, revealed poor White, bound with strong twigs, and looking as disconsolate as possible.

Seeing him so firmly secured I examined my own limbs, fully expecting to find myself in the same condition. However, not a withe was upon me, and I felt assured that my captors believed me to be dead.

I was aware from what I had heard of their cha-

racter that they would not allow us to live, it being their custom to murder their prisoners in cold blood, and thus my ideas were immediately directed to the means of effecting an escape from my present custody. I took a thorough mental survey of the aspect of things in my prison, as I suppose I may term it, and set about concocting a scheme.

Beside White, myself, and the native, there was evidently no other living being in the place. The native was armed only with a rifle, which I had little difficulty in recognising as my property, and was standing with his back to me, looking at White and occasionally addressing a scoffing remark to him.

It was apparent to me that, could I prevent this man from rushing from the hut, he possessed but two means of alarming his countrymen,—namely, his voice and his gun. I had not the least doubt of my ability to overcome him if he were deprived of the power of rousing his fellows, and as I was conscious nothing could be done without first putting him out of the way, I resolved at once to make an attempt upon him.

Rising slowly and with great care from my recumbent posture I stood on my feet, and made sure I had but one to cope with. Satisfied of this, I moved forward with the same caution till I had got within a yard of my foe.

He was standing leaning upon his rifle upon the verge of the dark portion of the place, his back being towards me. Thus I was sensible that the shadow would protect me from observation until I had crept so near as to touch him. I went as close as I dared venture, and calculated on the means of preventing alarm.

A thought suddenly flashed across me as I stood thus deliberating. I acted upon it immediately. As the fellow was leaning on the gun, the stock was placed upon the ground behind his foot. I crouched on my knees, reached forward my hand, gently opened the pan, and wiped out the priming with my finger. This accomplished, I once more rose to my feet.

A minute was spent in deliberation, and then I sprang to his side, placed my right hand upon his throat, which I grasped with all my strength, and clasped him round the waist with my left arm, at the same time pulling his opposite elbow to his back with my disengaged hand. Half-strangled, and unable to articulate a syllable, he raised the rifle, and as I forced him back into the darkness, I heard the ineffectual click of the lock. Exerting all my science in wrestling, I threw him heavily upon his back, falling with him, and keeping my hold upon his wind-pipe. I placed my knee upon his chest, and in a few minutes, after a useless struggle on his part, I knew that he would never speak more.

I then left him and stole up to White, who had been an amazed spectator of my feat, and asked him a few questions about the best manner of proceeding, at the same time releasing him from bondage. He told me that our two friends had made good their escape from their assailants, but that he, being entangled in the bush, was unable to follow them, and consequently had been taken prisoner; and that the natives were

sleeping outside while the man I had killed, whose brother and father had perished in the affray, had remained in the hut to taunt him. He advised that we should proceed quietly through the midst of our sleeping enemies, and if we were discovered, he said the best we could do was to make a rush for it, as our lives depended on our success.

These hurried words having passed between us, I secured my rifle and joined my companion at the entrance. As we cautiously emerged into the open air, I perceived that the natives had kindled a fire to protect them from the attacks of wild beasts, and were sleeping round it. We passed them in the full glare of the flame without disturbing them, and began to feel assured of our safety.

My friend was pointing out the path which led to our settlement, when I suddenly struck my foot against a dark object that lay before me. A yell broke from it, and I felt my leg in the grasp of a pair of hands. I commenced striking with desperate fury in the direction of my unseen foe, who redoubled his cries, which soon aroused the circle of natives sleeping round the fire. One of them threw a blazing brand in our direction, the light from which exposed the whole affair. Clutching my leg with all his strength lay the fellow who had caused the mischief, while White and myself were endeavouring to disengage him. The light enabled me to direct my blows with certainty, and a crushing hit on the forehead soon laid the rascal on his back.

There was no time to be lost, for we had drawn the whole gang upon us.

"Run for it!" exclaimed White, now concealment was at an end; "those devils 'll follow like wild-fire!"

We darted off at such a pace as men only can run when dear life depends upon their exertions. The forest trees flew past us as we held on in the homeward path; our pursuers followed also at a prodigious speed, occasionally sending a spear by way of amusing us.

It was a sultry night, and I soon began to feel the effects of my unusual exercise. The perspiration poured from my skin as I toiled on by the side of my more hardy companion, who was accustomed to long runs, and who bounded along like a denizen of the woods we were traversing.

At length I began to experience the sensation of a bandage being bound round my brain, my eyes became hot and dry, and I drew my breath with difficulty. I panted with such violence that White gave me his hand, and assisted me in the way.

Our pursuers kept to the chase with that speed and perseverance for which savage races are so notorious. At periods they saluted us with a shower of their rude spears, accompanied by yells of defiance, and once or twice the sound of a rifle shot resounded in the solitude. Both weapons, however, were equally harmless, and could we have maintained our pace, we had an excellent chance of making good our escape.

But the pressure upon my brain became more and

more oppressive, and I ran on almost mechanically. My gallant friend cheered me with his voice, and assisted me with his hand, but, nevertheless, my efforts became more feeble, as each yard of our course was left behind, and at last, with blood gushing from my nose, I reeled against the massive trunk of a forest patriarch, and stammered my inability to proceed.

"Only another mile, Thornley, and you're at your own door," replied White.

"No, no!—save yourself,—not another step!" I stammered.

"Well, if that's the case, we must do our best agin' yon devils; but as to savin' myself, why, in truth, I won't leave you an inch!" was the energetic response.

We drew between two trees to conceal ourselves, but the moon having emerged from behind the clouds which had shaded her in the early part of the evening, betrayed the movement to our enemies, who were soon yelling in front.

"Here's for the first of you!" exclaimed White, as he retreated behind one of the trees and levelled my rifle at the first who approached. But the priming not having been replaced the action was harmless, and a heavy blow by the stock was substituted.

"If they don't come behind we may keep 'em some time," whispered my companion, but even as he spoke the crashing of heavy bodies was heard amid the bushes in our rear.

"I'll pay the coming one!" resumed he, and he ran up close to the bushes, and took his stand by a gleam of moonshine, across which these fresh assailants would be compelled to pass.

A form emerged into the light, and the watcher uttered an exclamation of joy as he discovered that the stranger was a white man.—Our two friends who escaped had mustered a strong party for our rescue, and, guided by the yells of the Kaffirs, had hastened to save or avenge us: and a score of dead bodies, and many wounds on living ones, attested how well they kept their word.

SORCERY AND MAGIC.¹

THE obsolete beliefs and delusions of mankind are on many accounts deserving of consideration. It is interesting to learn the extent of human credulity under the fosterings of ignorance and superstition, and to observe how the atrocities and absurdities thereby occasioned naturally disappear before the advancing lights of science and intelligence. There is no history properly complete which does not represent the dark and grotesque hallucinations by which the popular mind in different ages has been influenced; for these have undoubtedly, in a great measure, determined the character of nations and societies, and given a specific form to the general notions, habits, and moral development of the people among whom they have pre-

(1) "Narratives of Sorcery and Magic. From the most Authentic Sources. By Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., &c. &c." Two volumes. Bentley. 1851.

vailed. Tales of sorcery, magic, and other kindred perversions of the wonderful, accordingly demand attention, not merely as matters of curiosity, but as being illustrations of the consequences of imperfect knowledge, and as examples of inferior conditions of civilization. Such things have manifestly an historical, and also a scientific value; and therefore it is presumed that the readers of this Journal will not object to be made acquainted with a few of the strange particulars contained in Mr. Wright's recently published volumes.

The belief in magic, witchcraft, and the rest of the modifications of sorcery, was evidently grounded in a misconception of natural agency. It seems to have sprung out of a prior and once universally prevailing faith in the existence of an invisible world of spiritual beings, who exercised control over the elements of nature, and interfered for good and evil purposes in the sublunary concerns of men. All mythologies present evidences of such a faith, and the early history of all nations is full of fables founded upon a supposed intercourse with supernatural powers. It was clearly the imperfections of physical science which rendered such misconceptions possible. Sorcery and magic, as occult arts, appear to have been most widely recognised in the middle ages; and it was then that they began to be regarded as practices amenable to civil and ecclesiastical control and discipline. Trials and punishments for witchcraft, however, were common in England, and in Europe generally, down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, when at length the delusions which promoted them became exploded. For the last hundred and fifty years the belief in witchcraft, though not entirely extinguished, has lingered only in remote and neglected places, and is at last well nigh universally regarded as a mere incredible superstition.

Though sorcery and magic were manifestly of kindred origin, they appear to have been held in somewhat different repute, and to have been, in fact, different forms of the same erroneous belief. The witch, wizard, or ordinary sorcerer, was a malignant person, working evil under the constraining influence of the devil: the magician was an individual of dark scientific capacity and attainments, one who had the power of employing diabolical agencies for the accomplishment of his own ends and objects. In early times schools of magic existed in several parts of Europe. One of the most famous of these was established at Toledo in Spain, nearly on the confines which divided Christendom from Islam, on that spiritual neutral ground where, it was supposable, the demon might bid successful defiance to both the Gospel and the Koran. The science of the magician was considered dangerous, but not necessarily fatal, to salvation. To imperil this it was required that he should sell his soul for some unlawful gratification; and as the possession of one object naturally led to the desire of another, there was obviously a likelihood that he would sometime be induced to make the final sacrifice. One magician is said to have sold himself

on condition of being made a pope—a bargain which he would probably not have ventured on had he lived in the present century! The legend of Faust presents another case in point; and in this singular personage we have, moreover, a general type of the learned magician of the middle ages.

In the scale of forbidden knowledge, the witch was inferior to the magician. She had no command over evil spirits, but was used by them as an instrument of hostility against her fellow-creatures; having sold herself, apparently, without an object, unless it were for the mere power of working mischief. She was generally poor and despised, and commonly an outcast of society. It is to this class of persons that Mr. Wright's book is principally devoted.

The practice of sorcery was not confined to women, but, as Mr. Wright observes, it was an article of popular belief among all the nations of Western Europe, from the earliest period of their history, that women were more easily brought into connexion with the spiritual world than men, and thus they became more frequently addicted to deeds of mystery and darkness. In pagan times, to them especially were known the herbs and other articles which were considered obnoxious to mankind, and the ceremonies and charms whereby the influence of the gods might be invoked for purposes of injury or preservation. After the introduction of Christianity, the belief arose that these incantations were particularly addressed to demons, and on that account they were strictly forbidden by the early ecclesiastical laws, which alone appear at first to have taken notice of them. From these laws we learn that witches were believed to destroy people's cattle and goods, to strike persons with withering diseases, and even to bring about their death. But it does not appear that their power was originally understood to be derived from a direct compact with the evil one. Prior to the twelfth century they were generally supposed to be aided in their objects by the spirits of groves or fountains; but of the superstitious practices of these early ages we have little or no definite information.

During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, however, witchcraft became recognised as a power derived expressly from the devil, whom, by direct compact, the witches were "bound to worship with certain rites and ceremonies, the shadows of those which had in remoter ages been performed in honour of the pagan gods." The character of the popular belief at this time may be seen from the story of the Witch of Berkeley, which Southey has made the subject of a ballad, and which William of Malmesbury, an historian of the twelfth century, relates from the information of a professed "eye-witness," an individual of respectability, whom William declares he "would have been ashamed to disbelieve." This unfortunate old lady, after a long career of mischief, was at length apprised by her unearthly taskmaster that he would, on a certain day and hour, take final possession of her soul and body, according to the agreement under which they had been bound together. Startled by

the intimation, and in great natural alarm about the consequences, the old woman forthwith called around her all the monks of a neighbouring monastery, confessed her evil courses and her long subjection to the devil, and begged that they would do as much as in them lay to save her from destruction. She hoped that they would at least secure her body after death from being carried away by fiends. "Sew me in the hide of a stag," said she, "then place me in a stone coffin, and fasten the covering with lead and iron. Let fifty psalms be sung each night, and fifty masses be said each day, and so, peradventure, you may break the power of the evil one. If you can thus keep my body for the space of three nights, on the fourth you may bury it with safety in the ground."

These directions were literally executed; but psalms and masses were signally unavailing. The fiends came in great force to carry off their victim; and though, for the first night, the priests withstood their efforts, on the second the gates of the monastery were burst open in spite of the strongest bolts and locks, and even two of the three chains by which the coffin was held down were violently broken: a significant omen that on the third night the last would probably give way. So indeed it happened. "On the third night the clamour of the fiends increased till the monastery trembled from its foundations; and the priests, stiff with terror, were unable to proceed with their service. The doors at length burst open of their own accord, and a demon, larger and more terrible than any of the others, stalked into the church. He stopped at the coffin, and with a fearful voice ordered the woman to arise. She answered that she was held down by the chain: the demon put his foot to the coffin, the last chain broke asunder like a bit of thread, and the covering of the coffin flew off. The body of the witch then arose, and her persecutor took her by the hand, and led her to the door, where a black horse, of enormous stature, its back covered with iron spikes, awaited them, and, seating her beside him on its back, he disappeared from the sight of the terrified monks. But the horrible screams of his victim were heard through the country for miles as they passed along."

Oh, Goodness, what a ride! But the witches were well practised in extraordinary horsemanship. According to one of the oldest traditions concerning them, they were accustomed to travel through the air mounted on broomsticks or besoms. Sometimes, however, they went upon a genteeler kind of palfrey. William of Auverne, who wrote in the thirteenth century, informs us that the witches of his day were in the habit of taking a reed or cane, and, on making some magical signs, and uttering certain barbarous words, it became transformed into a horse, which carried them whither they wished to go with astonishing rapidity. It was a common article of belief in the middle ages, that women of this description travelled immense distances in this way in an incredible short space of time; and that they often entered people's houses without opening doors or windows, destroying

their goods and injuring their persons while asleep. It would seem, nevertheless, there were sceptics in those days, who, if not altogether denying witchcraft, entertained some sensible doubts about the truth of the current notions. Vincent of Beauvais, in the thirteenth century, tells a story which is somewhat in support of this opinion:—

"One day, an old woman went to the priest in a certain parish church, and said, 'Sir, I did you a great service last night, and saved you from much evil; for the dames with whom I am accustomed to go about at night entered your chamber; and if I had not interceded with them, and prayed for you, they would have done you an injury.' Says the priest: 'The door of my chamber was locked and bolted, how could you enter it?' To which the old woman answered, 'Sir, neither door nor lock can restrain or hinder us from freely going in and out wherever we choose.' Then the priest shut and bolted the church doors, and seizing the staff of the cross, 'I will prove if it be true,' said he, 'that I may repay you for so great a service;' and he thereupon belaboured the woman's back and shoulders. To all her outcries his only reply was, 'Get out of the church and fly, since neither door nor lock can restrain you!' It was an argument," says Mr. Wright, "that could not be evaded." However, a writer of the twelfth century relates an incident where, *of his own knowledge*, a woman in France had been seized for her wicked opinions, and condemned to be burnt; but, with contemptuous words for her keepers and judges, she approached the window of the room in which she was confined, uttered a charm, and instantly disappeared in the air!

Among the capabilities attributed to witches in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, was a power of taking strange shapes, as those of different animals, and of transforming others after the same manner. "It was a very prevalent belief that such persons turned themselves into ravenous wolves, and wandered about by night to devour people. They took many other shapes to indulge passions which could not be otherwise gratified. They sometimes revenged themselves upon their enemies, or those against whom they bore ill-will, by turning them into dogs or asses, and they could only recover their shapes by bathing in running water." William of Malmesbury, before mentioned, tells us, that on the high road to Rome there dwelt two old women, of questionable reputation, in a wretched hut, where they allured weary travellers; and by their charms transformed them into horses, swine, or other animals which they could sell to the merchants who passed that way; and by this means they gained a livelihood. One day, a jongleur, or mountebank, asked for a night's lodging; and on learning his profession, they told him they had an extremely intelligent donkey to dispose of—an animal which could do every kind of feat it was ordered to do, and was indeed deficient in no accomplishment save that of speaking. The jongleur saw the ass, was delighted with its exploits and intelli-

gence, and bought it for a considerable sum of money. At parting, one of the women told him that if he would preserve the animal long, he must carefully keep it away from water. The mountebank followed the direction, and his ass became a fertile source of profit. But its keeper, as he became more prosperous, grew dissolute, and less attentive to his interests; and one day, when he was in a state of jollification, the ass escaped, and went directly to the nearest stream, "into which it had no sooner thrown itself than it recovered its original shape of a handsome young man." The mountebank soon after missing his ass, set out anxiously in search of it, and, meeting the young man, was told what had happened, and how he had been transformed by the scandalous charms of the old women. The latter were carried subsequently before the Pope, to whom they confessed their wicked practices, but what judgment was imposed on them is not related.

We have no detailed trial of witches before the fourteenth century, but about that time sorcery began to be regarded as a sort of heresy, and the pretence of it was often used for political and ecclesiastic purposes. The famous Knight Templars were among the earliest victims of this superstition, and suffered spoliation, and ultimate dissolution of their order as a consequence. In France, the belief in sorcery appears to have been prevalent at an early period, and in the middle of the fifteenth century it became the ground of one of the most remarkable persecutions that the history of that age has preserved on record. In the city of Arras, and other places, numerous persons, charged with the practice of diabolic arts, were brought into the merciless toils of the inquisition—confessions were wrung from them by torture, and most of them were punished capitally, by burning. In Italy, Spain, and Germany, similar atrocities occurred; and the Romish priesthood appears to have availed themselves freely of the charge of sorcery everywhere, for the purpose of suppressing every rational inquiry, and for maintaining their tyrannous and superstitious domination. During the age of the Reformation, Protestants were generally denounced as sorcerers, or persons of malignant disposition, combined in unholy alliance with the principalities of darkness. The belief in sorcery, however, was not peculiar to the adherents of the Romish faith, but was universally shared by people of all "persuasions," being, in fact, a common and unquestioned article of belief throughout the middle ages, and thence downwards to the end of the seventeenth century.

Mr. Wright has collected a very considerable number of cases, illustrative of the working of this wide-spread superstition during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when it was most extensively and successfully in force; but as it is impossible for us here to do more than touch upon the subject, we propose to confine ourselves mainly to the aspects and characteristics which sorcery and magic presented in our own country. In proceeding, we shall glance first at the type of the magician of the middle ages,

as that character appeared among us in the person of Roger Bacon.

"So naturally," says Mr. Wright, "was the notion of magic connected with that of superior learning in the mind of the multitude, that few of the great scholars of the middle ages escaped the imputation." Bacon, however, would appear to be the "representative man" of his class—the model magician, whom all inferior practitioners of the occult arts tended unconsciously to resemble, but fell short through imperfection of capacity. It is not as a sorcerer, but as a discoverer and experimenter in natural philosophy, that Roger Bacon is properly to be regarded; but viewed through the eyes of his contemporaries, it was his skill and repute in magic which gave him his importance, and it is solely in his character as a magician that we are here concerned with him. Not what Bacon *was*, but what the people of his day *supposed him to be*, is the matter which we have to deal with at the present.

According to legendary history, Roger Bacon was the son of a wealthy farmer in the West of England, who had placed his son with the parish priest to gain a little scholarship. The boy soon showed an unusual ability for learning, which the priest encouraged, but which was extremely disagreeable to the father, who, it seems, intended to bring him up to farming. Disliking the prospect of such a way of life, the young student fled from home and took refuge in a monastery, where he followed his studies peacefully, and was eventually sent to complete them in the University at Oxford. There he is reported to have made himself a proficient in the occult sciences, and attained to the highest success in magic. In course of time, he had an opportunity of exhibiting his skill before the court, and in return received many favours from the king.

The traditions respecting Bacon are for the most part extremely vague, and Mr. Wright considers the greater number of them to be mere adaptations of popular mediæval stories; but he observes that they show, nevertheless, what was the prevailing notion of the magician's character. One of these stories will be all that we are able to find room for. It relates to a certain "fast" gentleman of the olden time, who, being reduced to poverty, and involved in debt by his extravagance, "sold himself to the evil one, on condition that he was to deliver himself up as soon as his debts were paid." There was doubtless something honourable in a man, running so terrible a risk for the simple satisfaction of paying twenty shillings in the pound; but at the same time, it is not difficult to imagine that he was in no great haste to satisfy his creditors. As, however, every evil day is sure to arrive, the time at length came when he could no longer put them off; and accordingly, his affairs being settled, he found himself in an extremely unpleasant situation. In a somewhat defiant humour, akin to the desperation of pirates and burglars when they swear never to submit to the indignity of being "taken alive," the unhappy gentleman contemplated committing violence on himself, and was on the point

of effecting his intent, when it happened his hand was arrested by the interposition of Roger Bacon. The magician, when he had heard the gentleman's story, directed him to repair to the place appointed for his meeting with the evil one, and there boldly to deny the devil's claim, and then refer for judgment to the first person who should pass. Bacon, of course, intended to be the man. Accordingly, in the morning, the gentleman, "after he had blessed himself," went straightway to the wood where he had been summoned to appear, and there, as he expected, he found the devil waiting for him. The greeting, you may be sure, was no-wise very cordial. As soon as the man came near, the devil said—"Now, deceiver, art thou come? Now shalt thou see that I can and will prove that thou hast paid all thy debts, and therefore thy soul belongeth to me!" "Thou art a deceiver," said the gentleman, "and gavest me money to cheat me of my soul, for else why wilt thou be thine own judge? let me have some other to judge between us." "Content," said the devil, "take whom thou wilt." "Then I will have," said the gentleman, "the next man that cometh this way." Hereto, the devil agreed; and no sooner had these words ended than friar Bacon came by, to whom the gentleman spoke, and requested him to "be judge in a weighty matter between them two." The friar expressed his willingness, provided both parties were agreed: the devil said they were, and told Bacon how the case stood between them. "Know, friar," said he, "that I, seeing this prodigal like to starve for want of food, lent him money, not only to buy him victuals, but also to redeem his lands and pay his debts, conditionally, that so soon as his debts were paid, he should give himself freely to me; to this—here is his hand," showing him the bond, signed with the presumably man's blood—"now my time is expired, for all his debts are paid, which he is unable to deny." "This case is plain," observed the friar, "if it be so that his debts are paid." "His silence confirms it," said the devil, "therefore give him a just sentence." "I will," said friar Bacon; "but first tell me," speaking to the gentleman, "didst thou never yet give the devil any of his money back, nor requite him in any ways whatever?" "Never had he anything of me as yet," answered the gentleman. "Then never let him have anything of thee, and thou art free." "Deceiver of mankind," said he, turning to the devil, "it was thy bargain never to meddle with him so long as he was indebted to any; now, how canst thou demand of him anything when he is clearly indebted for all that he hath to thee? When he payeth thee thy money, then take him as thy due; till then thou hast nothing to do with him, and so I charge thee to be gone." At this the devil vanished, much chagrined; "but," says the story, "friar Bacon comforted the gentleman, and sent him home with a quiet conscience, bidding him never to pay the devil's money back, as he tendered his own safety."

This, if report be true, was not the only time when the cunning friar cheated the grand adversary:

there is a story, that he himself had entered into compact with the evil one, but, by superiority of artfulness, evaded the conditions. The agreement is said to have stipulated, that "he was to belong to the devil after his death, if he died in the church or out of it;" but, it seems, the sly magician, when he found his end approaching, caused a cell to be made in the church wall, into which he entered, and wherein he died and was buried; and thus, being "neither in the church nor without," the fiend once more was successfully over-reached.

It is easy to see that stories of this kind are but the *sport* of sorcery, and must evidently have had their origin in quite a different feeling from that which produced the grim and terrible reality involved in the imputation of witchcraft in the next two succeeding centuries. The growth and development of the superstition, appears to have been fearfully accelerated by the efforts of the religious inquisitors and the judicial courts upon the continent, to exterminate all accused and suspected sorcerers from society. The crime came gradually to be held as one of the greatest possible enormities, being regarded, in fact, as a sort of deliberate combination with the powers of darkness, to destroy all order and religion. In some countries; however, it would seem that the art of witchcraft was not yet considered to be necessarily connected with diabolic agency, but was, at least in many instances, derived from other and less abominable sources. The witches of Scotland, during the sixteenth century, were understood to receive their power, not from the evil one, but from the "fairy folk," with whom, until a comparatively late period, their connexion was somewhat whimsical and harmless, and characterised by none of the disgusting particulars which were attributed to other practitioners of the art in the continental countries. In 1576, an extraordinary case was brought before the high court in Edinburgh, an account of which will serve to show the form in which witchcraft then appeared among the Scottish people.

The chief actress in the business, was one Bessie Dunlop, a native of the county of Ayr, and wife of a cottager named Andro Jak. "In her confession, this woman stated that she was one day going from her own house to the yard of Monkcastle, driving her cows to the pasture, and weeping 'for the cow that was dead,' her husband and child that were both lying ill of an epidemic, and herself newly risen from child-bed, when a strange man met her by the way, and saluted her with the words, 'Gude day, Bessie!' She returned his salutation, and, in answer to his inquiries, told him of her troubles, upon which he informed her, that her child, as well as the sick cow, and two of her sheep would die, but that her 'gude man' would soon recover; all which took place as he foretold. She described her interrogator as 'ane honest wele-elderlie man, gray-bairdit (bearded), and had ane gray coit with Lumbart slevis of the auld faussoun; ane pair of gray brekis (breeches), and guhyte schankis, gartanit above the kne; ane black bonet on his heid, cloisie

behind and plane befoir, with silkin lassis drawin throw the lippis thair of; and ane guhyte wand in his hand.' This personage told her at last that he was one Thome Reid, 'guha deit (died) at Pinkye,' (Sept. 10, 1547). And this account was confirmed by the manner in which he disappeared through the yard of Monkcastlel—"I thoct he gait in a narrowware hoill of the dyke, nor only erdlie man culd haif gane throw; and swa I was sumthing fleit (aghast)." It appears that Thome Reid had been a turned-off servant of the laird of Blair, and Bessie Dunlop was once sent on a message to his son who inherited his name, and had succeeded to his place in the household of the laird, and who fully confirmed Thome's story, that he had gone to the battle of Pinkye, and fallen in that disastrous conflict.

"The next time Thome Reid appeared to Bessie as she was going between her house and the thorn of Dawmstarnok, and he then declared more openly his ultimato designs. After remaining some time with her, Thome asked her pointedly, if she would believe in him; to which she replied with great naïveté, 'she would believe in anybody who did her good.' Thome had hitherto spoken like a good christian, and at their first interview he had addressed her in the name of the blessed Virgin, but now, encouraged by her answer, he boldly proposed to her that she should 'deny her christendom and the faith she took at the baptismal font,' in return for which she should have goods, and horses, and cows, in abundance, besides other advantages. This, however, she refused indignantly, and her tempter went away, 'something angry' with her.

"Thome's visits generally occurred at mid-day, not at the still hour of night, and he seemed little embarrassed by the presence of other company. Shortly after the interview just mentioned, he visited her in her own house, where she was in company with her husband and three tailors, and, unseen by these, he took her by the apron and led her to the door, and she followed him to the 'hull-end,' and there he told her to remain quiet and speak not, whatever she might hear and see. She then advanced a little, and suddenly saw twelve persons, eight women, and four men—the men were clad in gentlemen's clothing, and the women had all plaids round them, and were very seemly like to see, and Thome was with them.' They bade her sit down, and said, 'Welcome, Bessie, wilt thou go with us?' but, as she had been warned, she returned no answer, and, after holding a consultation amongst themselves, which she did not hear, they disappeared in a 'hideous' whirlwind. Shortly afterwards Thome returned, and told her, the persons she had seen were the 'good wights' who dwelt in the court of Elfin, who came there to invite her to go with them, and he repeated the invitation very pressingly, but she answered that 'she saw no profit to gang that kind of gate, unless she knew wherefore.' Then he said, 'Seest thou not me, worth meat and worth clothes, and good enough like in person?'—and he promised to make her far better off than ever she was.

"Her answer, however, was still the same,—she dwelt with her own husband and bairns, and could not leave them—and so he 'began to be very crabbed with her,' and told her that if she continued in that mind, she would get little good of him. His anger, however, appears to have soon subsided, and he continued to come at her call, and give her his advice and assistance, always treating her with respect, for she declared that the greatest liberty he had taken with her, was to draw her by the apron, when he would persuade her to go with him to fairy-land."

On all such occasions, it would seem that Bessie firmly declined going; and it appears that "the whole extent of her witchcraft consisted in curing diseases, and recovering stolen property, which she did by the agency of her unearthly visitor, who gave her medicines, or showed her how to prepare them." Some of the particulars of her statement were supported by the evidence of other witnesses; and, in concluding the narrative, Mr. Wright observes that "however we may judge of the connexion between Thome Reid and Bessie Dunlop, it is rendered certain by the entry in the court records, that the unfortunate woman was convict and brynt."

By way of contrasting the popular credulity in different countries at the same period, it may not be amiss to introduce, in connexion with the foregoing, some few particulars, relating to the progress of sorcery on the continent.

"During the earlier part of the sixteenth century, trials for witchcraft in France are of rare occurrence, and there are no cases of great importance recorded till the year 1560. In 1516, a number of persons were brought to trial at Vernon, accused of having held their sabbath as witches in an old ruined castle in the shape of cats: and witnesses deposed to having seen the assembly, and to having suffered from the attacks of the pseudo-feline conspirators. But the court threw out the charge as worthy only of ridicule. In 1564, three men and a woman were executed at Poitiers, after having been made to confess to various acts of sorcery. Among other things, they said that they had regularly attended the witches' sabbath, which was held three times a year, and that the demon who presided at it, ended by burning himself, to make powder for the use of his agents in mischief. . . . Several witches, who all confessed to having been at the Sabbaths, were in 1573 condemned to be burnt in different parts of France. In 1578, a man was tried and condemned in Paris, for changing himself into a wolf: and another man was condemned at Orleans for the same supposed crime in 1583. As France was often infested by these rapacious animals, it is not difficult to conceive how popular credulity was led to connect their ravages with the crime of witchcraft. The belief in what were in England called *wer-wolves* (men-wolves), and in France, *loups-garoux*, was a very ancient superstition throughout Europe. It is asserted by a serious and intelligent writer of the time, that in 1588, a gentleman, looking out of the window of his château in a village two leagues from

Apoth, in the mountains of Auvergne, saw one of his acquaintances going a hunting, and begged he would bring him home some game. The hunter, while occupied in the chase, was attacked by a fierce she-wolf, and, after having fired at it without effect, struck it with his hunting knife, and cut off the paw of its right fore-leg, on which it immediately took to flight. The hunter took up the paw, threw it into his bag with the rest of his game, and soon afterwards returned to his friend's chateau, and told him of his adventure, at the same time putting his hand into the bag to bring forth the wolf's paw in confirmation of his story. What was his surprise at drawing out a lady's hand, with a gold ring on one finger! His friend's astonishment was still greater, when he recognised the ring as one which he had given to his own wife; and, descending hastily into the kitchen, he found the lady warming herself by the fire, with her right arm wrapped in her apron. This he at once seized, and found, to his horror, that the hand was cut off. The lady confessed that it was she, who, in the form of a wolf, had attacked the hunter; she was, in due course of time, brought to her trial, and condemned, and was immediately afterwards burnt at Rheims."

About the time of these occurrences, several local councils passed severe laws against witchcraft, and thenceforward to the end of the century, the number of miserable persons put to death in France under the accusation was very great. "In the course only of fifteen years, from 1580 to 1595, and only in one province, that of Lorraine, the president Remigius burnt *nine hundred* witches, and as many more fled out of the country to save their lives; and about the close of the century one of the French judges tells us that there were not gaols enough to hold the prisoners, or judges to hear their causes." In Germany, Spain, and Italy, kindred atrocities were perpetrated to the like extent—scarcely any accusation of sorcery being made without involving a number of hitherto unsuspected persons in the same pretended guilt, through the confessions wrung by tortures from the victims. Thus the horrible infatuation spread like flames upon a prairie, kindling in all directions new and more fearful fires, until scarcely any one, whatever might be his rank or credit in society, was free from the danger of being accused, should selfishness or malice at any time be excited to denounce him.

Allusion has been made in a former paragraph to what was called the "witches' sabbath;" and here, perhaps, it may be fitting to give a more complete account of it. This sabbath, or general sorcerers' assembly and convocation, was usually held in some wild, solitary spot, often in the depths of forests or on the tops of lofty mountains, and commonly at a great distance from the residence of the attendants. The circumstance connected with it most difficult of proof, was the method of transport from one place to another. The witches, in their confessions, generally agreed in the statement that they divested themselves of their clothes, and anointed their bodies with a particular

kind of ointment. They then mounted a staff or a broomstick, and, muttering a charm, were carried speedily through the air to the place of meeting. Sometimes the witches were carried by demons in the shape of a goat or some other animal, who, moreover, brought them back again after the meeting was dissolved. Bodin, a learned physician who wrote on Demonology in the sixteenth century, relates that a man, who lived at the little town of Loches, had observed that his wife frequently absented herself from home in the night, and, being suspicious of her conduct, he questioned her as to whither she betook herself at such unseasonable hours. After some hesitation she at length confessed that she was a witch, and went out to attend the witches' sabbath. "To appease the anger of her husband, she agreed to gratify his curiosity by taking him with her to the next meeting, but she warned him on no account whatever to allow the name of God or of the Saviour to escape his lips. At the appointed time they stripped and anointed themselves, and, after uttering the necessary formula, they were suddenly transported to the *landes* of Bordeaux, at an immense distance from their dwelling. The husband there found himself in the midst of a great assembly of both sexes in the same state of *deshabille* as himself and his wife, and in one part he saw the devil in a hideous form; but in the first moment of surprise, he inadvertently uttered the exclamation, "*Mon Dieu! où sommes-nous?*" and all disappeared as suddenly from his view, leaving him cold and naked in the middle of the fields, where he wandered till morning, when the countrymen coming to their daily occupations told him where he was, and he made his way home in the best way he could. But he lost no time in denouncing his wife, who was brought to her trial, confessed, and was burnt." The same thing is stated to have happened to a man at Lyons, with a like result; and various instances of the kind are given by Bodin and other contemporary writers on the subject.

Of the many curious trials for witchcraft which took place in England, those relating to the witches of Pendle forest, and to the "witches of Warboys," in Huntingdonshire, are to be reckoned as among the most remarkable. They are, however, much too lengthy in particulars to be introduced into these pages. The story of the "witches of Samlesbury" is also somewhat long; yet, as the reader will probably desire to see some complete and regular narrative of the kind, we have determined to extract it in full from the second of the volumes under notice.

Be it understood, then, that the village of Samlesbury is at some distance from the town of Preston, in Lancashire. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, the principal family in this township was that of the Southworths, who had their seat at Samlesbury Park, and who appear to have been much divided among themselves—a division which was unhappily increased by religious differences, some of them being Protestants and others Roman Catholics. The narrative proceeds:—"Lancashire was at this time

remarkable for the number of Papists which it harboured. It was the grand asylum of the English seminary priests, and there are documents which show that Samlesbury Park was a well-known resort of the partisans of Rome. One of these priests was Christopher Southworth, who, for concealment, had assumed the name of Thompson, and who appears to have been nearly related to Sir John Southworth, the occupier of the park, who was then recently dead. Between Sir John and one of his female relations, Jane Southworth, there was a bitter feud, for what reason is not stated. A servant of Sir John's, named John Singleton, deposed that 'he had often heard his old master say, that the said Jane Southworth was, as he thought, an evil woman and a witch;' and he added, 'that the said Sir John Southworth, in his coming or going between his own house at Samlesbury and the town of Preston, did for the most part forbear to pass by the house where the said wife dwelt, though it was his nearest and best way, and rode another way, only for fear of the said wife, as this examine verily thinketh.' This statement was confirmed by another witness, a yeoman of Samlesbury, named William Alkes, who deposed, 'that he had seen the said Sir John Southworth shun the said wife when he came near where she was, and hath heard the said Sir John say that he liked her not, and that he doubted she would bewitch him.' And as far as we can gather, it appears further, that Jane Southworth was a recent convert from Romanism to the Church of England.

"There was in the same village a family of the name of Bierley. Jennet Bierley was an aged woman, who appears to have lived with a daughter-in-law, Ellen Bierley. Her own daughter had married Thomas Sowerbuts of Samlesbury, a husbandman, and by her he had a daughter, Grace Sowerbuts, who was at this time about fourteen years of age. Jennet and Ellen Bierley were Protestants, while Thomas Sowerbuts was a Catholic, and there was probably a quarrel between them on account of the religion of the child, which Thomas Sowerbuts resolved should be that of Rome, and for that purpose he sent her for religious instruction to the priest Thompson (*alias* Southworth).

"Soon after, or about the time of the seizure of the witches of Pendel, Grace Sowerbuts pretended to be seized with strange fits, and she was found in a sort of trance among the hay and straw in a barn, whence she was taken to her father's house, and there told a story which led to the arrest of Jane Southworth, and Jennet and Ellen Bierley, and they were committed to Lancaster jail. They were brought to trial on the 19th of August, 1612, and then Grace Sowerbuts made a statement in court, to the effect that after having been 'haunted and vexed' for some years by the prisoners and another confederate, named old Doewife—these four women had lately drawn her by the hair of the head to the top of a hay-mow, where they left her. Not long after this, Jennet Bierley met her near her home, appearing to her first

in human likeness, 'and after that in the likeness of a black dog,' and attempted to terrify her. The girl told her father what had happened, and how she had often been 'haunted' in this manner; and being asked by the court why she never told anybody before, she said, 'she could not speak thereof, though she desired so to do.' Soon after this, on the 4th of April, 'going towards Samlesbury, back to meet her mother coming from Preston, she saw the said Jennet Bierley, who met this examine at a place called the two Brigs, first in her own shape, and afterwards in the likeness of a black dog with two legs, which dog went close by the side of this examine till they came to a pit of water, and then the said dog spake, and persuaded this examine to drown herself therein, saying it was a fair and an easy death; whereupon this examine thought there came one to her in a white sheet, and carried her away from the said pit, upon the coming whereof the said black dog departed away.' The dog subsequently returned, and carried her to a neighbour's barn, where it left her in a trance on the floor. She went on to describe other instances of persecution by the witches, and declared that on one occasion her grandmother and aunt had taken her by night to the house of a man named Thomas Walshman, which they entered, 'she knew not how,' and Jennet Bierley caused the death of an infant child; and the night after the burial of the child, 'the said Jennet Bierley and Ellen Bierley, taking this examine with them, went to Samlesbury Church, and there did take up the said child, and the said Jennet did carry it out of the churchyard in her arms, and then did put it in her lap and carried it home to her own house, and having it there, did boil some thereof in a pot, and some did broil on the coals, of both which the said Jennet and Ellen did eat, and would have had this examine, and one Grace Bierley, daughter of the said Ellen, to have eaten with them, but they refused so to do. And afterward the said Jennet and Ellen did see the (*boil*) the bones of the said child in a pot, and with the fat that came out of the said bones they said they would anoint themselves, that thereby they might sometimes change themselves into other shapes. And after all this being done, they said they would lay the bones again in the grave the next night following; but whether they did so or not this examine knoweth not; neither doth she know how they got it out of the grave at the first taking of it up.' She next stated, that 'about half a year ago the said Jennet Bierley, Ellen Bierley, Jane Southworth and this examine (who went by the appointment of the said Jennet, her grandmother), did meet at a place called Redbank, upon the north side of the water of Ribble, every Thursday and Sunday, at night, by the space of a fortnight, and at the water-side there came unto them, as they went thither, four black things, going upright, and yet not like men in the face, which four did carry the said three women and this examine over the water; and when they came to the said Redbank, they found something there which they did eat. . . . And after they had eaten, the said

three women and this examine danced, every one of them with one of the black things aforesaid.' She proceeded to describe further acts, familiar to those who enter into the minutiae of sorcery, and which seem to have been taken from the foreign books on the subject, until the time of the arrest of the prisoners.

"It was not the fashion at this time to submit witnesses in such cases to a strict cross-examination, nor did any one think of opening the grave of the child to ascertain in what condition the body might then be; but Thomas Walshman deposed that his child died about the time stated, though he said that it had been sick for some time. Witnesses were also examined as to Grace Sowerbutts' fits, and the father and one or two other witnesses gave their evidence in corroboration of her statements. The evidence was thus in due order taken, and the jury was, no doubt, ready to give a verdict against the prisoners, when the judge, Sir Edward Bromley, demanded of the latter what they had to say for themselves. The sequel may be told best in the rather dramatic language of the report of the trial. The three prisoners, instead of being abashed as persons under such circumstances usually were, 'humbly upon their knees, with weeping tears, desired him for God's cause to examine Grace Sowerbutts, who set her on, or by whose means this accusation came against them. Immediately the countenance of this Grace Sowerbutts changed; the witnesses, being behind, began to quarrel and accuse one another. In the end his lordship examined the girl, who could not for her life make any direct answer, but strangely amazed, told him she was put to a master to learn, but he told her nothing of this. But here, as his lordship's care and pains were great to discover the practices of these odious witches of the forest of Pendle and other places now upon their trial before him, so was he desirous to discover this damnable practice to accuse these poor women and bring their lives in danger, and thereby deliver the innocent. And as he openly delivered it upon the bench, in hearing of this great audience, that if a priest or Jesuit had a hand in one end of it, there would appear to be knavery and practice in the other end of it—and that it might the better appear to the whole world, examined Thomas Sowerbutts what master taught his daughter; in general terms he denied all. The wench had nothing to say, but, her master told her nothing of that. In the end some that were present told his lordship the truth, and the prisoners informed him how she went to learn with one Thompson, a seminary priest, who had instructed and taught her this accusation against them, because they were once obstinate papists, and now came to church. Here is the discovery of this priest, and of his whole practice. Still this fire increased more and more, and one witness accusing another, all things were laid open at large. In the end, his lordship took away the girl from her father, and committed her to Mr. Leigh, a very religious preacher, and Mr. Chisnal, two justices of the peace, to be carefully examined.'

Grace Sowerbutts now made a full confession; she declared that all she said before had been taught her by the priest; that it was a mere invention; that her fits were counterfeit; and that she had, by her own will, gone into the barn and other places where she was found."

The above is a tolerably fair sample of the narratives contained in Mr. Wright's volumes; though, in the majority of cases, there is no such clue to the imposture or nefarious designs connected with the accusation. In a great proportion of instances, the prosecutions for witchcraft appear to have been carried on under the influence of an honest, unaccountable delusion. To get at motives, or to unravel the mass of intricate absurdity presented in these stories, with a view to understand how so strange an infatuation could so long prevail, or in what elements of human nature or perverted social feeling it had its growth and derived its credibility—is a result which, with our present helps, seems hopelessly unattainable. Mr. Wright has, perhaps wisely, declined entering into any "disquisition" on a matter so subtle and perplexing. Indeed, he does not profess to give "a regular history of witchcraft;" but has "merely attempted to show the influence which superstition once exercised on the history of the world, by a few narratives taken from the annals of past ages, of events which seemed to place it in its strongest and clearest light." And yet, after going carefully over the volumes, we have to complain of a defect of "light" in the whole business. The book is worth consulting, and it is, we believe, the most popular and complete work of the kind which has hitherto been published in the language; but somehow we fancy a still better book might be written on the subject: we think that something might be done in the way of breaking ground upon a "philosophy of witchcraft"—something calculated to help one to *understand* the thing a little better than most people are able to do from the productions hitherto attempted. Is there no thoughtful and patient country gentleman, learned in such matters, who, with plenty of time upon his hands, and having access to the requisite materials—a Sir Thomas Browne of the nineteenth century, with genius enough to discern the *rationale* of "Vulgar Errors"—is there no such person to whom researches of this kind might become a labour of delight, and in that case get thoroughly, laboriously, and philosophically investigated? These "narratives" by Mr. Wright, "thrown together somewhat hastily," as he says, cannot be considered as an adequate and final exposition of so renowned a subject.¹

(1) One of the marks of "haste" is the multitude of printers' errors in the work. Mr. Wright seems to have been very careless with his "proofs." In one place, for instance, he states respecting the celebrated wife of Concin, that, on being asked what charms she had used to gain her influence over Marie de Medicis, she replied "that it was but the power of a weak mind over a strong one." (Vol. ii. p. 53.) Everybody cannot be expected to know that this is either a compositor's blunder, or a slip of a compiler's pen, and that the real answer was just the contrary—"the power of a strong mind over a weak one." Errors of this sort should not have escaped the notice of an author of Mr. Wright's repute and standing. Should the work ever reach a second edition, it will need a smart revision.

Here, however, we have well-nigh reached the limits of our space. By way of a "finish," therefore, let us mention that the last trial for witchcraft in England took place in the year 1712, the accused being a poor woman named Jane Wenham, living at Walkern in Hertfordshire. We cannot give the particulars of her story, but it will suffice to say that one of the principal charges was that of "conversing with the devil in the shape of a cat," and that in support of the indictment, there were sixteen witnesses examined, three of whom were clergymen, all of them evidently sincere believers in the truth of the accusation. In spite of the poor woman's declarations of innocence, and of the efforts of Mr. Justice Powell in her favour, the Hertfordshire jury, under a profound impression of their duty, delivered a verdict of "Guilty." As a matter of form, the judge was obliged to pronounce sentence of death upon the prisoner; but he subsequently obtained a "pardon" for her, and an enlightened gentleman in the county took her under his protection, and placed her in a cottage on his own estate, where she "passed the rest of her life in a quiet, inoffensive manner."

After this, prosecutions of the kind ceased to be entertained in the courts of justice, witches gradually diminished in the land, and at length a tragical outrage, which occurred exactly a hundred years ago, was the occasion which led to a final repeal of the statute against witchcraft. In the year 1751, there were living at Tring, in the same county of Hertford, a poor man and his wife, of the name of Osborne. One day mother Osborne went to beg a little butter-milk of a farmer named Butterfield, who, it seems, harshly refused to give her any, saying he had not sufficient for his hogs; and she is said to have gone away muttering threats against his goods and person. Some time afterwards, Butterfield's calves became distempered, and the ignorant people of the neighbourhood declared they were bewitched by mother Osborne. By-and-by, Butterfield himself had a repetition of certain fits to which he had formerly been subject; and as he was persuaded that the "doctors could do him no good," he took the advice of some of his neighbours, and sent for an old woman out of Northamptonshire, who had the reputation of being skilful in counteracting the effects of sorcery. This woman confirmed the opinion which she found prevailing,—namely, that the man was certainly bewitched. She advised, moreover, a general rising of the populace against the witch, that her powers might be tested by a "ducking;" and accordingly, on a certain day in April, both the poor old woman and her husband were conducted to a pond, and there treated so brutally, that they both died of their injuries. A coroner's inquest, however, brought in a verdict of murder against several of the ringleaders, and one of them was executed for the crime. "From this time," as Mr. Wright remarks, "witchcraft has attracted no attention in England, except as a vulgar superstition in some rude localities, where the schoolmaster had not yet penetrated."

THE TWO ISABELS.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Oh love, love, love, love!—love is like a dizziness,
It will not let a poor man go about his business."
OLD SONG.

"And are those follies going,
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold, or wise, for woman's eyes
Again to set it glowing?"
MOORE.

THE General put on his spectacles, and looked steadfastly at Isabel for at least two minutes. "Turn your head," he said, at last,— "there, to the left."

Isabel Montford, although an acknowledged beauty, was as amiable as she was admired; she had also a keen appreciation of character; and, though somewhat piqued, was amused by the oddity of her aunt's old lover. The General was a fine example of the well-preserved person and manners of the past century; beauty always recognises beauty as a distinguished relative; and Isabel turned her head, to render it as attractive as it could be.

The General smiled, and, after gazing for another minute with evident pleasure, he said,— "Do me the favour to keep that attitude, and walk across the room."

Isabella did so with much dignity; she certainly was exceedingly handsome;—her step light, but firm; her figure, admirably poised; her head, well and gracefully placed; her features, finely formed; her eyes and smile, bright and confiding. She would have been more captivating had her dress been less studied; her taste was evidently Parisian rather than classic. The gentleman muttered something, in which the words, "charming," and "to be regretted," only met her ear; then he spoke distinctly:

"You solicited my candour, young lady,—you challenged comparison between you and your compeers, and the passing belles whom I have seen. Now, be so kind as to walk out of the room, re-enter, and curtsy."

Had Isabel Montford been an uneducated young lady, she might have flounced out of the *salon*, in obedience to her displeasure, which was very decided; but as it was, she drew herself to her full height, and swept through the folding-doors. The General took a very large pinch of snuff. "That is so perfectly a copy of her poor aunt!" he murmured;—"just so would she pass onward, like a ruffled swan; she went after that exact fashion into the ante-room, when she refused me, for the fourth time, thirty-five years ago."

The young Isabel re-entered, and curtsied. The gentleman seated himself, leaned his clasped hands upon the head of his beautifully inlaid cane—which he carried rather for show than use—and said, "Young lady, you look a divinity! Your *tourneure* is perfection; but your curtsy is frightful! A dip, a bob, a bend, a shuffle, a slide, a canter—neither dignified, graceful, nor self-possessed! A curtsy is in grace what an *adagio* is in music;—only masters of the art can execute either the one or the other. Why, the beauty of the Duchess of Devonshire could not have

saved her reputation as a graceful woman, if she had dared such a curtsey as that."

"I assure you, sir," remonstrated the offended Isabel, "that Madame Michcau——"

"What do I care for the woman!" exclaimed the General, indignantly. "Have I not memory?"

"Can you not teach me?" said Isabel, amused and interested by his earnestness.

"I teach you!—I! No; the curtseys which captivated thousands in my youth were more an inspiration than an art. The very queen of *ballet*, in the present day, cannot curtsey."

"Could my aunt?" inquired Isabel, a little saucily.

"Your aunt, Miss Montford, was grace itself. Ah! there are no such women now a-days!"

And, after the not very flattering observation, the General moved to the piano. Isabel's brows contracted, and her cheeks flushed; however, she glanced at the looking-glass, was comforted, and smiled. He raised the cover, placed the seat with the grave gallantry of an old courtier, and invited the young lady to play. She obeyed, to do her justice, with prompt politeness; she was not without hope that *there*, at least, the old gentleman would confess she was triumphant. Her white hands, gemmed with jewels, flew over the keys like winged seraphs; they bewildered the eye by the rapidity of their movements. The instrument thundered, but the thunder was so continuous that *there was no echo*! "The contrast will come by-and-by," thought the disciple of the old school;—"there must be some shadow to throw up the lights."

Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent, running backwards and forwards of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning! Another crash—louder—a great deal of crossing hands—violent strides from one end of the instrument to the other—prodigious displays of strength on the part of the fair performer—a terrific shake! "What desperate exertion!" thought the General; "and all to produce a soulless noise." Then followed a fearful banditti of octaves—another crash, louder and more prolonged than the rest; and she looked up with a triumphant smile,—a smile conveying the same idea as the pause of an opera-dancer after a most wonderful *pirouette*.

"Do you keep a tuner in the house, my dear young lady?" inquired the General.

If a look could have annihilated, he would have crumbled into ashes; but he only returned it with admiration, thinking "How astonishingly like her aunt, when she refused me the second time!"

"And that is fashionable music, Miss Montford? I have lived so long out of England, only hearing the music of Beethoven, and Mozart, and Mendelssohn, I was not aware that noise was substituted for power, and that execution had banished expression. Dear me!—why, the piano is vibrating at this moment! Poor thing! How long does a piano last you, Miss Montford?"

Isabel was losing her temper, when fortunately her aunt—still Miss Vere—came to the rescue. The lovers of thirty years past, would have met anywhere else as strangers. The once rounded and queen-like form of the elder Isabel was shorn of its grace and beauty; of all her attributes, of all her attractions, dignity only remained; and it was that high-bred, innate dignity which can never be acquired, and is never forgotten. She had not lost the eighth of an inch of her height, and her grey hair was braided in full folds over her fair but wrinkled brow. Isabel Montford looked so exactly what Isabel Vere had been, that General Gordon was sorely perplexed; Isabel Vere, if truth must be told, had taken extra pains with her dress; her niece had met the General the night before, and her likeness to her aunt had so recalled the past, that his promised visit to his old sweetheart (as he still called her) had fluttered and agitated her more than she thought it possible an interview with *any man* could do; she quarrelled with her beautiful grey hair, she cast off her black velvet dress disdainfully, and put on a blue *Moire antique*. (She remembered how much the Captain—no, the GENERAL, once admired blue.) She was not a coquette; even grey hair at fifty-five does not cure coquetry where it has existed in all its strength; but, for the sake of her dear niece, she wished to look as well as possible. She wondered why she had so often refused "poor Gordon." She had been all her life of too delicate a mind to be a husband-hunter, too well satisfied with her position to calculate how it could be improved, and yet, she did not hesitate to confess to herself that now, in the commencement of old age, however verdant it might be, she would have been happier, of more consequence, of more value, as a married woman. She had too much good sense, and good taste, to belong to the class of discontented females, consisting of husbandless and childless women, who seek to establish laws at war with the laws of the Almighty; so, if her heart did beat a little stiffly, and sundry passages passed through her brain in connexion with her old adorer, and what the future might be,—she may be forgiven, and will be, by those not strong-minded women who understand enough of the waywardness of human nature to know that, if *young* heads and *old* hearts are sometimes found together, so are young hearts and old heads. The young laugh to scorn the idea of Cupid and a crutch, but Cupid has strange vagaries, and at any moment can barb his crutch with the point of an arrow.

"The old people," as Isabel Montford irreverently called them that evening, did not get on well together; they were in a great degree disappointed one with the other. They stood up to dance the *minuet de la cour*, and Isabel Vere languished and swam as she had never done before; but the General only wondered how stiff she had grown, and hoped that he was not as ill used by time as Mistress Isabel Vere had been. At first, Isabel Montford thought it "good fun" to see the antiquities bowing and curtseying, but she became interested in the lingering courtliness

of the little scene, trembled lest her aunt should appear ridiculous, and then wondered how she could have refused such a man as General Gordon must have been.

Days and weeks flew fast; the General became a constant visitor in the square, and the heart of Isabel Vere had never beaten so loudly at twenty as it did at fifty-and-five; nothing, she thought, could be more natural than that the General should recal the days of his youth, and seek the friendship and companionship of her who had never married, while he—faithless man!—had been guilty of two wives during his “services in India.” It was impossible to tell which of the ladies he treated with the most attention. Isabel Montford took an especial delight in tormenting him, and he was cynical enough towards her at times. Although he frankly abused her pianoforte-playing, yet he evidently preferred it to the music Miss Vere practised so indefatigably to please him, or to the songs she sung, in a voice which, from a high “soprano,” had been crushed by time into what might be considered a very singular “mezzo.” He somehow forgot how to find fault with Miss Montford’s dancing, and more than once became her partner in a quadrille. It was evident, that while the General was growing young, Miss Vere remained—“as she was!” Isabel Montford amused herself at his expense, but he did not—quick-sighted and man-of-the-world though he was—perceive it. At first he was remarkably fond of recalling and dating events, and dwelling upon the grace, and beauty, and interest, and advantage, of whatever was past and gone—much to the occasional pain of Isabel Vere, who, gentle-hearted as she was, would have consigned *dates* to the bottomless pit; latterly, however, he talked a good deal more of the present than of the past, and, greatly to the annoyance of younger men, fell into the duties of escort to both ladies,—accompanying them to places of public promenade and amusement.

On such occasions, Miss Isabel Vere looked either earnest or bashful—yes, positively bashful; and Miss Isabel Montford, brimfull of as much mischief as a lady could delight in. At times, the General laid aside his cynical observations, together with his cane, which was not even replaced by an umbrella; to confess the truth, he had experienced several symptoms of *heart disease*, which, though they made him restless and uncomfortable, brought hopes and aspirations of life, rather than fears of death.

One morning, Isabel Montford and the General were alone in the *salon* where this little scene first opened:—

“Our difference has never been settled yet,” she exclaimed, gaily; “you have never proved to me the superiority of the Old school over the New.”

“Simply because of your superiority to both,” he replied.

“I do not perceive the point of the answer,” said the young lady. “What has my superiority over *both* to do with the question?”

The General arose, and shut the door. “Do you

think you could listen to me seriously for five minutes?” he said.

“Listening is always serious work,” she answered. He took her hand within his; she felt it was the hand of age; the bones and sinews pressed on her soft palm with an earnest pressure.

“Isabel Montford—could you love an old man?”

She raised her eyes to his, and wondered at the light which filled them:—

“Yes,” she answered, “I could love an old man dearly; I could confide to him the dearest secret of my heart.”

“And your heart, your heart itself? Such things have been, sweet Isabel.” His hand was *very* hard, but she did not withdraw hers.

“No, not *that*, because—because I have not my heart to give.” She spoke rapidly, and with emotion.

“I have it not to give, and I have so longed to tell you my secret! You have such influence with my aunt, you have been so affectionate, so like a father to me, that if you would only intercede with *her*, for *HIM* and me, I know she could not refuse. I have often—often thought of entreating this, and now, it was so kind of you to ask, if I could love an old man, giving me the opportunity of showing that I do, by confiding in you, and asking your intercession.”

The room became misty to the General’s eyes, and the rattle of a battle-field sounded in his ears, and beat upon his heart.

“And pray, Miss Montford,” he said, after a pause, “who may *him* be?”

“Ah, *you* do not know him!—my aunt forbade the continuance of our acquaintance the day before I had the happiness to meet you. It was most fortunate I wou’d you to call upon her, thinking—” (she looked up at his fine face, whose very wrinkles were aristocratic, and smiled her most bewitching smile) “thinking the presence of the only man she ever loved would soften her, and hoping that I should one day be privileged to address you as my friend, my uncle!” And she kissed his hand.—It really was hard to bear. “I have heard her say,” persisted the young lady, “that when prompted by evil counsel, she refused you, she loved you, and since your return, she only lives in your presence.” The General wondered if this was true, and thought he would not give the young beauty a triumph. He was recovering his self-possession. “I remembered your admiration of *passing belles*, and felt how kindly you tolerated me, *for my aunt’s sake*; and surely you will aid me in a matter upon which my happiness and the happiness of that poor dear fellow depends?” She bent her beautiful eyes on the ground.

“And who is the poor dear fellow?” inquired the General, in a singularly husky voice.

“Henry Mandeville,” half-whispered Isabel. “Oh, is it not a beautiful name? the initials on those lovely handkerchiefs you gave me will still do; I shall still be I. M.”

“A son of old Admiral Mandeville’s?”

“The *youngest* son,” she sighed, “that is my aunt’s

objection; were he the *eldest*, she would have been too happy. Oh, sir, he is such a fine fellow—such a hero! lost a leg at Cabool, and received I don't know how many stabs from those horrid Affgauns."

"Lost a leg?" repeated the General, with an approving glance at his own; "why, he can never dance with you."

"No, but he can admire my dancing, and does not think my curtsy a dip, a shuffle, a bend, a bob, a slide, a canter! Ah! dear General, I was always perfection in his eyes."

"By the immortal Duke," thought the General, "the young divinity is laughing at me!"

"My aunt only objects to his want of money; now I have abundance for both; and your recommendation, dear sir, at the Horse Guards, would at once place him in some position of honour and of profit; and even if it were abroad, I could leave my dear aunt with the consciousness that her happiness is secured by you, dear guardian angel that you are! Ah, sir! at your time of life you can have no idea of our feelings."

"Oh yes, I have!" sighed the General.

"Bless you!" she exclaimed enthusiastically; "I thought you would recal the days of your youth and feel for us; and when you see my dear Henry—"

"With a cork leg—"

"Ay, or with two cork legs—you will, I know, be convinced that my happiness is as secure as your own."

"Women are riddles, one and all!" said the General, "and I should have known that before."

"Oh! do not say such cruel things and disappoint me, depending as I have been on your kindness and affection. Hark!" she continued, "I hear my aunt's footstep; now dear, dear General, reason coolly with her—my very existence depends on it. If you only knew him! Promise, do promise, that you will use your influence, all-powerful as it is, to save my life."

She raised her beautiful eyes, swimming in unshed tears, to his; she called him her uncle, her dear noble-hearted friend; she rested her snowy hand lovingly—imploringly, on his shoulder, and even murmured a hope that, her aunt's consent once gained, it might not be impossible to have the two weddings *on the same day*.

The General may have dreaded the banter of sundry members of the "Senior United Service Club" who had already jested much at his devotion to the two Isabels; he *may* have felt a generous desire to make two young people happy, and his good sense doubtless suggested that sixty-five and twenty bear a strong affinity to January and May; he certainly did himself honour, by adopting the interests of a brave young officer as his own, and avoided the banter of "the club" by pledging his thrice-told vows to his "old love," the same bright morning that his "new love" gave her heart and hand to Henry Mandeville.

FÊTE DAYS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

(Translated from the French of Alexander Dumas.)

BY JANE STRICKLAND.

NEW YEAR'S-DAY and the Benediction of the Waters provide the inhabitants of St. Petersburg with two great national festivals, in which all classes share in the pleasures and devotion of the sovereign. The first is an imperial fête, the second an imposing religious ceremony.

On New Year's-day, in virtue of an old and touching custom by which the Emperor and Empress of Russia are designated by their poorest subjects Father and Mother, these potentates at the commencement of the year receive their children as their own invited guests. Their family being too vast to invite by name, they adopt the simple but efficacious plan of scattering about the streets of their capital twenty-five thousand cards of invitation indicative that they will be at home to such a number of their children. These cards bear no address, but they give admission to the bearers to the splendid saloons of the Winter Palace without the slightest distinction of rank or wealth.

It was thus that the Emperor Alexander, according to custom, kept the first day of the year 1825, the last he was ever destined to see. The rumour of the conspiracy that embittered the closing months of his life and reign, though it had reached his ears and troubled his repose, did not appear to him any reason for depriving his subjects of their annual visit to their sovereign. From these unknown guests the Russian Autocrat felt assured he had nothing to fear. With them he was not only popular but adored. He therefore directed the Master of the Police to order no alteration in the usual costume of the male part of the company, whom he was to admit in masks according to custom on these occasions. In the darkest annals of barbarism, despotic sovereigns dreaded and often found the dagger of the assassin in the hands of some member of their own family. Civilization, however limited, changes the objects of suspicion to the aristocracy, who are always, under these unfortunate constitutions, of the military profession. Now the want of the counterpoise of the middle classes creates this secret but perpetual warfare between the absolute monarch and the nobility—the nobility who in free countries are the natural bulwark of the throne. In Russia the Autocrat is never afraid of the multitude, with whom he holds a two-fold claim to their veneration, as supreme pontiff, or head of the Church, and Czar.

The cards of invitation, being transferable, are, as a matter of course, purchasable; and among his masked guests who were privileged to shake hands with Alexander, some cowardly assassin might take that opportunity to murder the sovereign; yet he, with a firm but touching reliance on God, ordered at seven o'clock on the New Year's evening, the gates of the Winter Palace to be thrown open as usual, to his motley company.

No extra precautions were taken by the police;

the sentinels were on duty, according to custom, at the palace gates, but the Emperor was without any guards in the interior of the imperial residence, vast as the Tuileries. In the absence of all precaution or even regulations for the behaviour of an undisciplined crowd, it was surprising what natural politeness effected. Veneration for the presence of the sovereign was alone sufficient to produce good breeding; there was no pushing nor striving, nor clamour, and the entrance was made with as little noise as if gratitude for the favour accorded to the guests had induced each to give a precautionary admonition to his neighbour.

While the thronging thousands were gaining admission to his palace, the Emperor Alexander was seated by the Empress in the Hall of St. George in the midst of the imperial family, when the door was opened to the sound of music, for the saloons were filled with his visitors, and a grand *coup d'œil* of grantees, peasants, princesses, and grisettes was discerned. At this moment the Emperor advanced and gave his hand to the English, French, Spanish, and Austrian ambassadors, the representatives of their several sovereigns. He then moved alone to the door, that his guests might behold in their sovereign and host the father of his people. It was a moment anarchy was said to have dedicated to his assassination, and that parricidal and regicidal act could have been easily effected at such a juncture had it really been in contemplation. Alexander was no longer in appearance a melancholy and suffering invalid, he looked happy and smiling; and if his smile was counterfeited, he wore the mask ably and well. The instant the Autocrat appeared, the motley group made a forward movement, and then a precipitate retreat. The danger vanished with them. The Emperor regarded the retiring waves of this human sea with imperturbable serenity, a remarkable feature in his character, a moral re-action, which a courageous mind can alone bestow, and which he had shown on several trying occasions. One of these was at a ball given by M. Caulincourt, Duke of Vicenza, the French Ambassador; the other was at a fête at Zakret, near Wilna.

The ball was at its height, when the ambassador was informed that the house was on fire; fearful that the news of the conflagration might occasion more ill-consequences than the fire itself, he posted an aide-de-camp at every door, and ordered his people to keep the misfortune a profound secret, after which he communicated the accident in a low voice to the Emperor, and assured him that no one should be permitted to withdraw till he and the imperial family were in perfect safety:—he was going to see the fire extinguished, and he hoped the efforts made to get it under would be successful; adding, that even if a report should circulate in the saloons as to this startling fact, no one would credit it while they saw the Emperor and his family still there.

"Very well, then, I will remain," coolly remarked the Emperor; and when Caulincourt returned some time after to announce the extinction of the fire, he found the Russian Autocrat dancing a polonaise.

The guests of the ambassador heard on the morrow

that their festivities had been kept over the mouth of a volcano.

At the fête held at Zakret not only the life but the empire of Alexander was at stake. In the middle of the dance he was apprised that the advanced guard of a guest he had forgotten to invite had passed the Niemen. This was the Emperor Napoleon, his old host at Erfurth, who might momentarily be expected to enter the hall, followed by six hundred thousand dancers. Alexander gave his orders with great coolness, chatting while he issued them with his aid-de-camps. He walked about, praised the manner in which the saloons were lighted, which he declared was only second to the beautiful moonlight, supped, and remained till dawn. His gay manner and the serenity of his countenance prevented the guests from even suspecting the nature of the communication he had received, and the entrance of the French into the city was the first intimation the inhabitants had received of their approach.

He was in imminent peril in this Polish city, from which his great self-command delivered him. His retreat at early morning was made before the approach of an enemy he had hitherto found invincible. Very different might have been the result of Napoleon's campaign in Russia, if the inhabitants of Wilna had known during the fête of Zakret of his vicinity.

These incidents naturally occurred to the guests of the Emperor Alexander, during this New Year's-day festival, when they beheld him approach alone to show himself to the multitude, amongst whom he had reason to believe many conspirators, or even assassins lurked. If such indeed were there, the calm serenity of his countenance disarmed them, and none dared raise an arm against the life he fearlessly trusted, if not to their loyalty at least to their honour.

Indeed the suffering and melancholy Emperor, the last time he received his people, seemed to have shaken off his lassitude and depression, and appeared full of life and energy, traversing with rapidity the immense saloons of the Winter Palace. He led off the sort of gallop peculiar to the Russian Court, which, however, terminated about nine o'clock.

At ten, the illuminations of the Hermitage being finished, those persons who had cards for the spectacle went there. Twelve negroes, superbly arrayed in rich oriental costumes, kept the doors of the theatre, to admit or restrain the crowd, and examine the authenticity of the vouchers of the guests. Here the admission was not promiscuous, a certain number alone being allowed to be present at the banquet.

Upon entering the theatre, the spectators found themselves in a land of enchantment—a vast hall encircled with tubes of crystal, bent in every possible way, meeting at top in order to form the ceiling, united by silver threads of imperceptible fineness, behind which hung 10,000 coloured lamps, whose light, reflected and refracted by these transparent columns, illuminated the gardens, groves, flowers, cascades, and fountains, like an enchanted landscape, which seen across this veil of light resembled the poetical phan-

tasms of a dream. These splendid illuminations cost twelve thousand roubles, and lasted two months.

At eleven a flourish of musical instruments announced the arrival of the Emperor, who entered with the Empress and the imperial family, the ambassadors, the ambassadresses, the officers of the household, and the ladies in waiting, who all took their places at the middle supper-table; two other tables were filled by six hundred guests, mostly composed of the first-class nobility. The Emperor alone remained standing, moving about the tables, conversing by turns with his numerous guests.

Nothing could exceed the magnificent effect produced by the banquet, and the appearance of the court; the sovereign and his officers and nobility covered with gold and embroidery, the Empress and her ladies glittering with diamonds and splendid velvets, tissues and satins. No other fête in Europe could produce such a grand *coup d'œil* as the New Year's fête at the Hermitage. At the conclusion of the banquet the Court returned to the Saloon of St. George, where the music struck up a polonaise, which was led off by the Emperor. This dance was his farewell to his guests, for as soon as it was finished he withdrew. The departure of their sovereign gave pleasure to those loyal subjects who trembled for his personal safety; but the courageous and ever paternal confidence reposed in his subjects by Alexander, turned away from him every murderous weapon. No one could resolve to assassinate a kind father in the midst of his children, for as such the Emperor had received his numerous guests.

The second annual fête was of a religious character. "The Benediction of the Waters," to which the recent disastrous calamity of the most terrible inundation on record in Russia, the preceding year, had given deeper solemnity. The preparations were made with an activity tempered by care, which denoted the national character to be essentially religious. Upon the Neva a great pavilion was erected of a circular form, pierced with eight openings, decorated by four paintings, crowned with a cross; to this pavilion access was given by a jetty forming the hermitage. The temporary edifice, on the morning of the ceremony, was to have its pavement of ice cut through in order to permit the Patriarch to reach the water. The cold was already twenty degrees below zero, when at nine o'clock in the morning the whole population of St. Petersburg assembled themselves on the frozen waters of the Neva, then a solid mass of crystal. At half-past eleven the Empress and Grand-Duchesses took their places in the glass balcony of the Hermitage, and their appearance announced to the crowd that the *Te Deum* was concluded. The whole corps of the Imperial Guards, amounting to forty thousand men, marched to the sound of martial music and formed in line of battle on the river, from the hotel of the French embassy to the fortress. The palace gates opened as soon as this military evolution was effected, and the banners, sacred pictures, and the choristers of

the chapel, appeared preceding the Patriarch and his clergy; then came the pages and the colours of the different regiments of guards, borne by their proper officers; then the Emperor, supported by the Grand-Dukes Nicholas and Michael, followed by the officers of his household, his aid-de-camps and generals. As soon as the Emperor reached the door of the pavilion, which was nearly filled with priests and banners, the Patriarch gave the signal, and the sweet solemn chant of more than a hundred voices rose to heaven, unaccompanied by music indeed, yet forming a divine harmony hardly to be surpassed on earth. During the prayer, which lasted twenty minutes, the Emperor stood bareheaded, dressed in his uniform, without fur or any defence from the piercing cold, running more risk by this disregard to climate, than if he had faced the fire of a hundred pieces of artillery in the front of battle. The spectators, enveloped in fur mantles and caps, presented a complete contrast to the religious imprudence of their rash sovereign, who had been bald from his early youth.

As soon as the second *Te Deum* was concluded, the Patriarch took a silver cross from the hand of the younger chorister, and encircled by the kneeling crowd, plunged it through the opening made in the ice into the waters below. He then filled a vase up with the consecrated element, which he presented to the Emperor. After this ceremonial of blessing the waters, came the benediction of the standards, which were reverently inclined towards the Patriarch for that purpose. A sky-rocket was immediately let off from the pavilion, and its silvery smoke was answered by a terrible explosion, for the whole artillery of the fortress gave from their metallic throats a loud *Te Deum*, and these salvos were heard three times during the benediction of the standards; at the third, the Emperor commenced his return to the palace.

He was more melancholy than usual, for during this religious ceremony he felt no need of courage or presence of mind; he was secured by the natural veneration of a superstitious people. He knew it, and, therefore, wore no mask in the semblance of a joyless smile.

On the same day, this imposing ceremonial is used at Constantinople, only the winter is a mere name and the water has no ice. The Patriarch stands on the deck of a vessel, and drops his silver cross into the calm blue waves of the Bosphorus, which a skilful diver restores to him before it reaches the bottom.

To these religious ceremonies succeed sports and pastimes of all kinds. Booths and barracks are erected on the frozen Neva from quay to quay, Russian mountains, down which sledges slide with inconceivable velocity, and the Carnival commences with as much zest as in cities enjoying a southern temperature. Plays are performed on the ice, and curious pantomimes, in which a marmot performs the part of a baby very cleverly, while the man who shows him off under the character of the good father of the family finds resemblances in this black-nosed imp to all his supposed human relatives, to the infinite delight of the spectators.

Sleighting on the ice is, as in Canada, a favourite diversion with the Russians, whose sledges are lined with fur and ornamented with silver bells and ribbons of every colour. Sometimes a wind loaded with vapour puts an end to these diversions by rendering the ice unsafe, in which case they are interdicted by the police, and the sports and pastimes of the people are transferred to *terra firma*; but the Carnival is considered to come to an abrupt conclusion if this misfortune occurs at its commencement, for the Neva is to the inhabitants of St. Petersburg what Vesuvius is to the Neapolitans, and the absence of the ice robs their Saturnalia of its greatest attraction. In countries where the Greek religion is the national standard of faith, Lent is preceded by the same unbounded festivity as in those which are Roman Catholic; but the Court does not display in these days so much barbarous magnificence as in those earlier times when civilization was unknown. The Carnival was, however, held during the last century by Anna Ivanovna, in a style surpassing that of her ancestors. This pleasure-loving princess, the daughter of the elder brother of Peter the Great, covered her usurpation of a throne she had snatched not only from the descendants of her mighty uncle, but also from her own elder sister and niece, by conducting to the popular amusements of her people, who in their turn forgot her defective title to the throne. This popular female sovereign founded the largest bell in the world, and gave the most magnificent Carnival ever held in Russia. Thus she maintained her sway by the aid of pleasure and devotion, a twofold cord her subjects never broke. In 1740 Anna Ivanovna resolved to surpass every preceding Carnival by her unique manner of providing her people with amusement during this merry season. It was customary for the sovereign of Russia to be attended by a dwarf, who united the privileged character of a jester to the tiny proportions of a little child. This empress possessed two of these diminutive personages, and she chose for her own amusement and that of her loving subjects that they should be married during this Carnival, and "whether nature did this match contrive," or it was the consequence of her own despotic will, cannot be known without a peep into the jealously guarded archives of Russia; but the nuptials of these sports of nature was the ostensible cause of the fête. This the Autocrat gave on a new and splendid scale. She directed her governors to send her two natives of the hundred districts they ruled in her name, clothed in their national costume, and with the animals they were accustomed to use on their journeys. The idea was certainly a brilliant one, and worthy of the sovereign lady of so many nations, tongues and languages.

Anna Ivanovna was punctually obeyed, and at the appointed time a motley procession, including the purest types of the Caucasian race and the ugliest of the Mongolian, astonished the eyes of the Empress, who had scarcely known the greater part of these distant tribes by name. There she beheld the Kamt-

chadale with his sledge drawn by dogs, the Russian Laplander with his reindeer, the Kalmuck with his cows, the Tartar on his horse, and the native of Bochara with his camel, the Ostiak on his clogs. Then for the first time, the beautiful Georgian and Circassian, with their dark ringlets and unrivalled features, looked with astonishment upon the red hair of the Finlander. The gigantic Cossack of the Ukraine eyed with contempt the pigmy Samoiede—and in fact, for the first time were brought into contact by the will of their sovereign lady, who classed each race under one of four banners representing spring, summer, autumn and winter; and these two hundred persons, during eight days, paraded the streets of St. Petersburg, to the infinite delight of the population, who had never seen the power of the throne displayed in a manner so agreeable to their taste before.

Upon the wedding day of her dwarfs, these important personages had been attended to the altar by this singular national procession, where they plighted their faith in the presence of the Empress and all her Court, after which they heard Mass, and then, accompanied by their numerous escort, took possession of the palace prepared for them by the direction of their imperial mistress. This palace was not the least fanciful part of the fête. It was entirely composed of ice, and resembled crystal in its brilliancy and fine cutting and polish. This beautiful fabric was fifty-two feet in length and twenty in width; the roof, the floor, the furniture, chandeliers, and even the nuptial bed, were formed of the same cold, glittering, and transparent materials. The doors, the galleries, and the fortifications,—even the six pieces of cannon that guarded this magical palace, were of ice; one of these, charged with a single ice-bullet and fired by the aid of a pound of powder, perforated at seventy paces a plank of twelve inches thickness. This was done to salute the bridal party, and welcome them home. The most curious piece of mechanism, and which pleased the Russians the most, was a colossal elephant, mounted by an armed Persian, and led by twelve slaves. This gigantic beast threw from his trunk a column of water by day, and at night a stream of fire, uttering from time to time roars which were heard from one end of St. Petersburg to the other. These noble roars were produced by twelve Russians concealed in the body and legs of the phantom elephant, whose costly housings hid the men whose noise so delighted their countrymen. This Carnival of the fête-loving female usurper has never been surpassed by any Russian sovereign, though, with the exception of the assembly of her distant subjects, its taste was barbarous enough.¹

(1) Our Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, were she to raise her sceptre, might easily convolve a far more numerous and interesting assembly, from lands more distant, and climes of more varied temperature. How many more nations in the far east and west are ruled and maintained by her lawful rule, than rendered unlawful homage to the Russian Empress! If she were to send for two persons from every tribe, nation, or empire she governs, England would behold the grandest and most interesting national spectacle her sun ever shone upon. Can this idea be realized?—and if it can be, why then should it not be done?



VENUS AND THE BOAR.

VENUS AND THE BOAR.

NOTWITHSTANDING the absurdities and irrational fictions which are interwoven with the stories of classic writers, there are many of them exceedingly beautiful, and not altogether destitute of natural truths. In the mythology of the ancients are frequently to be discovered shadows—dim indeed, but yet types of the loftier creeds which have been revealed to us; thoughts and sentiments almost worthy of the age of Christian enlightenment, and records of deeds which, had they been the work of those who actually trod on this lower world, would have formed no unintelligible and unworthy portion of man's history. The thoughts of ancient poets and philosophers were often nearer to our own than we are apt to believe; those who put them forth expressed all their reason and intelligence knew, and, in doing so, they only left the mind hungering for a higher and more spiritual food.

Ever since that period in the history of art when, freed from those restrictions which almost compelled its disciples to defer the efforts of their genius to the requirements of the Roman Church, painting sought a wider and more diversified channel for the development of its powers, the heathen writers, as they are generally termed, have furnished a fine and inexhaustible field for illustration, wherein may be discerned symbols of those attributes of social and moral virtues which are common to humanity, however circumstanced. The story of "Venus and the Boar" scarcely can be allowed to rank among such shadowy truths, but it is nevertheless a very beautiful fiction, that speaks of the sorrow of the heart. The shepherd Adonis, son of the King of Crete, was the great favourite of Venus: he was passionately fond of hunting, and was frequently admonished by the goddess not to hunt wild beasts, lest any accident should happen to him. He disregarded the advice, and one day received a mortal injury from the tusks of a boar, which he had wounded; and Venus, after shedding many tears at his death, changed him into the flower called Anemone. But the animal that caused so much grief was not allowed to escape with impunity; the light-winged attendants of the goddess were commanded to go in search of the boar, to bind him, and bring her to him for trial. Theocritus, a Greek poet, who flourished at Syracuse, in Sicily, about three hundred years before the Christian era, gives a most fanciful account of the apprehension and trial of the culprit, the commencing portion of which has been thus translated, and here is introduced as explanatory of Westall's picture, though we are not aware that he borrowed his version of the story from the Greek writer:—

"When Venus saw Adonis dead,
And from his cheeks the roses fled,
His lovely locks distain'd with gore,
She bad her Cupids bring the boar—
The boar that had her lover slain,
The cause of all her grief and pain.
Swift as the pinion'd birds they rove
Through every wood, through every grove;

And when the gull'd boar they found,
With cords they bound him, doubly bound.
One with a chain secure and strong,
Haul'd him unwillingly along;
One pinch'd his tail to make him go,
Another beat him with his bow;
The more they urg'd, the more they dragg'd,
The more reluctantly he lagg'd;
Guilt in his conscious looks appear'd,
He much the angry goddesses fear'd.
To Venus soon the beast they led," &c. &c.

Westall's illustration of this subject ranks among the best of his pictures; it is replete with rich and poetical fancy, and presents a combination of graceful elegance with playful conception, not often surpassed.

Richard Westall, R.A., was born about the year 1765, and, like several other artists who rose to eminence as painters, he was apprenticed to an engraver of heraldic designs, in the neighbourhood of Cheapside, London. Towards the conclusion of his term of servitude, his master permitted him to attend the schools of the Royal Academy, and also to devote his evenings to the practice of drawing. At the Academy he formed an intimacy with his fellow-pupil, the late Sir Thomas Lawrence; and when Westall's apprenticeship had terminated, the two young artists took a house, jointly, at the corner of Greek Street, Soho. The house had two entrances, one in Greek Street, and the other in Soho Square, which bore that of Lawrence. Westall soon became a great favourite with the public; his style was new, and, possessing considerable elegance not unmixed with pretty affectations, it suited the taste of the period. His designs were therefore much sought after by the publishers of illustrated books, to which he, Stothard, and Smirke, were by far the largest contributors for many years. "Episodes of Love," it has been remarked, "seemed best suited to his gentle mind and pencil;" but he frequently launched out into higher and bolder themes.

Like his friend Lawrence, Westall enjoyed more fashionable patronage than any other artist of his time; his water-colour drawings especially being much sought after by collectors of "elegant trifles," for drawing-room albums. As an instructor of drawing among the higher circles, he was also greatly in request, and among his more distinguished scholars was our present beloved Queen, when Princess Victoria; how effective his lessons have been, the beautiful drawings of his royal pupil abundantly testify.

Westall was elected an Academician before he had reached the age of thirty; an honour, it is believed, almost unparalleled in the history of this institution; it was in 1794, the same year that Stothard and Lawrence arrived at a similar dignity. It is, however, greatly to be lamented, that the bright promise of Westall's earlier life was not realized by his subsequent productions; for, however admirable his style is in many particulars, it rarely reaches what may legitimately be called high art. Perhaps, had he found fewer patrons, he would have striven more nobly to become a great artist; the path to substantial fame is rarely that which is strewn with flowers.

LIFE IN PRAIRIE LAND.¹

CHAPTER VIII.

Commencement of Sucker life—Our next neighbour—The mother Meg Merrilies—The house; its architecture—The grounds; how laid out and adorned—The children; their pastimes—The father; his political and social position—Another house: the spirit which reigned in it—Beauty of order and purity in domestic life.

At Prairie Lodge our acquaintance with *Sucker* life commenced. But it was not carried to any great intimacy here. My sister's home had been little visited, even in earlier days, by the primitive settlers. Their principal intercourse had consisted of business affairs between the men, and visits of mercy between the females in the times of sickness or death, so that we saw little of them excepting an occasional out-of-door call from some neighbour, or in passing their residences or wagons in our various excursions.

One family of this kind occupied the next house west from the Lodge. We often passed it, and the external appearance excited the most intense curiosity to have a peep at the internal. But I grieve to say that it could never be accomplished under any decent pretext whatever. All the showers were either too early or too late. No wagon ever broke down in the neighbourhood, though the road was at times bad enough to encourage hope for a long way on either side. It was too near home ever to stop for water. It is true there was an occasional illness, but this could not serve my purpose, for the wife had a mother, to whom the lively doctor of our village gave the name of Meg Merrilies (I fancy there was a little spite in it, for she was his rival in this branch of the medical profession), who would travel fifteen or twenty miles on foot in the morning, attend to her patient, and return in the evening. Meg then officiated, to the exclusion of all the curious gossips of the neighbourhood, and had things all her own way. The patient was generally out the next day, and all went on as before.

The house was one of the meanest description of cabins. It turned its back upon the road, and showed only a four-light window, or rather sash; for soon after I first saw it, the third was broken out, and the fourth so fractured that its continuance seemed extremely doubtful. A patchwork quilt of blue jeans and red flannel was hung across the aperture a few days after, and never removed while I remained in the country. Directly beneath this, against the wall, which was on a line with the fence, was a green pool of about the dimensions of the house. It was of artificial construction, and redounded not a little to the taste of some eight or ten large swine, who delighted their senses in its aromatic depths, at the same time that they regaled those of by-passers.

The entrance to the house was in the rear. A low kind of shantee projected from the door several feet back, which served for pantry, milk-house, pig-pen, poultry-house, and possibly stable in winter. In the

right angle between these was the well, just far enough from the corner to be visible in passing. The ground around this was the great theatre of action for mother and children. I never knew the exact number of the latter, but if called to testify in any matter concerning them, I should say the minimum was eight, the maximum double that number. I rarely saw less than the former, sporting away the morning of life, in their rags and filth, on the banks of the verdant pool, or the hard-trodden ground around the well. Their dress and complexions were so uniform that I could never distinguish but one of them, a girl of some twelve years, whose face was always a little dirtier, her hair a little stiffer, and her clothes a shade nearer the colour of the earth in which she burrowed. When any one approached the house, they all scampered like a herd of wild animals into the angle between the cabins, and peeped around the corners as long as the traveller was in sight. A general yell and shout announced his disappearance and their return to the several amusements from which they had fled.

The father of this family was a man of sense and much general information; his morals were unimpeachable, and his character commanded so much respect, that he was proposed for one of the highest offices in the county. His election was lost in consequence of some local division, not at all connected with the degraded condition of his family. He had a fine farm, valuable horses, and other property, and, away from home, appeared as well as any of his neighbours who lived more comfortably. His means would have enabled him to build a good house, surround it with cultivated grounds, and furnish it with every requisite for neatness and comfort. Had such physical degradation been the result of extreme poverty, the case would have excited compassion, instead of curiosity or disgust. But it was not so.

It may be asked, then, what was the cause? It was not that the parties were misers, and hoarded their gains; for their means were spent freely to procure whatever they deemed necessary to comfort. What, then, was it? Merely the incapacity of the mistress of this family to appreciate a better condition, or help to create one. I afterwards saw many cases of a like mode of living, and am bound, in fairness, to say, that the credit was due in nearly every one to the females.

I once entered a cabin of this description, on a cold November day. It had no window; all the light came down the wide chimney, or through the open door. There was a long shelf in one corner, on which two plates, two cups, and three saucers were arranged, in conjunction with an iron skillet, a small bake kettle, and a tin tea-pot. A broken table stood against the wall, on which the breakfast things yet remained, though it was eleven o'clock. In a back corner of the room was a bed, and the only thing that indicated the exercise of powers superior to the ingenuity of the beaver, was a wide shelf over it, on which some husks were deposited, and covered with a bit of filthy cotton cloth. This was constructed for the nocturnal

(1) Continued from p. 345.

(2) The cognomen of the Illinoisans, answering to the Buckeye of Ohio, the Wolverine of Michigan, the Corn-cracker of Kentucky, &c.

quarters of the blowsy little heir, who was then tumbling over and over on the ground. There was one dilapidated chair in the room, besides a single bench and a double one. The chair was standing back on the platform which had been laid for the bed, and, as I entered, escorted by the husband, the wife rose from her seat near the table, took her pipe from her mouth, and placing it near the edge of the hearth, invited me to sit. A second child was playing in the ashes. The door was wide open, and the raw wind swept in gusts through the miserable place, filling it with ashes and smoke. I have never seen more utter poverty or filth.

When I had gathered my skirts and seated myself as safely as the circumstances would permit, the woman returned to her pipe, and the employment which my entrance had interrupted. She had a large paper of coffee in her lap, from some of which she was selecting the foul kernels, et cet. preparatory to roasting. Never was there a more perfect picture of self-satisfaction. She had a fat figure, which seemed, when she seated herself, to settle away into a circular mass of matter, in which life and motion were barely manifest. Her children received but little attention; indeed, it was not easy to see how one could bestow more upon them. The elder was enjoying himself intensely; and the happiness of the younger was abated only by the caution which the mother occasionally gave it, "not to swallow the rocks," which she threw from among the coffee.

It was impossible for me to contemplate this revolting scene, without endeavouring to ascertain the state of mind that could lead a human being to live willingly in the midst of it. I remarked, that it must be a serious inconvenience to live through the winter with the door open.

"Why, yes," she replied, "'tain't as warm *hyar* as it used to be in Kaintucky: 'twasn't of much account there."

"But we obviate the difficulty of a colder climate by windows, they admit the light without the cold."

"Yes, I reckon they're mighty convenient, but we hain't had one yet."

"How long have you lived here?"

"Four year."

"Have you never had a floor?"

"No, we hain't yit; but I reckon we shall git one afore long. It's mighty bad to have the old man to work around the house, so I don't say nothing about it: he wants to put it down, but I don't allow 't would make much difference; I reckon that ont thar," pointing to the little platform, "will do us yet."

It would weary the reader to give further details of a conversation that evinced only the most disgusting indifference to the common comforts of a more civilized condition. I rode several miles on the same day with the husband of this woman, and had an opportunity to learn that he would prefer a better manner of life, but that her aversion to change or action rendered so great an effort necessary on his part, that he had never undertaken it. He had ample

means for surrounding himself and his family with every comfort. Beside a fine farm, which he cultivated near a good market, he owned a valuable stock of cattle and other property, and had between a thousand and fifteen hundred dollars, in specie, lying in a black chest by the head of his bed. He had no disposition to hoard it; he would spend it the next day, for anything that they could agree on as conducive to happiness. He was likewise possessed of superior natural powers, which he had used in acquiring knowledge of various kinds, and was then capable of making himself a very pleasant companion, by the use of his varied information. His mode of living was never the subject of remark among people of his own class. No one thought it strange, or wondered whether it would ever improve. The women, who, with more household industry, lived better than "*Miss Andrews*," probably thought she lost a "heap of comfort," in her windowless, floorless, dirty house, but so a smart Yankee woman would have thought of them.

These extreme cases, however, are fortunately rare. In the homes of most of the first settlers there is much more regard paid to cleanliness and comfort. In many of them the neatness and order are perfect. Of necessity they have fewer artificial luxuries than the inhabitants of older regions, but these are not evidences of talent or worth. The inherent virtues of cleanliness, order, and self-respect are often more manifest in a simple than a complicated style of living, and are not less productive of happiness in one than the other.

CHAPTER. IX.

Spring around Prairie Lodge—Showers—Thunder-storms at night—Their sublimity—Their effect on the landscape—Pleasures of the season—Strawberry—Quail—Scene from his domestic life—Grouse, his habits—Spring Morning in the prairie—Bob-o-lak—Woodpecker—Parrot—Crow—Bussard—Wild Turkey—Cattle on the prairie—Hare—Deer—Whip-poor-Will.

THE beautiful progeny of spring began now to gather around Prairie Lodge. Animate and inanimate nature teemed with the loveliest creations. The showers that had been so emphatically foretold on our arrival did not disappoint us. They fell almost daily for several weeks, and were generally accompanied by lightning and thunder, such as the dwellers in the east have no conception of. Nothing of the kind can be more magnificent, unless it be the marshalling of the same storms on the vast plains farther west, where they are said to be even more terrific. They come more generally toward evening, and not unfrequently continue till near morning. Nothing can exceed the rapidity with which they gather after the first signal is given. A little cloud not larger than a man's hand rises on the horizon, and in fifteen minutes the earth is deluged, and the pealing heavens seem on fire. There are few showers here unaccompanied by the most striking electric phenomena: sometimes the whole arch is lighted by a continuous flickering glare, rent occasionally by a more intense vein. The thunder roll is ceaseless, with such lightning! The deep peals that accompany the brighter flashes only strike with a more

appalling tone. At other times the whole vault is filled with a darkness that seems ponderable, till a mighty flash rends the pall and searches the very soul. It is gone, and the solid earth trembles under the mighty concussion. Again darkness, as if eternal night had come, wraps the scene till the flame leaps forth with a more blinding glare than before, and a crash follows that seems to shatter the foundation of the world. The third or fourth signal is followed by the storm, which breaks through the sable rack as if half the ocean had been lifted from its bed and were wandering in the upper air. In an inconceivably short space of time the plains around you are deluged, so that every succeeding flash is reflected from innumerable little pools, as if you were in the midst of a shallow lake broken by islands of sedge and grass. I never appreciated the sublime power of the elements till I witnessed these storms. They are one of the most glorious features of the country.

Their effect was heightened too by contrast with the scenes which followed them. The vast expanse of country over which they ranged was in a few hours after as quiet and smiling as if the upper elements had dispensed only peace and sunshine from the first hour of creation. And beauty born of these awful wrappings stole over every rolling height and into every green glade in our landscape. The swelling bud, the unfolding leaf and flower followed in the path of their majestic progress, making rich and beautiful what had before been desolate and wintry. The spirit that had all the night perhaps raved with such fearful and angry power, seemed, when the bright and peaceful morning came, to have borne a magician's wand after his wrath, and kindled life, beauty, and joy on the plains it had threatened to devastate. The trees around our lodge now began to put on their summer garb; the hazel copses unfolded their young leaves. The prairies spread their green carpets, and even went so far as to variegate the pattern with the violet and the scarlet-painted cup. The strawberry came out in her bridal flowers, and blushed herself into luscious maturity beneath the ardent sun. It was not confined to beds and patches such as delight the eyes of the urchin roving through forbidden meadows in the east, but reddened whole acres around the lodge. The pleasure of gathering it was surpassed only by its delicious flavour. When we came in heated, and just enough fatigued to make rest delightful, our blushing treasures were cleansed of the leaves and grass, sprinkled with sugar, and deluged with delicious cream fresh from the brimming pan. Oh what a feast! and while we were enjoying it the soft breeze floated in laden with the odours of the young world, and the music of its varied populace. The grove in the rear of the house was tenanted by many little songsters, busily employed in these days of universal industry in announcing their return and preparing for the duties of the season. My favourite was the Quail, the merriest, the happiest, and most business-like bird of them all. He rejoices in the showers, and so do I. The harder the rain, the livelier his cheering when it is over. He makes

the dripping wood ring with his shrill note. If you walk out while the drops hang upon the leaves, and the grass bends with the weight of its gems, you hear his merry greetings floating by as gaily as if a bevy of children had escaped to the woods and were playing hide and seek with an omnipresent "Bob White," who would only answer when called with a whistle. You hear it in every tone, the imperative, the plaintive, the querulous, the dignified, the entreating, the congratulatory. "Bob White!" soliloquizes one philosophic-looking fellow from the second story of a hazel clump. He looks about a moment, and repeats in a higher and more intense key, "Bob White!" Two or three more turns of the smooth little head and the sagacious little eye seem to raise his temper, and he adds the epithet "Old!" as if Bob White were rather sensitive on the score of his years, and would be drawn out to repel the injurious insinuation. "Old Bob White!" he exclaims, and it is responded to from below. Presently out trips a neat, industrious, thrifty-looking bird, who appears to be keeping house in some of the snug little apartments to which these clean paths lead, and exclaims, "Old Bob White!" He starts and looks smartly about for the individual who has perpetrated so unjust a slander. "Old Bob White!" And, as if the enormity grew with the repetition, he hops upon another branch, adjusts his plumage, and boldly as an eye can defy, he defies any libeller to prove his charge.

The altercation is becoming sharp, when presently a softer and entreating voice from below, cries out "Bob White!" His anger is dissipated in a moment. With a look of universal charity toward all quail slanderers, he alights from his post of defiance, and trips away up the leafy aisle. He runs along in haste, looking expectant but determined. He evidently anticipates some appeal to his feelings as a husband and father; but is resolved to yield to no indiscreet solicitation. He reaches a little nook near the edge of the thicket, where low herbage has crept in and woven a thick bed, soft and odorless. The branches are closely knotted above it, and two or three stems of the *Geranium Maculatum* droop gracefully over, looking with their meek pale eyes at the nestling little group which Mrs. Bob White is vainly endeavouring to keep in order during her husband's sally in defence of his youth. When he arrives, he finds a dozen callow Bob Whites tumbling about with the manifest intention of rebelling against parental authority. The mother entreats, the father remonstrates, but to no purpose. He finally changes his tone to that of instruction, and warns his inexperienced children against the many dangers which wait on the life of a quail, but more especially against traps. In due time order is again restored, and the exercise of the parental authority has so elevated Bob White's estimation of himself, that he can now forgive all that previously excited his indignation. He feels that respectability established on such a basis is not easily overthrown; and thus reconciled with himself and the world at large, he walks forth beneath the dripping boughs

with a complacency which mere epithets cannot disturb.

The Grouse is another member of the feathered tribe, peculiar to these beautiful regions. He is a large, mottled grey bird, with a heavy ruff of feathers running over his head, which adds much to the watchfulness and timidity of his appearance. Their nests are built on the open prairie in some thick knot of grass. This bird has no proper song, and is in general a very silent inhabitant of these vast plains. When hunted or overtaken by the traveller, they rise suddenly with a whirr, somewhat similar to, but not so distinct as that of the pheasant, and fly very rapidly. If not disturbed they describe the half of an ellipse between the points of rising and alighting. The strokes of the wing are short and rapid, and the flight is very swift and direct. These fowls are rarely heard to utter any noise except at one chosen hour of the day. On a spring morning before sunrise, if you are in the vicinity where grove and prairie meet, the air resounds with a peculiar noise, between the whistle of the quail and the hoarse blowing of the night-hawk, but louder than either. You inquire what it is, and are told that it is the prairie cocks greeting the opening day.

Spring morning on the prairies! I wish I could find language that would convey to the mind of the reader an adequate idea of the deep joy which the soul drinks in from every feature of this wonderful scene! If he could stand where I have often stood, when the rosy clouds were piled against the eastern sky, and the soft tremulous light was streaming askant the dewy grass, while not a sound of life broke on the ear, save the wild note just mentioned, so much in harmony with the whole of visible nature, he would feel one of the charms which bind the hearts of the sons and daughters of this land.

We are within the borders of a little grove. Before us stretches a prairie; boundless on the south and east, and fringed on the north by a line of forest, the green top of which is just visible in a dark waving line between the tender hue of the growing grass and the golden sky. South and east as far as the eye can stretch, the plain is unbroken save by one "lone tree," which, from time immemorial, has been the compass of the red man and his white brother. The light creeps slowly up the sky; for twilight is long on these savannas. The heavy dews which the cool night has deposited glisten on the leaves and spikes of grass, and the particles, occasionally mingling, are borne by their own weight to the earth. The slight blade on which they hang recovers then its erect position, or falls into its natural curve, with a quick but gentle motion, that imparts an appearance of life to that nearest you, even before the wind has laid his hand on the pulseless sea beyond. A vast ocean, teeming with life; redolent of sweet odours! It yields no sound save the one which first arrested our attention, and this is uttered without ceasing. It is not the prolonged note of one, but the steady succession of innumerable voices. It comes up near you

and travels on, ringing more and more faintly on the ear, till it is returned by another line of respondents, and comes swelling in full chorus, stronger and nearer, till the last seems to be uttered directly at your feet.

But the light is gaining upon the grey dawn. Birds awoken in the wood behind us, and salute each other from the swinging branches. Insects begin their busy hum. And now, the sun has just crowded his rim above a bank of gorgeous clouds, and pours a flood of dazzling light across the grassy main. Each blade becomes a chain of gems, and, as the light increases, and the breath of morning shakes them, they bend, and flash, and change their hues, till the whole space seems sprinkled with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, and all precious stones. Nothing can be conceived more beautiful or joyous than such a scene at this hour. The contiguous wood conveys an idea of home, such as you have borne from the forest-clad states of the east. It is a refuge from the vastness which oppresses the mind, because it can never wholly compass it. You rejoice, you exult in the friendly presence of the trees; not because they afford you a grateful retreat from the ardent sun; not because they adorn your rude dwelling; not because they promote the growth of fruit and flowers; not even because they congregate the dear little birds about your home; but because they afford the natural and familiar alternative to which the mind recurs when it is weary of the majesty which lies beyond them. You have sat under them in childhood; you have swept the fragments from the little spaces among their roots, and carpeted them with moss, and festooned them with the wild flowers which nodded near. You have peopled these magic palaces with fairies, and felt a joy which words can never tell, in dreaming how happy the little beings might be where nothing is visible to their tiny eyes but exquisite beauty, and no sound falls on their small ears but the melodies of growing life. You have listened to the winds, sighing plaintively through the boughs, and felt your soul grow fit for companionship with all things whatsoever that are beautiful and lovely. And now your heart turns fondly to these tall tenants of the plain as to elder brothers, and for a moment you look coldly on the naked expanse beyond. But stop! the sun is fairly up. The flashing gems have faded from the grass tops; the grouse has ceased his matin song; the birds have hailed the opening day, and are gaily launching from the trees; the curtain which has hung against the eastern sky is swept away, and the broad light pours in resistless. The wind comes coursing gently up from the far distance, bending the young herbage, and bearing to your senses sweet sounds and odours, nursed on the unsullied breast of Nature.

The tenants of the farm-yard are now a-stir; the cows are milked, and all the animals whose services the farmer does not call to aid his labours, are dismissed to ramble in the boundless pasture. The generous oxen are summoned to the yoke, and the labour of the day commences. If I have lingered

long over this revel of nature, a spring morning on the prairies, with the grouse be all the blame!

Among the more accomplished feathered artists here are the Bob o'Link, a species of mocking-bird, sometimes called the Brown Thrasher, the Robin, and the melancholy Whip-poor-Will. These inhabit the barrens and the prairies in their vicinity. They are seldom found at any great distance from the woods. There are some small birds who love the free plain, but they cannot boast of much genius as singers. It is beautiful to think, however, that as man creeps outward from the groves and builds his cabin, opens his garden, and nurses a few shrubs and small trees around him, the little wood songsters construe it into an invitation to accompany him. Trees are of very rapid growth on the exhaustless soil of the prairies. A few years' care will bring about your house a dense grove of the locust, the cotton wood, aspen, and several other species, so that one need not be long deprived of bird-music. There are several varieties of the Woodpecker; but they will not visit a new home so soon. They look upon young and thrifty trees as humbugs, so far as they pretend to any present utility, and regard them rather as estates to be held in trust for future generations, than as available funds for the present. They decidedly prefer the aged and established to the young and ambitious. In the heavily wooded bottoms of large rivers and their tributaries, is found the Parroquet; not so finished a speaker as the Parrot, but quite as ready. He is a lively chatterer among the stately trees in the summer months, and when winter comes he betakes himself to the dark deep forests of the south. Like the most voluble consolers of our own species, he shrinks before the approach of stern trial. There are also several coarser tribes, which I never loved, and shall therefore only name for the gratification of the curious. The crow caws here as everywhere else, but he has been rescued from the general detestation in which he was formerly held by the magic pen of Bryant. No other could have done it. And yet, who can read the "Death of the Flowers," and not entertain a higher respect for him, and feel more melody in his croakings than before? The hawk screams above the wood top, and over the poultry yard, all through the bright summer day. But nothing could make him other than an object of abhorrence to me since he bore my favourite chicken away before my very eyes, many, many years ago. I could not love him even with such an introduction as made his croaking cousin acceptable.

Next in kind, but more loathsome, is the buzzard, an indolent, gluttonous bird, who wheels lazily over the great plains, till the decaying carcass of a wolf, deer, or other animal attracts him to the earth. He then descends, gorges himself with the foul carrion, and often rests beside it after eating, from sheer inability to rise. The turkey, whom this infamous fellow so much resembles, that he has succeeded in stealing his name as a prefix to his own, is a much pleasanter member of the feathered tribe.

Great numbers of them abound in the woodlands, where the stately march of the old cock gallanting his hen and her lively brood through the forest is one of its most delightful features.

The landscape grows more beautiful every day. The prairie puts on its richest garb about the first of June. The painted cup, mocassin flower, and geranium, come out; and there is more repose in the vegetable world than there has been. Nature, like a notable dame, has cleaned house in proper season, got her furniture and ornaments arranged, and now seated complacently in her easy-chair, challenges the admiration of beholders. In the vicinity of farms, the landscape is enriched by herds of cattle feeding on the prairies. If you walk or drive among them in the afternoon, they are panting like gourmands after a turtle dinner. Their very ribs are distended with the luxurious fare in which they have revelled all day, and their breath perfumes the air. As the sun declines they wander homeward, the cows bearing a treasure that almost flows without the pressure of the housewife's hand. When the milk is strained and set away, the cares of the day are over, and then we wander out among the hazel copses or through the grove, to enjoy the gorgeous sunset, and the long dreamy twilight that lingers over these peerless lands.

The hazel copse is one of the most picturesque features of our landscape. It grows very abundantly, and in autumn yields an inexhaustible harvest of the most delicious nuts. It is found several miles from the woodland, and grows in clumps from three to six feet in height. At a little distance these shrubs have the appearance of green mounds thrown up on the smooth surface of the plain. Its shelter is much sought by the rabbit, the most tender and timid inhabitant of the prairie. Where the hazel has a strong compact growth it uproots the grass and leaves the soil unoccupied, except by an occasional flower or creeping vine, whose long tendrils make a beautiful festoonery for such little aisles. Along these the timid hare skips and feeds during the day, and when twilight favours his faint heart, he may be seen leaping out into the more dangerous paths trodden by man and other beings whom his instinct teaches him to dread as foes. Let him hear your footsteps and he flees the sound as if it foretold his death. We stroll through these miniature groves, treading carefully, and speaking in low whispers not to alarm the quick ear of their little tenants. By-and-by, we emerge from the winding road into the more open barrens. We wander onward, talking of olden time and the time to come, when presently a sharp, shrill sound breaks upon the ear, followed by the bounding of light feet. Away flies the deer, startled by our white dresses moving among the green foliage, and fearful every moment of the cracking rifle. Poor innocent, we shall not harm you! You might have cropped the twigs unmolested, and been spared that pang of fear, had you known that we love mercy, and find no pleasure in depriving any created thing of the joys which are its natural inheritance.

But while we have mused and talked, the magnificent drapery of the west has been folded away. The gorgeous piles of gold and crimson have melted and left the sky faintly tinted with their departing glories. The curtain of night is creeping slowly over the earth; the breeze steals gently through the foliage, and shakes the large leaf of the sassafras with a soft hollow sound, which, with the quick, liquid rustling of the aspen, and the fuller notes of the forest tree, pours a delicious harmony into the ear of night. Half-an-hour later the light is gone out in the west. The night-hawk has ceased his airy, sounding swoops, and the whip-poor-will has come from his retreat, to tell again the melancholy tale he urged so mournfully last night. There he sits, in the top of the tall oak before the door, and will not cease his plaint. What is it troubles thee, poor Will? Hast thou been engaged in some naughty affair, wronging thy neighbour, or looking sweetly at the daughter of some sour old worshipper of Mammon, who scorns thy poverty, and threatens thee, unless thou desist? Or has some gay gallant misled thy dame, and is thy song a cry for vengeance? Methinks it is too melancholy in its tone. Some sorrow surely is its burthen. But our ears are grown familiar with it, Will; and thine, perhaps, is lighter than that we turn away from every day, though uttered more intelligibly. They say thou art a merry little fellow all day; that joy dances in thine eye, and that thou hoppest from branch to branch, laughing under thy wing at the anticipation of the melancholy pranks thou wilt play at night, with sentimental maidens and moonstruck lovers. If so, Will, thou art a sad rogue, and deservest some real sorrow, little masker that thou art!

But, good night! I turn my ear to a tale of more unequivocal sorrow than thine. Sister has promised me the story of the dark man's griefs.

(To be continued.)

THE KING OF CORSICA.

AMONG the crowd of adventurers, who, having done in their lifetime neither much good nor evil, have yet succeeded by means of cunning and boldness in deceiving mankind, in order to accomplish their own ambitious projects, there are few who have risen so high in the world, or whose lives have been so remarkable, as that of the Baron Theodore de Neuhorf. Successively officer, statesman, financier, king, in prison for debts, and lastly dependent on the bounty of others for means of existence, the Baron de Neuhorf has enjoyed all the honours, as he has undergone all the vicissitudes of human life.

It is the history (but little known) of this remarkable man's life which we purpose here to relate. Had he been favoured by fortune, his name would have been inscribed among those of the greatest men; oppressed by reverse, history will always look upon him as an adventurer.

The Island of Corsica, until its definite annexation to France, had always been a prey to anarchy. The inhabitants, who claim their descent from the Arabs and Carthaginians, had preserved in the fastnesses of their mountains all their primitive roughness of manners. Courageous but vindictive, simple but proud, and divided into hostile factions, they were at constant warfare with one another.

The Genoese had settled in Corsica about the middle of the fourteenth century. Their dominion was at first passively accepted: but wearied by the continual insurrections of which this island was the theatre, they adopted a more rigorous system, which was subsequently destined to prove fatal to themselves. This new government, harsh and oftentimes cruel, excited the hatred of the inhabitants, whose history is but a long succession of attempts made to regain their independence. One of these insurrections broke out in the middle of the eighteenth century. In the year 1735, a few inhabitants of the island, who, during these civil discords, had acquired a certain authority and influence over their fellow-citizens, convoked a general assembly of the nation. They there determined to shake off the yoke of the Genoese. The code of laws which this republic had given to them was publicly burnt, and Paoli and Giafferi were elected representatives of a government half republican and half monarchical.

Paoli and Giafferi had scarcely been five months at the head of affairs, when the Baron de Neuhorf was proclaimed king by the unanimous consent of the nation.

Theodore de Neuhorf, a baron without a barony, was born in France. His father, a *seigneur* of reduced circumstances, in the principality of Marek in Westphalia, had formed an unfortunate matrimonial alliance, and was, in consequence, obliged to leave his native country. He came and settled in Lorraine, where, through the interest of the Duchess of Orleans, he obtained the governorship of Messin; but, a short time after this appointment, he died, although in the prime of life, leaving two children, a daughter and son. The Duchess of Orleans took them under her protection. The daughter was brought up in her house, and was afterwards married to the Marquis de Trévoux. As for his son, after having been received as one of the Duchess's pages, he obtained, through her influence, the command of one of the regiments of La Marck.

Theodore was tall and well built; nature had given him a commanding appearance and handsome face, and he possessed all the accomplishments of the gentleman of that period. He had a taste for luxury and extravagance which ill-accommoded with his means. Debts, as well as bad conduct, obliged him to give up the command of his company. Endowed with a bold and enterprising spirit, he determined to seek his fortunes in the life of adventures.

Charles XII., King of Sweden, was at that time, by his success as well as reverses in arms, by his boldness and intrepidity, filling all Europe with the renown of his name. The Baron de Neuhorf thought that in

the service of such a master he would find a fair opening for his talents and ambition. He repaired to Stockholm, where he was well received by the Baron de Goertz, Charles XII.'s minister, who, divining his real character, and finding that he had more talent for intrigue than inclination for war, instead of sending him into the army, employed him as secret agent in a negotiation which the court of Sweden was then carrying on with Cardinal Alberoni, and which had for its object the re-establishment of the Stuarts on the throne of England. The Baron de Neuhorf filled with success the various missions which were entrusted to him by the Swedish minister, both in London and Madrid. He was on the point of reaping the reward of his skill and intelligence, when the failure of the negotiation, added to Charles XII.'s death and his minister's miserable end, crushed all his hopes, and finding that he had nothing more to expect from the Swedish government, he set out for Madrid. Alberoni, who had not forgotten the secret mission on which Theodore had been employed, nor the ability he had displayed on that occasion, graciously received him and gave him the command of a regiment with the rank of colonel. By means of flattery and the insinuating manners he possessed, the Baron de Neuhorf directed all his efforts to secure the favour of men influential at the court of Madrid, managed to render them some important services, obtained great honours, and so skilfully manœuvred that the Duke of Ripperda, the cardinal's successor, married him to Lady Forsfield, the daughter of a peer, and one of the queen's maids of honour.

This marriage, and the position it enabled him to take up at the court, opened to the Baron de Neuhorf a brilliant and happy future; but his restless disposition and thirst for adventure soon induced him to quit Spain. He abandoned his wife, and is shortly after found in Paris, mixed up in Law's speculations.

The sympathy which remarkable men secretly feel for one another, in a short time sprung up into a warm attachment between Theodore and the Scotch financier. He assisted him in carrying out his banking system: and when Law became Comptroller-General of Finances, and held, as it were, the first rank in the state, his flatterers showed as much deference to Theodore as they did respect to him. We know what was the fate of this new Bank. The downfall of the inventor of this financial system, which ruined France, left the Baron de Neuhorf without resources. He immediately followed the example of his companion in misfortunes, and hurried out of Paris.

After this catastrophe, which precipitated him from the height of prosperity into the depths of misery, Theodore, for a moment, hesitated on his plans respecting the future. Trusting to his good fortune, he travelled over all the principal countries in Europe, everywhere victimising the credulous, and in every town leaving numerous creditors behind him. He wandered about, in this way, for many years, in vain expecting some change in his fortunes. Already he might have been induced to look upon

his hopes of ambition as mere dreams and illusions, when, thanks to an intrigue, in which several ladies of the court of Charles VI. were concerned, he obtained from this sovereign a diplomatic mission, and was sent to Florence clothed in the character and dignity of resident Delegate.

Any other man but the Baron de Neuhorf would have found in such a position all that his ambition could desire; but here again he was not satisfied. Impelled either by a secret *presentiment* of a more brilliant future, or the slave of a sickle and restless mind, he gave up his place of Delegate, and returning to his former erratic life, began to travel over Italy. In this manner he reached Genoa, where he planned out the boldest and most extraordinary enterprise of his whole life.

There happened to be at that time at Genoa a Corsican monk, Raphaeli by name, whom chance threw in Theodore's way. He entered into conversation with this monk on the condition of that island, which was then groaning under the oppressive yoke of the Genoese, and appeared to feel deep commiseration for the sufferings of its inhabitants. Rejoiced at finding a man who sympathised so sincerely with him in his country's calamities, the monk began to entertain a high opinion of the Baron, and proposed to bring him in communication with some Corsicans, who lived concealed in the neighbourhood of the town. Theodore gladly accepted his proposal, and had several long conferences with these proscribed men, many of whom possessed considerable influence in the island. Like most men of enterprising character, Theodore was gifted with a natural and persuasive eloquence. Deficient in real genius, but endowed with a certain amount of *esprit*, he possessed the talent of pleasing and sufficient skill to set such an enterprise on foot, although he might want perseverance and moral courage to support it. He had no difficulty in securing the confidence of his new friends. He showed them the necessity of forming a government sufficiently powerful to struggle with advantage against the supremacy of Genoa: he purposely exaggerated the forces, resources, and means, which nature had placed at their disposal, and how easy it would be, with an experienced commander at their head, to drive the Genoese out of the island. At the same time he spoke of his influence at the different courts of Europe, the considerable interest he possessed with their respective sovereigns, and finished by declaring that his talents, experience, and devotion to their cause, pointed him out as the man whom they required to assist them in regaining their independence. Corsicans are by nature enthusiasts, and consequently easily persuaded. Theodore's confident manner, the weight which his words seemed to carry, had already half captivated his hearers; but when some of their countrymen, who had been imprisoned in the fortress of Savona, were set at liberty, according to a promise Theodore had made of interceding for them, they were fully convinced of his sincerity. They were now eager to secure the

services of a man whom they considered in the light of a powerful *seigneur* and protector, and assured him that their country would, through their influence, present him with the supreme power. Theodore, after having thanked them for this mark of their confidence, urged them to return as soon as they possibly could to Corsica and prepare the people for his arrival; whilst he would, in the meantime, repair to the different courts of Europe, where his interest would be of use to them in obtaining those succours which they required, and without which they would be unable to drive the Genoese out of the island.

At the time he was thus representing himself to the Corsicans as all-powerful, Theodore was ignorant of the means he would be obliged to adopt for the performance of these promises; but he trusted to his mind, fertile in expedients, to bring him out of his difficulties. Giving himself out as an envoy from Corsica, he visited the principal capitals of Europe, seeking to enlist the sympathies of several monarchs in the misfortunes of that island and in his own. But everywhere his solicitations remained unheard, and his exertions were of no avail. At last he repaired to Constantinople, where his demands were more favourably listened to; the Grand-Signior gave him some money and appeared disposed to assist him in his plans, but the delay which attended the proceedings of the Turkish government was too much for his patience: he suddenly left Constantinople, and went and offered to the Bey of Tunis the *suzeraineté*¹ of Corsica, if he would only give him a vessel of ten guns, four thousand muskets, three hundred pistols, a thousand sequins and a few provisions. What were the means Theodore employed to ensure the success of this important negotiation? and how did he prevail upon the government of Tunis to embark in an enterprise of such political importance? This remains a secret. We only know, that the Bey acceded to all his demands, and in a few weeks the vessel was ready. Theodore then embarked, and, under the protection of the English flag, sailed to Leghorn. He there sold the vessel, the proceeds of which he pocketed, and then wrote off to his Corsican friends to inform them that he was ready to assist them in their great undertaking, the recovery of their freedom.

Three years had elapsed since Theodore had quitted Genoa. The Corsicans had expected him for a long time, but hearing nothing of him, had at last resolved to shake off their yoke without his assistance. Placing the island under the protection of the Virgin Mary, they had named Paoli and Giafferi *generallissimos*, as we have stated above. The letters which came from Theodore, announcing to them that he had at his disposal immense treasures, and was secretly assisted by several foreign powers, spread enthusiasm over the island. He was entreated to hasten his arrival, and was assured, as a recompense for his services, that the Corsicans would invest him with the supreme power.

Theodore, accompanied by an escort of only five or

six persons, arrived in the port of Aleria, on the 15th March, 1736, on board a merchant vessel. The principal inhabitants of the island had come forth to meet him; he was conducted in state to the Cervonian palace at Campoloro. Knowing how fond the common people are of extraordinary things, he had coiffed his head with a magnificent turban, glittering with gold and precious stones, and had put on a Greek costume, of a scarlet colour, lined with ermine; his companions were also accoutred in as *bizarre* a manner. As soon as he set his foot on shore, he threw amongst the crowd a handful of sequins. In order to appear more worthy of the regal dignity, Theodore had added to his name a long string of titles,—he gave himself out as Peer of France, Grandee of Spain, Prince of the Church, and Baron of England. Every morning during the first few days after his arrival couriers were seen coming from Leghorn, bearing fictitious despatches from various European and African courts.

This pomp, added to the dignified manner he had assumed, the praises his old friends of Genoa spread concerning his merit, the influence he boasted to possess with several sovereigns of Europe, and his supposed wealth, imposed on the credulity of the inhabitants. The baron was proclaimed king, under the name of Theodore I., at a general assembly of the nation, which took place at Alcain, on the 15th April, 1736. A fundamental law was presented to Theodore, which constituted Corsica a monarchy, and vested the crown in the person of his heirs, male or female, for ever. After having taken the customary oath, he was crowned a few days afterwards in the Church des Récollets de Tavagna.

When once seated on the throne, Theodore surrounded his person with all the grandeur of royalty,—created nobles, organised a body-guard, consisting of four hundred soldiers, appointed secretaries of state, and instituted an order of knighthood under the appellation of *Ordre de la Délivrance*, the insignia of which he bestowed on the principal families of the island.

Theodore's extraordinary life can be divided into two distinct parts: if we have hitherto followed him since his first appearance in the world as page to the Duchess of Orleans, gradually rising, in the midst of the many vicissitudes inherent in a life of intrigues, to the highest honours, and finally to the throne, we shall presently see him, step by step, sinking down from his pinnacle of greatness, and ending his days in obscurity and want.

The king-baron did not, in the mean time, forget that he had promised the Corsicans the freedom of their island. The enthusiasm which had arisen at his arrival, and which had increased by the dazzling display of magnificence that surrounded his person, enabled him to raise a large army. He put himself at their head, attacked the Genoese, and in a few days confined them to their maritime places. But he could not, unfortunately, follow up his first success. Destitute of the means necessary for the siege of well-defended towns, he was obliged to stop before their walls. The Genoese, in the mean while, having

(1) The power attached to a lord-paramount's right of possession.

received reinforcements, immediately assumed the offensive, and soon drove him back beyond the mountains. The people began to murmur: their complaints increased, when the king, who had in a short time expended all his money, was obliged to make an avowal of his penury. On the other hand, the clergy had taken umbrage at his liberal views on religion, and still more so at his loose morals. Gradually dissatisfaction succeeded to the recent enthusiasm, and pervaded the whole nation.

An event which took place about this time, showed Theodore how altered the feelings of the people were towards him. As he was walking one morning, in the neighbourhood of his palace, the king met a young peasant girl, whose beauty completely captivated him. He had frequent interviews with her, and described his passion in such eloquent language, that the poor girl would have yielded, had not her brother, a soldier in the king's body-guard, discovered the intrigue. He went to his sister, reproached her with wishing to dishonour his name, threatened to kill her if she again met Theodore, and, by way of a lecture, gave her a sound beating. The king was at dinner with his generals when he was informed of the cruel treatment the girl had received: he ordered the soldier to be brought before him, and severely rebuked him for his conduct. The soldier replied to the king in an insolent manner. Theodore, enraged, ordered him to be hanged at the window of the room in which they were sitting, but observing the hesitation which followed his order, rose from the table to execute it himself. The soldier seized hold of a chair, and, brandishing it above his head, threatened to knock the king down if he touched him. The generals interposed between the two, and ordered the soldier to be put under arrest, but he called out to his comrades for assistance, and was immediately rescued by them. The palace was filled with clamours, and the royal body-guard seemed disposed to rise against their king. Theodore jumped out of a window, and concealed himself till the tumult was over.

This scene, added to several others of a similar nature, proved to the king that he had lost the affection of his subjects. Complaints from all quarters arose; he was reproached for not having fulfilled the promises he had made to the nation—his subjects no longer obeyed him—insolent and daring language was held in his presence. Theodore began to entertain apprehensions for the safety of his person, and determined, for a time, to withdraw himself from the honours and dangers of his exalted position. He convoked deputies from the several districts, and informed them that he was about to leave Corsica, to seek those succours which had been promised to him, but which were not forthcoming; and entrusted the government of the island, during his absence, to them. Then, without waiting for their reply, he embarked the same day on board an Italian vessel, disguised as an *abbé*, in order to escape recognition, and thus left the island. Eight months had scarcely elapsed since Theodore's coronation.

This compulsory flight threw the Baron de Neuhorf into the greatest difficulties, and it turned out, as we shall presently see, prejudicial to the liberty of his person. Recognised in all the principal towns of Europe, it was a difficult matter for him to make fresh dupes, or to escape from the clutches of his numerous creditors. After having visited Rome, Turin, and Paris, in which last place he was threatened by the police with imprisonment in Fort l'Evêque, he fixed upon the unfortunate plan of proceeding to Amsterdam, where he owed considerable sums of money. The very day of his arrival, his creditors had him arrested and thrown into prison.

To pass from a palace to a prison was a dreadful change, and one calculated to intimidate even the stoutest heart. But to Theodore, so unexpected a reverse of fortune was nothing. Trusting to his tutelary genius, he only bethought himself of the means of extricating himself out of his difficulties, nor was it long before an opportunity presented itself. Theodore had for a companion a man condemned for usury, whom a Jew, a wealthy merchant of Amsterdam, often visited. He became acquainted with the Israelite; he described to him in the most heart-rending terms his position—purposely expatiated on the affection his subjects bore to him—set all the powers of his cunning mind at work, to excite the merchant's cupidity, (which Theodore's sagacity told him was the Jew's vulnerable point,) and promised, if he would assist him in recovering his kingdom, to abandon to him the trade-monopoly of the whole island. The credulous Jew fell into the snare; he paid Theodore's creditors, placed at his disposal five millions of francs, two ships freighted with arms and ammunition, and a frigate of war.

Theodore comes out of prison, more elated than ever; he embarks on board the frigate, repairs to Algiers and Tunis, from which two governments he again succeeds in obtaining more money, rejoins his two transports at Leghorn, and arrives in Corsica about the middle of September, 1737. At the news of his arrival, some of his partisans came forth to meet him. But the appearance of the French troops, which, under the command of the Comte de Boissieu, were occupying the island, intimidated the king. He thought it prudent not to disembark, but set sail for the town of Ajaccio, whither he intended to attack by sea. A violent tempest arose before he could reach his destination; the ship, dismasted, was obliged to seek shelter in the Bay of Naples. Theodore landed and repaired to the house of the Consul of the States-General. He had scarcely arrived there, before the governor of that city had him arrested and imprisoned at Gaeta. He did not, however, remain there long—but his star was rapidly sinking, and fortune, wearied of the favours she had bestowed, no longer smiled on her protégé. He had the mortification to learn that his frigate had been condemned, and his two transports captured. It was impossible for him to return to Corsica. Even then his courage does not fail him; he writes to the Jews of Amster-

dam, to inform them of his losses, and the necessity of fresh succours, but his letters remain unanswered; he then goes to London, and tries by intriguing to get the ministry to assist him in his plans of recovering his throne. The English Government, dissatisfied with the Genoese, secretly seconded Theodore's projects, with a view of throwing difficulties in the way of that republic. The following year, the dethroned monarch landed on the island of Rousse, and hastened to apprise the Corsicans of his arrival, at the same time publicly announcing that he was supported by England; which appeared credible enough, he having under his command two English men-of-war. Nevertheless, his promises were not listened to, nor were his proposals accepted.

Theodore returned to London, where a last misfortune awaited him. His creditors served him in the same manner as he had been treated in Holland. He remained in prison several years. Through the interest of the prime minister, Horace Walpole, a subscription was raised in his favour, which enabled him in part to satisfy his creditors, and as a security for the rest of his debts he abandoned to them his kingdom. Through the generosity of his kind protector he was able to live in a quiet way in the neighbourhood of London. Whether the infirmities of old age were fast creeping on him, or that his many reverses had broken his courageous spirit, or that he could no longer impose on people, Theodore, from that time, was no more heard of. He died in 1746, aged 60 years, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Anne's, Westminster. Voltaire says, that Walpole caused a simple monument, with this inscription, to be erected to his memory:

"Fortune gave him a throne, but denied him bread."

But the epitaph, still legible on his tomb, is as follows:—

"Near this spot is buried Theodore, king of Corsica, who died in this parish, the 11th Oct. 1746, after he had left the King's Bench, a prison erected for insolvent debtors, and after having surrendered his kingdom to his creditors as a security for his debts."

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY.¹

If the age of poetry has departed, the age of fiction is with us, in all its strength and vigour. "Blackwood," and "The Dublin University Magazine," give proof, in every number, of the power increasing, not decaying, in our Tale writers. The author of "Merkland" is quite a modern Miss Ferrier; "Currier Bell" took the world by storm; and Eliot Warburton, who, but a few nights ago, passed away amid the awful strife of fire and water, decked truth with such magic fiction, that both became incorporated on his living page: there are the author of "Mary Barton" and the author of "Two Old Men's Tales;" the former, so true to the phases of life she has observed;

the latter, so unrivalled in her wealth of thought and power of expression. There are Frederika Bremer, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Howitt—numbers, both here and in our sister lands, whom we could name, who give to the world fiction of the highest and purest kind; but with them, at present, we have nothing more to do, than to congratulate ourselves and the public, that even if one or two great prose craftsmen, swept into the grave by death, remain unreplaced, there is a greater diffusion of talent, particularly amongst women, than has been known in England previous to this present time.

It seems to us but as yesterday—though it must be ten or eleven years since we were shown some sweet and gentle poetry, by a very young lady, who, though she may have looked like a poet, was as retiring and quiet as any young lady of fourteen *ought to be*.

We were not so well pleased with the poetry, as with the author. She has since written a charming little story called, "How to win Love;" and we could not help smiling at the title. She was mistress of the art in childhood; to predict success in her case, as a prose writer, was a safe prophecy. She was silent and observing. She thought, read, and compared, and *felt deeply*; her spirit was calmly brave; she had an intense love of art, and thirsted for knowledge; her enthusiasm was great and sincere. Our only fear was, that she might rush into print too soon. Her wings grew in strength, and she tried them—in short flights at first, and then soared into a three-volume novel, called "Olive," followed, in due time, by "The Ogilvies;" and this Christmas, she has given to the world one of the most exquisite fairy tales that was ever written, called "Alice Learmont," and a fine novel, "The Head of the Family."

We will not detail the plot; this we consider neither fair to the author, nor to the publishers.

But we warn our readers not to mind the occasional slowness of the first two volumes (which might have been crushed into one with advantage to the reader and to the plot); nor must they feel bewildered by the number of characters introduced so suddenly, evidently for the purpose of testing the metal of "The Head of the Family," but which are perplexing to the reader. On must the reader go, to the threshold of the third volume: and once having passed its portal, there will he remain until the end, without the desire or power to escape. This third volume atones for the tediousness and perplexity of the commencement, as perhaps no third volume ever atoned before, by its absorbing interest, its noble carriage, its fine development of character, its poetic justice, and its high and holy sentiments—sentiments, not drawn out, or put in sermon-out-of-place fashion, but founded on the principles and fidelity of a long and pure life; self-denying, and of good repute before God and man.

The whole of this finely-arranged volume is of such equal merit, that it is no easy matter to find an extract of detached interest. There is one character, woven into the thread of the narrative—seen dimly

(1) "The Head of the Family." By the Author of "Olive," and "The Ogilvies." Chapman & Hall.

at first, but coming out gradually and naturally into strong light—which is as fine in fiction as Rembrandt was in painting,—the actress, named, perhaps, from feelings inspired by a great foreign tragedian, *Rachel*. This woman was known to "The Head of the Family" in her youth, before the commencement of her influence over the public. Ninian Graeme (such is the uncomfortable name of the "Head" and the hero of the story) has a beloved younger brother, a youth of genius, and heir to its waywardness and weakness, who, awakened by the talent of Rachel into dramatic fervour, produces a successful drama. Perils, however, surround the boy, who, like Chatterton, seems doomed to perish in his prime, when his elder brother, whose character is one of the noblest and best sustained in modern fiction, seeks and finds him in London, and the scene we extract ensues. He has found "Edmund" as a successful dramatist, surrounded by men, older men, clever men, but men incapable of understanding the enthusiasm or honour which still lingered round the boy's heart. "Edmund" owed money to a certain Lyonell, who had insulted Rachel by an offer of "love without marriage." He burns to pay his debt and win revenge: his patient, loving brother, knowing this, watches for him outside "the stores."

"He followed. It was late; the theatres had disengaged their last relics of audience, and the streets were growing quiet and deserted. From lamp to lamp Ninian easily traced that tall, thin, boyish figure, with the long, light-brown curls—the same vision which Lindsay used to watch so proudly, as day by day it passed up the avenue at The Gowans.—Poor Lindsay! How foolish women are!"

"Edmund turned along Regent-street. All the shops and houses were shut up, except that through some second-floor windows might be seen lights—generally two high lamps, visible through the thin blinds. There were no open doors visible, but these lamps were sufficient beacon to those who knew the mysteries of the place."

"Ninian watched his brother approach one of these—pass it—return again, and examine more closely. Then Edmund went to the next street-lamp, took out his purse, and seemed to be reckoning its contents. At last, so quickly that Mr. Graeme hardly perceived how he entered, the youth disappeared into the house."

"It was one of those places—rightly named 'hells'—a London gambling-house."

"Ninian was uncertain what to do. To follow and command the boy home, was impossible; Edmund was of age, and his brother had no legal right over him. Even the thought of being watched might drive him to desperation. But to leave him was out of the question. Ninian resolved to wait, if it were the whole night, until he had seen him quit the house."

"He did so before very long, rushing out half-maddened—not with ruin, but success. He staggered into the street, recklessly holding a handful of bank-notes, gazing at them with eyes that seemed positively to feast on the sight. So occupied was he, that he never looked up until he ran against some one standing in the street."

"What are you doing here, Edmund?"

"The cold, clear voice was his brother's—the arm, stern and strong, that linked itself in his, was his brother's also. Edmund stood speechless."

"They walked on a few paces, Ninian keeping firm hold,—and then the boy rebelled."

"What is this for? Have you been dogging my heels? Let me go, I say."

"Ninian let him go."

"Edmund stopped a moment, hardly comprehending where he was, and what he had intended to do. Then his mind seemed to grow clearer. Secretly he clutched the money in his hand, and assuming an unconcerned air, said, 'Good night, brother; this is my way.'

"And mine too," added the other, quietly."

"Do you mean to follow me? Am I to be watched about like a child? Do it at your peril!" And the frantic boy shook his clenched fist in his brother's face."

"Edmund! Somehow, at the tone of that voice, perfectly self-possessed—neither haughty nor angry—the passionate hand dropped down rebuked."

"What do you want with me, brother? Make haste, and let me go; I have an engagement to-night."

"Where?"

"I shall not tell you."

"I will tell you, then. You have been gaming, in order to win the money you owe Mr. Lyonell. You are now going to find him—pay him—then seek a quarrel with him, and have either a duel to-morrow morning or a street row to-night."

"Edmund drew back thoroughly confounded. In his face was the confession of all which Ninian's penetration had lighted upon as the truth."

"But," the other continued, "I, being a good deal older, and a little wiser than you, think this proceeding would not be to my brother's credit, or that of our family. Therefore I will prevent it if I can."

"Edmund—gentle by nature, and unaccustomed to contend, especially with his elder brother—seemed desirous, not of warfare, but escape. He tried to cross the street, but the fumes of wine in his brain were too much for him."

"Ninian laid on his shoulder a firm hand. 'Come home, my boy—come home.'

"Quiet, even gentle, as the manner was, it contained something of command against which the weak Edmund struggled in vain. He suffered his brother to take his arm, and walk with him down the street towards home."

"After a while, his frantic purpose seemed to dawn upon him again. 'Brother!—Ninian!—I must go,' entreated he. 'I will do no harm. I only want to pay the fellow what I owe, and tell him he is a villain. I'll not fight—if you don't wish it. Only let me give him the money.'

"Where is it?"

"Here, in my hand! I won it all—luck was with me. Never was there such a run of cards. Ha! ha!"

"Have you been often to that place?"

"Come now, don't be pumping me," stammered Edmund, in half-intoxicated cajoling. "Be a good fellow, can't you? It is a very respectable place, and does no harm."

"And you won the whole sum to-night? You have it in your hand there!"

"Yes, every pound. All right—count it! Hurra! Hazard's the king of all games." And he flourished the notes triumphantly."

"Ninian took them out of his hand—spread them out one over the other, doubled them, and before the youth could resist, tore them once—twice—thrice—until they were converted into the smallest fragments. Then he threw them into the street, carelessly, as if they had been a handful of dust."

"What are you doing?" cried Edmund, furiously."

"Just what I would always do with stolen property."

"Do you dare to call mine stolen? Am I a thief?"

"Every gambler is, for the time being—I will show you that clearly to-morrow. Now, come home."

"His stern calmness, his unflinching will, positively appalled the boy. Unresisting, Edmund suffered himself to be led home. Arrived there, all his remaining faculties became numbed in the stupor of intemperance and the exhaustion of spent fury. The whole night, Ninian, fearing to leave him, remained by the poor lad's bed—

side. Never had he kept such a vigil since the night his father died. Little he then thought that the next watch would be beside his dead father's ruined son. Ruined!—no! Edmund, the child of such pride and tenderness, should not be ruined. That tenderness must win him back still—or else, abjuring it, his elder brother must assume a father's place, and hold the rein with a tight hand. Ninian thought he could if need be make his brotherly heart as hard as adamant; but he would try gentle means first. Only, in some way or other, the boy *must* be saved.

"The first thing was to shield him from that disgrace which in a mind like his was sure to produce utter desperation. Therefore he managed so that even Katie knew not the whole extent of his brother's shame. He sat alone by the boy's bedside; until towards morning Edmund, being a little recovered, fell into a sound sleep. Then Ninian went to his own room, lay down for an hour, rose, and breakfasted—lest by his look Tinie should suspect anything wrong. When late in the forenoon Edmund awoke, he found his brother sitting beside him. Their eyes met—one was cold, the other defiant. 'Are you better?'

"'Nothing was wrong with me. What are you here for?'

"'Ninian made no answer.

"'I will not be watched in this manner. Leave me; I want to dress and go out.'

"'It would be better not, I think—after last night.'

"'What of last night? But in any case, it was no affair of yours.'

"'None—except that I object to see any young man, much less my own brother, ruined—if I can help it.'

"'Well, suppose I do go to ruin—or to the devil, what will it signify? Who cares?'

"'I care.'

"'And who will prevent me?'

"'I will.'

"The boy started up in bed with passionate violence. 'Dare you?—But his dizzy, hot, drink-oppressed brain was too strong for his will—he sank back upon his pillow with a groan.

"'Keep quiet, Edmund! You must, or God knows what may happen to you.' And with a care almost womanly, he bound a wet cloth round the poor lad's burning head. 'Are you easier now?'

"'Don't speak to me—let me alone. I wish I were dead! That's the only thing for such a miserable wretch as I.'

"'Not quite; when you have your brother and Lindsay.'

"Edmund clasped his hands over his wan face, and hid it on the pillow. He did not speak another word for many minutes. Ninian asked him softly 'if he were asleep?'

"'No! It would be better if I were. It would be a blessing if I never woke again. You would think so, and Lindsay too. But I don't care—whatever becomes of me, I don't care!'

"He tried to assume a daring indifference; but in vain. Physical prostration, and the natural gentleness and irresolution of his character, overcame him. A prodigal he might be, but nothing would ever make Edmund a hardened sinner. 'My boy, whether you care or not, we care,' said Ninian, kindly. 'But I will talk to you another time. Now, try to rise, and come and take a walk with me. It is a lovely morning.'

"'I hate it!—I hate the light!—I hate everything!'

"'Nay, that is wild talking. You must be reasonable. Only get a little better, and in a few days you shall come back with me to Scotland.'

"'No—no. Your quiet life at home would drive me mad! Besides, I must stay here, and go on with my old ways. I can't get free.'

"'You must get free—I will help you. Have confi-

dence in your brother. Remember,' and Ninian smiled sorrowfully, 'I was a young man myself once.'

"Slowly, imperceptibly, so that they seemed less confessions than exclamations of remorse and pain, the elder brother won from the younger a story which it is needless to repeat here. Enough,—that it had been the story of thousands cast into the whirlpool of life, adding to all the passions of youth that keen susceptibility to every form of pleasurable sensation, which is the peculiar characteristic of genius. Heaven have mercy on such! for Heaven only knows with how much they have to struggle. And all honour be unto the noble few—not those who were never tempted, but those who, being tempted, have come out from the warfare victorious!

"Edmund's heart, once opened, poured itself out unrestrained. The elder brother listened, without betraying any gesture of contempt or rebuke, to this sorrowful revelation of extravagance, intemperance, degrading companionships, and unholy loves; over the long catalogue of which rosted the perpetual shade of the one misery of which Edmund did not speak, though probably it was the origin of all—his hopeless passion for Rachel.

"'Now,' said the young man at last, with a bitter laugh—'now you see the consequence of my ambitious notions. Such is the end of "the Genius of the Family!"'

"'Not the end—God forbid!'

"'He cannot—or He will not,' was the reckless answer. 'This life is slowly killing me. Look here!' and he held up his hand, thin, withered, and shaking like that of an old man. 'You might "almost see through it," as people say. No—no; a year or two more will finish me, and the sooner the better.'

"Perhaps Ninian judged at their true value these ravings, always the resource of miserable youth. He only said, 'We will not talk of the future, my dear boy. The question is, what must be done at present? Again I would advise,'—he laid a gentle stress on the word—'that you go home with me for a time.'

"'And I say again, I cannot!'

"'Why not?'

"'First, because I will not. Secondly—if you want the plain common sense of the matter—I dare not. Look in that desk, and you'll find three hundred pounds' worth of good reasons why Edmund Græme, just come of age, should, if he left London, be caught and sent to prison as a runaway debtor. There!—that would be a credit to the family—would it not?'

"Ninian had not yet considered this difficulty. He looked very grave. Edmund watched closely his elder brother's face; it seemed to bring back to his variable mind old times, far more innocent and happy than these.

"'I wish,' he sighed—'I almost wish I could go back to The Gowans.'

"Ninian made no answer—he was in deep thought. At last he said: 'Edmund, give me the key of your desk. You would not show me only half-confidence, would you?'

"Edmund objected at first, then answered despondently: 'Do as you like. Whatever you find out, it's no matter to a poor half-dead fellow like me. I shall not trouble you long.'

"Mr. Græme unlocked the desk, and passing over a farrago of papers—doubtless containing many a revelation of the poor youth's history—confined himself to the business secrets,—the numerous unpaid debts; that one to Mr. Lyonell, which the world's ironical speech would entitle 'a debt of honour,'—being at the head of the list. It was a list long enough to drag the young author down into a hopeless slough of despond. The like has happened to many another,—forced to work his brains with a perpetual millstone of debt around his neck, knowing that by nothing except dishonesty can he free himself from the burden.

"Ninian looked over the bills; tied them up again in his business-like way, without any comment whatever. Edmund was silent too, either in sullen despondency, or else, exhausted and half-stupified, he had fallen into a doze. The elder brother moved away, and stood in the clear light by the half-open window, which jutted out on the leads. There was a long box of mignonette, over which the pert London sparrows came hopping and twittering. A thought,—not inconsequent, nor irreverent,—flitted across Ninian's mind, of those who were once bade to 'fear not,' being '*of more value than many sparrows.*'

"It touched nearly upon a plan he had in view. The sum laid up, as he deemed, for his marriage, and then vainly intended to be sacrificed for the good of Hope's father, was of course in his possession still. The first pain being conquered, he had placed it by securely; from the feeling that now, weakened as his health was, he had no certainty for the future. He found a comfort in thinking, that did anything happen, he had at least something to keep him for a time from positive dependence on the children he had brought up. It was the only trace of pride, the only thought of self, that dwelt in the breast of the elder brother.

"This sum would be just sufficient to shield Edmund from the results of his sad career. Freed from debt—unshamed before the world—placed for a while out of reach of temptation—the young man might yet be saved. Nay, he must be saved—poor Lindsay's boy!

"Ninian stood—the bright light from the attic-window showing every line in his worn face, every white thread—there were but too many—in his hair. But he looked at peace, even glad. Quickly in his own mind he portioned out this money of love's heaping, of which every coin had been laid together with a quivering of the heart.—Thus often we gather up treasures, and find them end as sacrifices; but the sacrifice is the holier after all.

"Mr. Græme went up to his brother once more. 'Are you awake, Edmund?'

"'Ay!'

"'You had better rise now. Leave me these.' He glanced at the bundle of bills he held. 'You cannot pay them, so I will. But I think it right to tell you that I do so at a great sacrifice—of which, knowing our circumstances, you must yourself be aware. Nevertheless, I do it with full trust that the same will not happen again, and that for the future I will have no need to blush for my brother Edmund.'

"His voice, firm and grave as it was, trembled at the close. He held out his hand to the poor prodigal;—Edmund sprang up in bed.

"'You don't mean this? It is impossible! You cannot do it—or if you could, I would not suffer it.'

"'You must! Some day, when you are a great author, and I an old man—we will have our reckoning.'

"Edmund looked up into the face that wore a kind though serious smile. 'Oh, Ninian—oh, my brother!' he cried, and grasping the outstretched hand, sobbed over it like a child."

In a dedication, somewhat overstrained, the Author of "The Head of the Family" states, that probably this may be the last novel she will write for some time. We hope it may be so—repose is necessary, both for health and fame, after such an effort, and what follows must be superior to the present, or else her reputation must suffer.

In this, her "last novel" for the present, Miss Mulock has almost proved *she is* all, that one at least, who knew her well, believed she might be "hereafter." She has power to be *more* than that "all;" but she must rest. She can afford to do so now, and we

regard her too highly to endure that she should peril her reputation by writing a single hasty or unconsidered sentence, or weaken her noble conceptions, by adding the water of mere words, or make-weight characters, for the sake of the mystic "Three Volumes," so long the object of the Publishers' idolatry.

CHEPSTOW CASTLE AND BRIDGE.

WHOEVER of the thousands that at certain periods of the year seek health and recreation amid the varied beauties of Old England, has failed to visit the banks of the Wye, will have omitted from his tour one of the most lovely and picturesque localities our country possesses. There is not a mile of its tortuous course, from near the foot of "huge Plinlimmon" to its junction with the Severn, that is not marked by the most striking and beautiful features of natural scenery. Ever varying in its aspect from the shifting of the foreground and screen-like sides, the pictures, like the forms in a kaleidoscope, assume different shapes and colours, though composed of the same materials: thus the ruins of a castle, the spire of a church, hamlets half hidden among lofty trees, masses of rocks—sometimes high and bare, at other times low and covered with herbage—are seen, now on the right-hand of the traveller, and now on his left, alternately forming the fore or back ground of the picture in view. Occasionally the river runs in a continuous line for a considerable length between overhanging rocks, then sweeps along, in a serpentine direction, between rich slopes and flowery meadows; then again it is half concealed by the shadows of the thick mounds, and once more it is glittering with the brightness of a summer's sun. The broadest and the finest parts of the Wye are those separating the counties of Gloucestershire and Monmouthshire; and the most expansive and picturesque view is obtained from the distant high ground overlooking the junction of it with the Severn.

The two most celebrated relics of antiquity standing on the banks of the Wye, are Chepstow Castle and Tintern Abbey: with the former of these we have alone to do at present. We confess to have almost a childish reverence for *all* such mementos of past ages; and though there may be nothing left but a few grey stones, or at best a few yards of wall, with no other decoration than the ivy that clings to them, they commend themselves to our thoughts as landmarks of departed time, speaking silently but impressively of men and deeds that make up a nation's history. But we cannot now find space for moralizing.

Chepstow Castle, of which an engraving is here presented, is of the period of the Conquest; a portion of it was erected by William Fitz-Osborn, created Earl of Hereford by the Conqueror, and who, for the distinguished services rendered at the Battle of Hastings, had large territories conferred upon him, and was also



appointed Justiciary for the northern part of the kingdom, and Marshal of England jointly with Roger de Montgomery. The castle subsequently came into the possession of the Earls of Clare, from whom it descended to the families of the Plantagenets, the Herberts, and the Somersets. We believe it to be still in the hands of a branch of the last-mentioned noble family. There is little or no record of its history during the feudal times, but during the Civil War it became the object of many well-contested assaults, and was repeatedly taken and retaken by the contending parties; its possession being considered of vast importance, from the commanding position it held over the navigation of the river, and the influence it gave to the possessors with respect to the surrounding locality. The most interesting portion of the building as it now stands, from historical association, is a round tower at the south-east angle of the first court, in which, at the Restoration, Henry Marten, one of the regicides of Charles I., was confined for thirty years; not, as was long supposed, in a wretched dreary dungeon, but in a suite of apartments of considerable dimensions, sufficiently lighted, airy, and with fire-places. Moreover, he had his family residing with him, and his own domestic servants. Marten was a determined republican, and to the day of his death expressed the most intense hatred of kingly government. Southey—it is presumed, before he had himself imbibed the extreme royalist principles by which he became distinguished—laments the fate of the Roundhead captive in one of his poems:—

"For thirty years, secluded from mankind,
Here Marten linger'd. Often have these walls
Echoed his footsteps, as with even tread
He paced around his prison. Not to him,
Did Nature's fair varieties exist.
He never saw the sun's delightful beams,
Save when through yew high bars he pour'd a sad,
A broken splendour."

But although, as previously remarked, the castle is referred to the Norman period, it is not to be supposed that the immense pile of ruins now standing is of so ancient a date; very little of the original edifice is extant, the remainder being the work of subsequent eras. The grand entrance on the east displays a fine specimen of the Early Norman style, and consists of a circular arch between two round towers, leading into the first court, where the grand hall, kitchen, and other apartments were situated; some of the latter are still inhabited by a family who have the lease of the premises. A gate opens by the side of a round tower into the second court, now laid out as a garden; another into a third area, in which stands the roofless chapel; this has pointed windows, but the walls being lightened by tiers of semicircular arches has induced the belief that the edifice belongs to an earlier period than it actually does. At the south-eastern extremity of the third court, a winding staircase leads to the battlements; and formerly, a communication existed between this court and a fourth, which is now entered by a sally-port.

The engraving of this exceedingly picturesque

building shows that one side of it rises perpendicularly from the water's edge; a portion, however, of what seems to be wall is, in fact, the natural rock, which, in some places, is so covered with pendant foliage as to be altogether invisible. A little beyond the castle is seen an insignificant part of the town of Chepstow, with its bridge: half of the latter belongs to the county of Monmouthshire, and the other half to that of Gloucestershire; the central pier, of massive stone, separates the two counties. Chepstow is said to have been of Roman origin, and there are numerous traces of encampments in the vicinity of the town, which appear to favour the supposition; but the name seems rather to imply a Saxon origin.

THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN.

BY JANE K. WINNARD.

CHAPTER XI.

A MINGLED WEB.

No one knew what to think, when so many letters addressed to persons of the name of Underwood, were pocketed in this way. They knew that other Underwoods were visiting Sir Ralph Grey, but it entered into no one's mind, that the man before them was *the* David Underwood, and their own brother. It was a strange stupidity. A quarter of an hour elapsed. The presence of the stranger threw a restraint over the family party; and no one during that time spoke much, or in an ordinary tone. At length, however, Nanny Post, having finished her bread and cheese, rose from the window-ledge on which she had been sitting. Nanny's organ of veneration was of the smallest; and without any respect of persons, she spoke as follows:

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, good morning. I hope there's nothing amiss with the master. Of course, if you say it, Miss Underwood, he *is* at home; but I heard say, there was good reason why he should go to Torrington Hall late last night—too late to come back. All I know is, my Jemmy saw him going there. He was coming home from Torrington fair at three o'clock in the morning, and he saw the master walking away near the Black Scur Wood. Leastways, if it was *not* the master his own self, it must have been his *feteh*."

"Nanny," said Mark, "I thought you were a wiser woman than to believe in *fetehes*, or in what a man *says* he saw, coming from a fair, at three o'clock in the morning."

"Well now, there's wisdom in your words, Mr. Mark, I will say that for you. As to *fetehes*, I don't believe in them, not I; nor any such old woman's nonsense! And if your father *did* sleep at home last night, he couldn't be walking by the wood, that's certain. Yet Jemmy vows he was there; and Jemmy was tolerably sober."

"Nanny," said Mr. Bang, "if you are in the habit of stopping to have a meal and a gossip at every

house in your rounds, I don't think the Government gets its business done as quickly as it might, in Milford. Have you no other letters to deliver?"

"There you are again, sir; sharp as a needle! Always looking out for abuses and such like! What a radical you are! But you're a little too sharp this time. I've delivered all the letters, as it happens. Remember, I never stop either for a meal or a gossip at your house. Good morning, ladies and gentlemen."

Martha stepped out into the garden after the little woman, as she was trotting to the gate, and muttering ungentle words against Mr. Bang between her teeth.

"He! a pretty thing for Milford indeed, if *he* is to have the Grange! A meddling, prying body! Can't let a poor post-woman rest a moment. He's just fit for a nigger-driver over among them French. And that Strange Gentleman, with the beard, ain't no better. They're all in a league with Torrington Hall, to ruin Mr. Underwood, I'm sure. I can see as far into a millstone as most. Eh? Do *what*, Miss Underwood? No. I've gone my rounds for to-day. A packet for Miss Grey. That's *another* thing! Of course, I take that or anything else for her. *Who* am I to say it came from?"

"Thank you, Nanny. Just say that I found it on my father's study table. He is not well this morning, or he would have sent it himself, I dare say. Perhaps he would be vexed if it were neglected, as he is so very particular about letters and parcels."

"So he should be, Miss, so he should be. I'll take care she has it this morning, though I *do* stop at every house in my rounds to have a meal and a gossip!"

"Oh Nanny, you must not mind what Mr. Bang says; he only said it to tease you."

"Did he! I'll see if I can't find something to say that will tease him. Come up, Bob."

"Good morning, Nanny. Perhaps you don't know Mr. Bang and my brother have been killing rats in the field by your cottage all the morning. They've killed more than they can count."

"Well now! That's the best turn Mr. Bang's ever done me. If he gets me *shot* of them creatures, I'd let him say anything he likes as long as he lives. Shooting our rats! D'ye hear that, Bob? Come up, there's a good beast. That's it. Good morning, Miss Martha." And the little old woman departed at that dreadful pace, in which she took pride,—namely, a donkey's gallop. Martha looked on, and in spite of the anxiety at her heart, she could not help laughing at the funny figure of the little dame stuck on her donkey, as she careered away towards the village.

As Martha stood for a moment at the gate, Mr. Crypt came up to her.

"Are you going?" she asked. "I am sorry my father is unwell this morning. It is so unusual an occurrence, that it puts us about a little; and I hardly like to press you to stay and take breakfast with us."

"Don't mention it, Miss Underwood. I will be candid with you. I *did* come here this morning in the hope of having a private conversation with your

father. Your sister thought the hour immediately after breakfast the time of the day he would prefer to see me. I am naturally anxious to see him as soon as possible, *now*. Perhaps you will mention this, and ask him to appoint his own time. Good morning!"—and the sedate curate touched Martha's hand rather nervously, while his face was suffused with a colour that made it look like human flesh, instead of monumental marble.

Before Martha could reply, he had passed through the gate, and was walking soberly after Nanny Post, his long flowing coat swelling out behind him in the wind.

"It must be Leah!" mused Martha, smiling to herself; "how very odd that it should happen to-day of all days in the year! Well! Nanny Post is right; marriages, like misfortunes, never come alone. I wonder how long it has been going on. What a sly thing of her! The demure little puss, never to say a word to me about it, but always seeming to think he preferred Mary. How glad I am for both the dear girls! I suppose father will make no objection to Mr. Crypt for Leah, but what will he say to Philip for Mary? Poor dear Philip!—they are quite children. I must do what I can for them with father. But I won't have it kept secret from him. We've had too many secrets in our family."

The thought of "*secrets*" brought Martha's mind back to the Strange Gentleman, and his business with her father. Was Mark's surmise true? Was their father ruined? Had this stranger come to take possession of all that was once theirs? Ah! this is no time to think of marriages for her dear girls, while their father is in so much trouble. Yet what can she do? She cannot dash their happiness by telling them of her fears. It would be quite time enough for them to know when the evil actually came. It *might* be a mistake altogether. She would say nothing to them; appear as usual, and awaken no suspicions: though, to be sure, Leah, the thoughtful Leah, had already her suspicions that all was not going right with their father's affairs.

"At any rate," concluded Martha to herself, "it will be a comfort to have some of the dear children well married; Leah and Rachel both for, of course, Mr. Bang will come forward decisively for Rachel, if anything *should* happen to father. Mary, indeed, could not marry so soon; Philip has nothing, but Miss Grey would be sure to take Mary to live with her at the Tower. As for herself, she should stay always with her father, whatever happened."

In spite of her anxiety on his account, Martha felt a movement of pleasure as she reentered the breakfast-room and saw the happy faces of the three girls. Mary was listening to Philip's whispers, Rachel was pouring out coffee for Mr. Bang, and Leah, oblivious of the suspected Jesuit behind her, was reading a little note which had been placed in her hand ten minutes ago, by Mr. Crypt. Over them all a bright light seemed to float, while in the background stood Mark and the Strange Gentleman, each occupied in

looking over their letters, with faces of gravity and gloom. The good Martha sympathised with both parties; read the thoughts of both, as she believed, and was anxious to do she knew not what.

If Martha had been a poet or a philosopher, she would have moralized on the specimen of our human life presented by that old-fashioned parlour at the moment. What a mixture of contradictory elements went to the making up of that pretty, social party! In one heart all was new-dawning hope; in another, vague, black fears; here, an eye glancing with unspeakable love on its object; there, another gleaming out with hatred on the intrusive betrayer. Leah, all calm and satisfaction, certain of no "cause or impediment" obstructive of her marriage; Mary, fearing all sorts of obstacles in the way of hers. Each heart occupied with its own feelings, a world within itself, knowing its own bitterness, and none other meddling with its joy, yet all having *one* feeling, at least, in common,—a vague dread of the Stranger, mingled with an anxious expectation of Mr. Underwood's entrance into the room. Life at Milford Grange was precisely the same sort of life that we all experience in our own circle. Life is *essentially* the same throughout humanity, though its external manifestations, its mere costume, be multifarious. Ever waxing, ever waning, the new passing into the old, sorrow clasping joy in her arms, and light shining beside darkness,—this is life as it appears everywhere to the discerning eye, but none the less acutely is it *felt* by the living soul.

The good Martha thought not these thoughts; but the unknown brother, whose heart yearned towards her and all the others, thought these and many more, as he waited in that old familiar room, and marked the changes which time had wrought on all those whom he loved. Again his eye rested on what was unchanged—the portrait of his beloved mother. The serene face looked down on him, as it used to look when he was a boy. And David Underwood found the beautiful old verses, which everybody knows, stealing over his mind, as he gazed.

"Oh! that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me.

"And while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.

"My Mother, when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?"

Good, gentle Cowper! the amiable poet whom the Calvinists drove mad!—these true verses of yours are dear to the heart of every man who has lost his mother in early youth, and who gazes on her picture after he has borne the burden and heat of the day. There is no small poem in our language, more certain of living to the end of time.

David Underwood removed his eyes from the portrait, when the door opened. It was his youngest brother, Jack, looking very unlike the Jack of half an hour ago.

"What is the matter?" inquired several voices, and the sisters rose in alarm.

"I don't know—can't tell," said the boy, trying to control his emotion; "Father's changed. I can't tell what's come to him. He called me, '*my dear child*,' and there were tears in his eyes—'pon my honour there were," cried Jack, dashing away some from his own. "I don't quite like it. I wish he wasn't so kind and gentle—He's not himself. You go to him, Mark; he wants you, and the Strange Gentleman, if he hasn't gone."

"I am here," said the latter, drawing near; "where is your father?"

"In the back parlour.—Mark!"

But Mark had already left the room, and the stranger had followed him.

CHAPTER XII.

MARK'S PLANS AND RESOURCES.

We have said, that old as Mr. Underwood was, he began to live a new life on the previous night. It was almost as if the rash act which he then meditated, or which an evil spirit seemed to lure him to, had been actually committed—that the cold and proud Gideon Underwood had died on that memorable night, and that a new man had arisen in his place.

On his return to the home which he might never have seen more, the love of it, and of all those whom it contained, and of all whom he remembered to have dwelt there, rushed in a warm torrent to his heart. All humanity seemed endeared to him—to belong to him. The very stranger who had saved his life, became blended with all his nearest affections,—his oldest associations,—and by his embrace, had revealed to him the depth of his own heart, and the priceless value of that life which he had well-nigh thrown aside as an intolerable burden.

"Blessed be this man whom God has made an instrument in my salvation from deadly sin," thought the old man, as he turned his head to look after the retreating form of his preserver, ere he re-entered the house. Once more he looked up at the inscription over the door-way—paused to read it attentively, and then went straight to his bedroom to pour out his soul in prayer. At length, he lay down to rest—a calm dreamless slumber, prolonged, as we already know, much beyond his usual hour in the morning.

When he awoke he heard the voices of his children in the room below; and in a moment he remembered what might have been, and rendered thanks to God that he was yet spared to hear those sounds so dear to his heart; so much dearer than he had ever known. The sleep had restored his mind to its usual calm; and he began to consider his position as a brave man should. Not seeking how he can most speedily slip away from the penalty of his own misconduct and leave the burden of it to others, (for assuredly the

burden *must* fall somewhere,) but seeking how he can strengthen himself to bear it, so as to save others from enduring more than is absolutely necessary of the consequences of his error. The popular phrase, "He hurts no one but himself," is a popular fallacy. When a man does wrong he always hurts others as well as himself. To seek to escape the consequences of our wrong-doing is cowardly and ungenerous. Gideon Underwood was keenly alive to that truth now; for God had heard his fervent prayers. He had given him "a clean heart, and had renewed a right spirit within him."

A sense of physical weakness and exhaustion kept him in bed some time after he was thoroughly awake. Yet he was able to enjoy the consciousness of existence. He was as fully sensible of it as a high-hearted boy with whom life is just beginning. He tried to distinguish the voices below. There was John's laugh! *Jack*, as the rest of the family called him, he would call him *Jack*, too. What a happy-natured boy he was! his youngest child, dearer to him than all the rest, except, perhaps, the eldest, the lost absent one!—the boy whom he had driven from him, and who had made his name honoured in the world. He had not forgotten that lady of aristocratic appearance, who had come in a fine carriage one day through this remote valley, and had inquired at the vicarage, if this were "*the Milford, where the famous David Underwood was born.*" When the good Mr. Shepherd had told him this, he had received the information sullenly, had even spoken angry words at being reminded of his son's existence; but afterwards, in the solitude of his proud heart, he rejoiced to think of his son's fame and honour; for, though he scorned to confess it, David, his offending child, whom he had taken an oath never to recall, was dearer to him than all the rest. As he listened to the voices below, he sighed to think that David's was not to be heard among them. Presently he distinguished Nanny's sharp tones at the window beneath his own; and they brought back the troubles of every-day life. The post! He sickened at the word; for what could letters bring to him but ruin and disgrace? For many months past he had hated the sight of Nanny and her donkey, as they came trotting along the valley; and used to frown at the eagerness with which his younger children cried out, "A letter! A letter!"

He did not lie long, listening to Nanny's voice, and hoping that to-day, at least, she had brought no letters for him. No. "The die is cast," he said within himself. "Let me meet all the consequences of my folly, nay, my guilt. It *can* be borne, and it behoves me to bear it like a man, like an Underwood of the old stock, like the father of a man whom all the world calls honourable." A remnant of his natural pride rose up at the thought that his disowned son should ever wish to disown his father.

He began to get up; and presently Jack knocked at his door, and brought the letters, inquiring with anxious solicitude concerning his health. He spoke with unwonted gentleness in reply. All unconsciously

to himself, tears came into his eyes as he thought of the misery to which it was likely his children would be reduced, and his voice was broken as he remembered how much that misery would have been aggravated had he been permitted to perish at the Black Scur.

He did not like Jack to leave the room. It was a comfort to him to keep the boy in his sight. Soon he must send him to rough it in the wide world. And then, again, recurred the thought,—"*I might* have lost him from my sight for ever! I might never have seen him again! My poor boy!"

It was no wonder that the warm-hearted Jack felt deeply the change in his father's manner, or that he wished to caution Mark not to let him enter into any very serious business that morning.

But Mark had gone before he spoke; and accompanied by the Strange Gentleman, was soon in the presence of Mr. Underwood.

He was seated at the oak-table in the back parlour, once more. Martha and the housemaid had restored some degree of order to the room since the previous night; but Martha dared not meddle much with any of the papers. She had only taken from a side table, where her father always laid letters which he wished to have posted, the packet addressed to Miss Grey, and had despatched it to the Tower by Nanny. The packet contained, as the reader may remember, all David's unopened letters. It was one of Martha's regular morning duties to arrange her father's private room. She had seen a letter addressed "*To my Children,*" but concluding that it had been written in connexion with his Will, which lay beside it, and that it was intended to be read by them *after his death*, she had reverently abstained from touching it, though it was unsealed. When Mr. Underwood saw this note still lying on the table, he rejoiced to think that it had remained unread, and that his children were and might ever continue ignorant of the sin he had meditated. He tore it up, and was scattering the fragments on the floor beside him, when Mark and the Strange Gentleman entered the room.

He did not rise from his seat, but stretched out a hand to each, in silence.

"Are you better, father?" inquired Mark, looking at the pale face of the old man, gravely, but without any show of tenderness.

"Much better. You are all uncares, I find, because I overslept myself this morning? My children are affectionate and dutiful beyond most, you see, sir," he added, turning to the stranger, and pressing his hand again. "It will not be an easy thing for me to part from them."

"Part from us! What do you mean, sir?" asked Mark.

Here was a pause of a few moments, in which they all looked at each other, and at the end of the pause, Mark spoke again. His tone was different from the usual sober, measured one, beyond which he was seldom betrayed.

"Father, I have a right to know your affairs I work with, and for you. I am your eldest son."

"Not my eldest, Mark."

"You have called me so for many years. I have conducted myself in all respects as your eldest son; you have told me that I should be your heir."

"It is true. You have been industrious and dutiful. What have you to say to me now?"

The stranger moved towards the door.

"Stop, sir," said Mark, "what I have to say concerns you also. May I speak, father?"

Mr. Underwood bowed his head, and schooled his spirit to submission. He knew the hardness of Mark's character—his coldness—his selfishness—his perfect propriety of conduct. He could never blame Mark, neither could he love him very much. He had never quarrelled with Mark, neither had he ever pressed him to his heart since he was a child. But he could not justly complain of a son who reflected so many of his own characteristics, and who never disputed his will.

"Father!" said Mark, taking a seat at the table and gently moving a pen backwards and forwards through his fingers as he spoke; "I know that your affairs are going wrong, that you have speculated foolishly, that you have lost much. I, as the next heir to this estate, and your own son, have a right to demand a full statement of your difficulties. This gentleman is thoroughly acquainted with your true position. He has evidently some power over you; if I mistake not, he is your chief creditor. I claim to be present during your conversations with him; I ought to know all."

"You shall know all, Mark," replied his father, "there is justice in what you say, though the manner of saying it is somewhat cold and unfeeling."

"Have you ever shown much feeling, any warmth of heart towards me, father? I have lived with you a life of perfect obedience and submission, have you loved me in your soul as you have always loved your disobedient son, David? I do not reproach you, father, I only remind you of the truth."

Mr. Underwood was silent, but a dusky red crept over his aged cheek. The stranger raised his eyes, and looked from father to son with mournful surprise.

Mark went on, with his gaze fixed on the pen in his hand, (he never looked steadfastly in the face of a person he addressed,)—

"For some years I have suspected that you have squandered our property. I say *our*, because I have devoted my time to it, and as it is to be my inheritance, my interest in it is as great as your own. I wish to know how deeply you are involved. It is mortgaged to a considerable extent, I am sure. Let me know the true state of matters, and I may, perhaps, be able to assist you."

"You?" said his father, looking up in surprise. "You have no property except what depends on me."

Mark smiled. "You have supposed so. You have believed me to be a child—a slave. But you are mistaken. I have property. Tell me how much money is required to redeem the mortgage on the Grange Farm, and I will yet try to keep it in the

family. It is the thought of losing what has been ours so long that has weighed on your spirit. I would spare you that pain."

Mr. Underwood stretched out his hand to Mark. "I have done you injustice, my boy. Let me hear what your plans were for my assistance;" then turning to the stranger, he said, with a faint smile—"It is not every man whose children are so ready to sacrifice themselves for him. What did you propose to do, Mark? I should like to hear."

"I propose to employ some funded property which I possess, (no matter how,) in clearing the estate of all debt. Then to take the management of it entirely into my own hands; on that condition only will I move a finger in this business."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Underwood, half rising, and turning paler than before, with anger. "What, Mark! you would dispossess your own father during his lifetime—make yourself master here?"

"If I do not, sir, a stranger will. Am I not right?" Mark spoke calmly, in a business-like tone.

Mr. Underwood groaned.

"You must listen to reason, sir;—Master—nay, *tyrant* as you have been. You are no longer a young man, or a strong one. You are not so well able as you once were to manage your affairs. Your present difficulties show it." Here he glanced suspiciously at the stranger. "You should resign your sway gracefully. You have reason to be glad that your misconduct, *misfortune*, I will say, need not be known beyond ourselves. The world knows only this, that you find your health breaking and give up the property to me. I grant you a proper annuity and —"

"And bed and board under your hospitable roof;—in this very house—eh?" cried Mr. Underwood, with suppressed rage. The stranger laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Not precisely so," replied Mark, still quite calm. "I intend to be master in my own house. I inherit somewhat of your own taste for power. It would not suit me to have you, or any relations but my own wife and children, beneath my roof. But, I do not forget that, at your age, it would be painful to live anywhere else than at Milford. I have thought that you would like to spend the last years of your life where, if I mistake not, the happiest hours of your youth were spent, viz. at the Grey Tower. You love Miss Grey as well as any of your own children—she will watch over your declining years—which will be prolonged by your freedom from worldly anxieties. I have spoken to you in a fair business-like way, as man to man, but I have not been unmindful of your comfort."

"Have you thought of Miss Grey's comfort, Mark? She does not live alone. What would Mrs. Ward and Philip say to the intrusion of a tyrannical old man into their happy home?" Mr. Underwood spoke in the same deeply satirical tone.

"As to Philip, he will have nothing to say to it.

In a few months he will be on his way to India. We have procured a cadetship for him. Mrs. Ward also will have nothing to say to it; for she will then be my wife."

A slight movement of the eyebrows was the only sign of surprise evinced by Mr. Underwood, though, to say the truth, he always suspected Mark of an attachment to Miriam.

"You have so carefully provided for your father, it is not to be doubted that you have given some thought to your brothers and sisters," said Mr. Underwood; "may I ask how you mean to dispose of them?"

Unmoved by the indignant sarcasm in his father's tone, Mark replied—

"I have not been unmindful of them. My sisters are, I think, in a fair way of being provided for by marriage. Mr. Bang is ready to marry Rachel to-morrow, and Mr. Crypt meditates asking your consent to marry Leah. Mary is so pretty that there is not much likelihood of her remaining on our hands long, and if she does, why, Philip Ward will be glad to have her. Martha would have been Mrs. Shepherd long ago if it had not been for her sense of duty to you. As to Jack, he has led too idle a life to make him fit for much work yet, but I shall use my influence to put him in a fair way of providing for himself in London, the place to which he most desires to go."

Mark ceased speaking, and his father looked at him in silence for some time. He was completely puzzled by this new manifestation of character, as well as very angry at it, as it affected his own dignity. Gideon Underwood might lay down power of his own free will, he might even submit to lose it as a consequence of his own error, but he could not bear to have it wrested from him by one of his own children. True, Mark had shown some degree of consideration for all belonging to him; but he had shown no affection. As yet, Gideon Underwood could not ask himself, "What have I ever done to win the affection of this my son? I have brought him up to do my will in all things." He could see the lamentable defects of Mark in relation to himself, he did not see so clearly what had been his defects in relation to Mark. Stung to the quick with a sense of Mark's calculating, unfeeling conduct, he said at length,—

"Having listened to your plans for the family, you will not think it impertinent if I ask what are your resources. You speak of your property and your influence. With whom have you influence, and whence do you derive your property? Before I tell you whether I can or cannot entertain your proposal, it is my duty to be satisfied on that point."

Mark balanced the pen again, and after a moment's silence, spoke as follows,—

"Since you insist on knowing, I will not deceive you. I hold that every man has a right to avail himself of all the natural and worldly advantages which he may possess. I have a brother, an elder brother, who has acquired wealth and station in the world—"

"The brother whose birthright you are anxious to

take possession of," interrupted Mr. Underwood, with a contemptuous indignation which he could not repress.

"Yes. My brother David, whom you have disinherited. He has made his fortune in the world, and unlike many men, has not been backward in offering assistance to the less fortunate members of his family. I have kept up an occasional intercourse with him ever since he left us."

"In opposition to my express commands!"

"Yes, father. Unreasonable commands will never be obeyed, if they can possibly be evaded. You ought to know that by this time. I speak to you as man to man, now. I was curious to know how David got on in the world; and when he offered me assistance, I accepted it, feeling sure that you were losing money, and that unless I took care of myself, I should be ultimately cast penniless on the world."

"So, Mark, you tell me, with an unblushing face, that you have taken from David some of his hard earnings. True, he has been successful as a writer of books, I am told; but if he has made money, it must have been with severe labour; and his own brother should be the last person to take advantage of his generosity."

"It is not as an author that David has made money. It would be long before he attained wealth in that way. You do not know that David has shown himself a sensible man of the world. He has turned his fame and his good looks to account. He married a heiress several years ago."

Mr. Underwood looked up astonished. "How do you know that? Who told you so? I can scarcely believe that without strong evidence."

"Nay," said Mark; "it is true. I saw an account of the marriage in a newspaper. Besides, he wrote to me at the time—and to you also; but you treated that letter like all the rest. This gentleman, probably, can support what I say. Is it not true, sir, that David Underwood, the well-known author, married an heiress some time ago?"

"It is perfectly true," replied the stranger.

The expression of pain and disappointment on Mr. Underwood's face was not lost upon either of the spectators.

"The news does not seem to give you pleasure, sir. Yet most fathers would rejoice at such a marriage for their sons," said Mark. "It is a good thing for the family, as you will find, in time."

Mr. Underwood glanced angrily at Mark, and then pushing back his chair, began to pace up and down the room. The stranger stood leaning against the high mantel-piece, and looked from beneath his bushy eye-brows from the father to the son.

"Do you call it a good thing for our family, Mark, that it should be disgraced by such an act? I can scarcely believe it of David. He was ambitious, but there was no worldliness, no meanness in his composition when he left this place. My son David marry for money—for station! Alas! alas! It is time the name were passing away."

"Why, father, you live so secluded a life in this valley, that you have not yet shaken off the romantic notions of youth. Why should not a man marry for money?" asked Mark quietly.

The stranger advanced a step, and there was a profound inelancholy in his voice, as he spoke these words in reply to Mark's question,—

"Why should not a man marry for money? I will tell you, Mark Underwood. Because it was not for money, for worldly aggrandisement that God ordained marriage. Why should not a man marry for money? Because by doing so he loses his own self-respect, and becomes a liar, a deceiver, a perjured wretch. He who does this thing, is no better in the eye of God and of all good men, than he who seduces a woman to her own dishonour, and then leaves her to the tender mercies of the world. Why should not a man marry for money?" he continued earnestly, "because the titles of husband and of wife are high and honourable, sacred to the best human feelings, and belong not to the money-market. They are titles which belong to God's service on earth, not to the service of Mammon. The man who can do this is incapable of any truly good thing; anything worthy to be called good by the true and wise among men. He is without the peculiar feeling towards women, which sanctifies and elevates all that is earthly in the great passion of youth. Young man, speak not so lightly of marrying for money."

"I speak but as the *world* speaks," said Mark.

"What *world*?" asked the stranger in the same lofty tone. "The low-thoughted men who grope ever on the earth in search of the things thereof? Nay, that is doing them too much honour. They may think themselves *the world*; but they are blinded by ignorance and conceit, and sensuality, and cannot see that though they are great in numbers, they are small in influence. Consciously or unconsciously to themselves they are compelled to yield to, to admire, nay, to subserve the world of nobler men. God has willed it so. Those to whom he has given reason, and who use their reason only to 'live more brutishly than any beast,' can never possess real power among our race, though they may have heaped up vast stores of the wretched pomps and vanities, and the lowest pleasures of earth. They do not constitute the world. One real man, of noble acts and instincts, will give the law to a thousand such *half-men*; who have sold their heavenly birthright for a mess of pottage. If they seem to triumph and rule, it is but seeming. Such men constitute not the world, the world that God watches over, and moves onward with his guiding hand, and loves. Do not speak as *they* speak about marriage or about anything else,—or your words will not be wise."

Mr. Underwood stopped to listen. Mark winced at these words. The low and selfish nature shrinks always from contact with noble souls. It hates the sense of inferiority forced upon it, and struggles to get rid of it.

"Nay! I did not mean to provoke a sermon," he

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replied with a sneer. "You have romantic notions. I confess myself a very unromantic person."

"I never knew any good come from a serious confession of that kind," said the stranger. "No man is very good who is very unromantic, in the sense in which *you* use the word. You may trust my experience of the world. It is what you call *romance* in men that is the only enduring reality about them. Their social station, their fame, their wealth, what they seem to the eye of those who do not *know* them; their external graces, their agreeable and disagreeable vices, their mere conventional morality, all these things which are *not* what you call *romantic*, pass away; they never touch the soul or can make the true life of a man. While noble aspirations, generous devotion, love and self-forgetfulness, what you smile at as *romance*, really make a man's life on earth, which is but his preparation for life in heaven."

"I am glad to have caused such a display of eloquence," said Mark, rising; "but I came here to speak of business. Whether it be romantic or unromantic, wise or foolish, noble or ignoble to marry for money, it does not become me to find fault with such an act; I have been saved from beggary by it, and shall be able to save you also," he added, looking at his father, who, with a scrutinising gaze was examining the stranger's face. "We, at least, should not blame my brother David because he made a marriage for money."

"You speak falsely, you know not what you say," interrupted the stranger, in a clear low tone. "Your brother, David Underwood, did not marry for money."

"I thought you admitted that he did, just now? Did you not say he married an heiress?"

"Yes. He married an heiress; but not for her money."

"For *love* then, think you?" And Mark laughed a short, dry laugh. "I and my father know better than that. He was in love with some one else. I, for my part, think he did well. The heiress, probably, liked him, and he liked her money. But, it is not a subject in which I am versed, this of love and marriage. It has led us from the matter in hand. You have questioned me as to my plans, father; and you have said I should know the true state of your affairs."

"That is easily known, Mark. I am utterly ruined."

"Ruined?—How?"

"The Grange and all belonging to it is the property of another. I have lost it all. It is now the property of Admiral Underwood. Nay, hear me out," continued the old man, stopping directly in front of Mark, and looking sternly into his face. "If I had not been compelled to give it up, to pay an overwhelming debt—if I had had a choice in the matter, I would rather have let it pass into other hands, even into those of Admiral Underwood, (though I hate that branch of the family,) than yield it up to you on your conditions. They are disgraceful to us both. I would rather have forfeited this old place than hear

a son of mine make such a proposal to his father. Oh! Mark! Mark! I am well punished for my past severity to your brother. But I will not shrink from the rest of my painful task. I had to tell you and all the others—you, first, because I looked to you for comfort and support in telling the humiliating truth to them—I had to tell you that not only have I deprived myself and my family of all property; but that—

"Well, sir, well—what more?" asked Mark with anxiety, for his father seemed unable to proceed.

"I have lost the Grey property, too,"—he said, at length.

"The Grey property! one half of which Miss Grey has so lately settled on her sister?" exclaimed Mark with fury,—"It cannot be that you have turned swindler, and cheated those two women, father?"

"Hush! hush!" interposed the stranger stepping forward with authority and drawing the old man's arm within his own. "This is unseemly language in the mouth of a son. I know your father's conduct. Swindling and cheating are not to be found in it—he is an honest man, thank God. But what are you, Mark Underwood?—*your* conduct I know also. Swindling and cheating *are* to be found there.—Nay, nay. No threats—unless, indeed, I fail to make good my words."

"You cannot," said the enraged Mark, whose cheek was now blanched; as he raised his hand to strike the offender.

"Hold!" cried the other. "Know me, before you strike. I am your brother, David." And throwing aside the black wig and heard he stood before them, as fine a specimen of Saxon manliness as one could wish to see.

Mr. Underwood glanced from one son to the other, and sinking on the nearest chair, covered his face with his hand.

Mark on his side betrayed great emotion, though of a different kind. If his father's astonishment was mingled with sorrow, Mark's was mingled with fear. He could not meet his brother's eye.

They formed a striking contrast to each other as they stood thus confronted. Mark's handsome, florid and somewhat sinister face looked blank and cowardly. David's strongly marked features, beautiful with genius and the traces of past sorrow, gleamed with the light of feeling. Both were tall and well-limbed, but David's bearing was that of a man of education and refinement, whose habitual associates are noble and gentle in the true old meaning of the words.

He looked once with respectful pity on his father, and then turning again to his brother, spoke these few words in a low tone,—

"Mark; you have forced this upon me by your unmanly, unfilial conduct to our father; I could stand by no longer and hear such words addressed to him by you. Said I not rightly that the words swindler and cheat (*you* used them first,) may be justly applied to you? That property, which you speak of as derived from me, and with which you would secure to your-

self what I have a better right to than you, and which you know I prize beyond the finest estate in the country,—for what purpose was it made over to you? If you will not tell our father, I will.—Father! I have from time to time made over considerable sums to Mark to be used by him for your benefit. I dared not communicate with you myself. These, it seems, he has appropriated. Other sums which I sent him to be expended on the Grey estate for the benefit of Mrs. Ward and her son, to whom I have heard it would be bequeathed by Miss Grey on her decease, he has also appropriated. Intending, if I mistake not, to secure the Grey estate for himself by marrying Mrs. Ward, since he cannot marry her sister."

The scorn on David's upper lip looked beautiful, because it was tempered with ineffable pain and pity, as he gazed on Mark's averted face. There was a silence between the three, and no one stirred for the space of a minute, when Jack's voice was heard without, calling,

"Mark! Mark!"

The sound was a relief; it broke the oppressive stillness, and Mark said sullenly,—

"I am called. Another time we will discuss this matter further. In the meantime you are welcome to the Grange once more, David. Perhaps my father's ruin may be averted yet."

And without another word or look he left the room, and closed the door behind him.

(To be continued.)

ROMANCE OF LIEE.

THE TRIAL OF MATTHEW V. HARTY AND STOKES.¹

IN this very ably-reported trial, there is ample matter for any quantity of fiction an author might please to spin, or a publisher to issue. The *fact* is a romance. A staid elderly physician educates, and so, to a certain degree, provides for, and then turns upon the world, a natural son,—a youth of considerable talent; but, judging from circumstances developed in the progress of the trial, painfully sensitive, and subject, as overtaxed brains frequently are, to morbid fits of depression. He had won for himself honourable distinction in Trinity College, but the fag of teaching, and its anxieties, for a time shattered, certainly without overturning, his reason. He did not know that Dr. Hartly was his father; he had been taught to look up to him as his guardian; but experience proved him to be one who fed and tortured alternately. The youth was fond of music, and had taken a fancy to study phrenology; these two pursuits, and the possession of a fine voice, which tempted him to sing "I'm afloat," (when, poor fellow he was anything but afloat within the walls of far-famed Derry) at a musical *rèunion*, were finally taken hold of by his father and a certain "Mr. Stokes," and linked

(1) "Authentic report of the trial of Matthew v. Hartly and Stokes, reported by S. N. Ellington, Jun. Esq., and W. P. Carr, Esq., Barristers-at law." James McGlashan, Dublin.

with the nervousness of a sensitive mind, determined that father to put him into Swift's Hospital as a lunatic. The various opinions of the medical men visiting that institution during his incarceration, painfully prove how little time and trouble they bestow upon the investigation of "cases;" taking it too frequently for granted, that because a man is placed there, he must be insane, and listening with an agonizing apathy to protestations of sanity, as proofs of the reverse. That the father in his old age should seek to double his sin by injuring the offspring to whom he had denied a legal name, is a fact painful to contemplate. The very scholarship won by the young man's industry and ability did this unnatural parent seek to apply to his maintenance in a mad-house!

The case called forth the keenness, the sagacity, and the eloquence of the Irish bar; the raking questions and brilliant retorts flashed with the lightning which we had well-nigh deemed had passed from our courts altogether.

Mr. Whiteside, Mr. Napier, and Mr. Richard Armstrong conducted the prosecution; and Mr. Martley, Mr. George, and Mr. John E. Walshe, the defence.

The best point urged for the defence, was, that if Professor Maccullagh, (who in a fit of temporary insanity, some time ago, destroyed himself,) had been subjected to restraint for a time, we should not now have to lament his loss,—*ergo*, the restraint in which Mr. Matthew was placed, *may* have preserved his life!

To all persons curious in the development of facts, to all who are interested in the study of the mysterious coming and going of human intellect, this trial cannot fail to be deeply interesting. We quote a few of Mr. Whiteside's eloquent words from his introductory address:—

"Having described the facts of the case, I will now draw your attention to the nature of the proof which I will lay before you; the nature of the defence, and the question of damages. As to these proofs, they will consist of the evidence of persons who knew this young man from his very infancy—of one who is now in the Church, and who had been at school with him. We will prove the literary distinctions the plaintiff has obtained, and these are never conferred unless they have been earned by the sweat of the student's brow. We will produce proof that he had competed for the position of a sizar, and the Jury should remember that many a great man has fought his way from that position in the battle of life, and reached a station of honour and distinction. Such might have been the fortune of my client. The defendant has endeavoured to destroy that chance; but the verdict of the Jury will redeem and compensate him for all he has lost and suffered. Imagine, if you can, the position of such a person—unfriended, alone, without relatives, without friends—the defendant exhibiting towards him at one period a precarious, harsh, mysterious, and unaccountable behaviour; and then when he had obtained a position, coming forward and resuming his power over him. In the madhouse the plaintiff said—

"I am not mad; I would to Heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like, I should forget myself."

Madness would have enabled him to have forgotten his wrongs. He behaved like a rational man—he conversed as such—thought and felt as such. He appealed to the doctors, and appealed in vain: he appealed to the Board

of the Hospital, and appealed in vain; he appealed to the defendant for mercy in vain; but at length he awakened the friendship of a generous young man, and the defendant, fearing the consequence of his acts, and knowing that though the laws might be baffled and evaded, they are strong and powerful to protect the weak and punish the oppressor, he thought it better to remove the plaintiff from the madhouse. If all the doctors in Dublin, rank and file, were examined, I am sure the Jury would not declare that my client was insane, unless the truth convinced them that he was so; and there is not a man in the jury-box who is not panting to redress the wrong which my unfortunate client has endured. If men could do with impunity such acts as those which the defendant has committed, the law and justice of the country are at an end. What was the defence? What was madness? It was very difficult to define it—what was it? To be nothing else but mad.' Shakspeare, who best knew the workings of the human heart, had thus described it, and his was a language, and his sentiments and thoughts were such, that for ever they will be the wonder and delight of men. Mad, indeed, would be the plaintiff if he did not appeal for justice, and endeavour to vindicate himself for the sufferings of his life, the like of which, I believe, have never before appeared in any work of fiction. The defence is, that the plaintiff was mad. The defendant should prove it. It was not enough to prove that the plaintiff was eccentric, indolent, or apathetic; no, the averment is that he was a dangerous lunatic. You shall have this dangerous lunatic in the box; you shall hear his narrative from his own lips, and judge of his demeanour. I will produce him, and let my learned friend lay bare his conscience, and test his reason. I ask that he shall be tried according to the principles of that law, which has been most shamelessly and infamously violated. I understand that the other side have been ransacking the kitchen of the University, the bag-man, the coal-man, to furnish evidence against the plaintiff—'Come one, come all.' Let us have Foley as large as life; and if Foley can prove all that it is said he can prove, let him come forth. It is a matter of fact, and this should be proved. What distinguishes man from the brute creation? The possession of reason. What makes him the master of the universe? The will of God giving that reason; and to deny him the possession of that which elevates him above the savage, strips him of whatever makes life dignified and desirable. The plaintiff has been falsely imprisoned—he has been illegally inveigled into Swift's Hospital; the defendant has treated him not merely with injustice, but has heaped upon him accumulated wrongs and insults, and has never apologised for these wrongs. He did all he could to blast his prospects, and to destroy his hopes; and the plaintiff is now compelled to appear before a jury of his countrymen to ask for what the oppressed and injured never sought from a jury in vain—justice. Damages! What can you give him that could compensate for the wrongs which he has suffered? Can you recompense him for the solitary agony of the cell, the language of insult, reproach, and contumely, the oppression heaped upon him? Oh! no, you cannot: but you can evince to the world your indignant sense of the misconduct of the defendant by giving that large and ample measure of compensation which the wrongs of the plaintiff require, and which, as humane and discriminating men, you would give and expect to receive, if you yourselves appealed to a jury of your countrymen."

We wish we had space to extract Mr. Napier's reply after the examination of the witnesses for the defence. He said most truly, that the overtaxed and overstrained mind "needs repose; it requires to be removed from the toils of intellectual labour, and to feel some of the gentler influences of home;" for after

all, perhaps, in the simplicities of Christian life, there may be larger restoring powers than under the superintendence of Mr. Cuning. "Those whose labours are connected with the brain require the most delicate treatment, and the greatest regard to those nice springs of action which are amongst the mysteries of our existence."

This is perfectly true, but this young man never experienced the "gentler influences of home," never was warmed by a mother's kiss, or cheered by a mother's blessing; his life, but for his studies, would have been hopeless; and how many lives are aimless, simply because there is no one for whom to love and to work! To a generous, a sympathising heart, self does not excite to the nobler class of exertion; and the youth's father's conduct was at times so harsh, and at all times so contradictory, that even if the plaintiff had known that he was his father, he could not have turned to him for the repose and tenderness his sensitive nature so peculiarly required.

We know that diseases of the brain are far more numerous than they are believed to be. We are well aware that much of the temper, the indecision, the inconsistency with which we tax our fellow-creatures, proceeds from incipient disease of this most delicate and frequently overworked organ.

We are convinced that the whisperings and mystery which take place, whenever a person is supposed to have "something the matter with his head," are the result of ignorance, or a prejudice based on ignorance, and that many suicides might be prevented by a calm and straightforward application of proper means, and gentle, but firm restraints; which are necessary in their various degrees, in every illness, whether of the head or the inferior members of the body; but it argues either wickedness or insanity on the part of a relative, who would thrust a person, subject only to occasional depression, and with every nerve strung to the highest pitch of sensibility, into the madman's cell. That this youth maintained his reason after such treatment, is almost miraculous. The jury gave a triumphant verdict for the plaintiff, with a thousand pounds damages. Thus the tardy, undecided, doing and undoing father, is *compelled* to render justice to his son, by the very means he had taken to obliterate him from the ranks of human nature.

THE POET OF HAWTHORNDEN.

We have always felt great interest in turning over the leaves of an old book, and in tracing the feelings (however presented in an uncouth garb) which have at every period given the charm to works of genius. The antiquated guise in which we sometimes find them, excites a sensation, in some degree resembling that which we experience in meeting with a dear familiar friend in some foreign land; or like the pleasure with which we contemplate the charms of the courtly beauties in the stiff brocades and quaint fashions,

transmitted to the painter's canvass. Among the books for which we sought, we looked for a long time in vain for "The Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden, consisting of those which were formerly printed, and those which were designed for the press, published from the author's original copies. Edinburgh, printed by James Watson, in Craig's Close, 1711. Folio." The book was not to be found in the public libraries in London, but we were at last favoured with a sight of it in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. It contains his poetry and prose; and is not merely a sufficient evidence of his ability and industry, but a record of feelings, remarkable for tenderness and delicacy: his poetical effusions have the great charm of letting us into his character, and without entering into details, giving the clue to the vicissitudes of his life.

Sir John Drummond of Hawthornden was descended from an ancient family, and was a man held in great estimation and respect for worth. His gifted son William, was born in the year 1585, and in the midst of the romantic scenery of Hawthornden, with all its interesting traditions, he received his earliest impressions. The very name of Hawthornden sounds musical to our ears, and no one could visit the favoured spot without feeling at once that it was a "meet Nurse for a poetic child." The ancient house, with its mullioned windows, and clustered chimneys and gables, forms a picturesque object, standing on the edge of a stupendous cliff, which overhangs the river as it flows along, separating it from an opposite cliff, clothed like it with rich hanging woods. A precipitous path along the ledge of the rock leads to a cavern hollowed in it; this is said to have been the poet's favourite haunt: the seat which he occupied, and the table by which he sat, are still to be seen there; here he would retire to study and compose, and it is told, that it was here, after a severe fit of illness, that he wrote the Cypress Grove, a composition described as "an excellent and pious work." Other nooks among the rocks, besides the poet's haunt, have their interesting associations; four small rooms, said to have been excavated before the time of Wallace and Bruce, are supposed to have furnished these heroic men with a secure hiding place in their time of need; two of the chambers are dark, and the others lit from an opening in the rocks, which looks outside as if a stone had been accidentally misplaced. The descent to the bank of the river is long and steep, but when it is reached, the scenery compensates for any fatigue; the waters rush through the rocks, which have fallen scattered among them, with an impetuosity which shows that obstructions but increase their force; and they foam, and dash, and brawl, as if impatient of delay. From every chink of the overhanging rocks, a variety of wild plants and bushes, mingling with the shining fern and purple heather force their way and glint among the foliage of the trees. The love of retirement, which is remarkable in the imaginative, may have been increased in Drummond by his delicacy of constitution; but be that as it may, from very childhood

he loved the most secluded paths among the rocks and glens, and would gladly have passed his days in those solitary wanderings and lonely musings; but he was destined for more active life by his father; he received his education at the High School, in Edinburgh, where he became distinguished for great acquisitions. When his education was completed, he was sent to France, where he remained for four years; he studied law, which was to be his profession, and made great proficiency in the pursuit. With what feelings he had left Hawthornden, we can gather from the following extract:—

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is from bondage to be free,
Far from the madding world's hoarse discords,
Sweet, flow'ry place, I first did learn of thee.
Ah! if I were mine own, your dear resorts
I would not change with prince's stateliest courts."

After his father's death he gave up the study of the law, and returned to Hawthornden: when time softened the affliction occasioned by his loss, his native scenery resumed its influence over his feelings, and to a mind so naturally reflective, the retirement in which he indulged was the highest enjoyment;—he thus contrasts its calm repose with the hollow pleasures of the Court:—

"Thrice happy he, who, by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own;
Though solitary; who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love—
Oh, how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisp'rings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O! how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold,
Than that applause, vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams, to poison drunk in gold!
The world is full of horror, troubles, slights;
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights."

He was soon to experience feelings more fervid than those which the sweet solitudes of Hawthornden could inspire. It fell one day that he saw the beautiful daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, of an ancient family and great worth. (Cunningham of Barnes.) Captivated at once by her charms, her image took possession of his imagination; but he tells the story of his changed feelings far better than we could give it—so it is fitter to let him speak for himself:—

"Ah me, and am I now the man whose muse
In happier time was wont to laugh at love,
And those who suffer'd that blind boy abuse
The noble gifts were given them from above—
What metamorphose strange is this I prove!
Myself now scarce myself I find to be,
And think no fable Circe's tyranny,
And all the tales are told of changed Jove.
Virtue hath taught, with her philosophy,
My mind into a better course to move:
Reason may chide her full, and oft reprove
Affection's power: but what is that to me,
Who ever think, and never think on ought
But that bright Cherubim, which thralls my thought."

The lover's imagination had not played him false in the estimate of the gifts and graces with which it had

adorned the fair girl; her tastes and feelings were in such accordance with his own, that on a nearer acquaintance the most perfect sympathy lent its charms to their intercourse. Passionately in love, he sang her praises through the woods and glens. His noble sentiments and varied accomplishments; his exquisite skill in music, and his passionate devotion, soon found their way to her heart, and won its tenderest affection. Then what happy days were theirs, in the full enjoyment of present felicity, and in forming plans for future happiness. The wedding day was fixed, but ere it came she fell ill of a fever, and on its very eve she died. An attempt to describe the grief of one of so much sensibility would have been a vain task; but we learn that as soon as the stunning effects of the blow had in some measure passed away, he felt that some effort was absolutely necessary. The scenes, so much loved, recalled but the visions of departed happiness, mournfully contrasted with blighted hopes and unavailing regret; so he resolved to leave Hawthornden, and to seek in foreign travel to give a new turn to his distracted thoughts. Poetry had been so long the natural outlet for his feelings, that they again found vent in effusions of great pathos, effusions which must have constantly opened the deep springs of sorrow, but which we may hope soothed them, at the same time, into a gentler current. He travelled through Germany, France, and Italy, visiting, as he went, their most celebrated universities. Years passed on in these wanderings, before he could bring himself to return to Hawthornden. The emotion with which he found himself there again may be conceived but not described: that his early love was ever cherished most passionately in his remembrance is evinced by his constantly recurring to her in the most affecting passages of his poetry. The wild burst of agony with which he conjures her to look from heaven, to which abode he believes her translated, and to have pity on his tears, is the true language of grief: few lines have ever fallen in our way more touching than his "Address to Spring;" and the "Apostrophe to his Lute," with which it concludes, awakens the sympathy of all who know the powerful associations which are linked with music. The airs which we remember to have heard in company with one we loved, those which were the especial favourites, or which may have responded to their touch, or been accompanied by their voice, need not to be recalled by sound, for they ever float upon the memory in all their pathetic sweetness. Part of the poem runs thus:

"Sweet spring, thou com'st, but ah! my pleasant hours
And happy days with thee come not again;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sour;
Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair;
But she, whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air,
Is gone: nor gold, nor gems can her restore."

The first production of Drummond's, which brought him into notice, was his elegy on the death of Prince Henry, eldest son of King James the First; it has

often been said, that nobody could read it without being reminded of "Lycidas," and it has been observed too, that Milton's sonnets are remarkable for a similarity in their flow and spirit to those of the poet of Hawthornden. It is supposed that Milton greatly admired Drummond's writings, and his sympathies may have been so strongly excited, as to have given unconsciously, to some of his minor compositions, a resemblance at which he had never aimed. His nephew and pupil, Philips, expressed himself in the highest terms with regard to Drummond's writings, and it has been thought that the estimation in which he held them was but a reflection of his uncle's opinion; "his poems," says Philips, "are the efforts of a genius, the most polite and verdant that ever the Scotch nations produced." His prose writings were much valued, and it is thus Philips speaks of his history of the seven Jameses. "Had there been nothing else extant of his writings, consider but the language, how florid and ornate it is,—consider the order and the prudent conduct of the story, and you will rank him in the number of the best writers." The elegy on the death of Prince Henry impressed Ben Jonson so strongly with an idea of the author's genius, that he made his way to Hawthornden to see him; it has been stated that he accomplished the journey on foot; that he was not disappointed, may be inferred from his having remained with Drummond for three weeks. Seated on the rocks in the midst of the romantic scenery, these gifted men would converse for hours together. Notes of their conversations are found in Drummond's works, and are sufficiently curious; in his confidential intercourse, Jonson must have been sensibly touched by the sympathy of the poet, for he talked to him on the very subject which interested him the most—the early death of his eldest son, a child of great promise, and inexpressibly dear to him. He detailed the remarkable circumstances which had occurred at the time of his loss; as the plague had broken out in London, and he had left the boy exposed to the contagion of fever, it is not strange that uneasy dreams and vivid imaginations should represent what he most dreaded. But he was strongly impressed with the belief that what he described had been no idle phantasy; he went on to tell, "that when the king came to England, about the time that the plague was in London, he, being in the country, at Sir Robert Cotton's house, with old Cambden, saw in a vision his eldest son, then a young child, and at London, appear unto him with the mark of blood upon his forehead, as if it had been with a sword, at which, amazed, he prayed unto God; and in the morning he came unto Mr. Cambden's chamber to tell him, who persuaded him it was but an apprehension, at which, he should not be dejected. In the meantime, there came letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague: he appeared to him, he said, of a manly shape, and of that growth, he thinks, he shall be at the resurrection."

Many years had passed away, since the one he had so much loved had been laid in her grave, and Drum-

mond was now in his forty-fifth year, when he chanced to see Margaret Logan, (the granddaughter of Sir Robert Logan.) Struck by her resemblance to his early love, his feelings became deeply interested, and he wooed and won her:—there is every reason to think that he soon loved her for her own sake, and that in the calm enjoyment of domestic life, surrounded by his wife and children, he found a consolation for the disappointment of his early hopes and more passionate attachment. He scarcely could ever have left home; and indeed seems to have had a horror of a sea voyage; for he says in a letter to a friend, when speaking of it, "A part of Noah's judgment, and no small misery, that us Islanders cannot take a view of God's earth, without crossing the stormy, breaking, and deceitful sea." In the same letter he mentions the pleasure which he had in the game of chess. From all that is incidentally gathered, there is every reason to think that the companion whom he had chosen made his home a happy one: enthusiastically attached to King Charles, he espoused his cause most warmly, and his thoughts and his pen were constantly employed in its service; but to his lasting honour it may be said, that Drummond appeared alike divested of partiality and prejudice, at a time when reason might have been blinded by excitement; he could plainly see and point out the errors of Government, and he could tolerate the opinions which differed from his own. His writings were directed to the maintenance of peace, and none ever served his Sovereign with more devoted zeal, or with clearer views of his true interest. The deep concern which he took in the royal cause, exposed him to great hostility when the Civil War broke out; the last proof which he gave of his affection for Charles was indeed an affecting one. When he found that his royal master was beleaguered, he fell into a deep melancholy; he languished but for a few months, and then died. The last lines which he is supposed to have written, run thus:—

"Love, which is here a care
That wit and will doth mar,
Uncertain truce, and a most certain war;
A shrill tempestuous wind
Which doth disturb the mind,
And like wild waves, all our designs or move.
—Among those powers above
Which see their Maker's face,
It a contentment is, a quiet peace,
A pleasure void of grief, a constant rest.
Eternal joy which nothing can molest!"

Drummond was buried in the church of Lasswade, in the neighbourhood of Hawthornden. Lasswade is indeed a most fitting spot for the last resting place of the poet: its quiet pastoral beauty; the river gliding gently on, seeming in its flow to tell of repose and peace; and the lovely scenery by "sweet glen and greenwood tree," through which it bends its way, make Lasswade, with all its pleasant paths, one of the most lovely spots which can be met with anywhere. Nor can we forget that it was here Scott spent some of his happiest hours; it was his favourite haunt in boyhood,

and here the first days of his married life, and some succeeding summers were passed, in the indulgence of the simple tastes which so often mark minds of the highest stamp. He loved to trim the garden of his cottage, to cultivate its flowers, and train its creeping plants; he constructed a rustic arcolway as an entrance to his humble abode. "Nor," I have heard him say, Lockhart tells, "was he prouder of any work than of this." The romantic solitudes by the banks of the Esk, where he delighted to stroll—Roslin with its rocks and glen,—and sweet Hawthoruden,

"Where Jonson sat in Drummond's silent shade."

influenced his mind in no common degree, and first called forth those powers which were to charm the world, in the fine ballads which would alone have sufficed to immortalize his name. M. A.

IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND IN THE AUTUMN OF 1811.

FROM THE LETTERS AND MEMORANDA OF
FREDERIKA BREMER.

First Impressions of England two years since—Autumn life—England at the time—Spring life—Effects of Free-trade—New Institutions for the people in the cities—Liverpool—"Ragged Schools"—Visit to a Temperance Meeting—Three classes of poor—Princes Park—The Manufacturing Districts—Fire-worshippers, ancient and modern—The cry of the children—Improvements—Manchester—Visit to the Cotton Factories—The subject of conversation in Manchester—Education of the people—The late visit of the Queen—The popularity of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert—The cause for this—The true power of the Monarch—Birmingham—Steel-pen manufactory—Prosperity of Birmingham—Birmingham and St. Hieronymus—The working people in the manufacturing districts—The Chartist—Dangers—Future Prospects.

It is two years since I first found myself in England. When I was in England in the autumn of 1819, the cholera was there. A dense, oppressive atmosphere rested over its cities, as of a cloud pregnant with lightning. Hearses rolled through the streets. The towns were empty of people; for all who had the means of doing so had fled into the country; they who had not were compelled to remain. I saw shadowy figures, clad in black, stealing along the streets, more like ghosts than creatures of flesh and blood. Never before had I seen human wretchedness in such a form as I beheld it in Hull and in London. Wretchedness enough may be found, God knows, even in Stockholm, and it shows itself openly enough there in street and market. But it is there most frequently an undisguised, an unabashed wretchedness. It is not ashamed to beg, to show its rags or its drunken

countenance. It is a child of crime; and that is perhaps the most extreme wretchedness. But it is less painful to behold, because it seems to be suffering only its own deserts. One is more easily satisfied to turn one's head aside and pass on. One thinks, "I cannot help that!"

In England, however, misery had another appearance; it was not so much that of degradation as of want, pallid want. It was meagre and retiring; it ventured not to look up, or it looked up with a glance of hopeless beseeching—so spirit-broken! It tried to look respectable. Those men with coats and hats brushed till the nap was gone; those pale women in scanty, washed-out but yet decent clothes,—it was a sight which one could hardly bear. In a solitary walk of ten minutes in the streets of Hull, I saw ten times more want than I had seen in a ten months' residence in Denmark.

The sun shone joyously as I travelled through the manufacturing districts; saw their groups of towns and suburbs; saw their smoking pillars and pyramids towering up everywhere in the wide landscape;—saw glowing gorges of fire open themselves in the earth, as if it were burning,—a splendid and wonderfully picturesque spectacle, reminding one of fire-worshippers, of ancient and modern time, and of their altars. But I heard the mournful cry of the children from the factories; the cry which the public voice has made audible to the world; the cry of the children, of the little ones who had been compelled by the lust of gain of their parents and the manufacturers to sacrifice life, and joy, and health, in the workshops of machinery; the children who lie down in those beds which never are cold, the children who are driven and beaten till they sink insensibly into death or fatuity,—that living death; I heard the wailing cry of the children, which Elizabeth Barrett interpreted in her affecting poem; and the wealthy manufacturing districts, with their towns, their fire-columns, their pyramids, seemed to me like an enormous temple of Moloch, in which the mammon-worshippers of England offered up even children to the burning arms of their god,—children, the hope of the earth, and its most delicious and most beautiful joy!

I arrived in London. They told me there was nobody in London. It was not the season in which the higher classes were in London. Besides which, the cholera was there; and all well-to-do people, who were able, had fled from the infected city. And that indeed might be the reason why there seemed to me to be so many out of health,—why that pale countenance of want was so visible. Certain it is, that it became to me as a Medusa's head, which stood between me and everything beautiful and great in that great capital, the rich life and physiognomy of which would otherwise have enchanted me. But as it was, the palaces, and the statues, and the noble parks, Hampstead and Piccadilly, and Belgravia and Westminster, and the Tower, and even the Thames itself, with all its everchanging life, were no more than the decorations of a great tragedy. And when in St.

(1) It cannot be expected that all readers will entirely agree with Miss Bremer in the opinions which result from her Impressions of England; neither, perhaps, will her statements be at all times admitted as indisputable. Her contributions cannot fail to be universally interesting; as they proceed, they will be no doubt instructive, and prove exceedingly attractive to the readers of this Journal, as exhibiting the fresh and earnest feelings of a distinguished and highly-gifted foreigner in reference to our customs, condition and institutions.

The Editor considers it right to print Miss Bremer's communications without change or comment; fully concurring in the generous spirit and upright mind of the admirable and popular writer, as well as in the clearness of her observation and the general soundness of her judgment.

It may be well to add, that Miss Bremer's MS. was received by the Editor on the eve of the number being put to press.—Ed. S. L. J.

Paul's, I heard the great roar of the voice of London,—that roar, which, as it is said, never is silent, but merely slumbers for an hour between three and four o'clock in the morning;—when I heard that voice in that empty church, where there was no divine worship, and looked up into its beautiful cupola, which was filled by no song of praise, but only by that resounding, roaring voice, a dark chaotic roar, then seemed I to perceive the sound of the rivers of fate rolling onward through time over falling kingdoms and people, and bearing them onward down into an immeasurable grave!—It was but for a moment, but it was a horrible dream!

One sight I beheld in London which made me look up with rejoicing, which made me think "that old Ygdrasil is still budding." This was the so-called metropolitan-buildings; a structure of many homes in one great mass of building, erected by a society of enlightened men for the use of the poorer working class, to provide respectable families of that class with excellent dwellings at a reasonable rate, where they might possess that which is of the most indispensable importance to the rich, as well as to the poor, if they are to enjoy health both of body and soul—light, air, and water, pure as God created them for the use of mankind. The sight of these homes, and of the families that inhabited them, as well as of the newly-erected extensive public baths and wash-houses for the same class, together with the assurance that these institutions already, in the second year of their establishment, returned more than full interest to their projectors, produced the happiest impression which I at this time received of England. These were to me as seed of the future, which gave the promise of verdant shoots in the old tree.—

Nevertheless, when I left the shores of England, and saw thick autumnal fog enveloping them, it was with a sorrowful feeling for the Old world; and with an inquiring glance of longing and hope, I turned myself to the New.

Two years passed on—a sun-bright, glowing dream, full of the vigour of life!—it was again autumn, and I was again in England. Autumn met me there with cold, and rain, and tempest, with the most horrible weather that can be imagined, and such as I had never seen on the other side of the globe. But in social life, everywhere throughout the mental atmosphere, a different spirit prevailed. There, I perceived with astonishment and joy, there it was that of spring.

Free-trade had borne fruit, and under its banners manufacture and trade had shot forth into new life; the price of all kinds of grain had fallen, bread had become cheap. This tree of liberty, planted by Cobden and Peel, had, with a strong and vigorous vitality, penetrated, as it were, the life of the English people, and I heard on every hand the sighing of its leaves in the free wind. The Crystal Palace was its full-blown, magnificent blossom;—and like swarms of rejoicing bees flew the human throng upon the wings of steam, backwards and forwards, to the great world's blossom; there all the nations met together,

there all manufactures, there all industry, and every kind of product, unfolded their flowers for the observation and the joy of all . . . a *Cactus grandiflora*, such as the world had never till then seen.

I perceived more clearly every day of my stay in England, that this period is one of a general awakening to a new, fresh life. In the manufacturing districts, in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, everywhere, I heard the same conversation among all classes; prosperity was universal and still advancing. That pale countenance of want, which had on my first visit appeared to me so appalling, I now no longer saw as formerly; and even where it was seen stealing along, like a gloomy shadow near to the tables of abundance, it appeared to me no longer as a cloud filled with the breath of cholera, darkening the face of heaven, but rather as one of those clouds over which the wind and sun have power, and which are swallowed up, which vanish in space, in the bright ether. . . .

The low price of grain, the consequence of free-trade, has produced this change: and it was universally acknowledged. The only objection I heard brought against the low price of corn was this, "The people are become proud and careless; I have seen great pieces of bread thrown out into the streets!"

Yet bread alone had not really done all this; a nobler bread is required for man in order that he may fully derive the benefit even of the outward material bread. Nor had free-trade alone done all this either; there is also another power besides this which has been operative in that general awakening, in that wholesome spirit which I perceived in England.

If this power were to be symbolized by art, it would present us with a female figure—a beautiful woman with a child at her breast, is the symbol which art makes use of, to express human love. And perhaps, art is right in so doing. And perhaps it is the female principle in human nature, which, in the present new life in England, enables the man's hand to accomplish the work; because from the most remote antiquity, has a male Deity been chosen to represent trade, and navigation, and mining, and all occupation of the earth. But, so says one of the oldest sagas of the world—when the divine life revealed itself on the earth, a divine pair came forth. In a lotus-flower which ascended from the waters of the Nile, were born at the same time Osiris and Isis, and together they went forth to bless the earth.

I saw the truth of this saga confirmed by what I beheld in England. But in speaking of this, I shall especially linger on the new proofs thereof, in the new Institutions which promise a more beautiful future to the human race; not upon the old and insufficient, however good they may be, but upon the new, because it is upon the new that my eye has been especially directed.

Let me linger, in the first place, on works of human love—the female figure, with the child at her breast; because these are they which lay the foundation of all others.

In Liverpool, I visited the so-called Ragged Schools—the schools where are collected from the streets vagabond, neglected and begging children, who are here taught to read and so on,—who here receive the first rudiments of instruction, even in singing. These schools are, some of them evening, others day schools, and in some of them, “the Industrial Ragged Schools,” children are kept there altogether; receive food and clothing, and are taught trades. When the schools of this class were first established in Liverpool, the number of children who otherwise had no chance of receiving instruction, amounted to about twenty thousand. Right-minded, thinking men, saw that in these children were growing up in the streets, those “dangerous classes,” of which so much has been said of late times; these men met together, obtained means to cover the most necessary outlay of expense, and then, according to the eloquent words of Lord Ashley, that “it is in childhood that evil habits are formed and take root; it is childhood which must be guarded from temptation to crime;” they opened these ragged schools with the design of receiving the most friendless, the most wretched of society’s young generation—properly, “the children of rags, born in beggary, and for beggary.”

I visited the Industrial Ragged School for boys, intended for the lowest grade of these little children, without parents, or abandoned by them to the influences of crime. There, I saw the first class sitting in their rags, upon benches in a cold room, arranging with their little frost-bitten fingers bristles for the brush-maker. The faces of the boys were clean; many of them I remarked were handsome, and almost universally they had beautiful and bright eyes. Those little fingers moved with extraordinary rapidity; the boys were evidently wishful to do their best; they knew that they by that means should obtain better clothing, and would be removed to the upper room, and more amusing employment. I observed these “dangerous classes”—just gathered up from the lanes, and the kennels, on their way to destruction; and was astonished when I thought that their countenances might have borne the stamp of crime. Bright glances of childhood, for that were you never designed by the Creator! “Suffer little children to come unto me.” These words, from the lips of heaven, are for ever sounding to earth.

In the upper room a great number of boys were busy pasting paper-bags for various trades, confectioners, etc. who make use of such in the rapid sale of their wares; here, also, other boys were employed in printing upon the bags the names and residences of the various tradesmen who had ordered them. The work progressed rapidly, and seemed very amusing to the children. The establishment for their residence, and their beds, were poor; but all was neat and clean, the air was fresh, and the children were cheerful. The institution was, however, but yet in its infancy, and its means were small.

Half-a-dozen women in wretched clothes sat in the entrance-room with their boys, for whom they hoped

to gain admittance into the school, and were now, therefore, waiting till the directors of the establishment made their appearance.

These gentlemen kindly invited me to be present at the examination of these mothers. The women were brought in one at a time, and one and all were made to tell her history, and to explain her circumstances. The examination was carried on with earnestness and precision. The result of all, however, was, that there was not one of the women now present who had a right to the assistance which they desired. On one or two occasions I could not help admiring the patience of the directors. Above all, it seemed to me, that these mothers needed to go to school even more than their children.—When will people come to regard in all its full extent the influence of the mother upon the child? When will people come to reflect on the education of mothers in its higher sense? My conductor in Liverpool, Mr. B—, the noble and kind Home Missionary,¹ recognised one of these women, and related to me the history of herself and her husband—a horrible history of drunkenness, which had almost ended in suicide.

Later in the day I visited the evening school for girls, also of the ragged class, and heard there a remarkably sweet and beautiful song. Later still I accompanied my friendly conductor to a temperance meeting, held in the same building, and which meets every Thursday, and where the Missionary was accustomed to meet and converse with the poorest brethren of his congregation. The wind blew, and the rain poured down. I was astonished, however, to see when we entered, that the room was filled with people who evidently had not much to defend themselves with from the wind and rain. The benches were filled both with men and women. It became crowded and very hot. Mr. B— opened the meeting with a speech about the dangers and consequences of drunkenness, and as he warmed in his subject he related, yet without mentioning any name, the history of the mother whom he had this day seen, beseeching that public charity would take charge of her son. The assembly, which during the moral treatise they had just heard had evidently become somewhat drowsy, woke up at once during the relation of that story, and when the narrator arrived at the catastrophe, in which the intoxicated woman, urged on by the madness of thirst, drank up half-a-bottle of oil of vitriol, a general expression of horror might have been heard, especially from the lips of the women.

When this relation, which was full of strong vitality, was ended, Mr. B— read a poem written by a working man in praise of temperance, which had the effect of again lulling the auditors—and myself even—into an agreeable doze. We all woke up again, however, when Mr. B—, in a jocular manner, begged of Mr. J— to stand up, and tell us something about “that Great Exhibition in London” which he had

(1) A minister paid by the community for devoting himself exclusively to its poor, and one worthy of the confidence reposed in him.

lately been to see. Mr. J—— did not, however, stand up, because Mr. K—— wished to speak first. Accordingly, being encouraged to do so by Mr. B——, a stout-built man of about sixty came forward; he was dressed in coarse, but good clothes, and had an open countenance, over which played a smile of humour. He mounted the platform, and was greeted by the assembly with evident delight. He related his own history, simple, but full of the warmth of life, in that strong-grained, wit-interspersed style of popular eloquence, full of heart and humour at the same time, which our cultivated orators would do well to study, if they wish to make a living impression on the people. He related how he, in his younger years, never tasted brandy, but he became a seaman, and began to drink, that he might look manly among his fellows; how, by degrees, he acquired the power of swallowing more strong liquor than any of them all, fell into crime, misery, and shame; how he became converted, and again temperate, and how he had not now for fifteen years tasted spirits, and had ever since remained in good health and good circumstances.

This was the substance of his story; but how the narrative was interspersed with merry conceits, which excited universal amusement, and with energetic proverbs—to which Mr. B——, beyond any one else, gave the highest applause—how cleverly “Mr. Halcobol” was brought in, and how contemptuously “the long-necked gentleman, Mr. Halcobol in the bottle,” was treated, and with how much animation all this was done and received—must have been heard to have been fully imagined. The speech was concluded by recommending “total abstinence” as the only means for insuring a perfect change of life.

After this there entered a little throng of children with joyful faces, the same whom I had already heard sing in the upper room of the house; these children were the so-called “Band of Hope”—children who had taken the pledge to abstain from all strong drinks themselves, and to promote the advancement of temperance by all the means in their power, for which they received printed cards containing their pledge, together with symbolical devices, proverbs, etc. That little “Band of Hope” struck up with their clear voices, fresh as the morning, various songs, among which one in particular, “The Spindle and Shuttle,” was received with great delight, all present joining in the chorus. Hymns and patriotic songs were also sung by “The Band of Hope,” and now and then the company joined in with the children. Before the assembly separated this evening, several went forward, and took the pledge. Among these was a man and his wife. They took each other by the hand. The woman with her other hand held her handkerchief over her left eye; it might be seen, nevertheless, that this eye was black, probably from the husband’s fist.

What had influenced them to this? What had operated upon these rude natures?—induced them to break loose from habits of drunkenness,—to turn from the pleasures of hell to those of heaven? What was it that had operated on all here so awakeningly,

so livingly? Could it be the discourse they had heard? could it be the poem in praise of temperance? Nothing of the kind. I saw them go to sleep during these. I became sleepy myself. No, that which operated here so livingly,—was the life itself. It was that living narrative of the unhappy woman; it was the sailor’s history of his own life, his battles with “Mr. Halcobol;” it was the songs of the children, the pure, dewy-fresh voices of the little “Band of Hope.” All these it was which had operated upon, which had awakened their minds, had animated their brains, warmed their hearts; this it was which had impelled the husband and wife, hand in hand, to come forward and consecrate themselves to a new marriage, to a better life. Individual experience of suffering, of joy, of sin, of conversion, of love and happiness, must be told, if the relation is to have any power over the human heart; life itself must be called into action if we would awake the dead.

I could not but remark at this meeting, how cordial and familiar an understanding seemed to exist between the leader, Mr. B——, and the assembly, and which arose in part from his own peculiar character, and in part from his intimate acquaintance with his hearers. In the same way, his continual intercourse with these people, and his knowledge of their everyday life, is an excellent help to him in giving force to the sermons which he preaches among them. I shall not forget the effect produced by his story of the woman and the bottle of vitriol.

A few days later I visited, with the same friendly man, some different classes of poor people,—namely, the wicked and the idle; they who had fallen into want through their own improvidence, but who had now raised themselves again; and the estimable, who had honourably combated with unavoidable poverty. In one certain quarter of Liverpool it is that the first class is especially met with. Of this class of poor in their wretched rooms, with their low, brutalized expression, I will not speak; companion-pieces to this misery may be met with everywhere. Most of those whom I saw were Irish. It was a Sunday noon, after divine service. The almshouses were already open in this part of the town, and young girls and men might be seen talking together before them, or sitting upon the steps.

Of the second class I call to mind, with especial pleasure, one little household. It was a mother and her son. Her means of support, a mangle, stood in the little room in which she had lived since she had raised herself up again. It was dinner-time. A table, neatly covered for two persons, stood in the room, and upon the iron stand before the fire was placed a dish of mashed potatoes, nicely browned, ready to be set on the table. The mother was waiting for her son, and the dinner was waiting for him. He was the organ-blower in a church during divine service, and he returned whilst I was still there. He was well dressed, but was a little, weakly man, and squinted; the mother’s eyes, however, regarded him with love. This son was her only one, and her all.

And he, to whom mother Nature had acted as a step-mother, had a noble mother's heart to warm himself with, which prepared for him an excellent home, a well-covered table, and a comfortable bed. That poor little home was not without its wealth.

As belonging to the third and highest class, I must mention two families, both of them shoemakers, and both of them inhabiting cellars. The one family consisted of old, the other of young people. The old shoemaker had to maintain his wife, who was lame and sick, from a fall in the street, and a daughter. The young one had a young wife, and five little children to provide for; but work was scanty and the mouths many. At this house, also, it was dinner-time, and I saw upon the table nothing but potatoes. The children were clean, and had remarkably agreeable faces; but—they were pale; so was also the father of the family. The young and pretty, but very pale mother said, "Since I have come into this room I have never been well, and this I know—I shall not live long!" Her eyes filled with tears; and it was plain enough to see that this really delicate constitution could not long sustain the effects of the cold, damp room, into which no sunbeam entered. These two families, of the same trade, and alike poor, had become friends in need. When one of the fathers of the family wanted work, and was informed by the Home-missionary who visited them that the other had it, the intelligence seemed a consolation to him. Gladdening sight of human sympathy, which keeps the head erect and the heart sound under the depressing struggle against competition! But little gladdening to me would have been the sight of these families in their cellar-homes, had I not at the same time been aware of the increase of those "Model Lodging-Houses," which may be met with in many parts of England, and which will remove these inhabitants of cellars, they who sit in darkness, into the blessing of the light of life,—which will provide worthy dwellings for worthy people. But of this I shall speak somewhat later, in connexion with other new institutions for the advancement of the health, both of body and soul, of—all classes.

"For no one for himself doth live or suffer."

For myself, I was well provided for by English hospitality, and enjoyed an excellent home in the house of the noble and popular preacher, J. M——. With him, and his wife (one of those beautiful, motherly natures, who through a peculiar geniality of heart is able to accomplish so much, and to render herself and everything that is good twofold, in quite another manner to that of the multiplication-table, which merely makes two and two into four)—with them and their family I spent some beautiful days amid conversation and music. There, in the neighbourhood of their house, I saw also one of those English parks, whose verdant, carefully-kept sward, and groups of shrubs and flowers, give so peculiar and so attractive a charm to the English landscape. Add to this a river-like sheet of water; swans, groups of beautiful

children and ladies feeding them on the banks, the song of birds everywhere amongst the shrubs; scattered palaces, and handsome country-houses—and everything looking so finished, so splendid, so beautiful and perfect, as if nothing out of condition, nothing in tatters or shabby was to be found in the world, Such was the impression produced by the Prince's Park, which was laid out by a wealthy private gentleman, Mr. J——, on the birth of the Prince of Wales, the eldest son of Queen Victoria, and thrown open to the public with only this single admonition exhibited, in large letters, in various parts of the park, "It is hoped the public will protect that which is intended for the public enjoyment."

But I must leave this enchanting Idyll, and hasten into the manufacturing districts; and, first of all, to Manchester:—

In my imagination Manchester was like a colossal woman sitting at her spinning-wheel, with her enormous manufactories; her subject towns, suburbs, villages, factories, lying for many miles round, spinning, spinning, spinning clothes for all the people on the face of the earth. And there, as she sate, the queen of the spindle, with her masses of ugly houses and factories, enveloped in dense rain-clouds, as if in cobwebs, the effect she made upon me was gloomy and depressing. Yet even here, also, I was to breathe a more refreshing atmosphere of life; even here was I also to see light. Free-trade had brought hither her emancipating spirit. It was a time of remarkable activity and prosperity. The work-people were fully employed; wages were good, and food was cheap. Even here also had ragged-schools been established, together with many institutions for improving the condition of the poor working-classes. In one of these ragged-schools the boys had a perfectly organized band of music, in which they played and blew so that it was a pleasure—and sometimes a disadvantage, to hear them. The lamenting "cry of the children" was no longer heard from the factories. Government had put an end to the cruelties and oppressions formerly practised on these little ones by the unscrupulous lust of gain. No child under ten years old can now be employed in the factories, and even such, when employed, must of necessity be allowed part of the day for school. Every large factory has now generally its own school, with a paid master for the children. The boys whom I saw in the great rooms of the factories, and with whom I conversed, looked both healthy and cheerful.

Two ideas were impressed upon my mind at this place: how dangerous it is, even amid a high degree of social culture, to give one class of men unrestrained power over another; and how easily a free people, with a powerful public spirit, and accustomed to self-government, can raise themselves out of humiliating circumstances. This spirit has done much already in England, but it has yet more to do.

Upon one of those large gloomy factories in Manchester, I read, inscribed in iron letters, "THE GREAT BEEHIVE;" and in truth, a good name for these

enormous hives of human industrial toil, in which people have sometimes forgotten, and still forget, that man is anything more than a working bee, which lives to fill its cell in the hive, and die. I visited several of these huge beehives. In one of them, which employed twelve hundred workpeople, I saw, in a large room, above three hundred women sitting in rows winding cotton on reels. The room was clean, and so also were all the women. It did not appear to be hard work; but the steadfastly-fixed attention with which these women pursued their labour seemed to me distressingly wearisome. They did not allow themselves to look up, still less to turn their heads or to talk. Their life seemed to depend upon the cotton thread.

In another of these great beehives, a long low room, in which were six hundred power-loom, represented an extraordinary appearance. What a snatching to and fro, what a jingling, what an incessant stir, and what a moist atmosphere there was between floor and ceiling, as if the limbs of some absurd, unheard-of beast, with a thousand arms, had been galvanized! Around us, from three to four hundred operatives, women and men, stood among the rapid machinery watching and tending. The twelve o'clock bell rung, and now the whole throng of workpeople would go forth to their various mid-day quarters; the greatest number to their respective dwellings in the neighbourhood of the factory. I placed myself, together with my conductor, in the court outside the door of the room, which was on lower ground, in order that I might have a better view of the workpeople as they came out.

Just as one sees bees coming out of a hive into the air, two, three, or four at a time—pause, as it were, a moment from the effects of open air and light, and then with a low hum, dart forth into space, each one his own way; so was it in this case. Thus came they forth, men and women, youths and girls. The greater number were well dressed, looked healthy, and full of spirit. In many, however, might be seen the expression of a rude life; they bore the traces of depravity about them.

As labour is now organized in the factories at Manchester, it cannot easily be otherwise. The master-manufacturer is not acquainted with his workpeople. He hires spinners; and every spinner is master of a room, and he it is who hires the hands. He is the autocrat of the room, and not unfrequently is a severe and immoral one. The operatives live in their own houses, apart from everything belonging to the master-manufacturer, with the exception of the raw material.

In the country it is otherwise; there the master manufacturer may be, and often is, a fatherly friend and guardian of his people. And where he is so, it is in general fully acknowledged. The character which each manufacturer bears as an employer, even in Manchester, is perfectly well known. People mention with precision the good, the worthless, or the wicked master. I visited factories belonging to some

of these various characters, but perceived a more marked difference in the manners and appearance of the masters themselves, than in the appearance and condition of the workpeople. At the present moment the difference could not be very perceptible, because the general demand for hands causes the circumstances of the lower classes to be generally good. But, as before remarked, the patriarchal connexion between master and servant, with its good, as well as its evil consequences, no longer exists in the manufacturing towns of England. Employer and employed stand beside each other, or rather opposed to each other, excepting through the requirements of labour. The whole end and aim of the Manchester manufacturer—when he is not subjected to machinery, and lives merely as a screw, or portion of it—is, to get out of Manchester. He spins and makes use of all means, good or bad, to lay by sufficient money to live independently, or to build himself a house at a distance from the smoky, restless town, away from the bustle—away from the throng of restless, striving workpeople. His object is to arrive at quiet in the country, in a comfortable home; and having attained this object, he looks upon the noisy, labouring hive, out of which he has lately come, as a something with which he has no concern, and out of which he is glad to have escaped with a whole skin. Such is the case with many—God forbid that we should say, with all!

Have you read "Mary Barton," a so-called Manchester-story? If you have not done so, then read this absorbing, affecting description of the dark side of the life of the Manchester operative, which is universally acknowledged to be true, and not overdrawn. The work has given to its author, Mrs. E. Gaskell, a high place among the young writers of England. Whilst in the beautiful country-house of this amiable lady, and seeing the sun-bright expression of her countenance, and listening to the cheerful tones of her voice, I could not help marvelling that this affecting description of the dark side of human life had been given by her. But God created the sun in order that it might shine into darkness. I beheld his sun still more potent, still more glowing, in another eye in England, which has revealed a darker depth in the life of the working-classes, and flashed forth, with the might of genius, lightnings from the congregated clouds—a glance which has flung over this agitated chaos the thunder-bolts of judgment, and the beautiful morning-flush of his own longing. I saw it in Charles Kingsley's eye, the young spiritual warrior, the author of "Alton Locke" and "Yeast," novels which have attracted, and still attract, a great deal of attention in England, and together with Elizabeth Gaskell's descriptions, have powerfully contributed to turn the attention of the public upon the life and condition of the working classes.

But neither books, nor schools, nor model-dwellings, nor any efforts of genius, nor of human love, could avail to improve fundamentally the condition, and to remove the mischief here; not all the outstretched hands of brotherly kindness could avail, if they are

not met by another movement, apparently insignificant in itself, but in reality all-powerful, the movement in the working classes,—that of—helping themselves in an effectual manner. Of this movement I shall speak more at large.

Two subjects of conversation occupied the people of Manchester very much at this time. The one was the question,—a vital question for the whole of England,—of popular education. The people of Manchester had begun to take the subject into serious consideration, and had come to the conclusion that there might at once be adopted a simple system of education by which, as in the United States, every one should receive in the people's school practical and moral instruction, and that religious instruction should be left for the home or for the Sunday teaching. The willingness to thus act in concert which has been shown by the clergy of the Established Church in Manchester, is a good omen to the various religious sects united in this work. All things considered, it seems to me that there is at this moment in England the most decided movement towards a new development, a new life as well in theoretic as in practically popular respects; and it is more apparent in the Established Church than in any other religious body.

The second great subject of conversation as well in Manchester as in Liverpool, was Queen Victoria's expected visit. The Queen had announced her intention of visiting the great towns of the manufacturing districts, in company with Prince Albert, in the middle of the month, and they were accordingly expected in a few days. Several of these towns had never before seen a crowned head within their walls, and this, in connexion with the great popularity of the Queen, and the liking and the love which the people have for her, had perfectly enchanted the inhabitants of Manchester. They were preparing to give a royal reception to their lofty guests. Nothing could be too magnificent or too costly in the eyes of the Manchester people which could testify their homage. The whole of the district, now that the Queen was expected, was said to be "brimful of loyalty," and the whole of England was at this time, both in heart and soul, monarchical. Opposition against the royal family exists no longer in England; the former members of this opposition had become converted. On all hands there was but one voice of devotion and praise. Wonderful! yes, incomprehensible, thought I, when I was informed that the Queen had requested not long since to have a grant from parliament of 72,000*l.* for the erection of new stables at her palace of Windsor, and the same year 30,000*l.* for Prince Albert to repair his dog-kennels, and now again, just lately, 17,000*l.* for the erection of stables at a palace which the Queen has obtained for her eldest son, and of which he will take possession on attaining his majority. Thus 119,000*l.* for stables and dog-kennels.

What? 119,000*l.* for stables and dog-kennels; for the maintenance of fine horses and dogs, and that at a time when Ireland is perishing of hunger or emigrating

in the deepest distress; when even in England so infinitely much remains to be done for humanity, so much untold good might be effected for the public with this sum? Queen Elizabeth was accustomed to say that she considered her money best put out when it was in the pockets of her subjects, and she scorned to desire any great project for her own pleasure. Queen Victoria desires, year after year, immense grants for her stables and kennels; desires this of her people, and yet, for all this, is homage paid to her,—is she loved and supported by the people in this extraordinary manner! Parliament grumbles, but consents to all that the Queen desires, fully consents without a murmur, because it loves her. Such projects would otherwise be dangerous to the power of the monarch. Such projects overturned the throne of Louis Philippe—have undermined many thrones. But the light foot of this Queen,—a well-beloved little foot it ought to be,—dances again and again on the brink of the dangerous abyss, and it gives not way. But how is this possible? What is it that makes this Queen so popular, so universally beloved by the people, spite of the desire for stables and dog-kennels, unnecessary articles of luxury when hundred thousands of her subjects are in want even of the necessaries of life; want even the means to secure a home and daily bread?

Thus I asked, and thus they replied to me:—

The English people wish that their royal family should live with a certain degree of state. They are fond of beautiful horses and dogs themselves, and it flatters the national pride that the royal personages should have such, and should have magnificent dwellings for them. The character of the Queen, her domestic and public virtues, and the influence of her example, which is of such high value to the nation, causes it to regard no sacrifice of money as too great for the possession of such a Queen. England is aware that under the protection of the throne, under the shadow of the sceptre of this Queen, and the stability which it gives to the affairs of the kingdom, she can in freedom and peace manage her own internal concerns, and advance forward on the path of democratic development and self-government, with a security which other nations, even republics, do not possess. England is willing to be protected by the throne, and prefers it with its parasites, to the bloody banner of freedom, which it sees in the neighbouring country across the channel, driven by every changing wind.

Hence it is that the reigning family now upon the English throne presents a spectacle extraordinary upon this throne, or upon any throne in the world. The Queen and her husband stand before the people as the personation of every domestic and public virtue! The Queen is an excellent wife and mother; she attends to the education of her children, and fulfils her duties as sovereign, alike conscientiously. She is an early riser; is punctual and regular in great as well as in small things. She pays ready money for all that she purchases, and never is in debt to any

one. Her court is remarkable for its good and beautiful morals. On their estates, she and Prince Albert carry everything out in the best manner, establish schools and institutions for the good of the poor; these institutions and arrangements of theirs serve as examples to every one. Their uprightness, kindness, generosity, and the tact which they under all circumstances display, win the heart of the nation. They show a warm sympathy for the great interests of the people, and by this very sympathy are they promoted. Of this, the successful carrying out of free-trade, and the Exhibition in the Crystal Palace, projected in the first instance by Prince Albert, and powerfully seconded by the Queen, furnish brilliant examples. The sympathies of the Queen are those of the heart as well as of the head. When that noble statesman, the great promoter of free-trade, Sir Robert Peel, died, the Queen shut herself in for several days, and wept for him as if she had lost a father. And whenever a warm sympathy is called forth, either in public or in private affairs, it is warmly and fully participated by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. That which the English people require from their rulers, is not merely formal government, but a living interest in their affairs.

In confirmation of this opinion regarding Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, which I heard everywhere, and from all parties in England, a number of anecdotes of their life and actions were related to me, which fully bore it out.

This universal impression, universally produced by the sovereign who, properly speaking, can govern nothing—because it is well known that the monarch of England is merely a nominal executor of the wishes of the people, a hand which subscribes that which the minister lays before it in the name of the people; this great power, in a Queen, without any political power, made me ask myself,—

“Is not this the dawn of the highest sovereign power, the true, the spiritual monarchy? The ideal of all true government! The commencement of a new, of a supreme power in the state!”

Monarchs and their people no longer bear the same relation to each other as in the time when, for example, Charles the Ninth put forth his demands, with the addition,—

“Do it, and be off with you!”

This injunction to do a thing, and then take themselves off, can no longer be given to the people by the King, but by reason. The people have arrived at years of discretion, and the monarch is the executor of their laws and their wishes. He is so in England, it is said. Yes, he is so, but he is evidently something more at the same time. He must be something infinitely more in the work itself, the highest on earth. The King and Queen of a people are appointed by “the grace of God and the voice of the people,” to represent the people’s highest moral desires, feelings, and character. They must stand before the people and advance before the people, in the glory of pure human virtues; they must stand before the people

and above them as examples, as bright, guiding stars; and the people must look up to them in reverence and love, as they would look up on high: they must be led by them because they cannot help it; for we all suffer ourselves to be led by that which we admire; for it is a principle in all of us human beings to obey that which we greatly love.

In truth, a regal power or dominion worthy of possession! Higher there is none, excepting that of God. But even this is of the same kind.

But that which is requisite is no light matter; it is great. Much is demanded from the individual, and yet nothing more than any true human being is equal to. Neither genius nor great natural gifts are necessary. Nothing but earnestness and a large heart. It is also evident that the time is approaching when no other kingly power will be valued on earth, when the crown and sceptre of the sovereign will be intellectual and moral power.

At such a time it will be an easy matter for a good king and queen to become popular. Freed from the trouble and responsibility of taking an active part in the contested questions of the realms, they may, in the brightness of private and public virtue, go in advance of their people, and thus through history in advance of all people—objects of admiration and of imitation! A popularity worthy of the noblest to strive after.

The power of popularity on the throne! In the sway which Queen Victoria and Prince Albert hold over the English people one may already see how mighty this is! In truth, far mightier than King Charles’s “Do this and be off with you.”

From Manchester I travelled to Birmingham. I saw again the land of the fire-worshippers, their smoking altars, in tall columns and pyramids, towering above the green fields; saw again the burning gulfs yawning in the earth, and—saw them now with un-mixed pleasure. I heard no longer, amid their boiling roar, the lamenting cry of the children; I heard and saw them now only as the organs of the public prosperity, and rejoiced over them as proofs of man’s power over fire and water, over all the powers of nature; the victory of the gods over the giants!

The sun burst forth from between rain-clouds as I arrived in Birmingham, England’s—nay the world’s—workshop of steel-pens, nails, steel, tin, and brass wares of all kinds.

If Manchester is a colossal woman at her spinning-wheel, then is Birmingham a colossal smith.

In Birmingham I visited a steel-pen manufactory, and followed from room to room the whole process of those small metal tongues which go abroad over all the world and do so much—evil, and so much good; so much that is great, so much that is small; so much that is important, so much that is trivial. I saw four hundred young girls sitting in large, light rooms, each with her little pen-stamp, employed in a dexterous and easy work, especially fitted for women. All were well dressed, seemed healthy and cheerful, many were pretty; upon the whole, it was a spectacle of pro-

sperity which surpassed even that of the mill-girls in the celebrated factories of Lowell in North America.

Birmingham was at this time in a most flourishing condition, and had more orders for goods than it could supply, nor were there any male paupers to be found in the town; there was full employment for all.

In Birmingham I saw a large school of design. Not less than two hundred young female artists studied here in a magnificent hall or rotunda, abundantly supplied with models of all kinds, and during certain hours in the week exclusively opened to these female votaries of art. A clever respectable old woman, the porter of the school-house, spoke of many of these with especial pleasure, as if she prided herself on them in some degree.

I saw in Birmingham a beautiful park, with hot-houses, in which were tropical plants, open to the public; saw also a large concert-room, where twice in the week "glees" were sung, and to which the public were admitted at a low price: all republican institutions, and which seem to prosper more in a monarchical realm than in republics themselves.

I met with a surprise in Birmingham; that is to say, I was all at once carried back fifteen centuries into the Syrian desert of Chalsis, and there lived a life so unlike Birmingham and Birmingham-life, that just for the sake of contrast, it was very refreshing. The thing was quite simple in itself, inasmuch as one evening I accompanied an amiable family, who resided in Birmingham, to a lecture, which was given by a young, gifted preacher, on the old Church-father, Saint Jerome (*Hieronymus*).

The subject of the lecture, which was extempore, and delivered with much ease and perspicuity, was evidently not intended to recommend to his auditors, but rather to repel them from an ascetic and contemplative life. Saint Jerome was delineated as a noble fool, a curiosity in human nature, and was to be deplored as a sacrifice to perverted reason, by no means to be imitated. The true end of humanity was not to be attained by flying from city life, and burying oneself in a desert for study and self-mortification; that end was rather to be attained in the busy city, than in the isolated existence of the wilderness; and so on. Such was the lecturer's moral. But upon me his arguments made an impression considerably antithetical to that which he intended. I saw this warrior of the third century devoured by a burning thirst of light and knowledge, of purity for his whole being; saw him wander out, seeking the wells of life; saw him, separating from the agreeable circles of city existence, roam on amid catacombs and the tombs of martyrs; saw him seeking in Gaul, and on the Rhine, and there finding—Christianity. Saw him there, after being baptized, with his Bible under his arm, retire into the deserts of Syria, and there, in the burning sands of Chalsis, bury himself for a number of years, amid exegetic studies and severe deeds of penance. I heard him, even at the time that he, according to his own words, "watered his couch with his tears," and while he was given over, and regarded as a fool by

his friends, still reproach those friends for having chosen the worse part, that of the life of enjoyment in the city, and break forth in transport, "O! silent wildernesses, flower-strewn by Jesus Christ! O! wild solitudes, full of his spirit!"

I saw him, after his conflict was accomplished, go forth out of the desert with his Bible, enter Rome publicly, and unsparingly chastise the crimes of the proud city. I saw the haughty ladies of Rome first start, then bow themselves to the severe judgment of the teacher; saw Marulla and Paula renounce the dissipated life of Rome, and follow the preacher; found convents and Christian institutions in accordance with his views; saw him grow in the combat with the spirit of the age, till he stood as a founder of the greatest power on earth—that of the Christian Church. The *fool*, who had buried himself in the sands of Syria, and done battle with himself during solitary days and nights.

Ah! this fool, this glowing son of the desert, as he now stood forth to view, through the veil of fifteen centuries, grew greater and greater in my eyes, till, finally, he expanded himself over the whole of Birmingham, with all its factories, workshops, steel pens, and the like, as a colossus above an ant-hill.

But I know that it is not right to compare incomparable greatnesses, and the human race has its august arena of operation for all the forms of its life,—room for both St. Jerome and Birmingham. It is not necessary, however, that they should stand in opposition; they may extend brotherly hands to each other, like spiritual and material powers—like Balder and Hodder, to dwell together upon the new and glorified earth—and the sacred teacher was by no means a stranger in the noisy Birmingham; that I saw in the amiable family which I became acquainted with there, and in the institutions which I visited in their company.

From Birmingham I had determined to go for a few days to Stratford-on-Avon, before I went to London, in order to secure a view of the Great Exhibition, the last week of which was at hand. I was, therefore, obliged to leave the manufacturing districts earlier than I wished; but before quitting them on paper, I must say a few words on their population, on their artisans, etc.

These belong almost entirely to the class of what are called Chartists; that is, advocates of universal suffrage. They are this, through good and through evil; and the resistance which their just desire to be more fully represented in the legislative body, has met with from that body, has brought them more and more into collision with the power of the state, more and more to base their demands in opposition, even to the higher principles of justice: for they overlook the duty of rendering themselves worthy of the franchise by sound education. But the fault here, in the first place, was not theirs. Growing up amid machinery and the hum of labour, without schools, without religious or moral worth; hardened by hard labour, in continual fight with the difficulties of life, they have

moulded themselves into a spirit little in harmony with life's higher educational influences, the blessings of which they had never experienced. Atheism, radicalism, republicanism, socialism of all kinds will and must flourish here in concealment amongst the strong and daily augmenting masses of a population, restrained only by the fear of the still more mighty powers which may be turned against them, and by labour for their daily needs, so long as those powers are sufficing. And perhaps the American slave-states are right where they say, in reference to this condition of things;—"England lies at our feet—England cannot do without our cotton. If the manufactures of England must come to a stand, then has she a popular convulsion at her door." Perhaps it may be so; for these hosts of manufacturing workmen, neglected in the beginning by society, neglected by church and state, look upon them merely as exacting and despotic powers; and in strict opposition to them, they have banded together, and established schools for their own children, where only the elements of practical science are admitted, and from which religious and moral instruction are strictly excluded. In truth, a volcanic foundation for society, and which now, for some time past, has powerfully arrested the attention of the most thinking men of England.

But into the midst of this menacing chaos light has already begun to penetrate with an organizing power; and over the dark profound hovers a spirit which can and will divide the darkness from the light, and prepare a new creation. Of this, however, anon.

I sought the manufacturing towns, from a sense of duty, and the commands of conscience. I was anxious to see this side of human life. But this done, I thought I might do something for my own pleasure I was in England chiefly for this purpose. I must follow the impulse of my heart; I must make a pilgrimage to the grave of Shakspeare. For the older I have become, the more that I have lived and learned, the more valuable have two good artists become to me—the more have I had to thank—Beethoven and Shakspeare.

From Birmingham I travelled, on the morning of the fourth of October, by the railway to Leamington, and thence alone in a little carriage to Stratford-on-Avon.

SCRAPS.

GEORGIAN BEAUTY.

By a Georgian female is usually understood a tall, slender creature, of voluptuous figure, wrapped in ample rich apparel, with thick black hair, long enough to entwine its glossy fetters round all hearts of men, with an open, noble forehead, and a pair of eyes within whose dark mysterious magic circle the secrets of all delights of sense and soul lie spell-bound. Her gait is luxury. Joy goes before her, and admiration follows her. The flowers on which she treads look upwards, trembling with delight as they die, and exhale their fragrance as an offering to the beauty.

With such ideas do strangers usually come to Georgia and—find themselves singularly undeceived. Travelers who with expectations raised so high, set foot on a land surrounded by history and tradition with a nimbus of wonder, either obstinately abide by their previously-formed opinion, or hastily pass to the other extreme, and find to their amazement everything filthy, ugly, loathsome. The truth lies in the midst. The people of Georgia, taken as a whole, are undeniably one of the most beautiful races of people on the earth; but although I am a great lover of women, I must in this case give, with unconditional preference, the palm to the male sex. Herein all those cultivated inhabitants of Georgia who have eye, taste, and an impartial judgment, agree with me. Nay, I must add to this, that of that higher beauty which exists where spirit, heart and mind are reflected in the eye, there are in the Caucasus few traces to be found, among women as well as among men. I have had a fair chance of seeing all that Georgia contains of womanly beauty, but have never beheld a face that has fully satisfied me, although the graceful costume of the fair inhabitants of the land contributes very much to the heightening of their charms. The face is altogether wanting in that nobler spiritual expression which lends to our fair countrywomen an enchantment all their own. These can still awaken love and gain hearts, even when the time of their bloom is long since past; in a fair Georgian, on the other hand, with the freshness of youth fades everything away. The eye, which always, notwithstanding its seeming fire, has breathed nothing but repose and inactive voluptuousness, acquires a faint expression; the nose, already in itself somewhat overstepping the bounds of beauty, appears, in consequence of the early sinking cheeks, of so unnatural a size, that many imagine its dimensions actually grow with years! and the bosom, which in this land plays certainly no hidden part, acquires too soon a flaccid character—appearances, which, among us, occur more seldom, more imperceptibly, and in far more limited proportion. If we put to this account the custom so prevalent in Georgia among young and old, of laying on white and red paint, it is easily seen that such and similar arts of the toilette, too striking as they are to the eye, can only tend to lessen the good opinion of the beholder.—*Bodenstedt's Morning Land.*

BE SOMETHING.—Don't be a drone. You may rely upon your present possessions, or on your future prospects; but these riches may fly away, or hopes may be blighted; and if you have no place of your own, in such case, ten to one you will find your path beset with thorns. Want may come upon you before you are aware of it, and, having no profession, you find yourself in anything but an enviable condition. It is therefore important that you should be *something*. Don't depend upon fortune, for she is a fickle support, which often fails when you lean upon her with the greatest confidence. Trust to your own exertions.

IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND IN THE
AUTUMN OF 1851.FROM THE LETTERS AND MEMORANDA OF
FREDERIK BREMER.

II.

Stratford-on-Avon.

It was a most glorious afternoon! The air was delightful. The sun shone with the softest splendour upon the green cultivated meadow-land, divided into square fields, each enclosed with its quick-set fence; and within these, small farmhouses and cottages with their gardens and vine-covered walls. It was altogether a cheerful and lovely scene. Westward, in the far distance, raised themselves the mist-covered Welsh mountains. For the rest, the whole adjacent country resembled that which I had hitherto seen in England, softly undulating prairie. There will come a time when the prairies of North America will resemble this country. And the work has already begun there in the square allotments, although on a larger scale than here; the living fences, the well-todo farmhouses, they already look like birds'-nests on the green billows; for already waves the grass there with its glorious masses of flowers, over immeasurable, untilled fields, and the sunflowers nod and beckon in the breeze as if they said: "Come,—come, ye children of men! The board is spread for many!"

The glorious flower-spread table, which can accommodate two hundred and fifty millions of guests! May it with its beauty one day unite more true happiness than at this time the beautiful landscape of England. For it is universally acknowledged, that the agricultural districts of England are at this time in a much more dubious condition than the manufacturing districts, principally from the fact of the large landed proprietors having, as it were, swallowed up the small ones; and of the landed possession being amassed in but few hands, who thus cannot look after it excepting through paid stewards, and this imperfectly. I heard of ten large landed proprietors in a single family of but few individuals: hence the number of small farmers who do not themselves possess land, and who manage it badly, as well as the congregating of labourers in houses and cottages. The laws also for the possession of land are so involved, and so full of difficulty, that they throw impediments in the way of those who would hold and cultivate it in much smaller lots.

The young barrister, Joseph Kay, has treated this subject explicitly and fully, in his lately published work "On the Social Condition and Education of the People."

I, however, knew but little of this canker worm at the vitals of this beautiful portion of England, at the time when I thus saw it, and therefore I enjoyed my journey with undivided pleasure.

In the evening, before sunset, I stood before Shakspeare's house.

"It matters little being born in a poultry-yard, if one only is hatched from a swan's egg!" thought I,

in the words of Hans Christian Andersen, in his story of "The Ugly Duckling," when I beheld the little, unsightly, half-timbered house in which Shakspeare was born; and went through the low, small rooms, up the narrow wooden stairs, which were all that was left of the interior. It was empty and poor, except in memory; the excellent little old woman who showed the house, was the only living thing there. I provided myself with some small engravings having reference to Shakspeare's history, which she had to sell, and after that set forth on a solitary journey of discovery to the banks of the Avon; and before long, was pursuing a solitary foot-path which wound by the side of this beautiful little river. To be all at once removed from the thickly populated, noisy manufacturing towns into that most lovely, most idyllic life, was in itself something enchanting. Add to this the infinite deliciousness of the evening; the pleasure of wandering thus freely and alone in this neighbourhood with all its rich memories; the deep calm that lay over all, broken only by the twittering of the birds in the bushes, and the cheerful voices of children at a distance; the beautiful masses of trees, cattle grazing in the meadows; the view of the proud Warwick Castle, and near at hand the little town, the birthplace of Shakspeare, and his grave, and above all, the romantic stream, the bright Avon, which in its calm winding course seemed, like its poet-swan—the great Skald,—to have no other object than faithfully to reflect every object which mirrored itself in its depths; castles, towns, churches, cottages, woods, meadows, flowers, men, animals. This evening and this river, and this solitary, beautiful ramble shall I never forget, never! I spent no evening more beautiful whilst in England.

It was not until twilight settled down over the landscape that I left the river-side. When I again entered the little town, I was struck by its antique character as well in the people as in the houses; it seemed to me that the whole physiognomy of the place belonged to the age of Shakspeare. Old men with knee-breeches, old women in old-fashioned caps, who with inquisitive and historical countenances, furrowed by hundreds of wrinkles, now gazed forth from their old, projecting doorways; thus must they have stood, thus must they have gazed when Shakspeare wandered here; and he, the black-garmented hump-backed old man who looked so kind, so original and so learned, just like an ancient chronicle, and who saluted me, the stranger, as people are not in the habit of doing now-a-days,—he must certainly be some old rector magnificus who has returned to earth from the sixteenth century. Whilst I was thus dreaming myself back again into the times of old, a sight met my eyes which transported me five thousand miles across the ocean, to the poetical wildernesses of the new world. This was a full-blown magnolia-flower, just like a magnolia grandiflora, and here blossomed on the walls of an elegant little house, the whole of whose front was adorned by the branches and leaves of a magnolia reptans, a species with which

(1) Continued from p. 128.

I was not yet acquainted. I hailed with joy the beautiful flower which I had not seen since I had wandered in the magnolia-groves of Florida, on the banks of the Welaka (St. John) and drank the morning dew as solitary as now.

Everything in that little town was, for the rest, *à la Shakspeare*. One saw on all sides little statues of Shakspeare, some white, others gilt—half-length figures—and very much resembling idol-images. One saw Shakspeare-books, Shakspeare-music, Shakspeare engravings, Shakspeare articles of all kinds. In one place I even saw *Shakspeare sauce* announced; but that did not take my fancy, as I feared it might be too strong for my palate. True, one saw at the same place an announcement of *Jenny Lind-drops*, and that did take my fancy very much, for as a Swede I was well pleased to see the beautiful fame of the Swedish singer recognised in Shakspeare's town, and having a place by the side of his.

Arrived at my inn, close to Shakspeare's house: I drank tea; was waited upon by an agreeable girl, Lucy, and passed a good night in a chamber which bore the superscription "Richard the Third." I should have preferred as a bed-room "The Mid-summer Night's Dream," a room within my chamber, only that it was not so good, and Richard the Third did me no harm.

I wandered again on the banks of the Avon on the following morning, and from a height beheld that cheerful neighbourhood beneath the light of the morning sun. After this I visited the church in which were interred Shakspeare and his daughter Susanna. A young bridal couple were just coming out of church after having been married, the bride dressed in white and veiled, so that I could not see her features distinctly.

The epitaph on Shakspeare's grave, composed by himself, is universally known, with its strong concluding lines,—

"Bless'd be the man that spares these stones,
And cursed be he that moves my bones."

Less generally known is the inscription on the tomb of his daughter Susanna, which highly praises her virtues and her uncommon wit, and which seems to regard Shakspeare as happy for having such a daughter. I thought that Susanna Shakspeare ought to have been proud of her father. I have known young girls to be proud of their fathers,—the most beautiful pride which I can conceive, because it is full of humble love. And how well it became them!

For the rest, it was not as a fanatical worshipper of Shakspeare that I wandered through the scene of his birth and his grave. I owe much to this great dramatist; he has done much for me, but—not in the highest degree. I know of nobler grouping, loftier characters and scenes, in especial a greater drama of life than any which he has represented, and particularly a higher degree of harmony than he has given; and as I wandered on the banks of the Avon, I seemed to perceive the approach of a new Shakspeare, the new

poet of the age, to the boards of the world's stage; the poet who shall comprehend within the range of his vision all parts of the earth, all races of men, all regions of nature,—the palms of the tropics, the crystal palaces of the polar circle,—and present them all in a new drama, in the large expression and the illuminating light of a vast human intelligence.

Shakspeare, great as he is, is to me, nevertheless, only a Titanic greatness, an intellectual giant-nature, who stands amid inexplicable dissonance. He drowns Ophelia, and puts out the eyes of the noble Kent, and leaves them and us to our darkness. That which I long for, that which I hope for, is a poet who will rise above dissonances, a harmonious nature who will regard the drama of the world with the eye of Deity; in a word, a Shakspeare who will resemble a—Beethoven.

On my way from Stratford to Leamington I stopped at Warwick Castle, one of the few old castles of the middle ages in England which still remain well-preserved, and which are still inhabited by the old hereditary families. The old Earl of Warwick resides now quite alone in his splendid castle, his wife having been dead about six months. Two days in the week he allows his castle to be thrown open for a few hours for the gratification of the curiosity of strangers. It is in truth a magnificent castle, with its fortress-tower and its lofty grey stone walls, surrounded by a beautiful park, and gloriously situated on the banks of the Avon,—magnificent, and romantically beautiful at the same time.

In the rooms prevailed princely splendour, and there were a number of good pictures, those of Vandyke in particular. I remarked several portraits of Charles the First, with his cold, gloomy features; several also of the lovely but weak Henrietta Maria; one of Cromwell, a strong countenance, but without nobility; one of Alba, with an expression harder than flint-stone,—a petrified nature; and one of Shakspeare, as Shakspeare might have appeared, with an eye full of intense thought, a broad forehead, a countenance elaborated and tempered in the fires of strong emotion; not in the least resembling that fat, jolly, aldermanic head which is commonly represented as Shakspeare's.

The rooms contained many works of art, and from the windows what glorious views! In truth, thought I, it is pardonable if the proprietor of such a castle, inherited from brave forefathers, and living in the midst of scenes rich in great memories, with which the history of his family is connected,—it is pardonable if such a man is proud.

"There he goes!—the Earl!" said the man who was showing me through the rooms; and, looking through a window into the castle-court, I saw a tall, very thin figure, with white hair, and dressed in black, walking slowly, with head bent forward, across the grass-plot in the middle of the court. That was the possessor of this proud mansion, the old Earl of Warwick! How solitarily he walked there! how bent towards the sun-lighted, green earth which covered his wife, and so soon would cover him! He mounted his horse, and now made a better and more

cheerful appearance. And thus the lord of the castle rode through the high-arched castle-portal, but his appearance was neither proud nor stately.

In the little town of Warwick everything bears the name and arms of the Warwicks,—the inn, the shops, the churches, the old tower; a reflection of the feudal times which I was glad to have seen in all its peculiarities.

From Leamington I travelled by railway to London.

III.

London.—Police in London, in England.—Visit to the Crystal Palace.—The Great Exhibition.—The Swedish Department.—The Little Machine.—The greatness of England.—The last days of the Exhibition.—Prince Albert.

THE same evening that I arrived in London, between fifty and sixty thousand persons arrived there also by the various railroads. It was the last week of the Great Exhibition in the Crystal Palace, and all those who had not yet seen it, and all those who wished yet once more to see it, hastened to avail themselves of this last week, after which it was to be closed. It was with difficulty that the railway-trains could get along this evening, they were so many in number, and followed so closely one upon another. The train by which I travelled was compelled to stop many times by the way, being warned by the red lights, which, like a pair of flaming eyes, met us on the railroad, and by the red light which was fixed upon the poles of the electric telegraph-wires which run beside it, and which betokened "danger." When these glowing eyes disappeared, and the red light in the air was changed into green, we might then safely proceed. It was, however, not until two hours after the usual time that we arrived in London,—that great, crowded, noisy, now more than ever over-crowded, animated, noisy London. I was quite alone; I knew none of the gentlemen who had travelled in the same carriage with me; I had no one to meet me, to assist me in the throng and crush of people at the railway-stations, where on this particular evening people were obliged to hurry more than ever, because the train by which they had arrived was obliged to get out of the way of others which were about to arrive. I was fortunate not to need it, and said to a gentleman who was so kind as to inquire if he could be of any service to me, "Be so good as merely to call hither one of the police."

One of these is always at hand, and so it was at this time; he took charge of me and my things in the polite manner, called a carriage for me, conducted me to it, assisted me to get my luggage, and demeaned himself altogether as a perfect gentleman. Within ten minutes I found myself, without the slightest difficulty, speeding away from the station in a compact little carriage, which merrily and lightly conveyed me to my destined quarters in London, in the noisy, crowded West Strand. I must here express my admiration and my gratitude for the excellent police in London, and everywhere in England, as they have now been organized since the time of Sir Robert Peel, and which remain as a living memory of the genius

of this great statesman. I had observed them already on my first visit to England, but had not been able during that short time to pay the same attention to them as on this occasion. I had observed gentlemen slowly walking along the streets of the various towns I visited, dressed in closely-fitting, and remarkably well-cut, dark clothes, with the coat collar handsomely embroidered with silver lace, and wearing black hats, and white gloves; I had noticed them on account of their costume, but still more for their fine figures and good appearance, for their handsome, grave, and frequently noble countenances, often pale, but always commanding respect. It seemed to me that I had scarcely ever seen men more resembling gentlemen; I observed also that they answered in the kindest manner every one who applied to them for information, and that they appeared desirous of rendering every assistance in their power. I inquired, "Who are these gentlemen who wander everywhere about the streets, who make such a handsome and respectable appearance, and who are so kind to people?"

"They are policemen," was the answer which I received; they were in fact what we in Sweden call police-servants.

Ah! I had accustomed myself to think of such in connexion with jolly red faces, stupid or arrogant demeanour, great staves, and nothing to command respect except now and then a badge exhibited as if to say, "Beware of the royal Swedish police!" And I thought there was good reason why people should beware! But I had never before seen, as now in England, the police moving about as the representatives of legalized order, showing themselves on all hands as noble agreeable objects, as perfect gentlemen, for whom people must have respect, and in whom they could put confidence. And I saw also how universally they were esteemed and obeyed, these men of order, in their white gloves, without badges, without staves. This delighted me. This was a great idea nobly carried out—this representation of the order-maintaining power, well calculated to inspire respect towards itself. But I did not understand to its full extent the whole value of this until I now travelled hither and thither alone in England, and always found myself received, served, protected in the most perfect manner by these gentlemen of the police—I cannot call them servants—and without their ever receiving from me anything but—my thanks. It is strictly forbidden them to receive money; and travellers are warned by boards fixed up at the stations, and printed in large letters, against giving money to any of their servants, because any who are known to receive it will be immediately dismissed from their employment. I had not in the beginning paid particular attention to this, but I soon saw, by the police, it is true, but quick manner with which these gentlemen drew themselves back from the offered reward, that the prohibition was no jest.

This excellent police causes England to be the country where, in all the world, a lady can most easily travel alone. Hence it comes, that arrangements at

the stations for the convenience of the travellers are worthy of a cultivated and noble social condition;—and the same prevails, also, everywhere throughout the United States of North America, even in the wildest parts through which railroads are carried. In France and Germany they are shamefully regardless in this respect; and in Germany the grand-looking officials throng about the railways, begging for a "*Trinkgeld*" (drinking-money), which is a shameful thing it seems to me, in men who are paid by the state.

These gentlemen of the police in England are polite, are ready to assist not alone the well-dressed and those who have a respectable appearance. No! they show to the lowest, even to the worthless themselves, a kindness and a propriety of manner which is admirable, and which makes them esteemed both by high and low.

It was Saturday evening when I arrived in London, and on Monday I visited the Exhibition in the Crystal Palace. The morning was beautiful; the clouds had taken wing and fled through the expanse of heaven before the careering west-wind. It was amusing to see the crowds of people who, in long rows, and with their garments fluttering in the wind, streamed through Hyde Park towards the Crystal Palace, which is situated on one side of the park, and which now glittered in the sun, with all its hundreds of flags waving and beckoning in the brisk morning air—a gay, refreshing sight! I had heard critical tongues compare the Crystal Palace to a great—*birdcage*. And there is a something in the form as well as in the airiness of its construction which do remind one of a so-called coop-cage. But it is, in any case, a cage in which all the birds of heaven found room, and it much more resembles a magic castle out of the fairy-tale world than any other castle on earth. I expected to have seen it more brilliant in appearance, but the white canvass hangings with which the exterior of the Crystal Palace was covered, in order to prevent the too strong effect of sunlight within, gave it rather a dull than brilliant appearance.

Of the throng of carriages, great and small, which moved along in four lines, upon the great road on the outside of Hyde Park and towards the Crystal Palace, I say nothing, because the quiet activity of the police and their presence at every point made it a matter of small importance. There was no need to have a moment's uneasiness either for one's own or other people's safety. The police cared for all, like a higher, calm law of order. All that was needed was a little patience. Less from want of this than from a desire to enjoy the morning air, and to have a view of the approaching concourse of people, I alighted from the carriage, and went on foot through a portion of that beautiful park up to the palace. This, with its immediate environs, covers about twenty-six English acres.

I wished to enter at the end nearest to which was the Swedish department, and my friendly conductor, Mary Howitt, led me in by the western entrance. And soon we stood in the great nave, 1,848 feet long,

79 wide, and 64 feet high, where all people met, and rightly so. There, on one side, just at the beginning of the nave stood—SWEDEN, and opposite to it, on the other side, RUSSIA—little David and great Goliath, as I like to call them.

There was a time—just at the opening of the Exhibition—when our little David presented himself at this great congress of nations in his shepherd's raiment, in all simplicity and *deshabille*; and the Swedes in London who saw it, were deeply shocked and ashamed, and kept in the nave, as far as possible from the Swedish department, in order that nobody might call to them and inquire, "Is that all which you have to show?"

No indeed! He did not make a great show, that little King David, more especially just opposite to the great Goliath, who had come in his most splendid attire, proud and magnificent. But—it was not so very bad, and it did not matter so much to those who know what our King David—or to speak in pure Swedish—who know what the Swede is. Because there is no fear for the Swede, when he comes to the pinch; that we all know, and the world knows it too. But he has a sort of—may I say it?—an excellent inability of going to market, of puffing off himself and his, which is not to be blamed, and which I like; and a sort of bear-like winter-sloth in rousing himself, when it has nothing to do with any contest of life and death,—which is not so good, but yet which is perhaps excusable when it merely has reference to self-display.

But yet little King David ought to have reflected that it was better not to have shown himself at all in the royal halls of the stranger, than to have shown himself there in his every-day attire, in his simple shepherd's dress. And he did so reflect in a little while, and went home again and returned and showed himself, without splendour it is true, but in such guise that he might with honour maintain his place in any company whatever.

But how much more honourable might not this place have been, if Sweden had only rightly understood the intention of this the World's Exhibition, and had seriously entered into it! how much—yes indeed, twenty times richer, have been the native mechanical exhibitions which we have occasionally had in Stockholm. And if we had sent hither scenes from the life of the Swedish people, and of Sweden itself in figures and pictures—what peculiarity and beautiful individuality of life might not Sweden have exhibited, as a nation among the nations. And even as it was, Sweden exhibited, in her small dimensions, a beautiful and rich individuality of character, much more so than the giant opposite to her.

There—in the middle of the nave, stood the lofty porphyry vase of Sweden, the only one of its kind in the World's Exhibition, and so placed as to rule over, as it were, the whole of this portion of the building, and to be seen from all sides. There also was the great cannon, with its peculiar mechanism, which attracted the attention of all connoisseurs, and which

had, besides this, great memories connected with it; because in the great battles of the world, the Swedish cannon had thundered with honour in the cause of popular freedom. And at the foot of that altar-like erection, in which the flowers of Emma Furstenhoff hung drooping on a ground of green velvet, so naturally and so life-like, especially the apple-blossom, that the king of flowers, Linneus himself, might have mistaken them for the living ones, lay knotted rods of iron, knotted whilst the iron was cooling, which seemed to bear witness that the strength of Thor and Stårkodder yet lived in the North. True it is that these knotted bars of iron came from Norway, but the Swedes and the Norwegians are brothers, and the iron and the giants belong to them alike.

I saw too that much attention was given to a Swedish covered carriage, or, more properly speaking, to the skeleton of one, and to some particularly beautiful Swedish cabinet-work, as well as to some new discoveries in articles manufactured of iron, &c. &c.

That which most struck my eye after the Swedish porphyry vase, and that which delighted me, was a little Swedish spinning-wheel with its yellow flax upon the distaff, and which stood quite cheerfully outside the Swedish department, the Swedish banner hanging high above it, and before it the altar with flowers and knotted iron, and among many beautiful works of Swedish industrial art.

Right, thou little King David! Thou art not ashamed of thy shepherd-attire, nor of thy shepherd-life, when thou thyself comest clad as a prince to the meeting of the princes. Thou bearest in the one hand the sceptre, in the other thy shepherd's staff, and thou regardest them alike with honour; thou unitest thy shepherd and thy kingly life with a cheerful and a willing mind! It is good, and it is done like a king.

The giant over the way, the great Goliath, does not do so. When he came forth in his pomp and glory, and displayed his doors, and his tables, and his urns of brilliant green malachite, set in frames of gold,—and beautiful and magnificent they were,—there is no denying that, although the former often were wanting in harmony, and the superabundance of gilding gave an impression of cold splendour, of a something gaudy, of a want, a deficiency through it all;—when, I say, he advanced forward to display himself in the Great Exhibition before all the people, then banished he into the background,—into a great dark department behind him,—everything which belonged to the peculiar popular life of his dominions. He was ashamed of the poor common people of his realm, and their labours and their industry were sent afar off into the dark. Not so King David. Close beside his silver ore and porphyry, placed he the Swedish peasant's greatest labour and enjoyment,—the spinning-wheel, with its distaff of flax, and held them forth, in honour due, before all people at the great meeting of the peoples.

The spinning-wheel with its flax! How much did it not say to me of that Swedish life, that quiet, grave, every-day life. How many pictures out of this life did there not present themselves to my soul—pictures

especially out of the female life of Sweden. The thread of life, of the great as well as the little life, is spun more leisurely in Sweden than anywhere else in the world, especially for women. And almost all women spin in Sweden. The spinning-wheel is the symbol of household industry in Sweden. Countesses spin for the sake of amusement, and to pass away the time during the long winter twilight. The wives of the clergy spin in the country, with their young maidens and women-servants around them, by the crackling fire in the large room of the house. The fine young lady in the town spins also in the forenoon, and dances at the ball in the evening; spins because it is pleasant and useful to do so; not unfrequently spins cloths for the tea-table of her father's house or for her own future home, and listens, perhaps, the while, in spirit to the ballad, which every mother's daughter in Sweden has heard sung beside her cradle,—

“Spin, spin, daughter mine,
To-morrow comes the bridegroom thine,
And gives thee a gold ring.”

And the peasant farmer's wife and daughter and maid-servant, they spin, they spin with all their might! They spin the clothes of the family, sheets, table linen, coverlets and bed-ticking; they spin from morning until night; from youth till the latest old age. The old woman's last earthly comfort in Sweden, her means of livelihood and her life's pleasure, is—her spinning-wheel.

It is especially in the northern provinces of Sweden that you can observe properly the prevalence of the spinning-wheel and the manufacture of linen. I seemed to see the handsome and populous peasantry of Helsingland and Norrland sitting in their spinning-rooms, men and women, spinning, spinning through the long dark winter evenings, by the light of the crackling pine branches, while the storms roar and the northern lights dance without. I saw again the old couple, as I once saw them there, man and wife, who sat spinning together in a little room, as they had spun together there for above fifty years,—through the marriage, the silver marriage, the gold marriage,—had thus spun through half a century together, and looked as if they might, in the same way, spin out the whole hundred years; a still life, delightful, or—terrible!

And now I missed again, in this Exhibition, pictures from that still-life *genre*, pictures such as *Tideman's*; landscapes, such as *Gude's*. But not one picture, not one image of the folk-life of Sweden, or of the picturesque popular costumes, was there, to give to foreigners an idea of it.

China had sent pictures where the people, the life, and the labours of China were delineated in the Chinese style; upon Chinese tea-canisters you saw the Chinese plucking the tea-tree, and preparing the tea. Hindostan had sent representatives of the whole of its life, of its festivals, its courts of justice, its business, houses, gardens, all its daily life, in admirably-executed little figures, and plastic pictures. Tunis had done the like, and other eastern countries;

but the people of Scandinavia had merely sent their wares, their productions, and their ornaments. Denmark had sent some noble pieces of statuary, but not her living forms from Amager and Høvedø! Sweden had sent her porphyry, her spinning-wheels, with the flax on the distaff, but not her Dalecarlians, her people of Bleking or of Scania, nor her Laplanders with their reindeer. Norway had sent her knotted iron, her silver ore from Königsberg, but no pictures of her sublime scenery—not the mountain huts of Telemark with the Telemark people! Pity!—pity beyond repair!

At the same time, many of the people of the Western nations exhibited a similar deficiency in this respect, while the incessant and crowding throng of people around any representations of actual popular life, showed that these, more than anything else, attracted the interest of the public.

There was one thing in the Swedish department which was wholly overlooked by the multitude,—which arrested the notice only of a few men of science. It was a little thing apparently, and yet it is probable, yes it might certainly be asserted, that nothing in this World's Exhibition, nothing amid all wares, inventions, and precious productions of all nations there displayed, is destined to create so great an epoch in the affairs of the world, to give so totally new a career to trade and navigation, and to the whole progress of mankind, as this little thing, conceived in a Swedish head, and carried into effect by a Swede.

This thing is a machine called a "Caloric Engine." The object of the machine is to substitute hot air for steam, as a motive-power, and to perform by that power all that is now done by steam at an infinitely less cost. It is many years since this discovery originated in the mind of Captain John Ericson, then in Sweden, and principal of the Military Academy at Marieberg. It became the grand object of his thoughts; he carried it with him to England,—carried it with him and pondered over it in silence, while he worked out, and brought to bear, many other mechanical improvements; amongst these, screw-propellers for vessels. When he had completed a screw-vessel, he invited a number of distinguished Englishmen to make a sea voyage with him in this vessel. They came, but treated the matter coldly, and merely said—"It is an interesting discovery." "Do you see nothing more in it?" demanded Ericson. "No, nothing more," was the reply.

An American sea-officer came to Ericson, and said, "Will you permit me to make a voyage in your screw-vessel?" Ericson agreed, and they went. "I have seen enough," said the American; "and we will cause your name to resound on the Delaware." Ericson complied with the invitation, and went over to the New World. His screw-vessels very soon were ploughing the waves of the Delaware, and his name was spread over the United States with great renown. But Ericson himself continued to live still and retired in New York, in a course of incessant industry endeavouring to acquire fortune, by which he could be able to carry into effect the new discovery which he made.

Attempt after attempt failed, year after year went by, and still Ericson continued labouring with the same zeal, the same invincible perseverance, the same hope.

Many years had passed over, and still lived Ericson in the same stillness, well known to the public as a man of extraordinary ability, and the originator of various fine mechanical improvements, but yet only fully recognised by a very few in America, whether natives of the States or his own countrymen, in his true greatness. One of the latter, my noble and learned friend, Professor P. E. Bergfalk, said to me as we met in New York, "Here lives in retirement a countryman of ours, who carries within himself, and will soon make public one of the greatest discoveries of the age." The prophecy was speedily fulfilled. At the eleventh or twelfth attempt, Ericson might exclaim—"Eureka! I have found it!"

The little caloric engine which was shown in the Swedish department of the Crystal Palace was the first proof of Ericson's discovery which came to Europe. In November 1851 a public trial was made of the new engine. The result was—the complete triumph of the finer, the more ethereal element, over the grosser one:—the victory of caloric over steam. Caloric, it is said, demanded five-sevenths less fuel than steam in order to produce the same effects; and that which crowned the conquest was, that by the application of caloric vanished all danger of explosions and other accidents which attach to the use of steam both by land and water.

It is easy to perceive the effects of the new principle of movement upon the action of the world. I will only mention one, which I cannot think of without the intensest joy. It is, the facility which it will afford to all, even to the poor, for travelling. Before long, all will be able, occasionally, to enjoy the refreshment of free movement; all will be able some time to see a great portion of God's beautiful world,—will be able, through travel, to cast away sorrow, to improve health, renew strength, extend their views, live, learn and enjoy, as I myself have done, and cannot feel sufficiently thankful for. . . . How gladdening, how divine, to become the promulgator of such an earthly gospel to mankind! See! This is found concealed in one of the many overlooked machines in the little Swedish department of the World's Exhibition.

Did the fortunate discoverer require the vast soul-room of the New World for the accomplishment of his invention, in order to breathe and work in freedom? Was his fatherland—was Sweden, too narrow for him? It would grieve me had he found it so: but it rejoiced me to hear that he had said—"If I succeed in my discovery, then—but not before—I shall return to Sweden."

There is a relationship between mother and son so great and holy that we cannot compare it with any other.

This is remarkable in this little people, cast by fate high up towards the polar circle, cut off from the great world—this little people of three millions of Swedes. We lack much which makes other nations

great, which qualify them to take the initiative in the world's development. *We want still religious freedom, the noblest of all freedom. We want, at the same time, freedom of thought, freedom of conscience in its highest objective form: we want this, with all its ennobling, fertilizing life. We lack the mighty public spirit which perpetually wakes, and knows how actively to convert the time of peace into a time of glorious victories; the public spirit which can remove mountains by faith—that penetrating, discriminating faith in its own powers and the will of Providence; the spirit which never despairs, and never gives way before difficulties and discouragements; which without hesitation sacrifices individual advantages to a clearly perceived public benefit. We lack this still. We lack—ah! we lack much; but great men we do not lack: men who, from time to time, come forth from the dark home by the iceberg, and work in the world and in the epochs of science, and stamp upon them the impress of their genius. From Odin down to our own time, this series of Ynglingar—immortal youths in the world of spirit—intellectual vikings, who have caused the name of Sweden to circulate round the world with honour; and it is remarkable that these men have always achieved their victories through a quality which is regarded as a fundamental deficiency in the Swedish national character—perseverance.*

Our great warriors, statesmen, and men of science, have all conquered through their perseverance—through that have won what they desired. To read their history is to read the history of the power of perseverance. Ericson's life is another example of this kind; a splendid testimony to the power of persevering labour united with genius. We close this episode, which will not seem long to Swedes, with the wish that our great countryman may soon return to his people and his fatherland.

It was a general people's day, a so-called shilling day, on which I first visited the Exhibition. In the course of this day it was visited by from one hundred and seven to one hundred and eight thousand persons; and the spectacle which this life of the people presented was not one of the least interesting features of the Exhibition. The concourse of people, especially as one surveyed it from the upper galleries, reminded one of a disturbed ant'-nest. One could not move in it without being incessantly pushed and jostled about. I endured this on this day for full five hours; but never have I been less rudely pushed, more gently treated in a crushing crowd of people; never beheld a more friendly, inoffensive, good-humoured disposition amongst those that pushed and were pushed,—that is to say, in each and all,—than here in this vast throng of people, of all classes and in all kinds of clothes, both handsome and mean.

Only once, in the upper gallery, had I a lively anticipation of being crushed to death. A dense mass of people formed themselves on one spot where many ways met, and this every moment increased through the fresh living streams from all sides. Some evidently ill-disposed people, men and women, who kept

together in a knot, pressed violently and jeeringly on the throng, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the close-packed and crushed multitude. Forced against the balustrade, and supporting myself against a pillar, I was neither able to move from the spot nor scarcely to breathe, while I felt, that the moment was approaching when some accident must happen; and some old ladies and gentlemen, who were sitting with pale, anxious countenances near me, were evidently of the same opinion, for in the middle of the throng people began to shriek and strike. But just as I fully comprehended all the horrors of this moment, my kind companion said to me, "Don't be afraid! the police are there. Police! All will soon be right again!"

The word "Police! police!" went like lightning, like a liberating spell from mouth to mouth. I saw white-gloved hands moving in the air over the heads of the human mass, and at the same moment the crush gave way—there was air, space, motion. The people streamed off by different ways, and myself and Mrs. Howitt could gain the stairs which we had been endeavouring to reach, and descend into the vast space at the bottom, where, notwithstanding the immense multitude, you ran no danger of such a crush.

The Duke of Wellington was also this day in the Crystal Palace, which he was in the habit of often visiting; but this time he could not support the pressure, which was greater than it had ever been before. Two policemen were obliged to take the old Field Marshal betwixt them, and assist him out of the crowd and the Crystal Palace again. The people, who recognised him, made way for him with hurraha.

It was especially in the so-called Transept, the splendid central space running directly across the Crystal Palace, that you could best see and enjoy the popular life. Here, between the two huge elm-trees, which in full freedom stretched forth their giant arms under the crystal vault which they seemed to support; here, amid the glittering, splashing water-works, where the crystal jets issued from the glass fountain; where the groups of living trees and plants from all zones stood wet with the dew from the fountains; where the groups of superb birds and insects, the admirable artistic productions of human hands, shone amongst the green leaves; here, you saw people of all classes sitting on the benches, upon steps, or at the feet of marble statues, which in a vast circle, stood like silent spectators of the moving, busy scene. Here you saw old men and women, in poor clothes, sit and eat together out of their provision-baskets, old and poor as themselves. Here, young mothers were sitting, and nursing their children without any constraint, in the neighbourhood of elegant ladies and gentlemen, who were treating themselves to ices and other refreshments, which were to be found in plentiful abundance, set out on tables and counters covered with snow-white cloths, within the splendid iron-gates of the Transept. And there, in that outer gallery, were again fresh groups of flowers and green shrubs; and here sate people together at small tables, and ate and drank together in social ease.

Here, in this middle portion of the palace, were comparative rest and peace; a kind of still-life of actual beauty. Here, by the murmurs of the springing waters, surrounded by Swedish pines and tropical palms,—here I enjoyed my most charming hours in the Exhibition, refreshed by repose, by the thoughtful kindness of friends, and by coffee and bread-and-butter, the staff of life during the journey through the Crystal Palace. How charming here to listen in tranquillity to the hum of the vast multitude, to the sound of music from the organs and pianos, which here and there throughout the hall were touched by skilful hands! To see the sunbeams play on the up-springing waters, and from the moving ocean of people to lift the eyes to the statues around, representing life's great moments of strength or joy in ideal beauty! I came, by chance, repeatedly to seat myself by a marble statue at one end of the transept, representing Time. It was the old half-awakened ideal of time—the primeval old man with his hour-glass and scythe; which I can by no means perceive to be a profound conception, for nothing strikes me so much in the living time, as its eternal youth, its Pheenix character. And the old man did not here attract my notice on his own account, but it was a flock of small gnats that perpetually kept up a dance around the head of the ancient one, as if they would allure him to look up, and imbibe more joyous thoughts. They came from the living, verdant shrubs, from the springing waters of the fountains, behind the old one's back, and the little winged creatures sang of life and eternal youth, eternal spring-time over the head of stony Time, and the sun beamed on the glad some flock, as if he smiled in approbation of their dance.

Charming was it to watch the groups of people who sat enjoying the gifts of life in concord. It was family-life on a magnificent scale. Just opposite to me I saw a little group of two gentlemen and a lady. The gentlemen offered the lady alternately to drink from their cups, and she drank; a trifling circumstance, but it pleased me, for the three, who were neither young nor handsome, had an expression of a beautiful humanity. Were they relatives, or only friends? A pure, beautiful friendship, a fraternal relationship betwixt persons of different sexes, is a sight rare and beautiful, and one in the futurity of which I trust.

(To be continued.)

NELLY NOWLAN'S EXPERIENCE IN SERVICE AND OTHER MATTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

NELLY NOWLAN'S aunt bore up against her niece's banishment (as she called it) with fortitude; some of her neighbours said—What a comfort it must be to be well rid of the girl, who was such a torment to her—and to be receiving an occasional five or ten shillings instead of the vexation she caused her, by refusing so decidedly the best match in the country—the very best offer a poor girl could have; for every one knew that no thought of emigration ever disturbed

(1) Continued from p. 13.

"Tom's" mind; that he lived—wonderful to tell in Ireland!—upon a little freehold of his own, and held his own, without debt or danger; he was fortunately placed, also, in the unpicturesque but comfortable County Wexford—a county I have so often mentioned, that I am almost ashamed to do so now; it seems—no matter how many lands I see—as if I had little to say of any, except Wexford! however, so stands the fact. "Tom" was a denizen of the Barony of Bargy; but Nelly's "people" belonged to the county of Limerick; and Nelly herself drew her first breath on "Shannon's flow'ry banks;"

this, perhaps, accounts for her having more earnestness and enthusiasm in her composition than falls to the lot of a mere "Wexford girl," who is in general as steady, neat, orderly and care-taking, as if born on the Saxon side of the water; in fact,—though I believe the "real ould ancient original Irish" would hardly consider it a compliment,—the Wexford lasses, particularly those of the baronies of Forth and Bargy, are, as I have said before, in their customs, manners, and language, far more Saxon than Celt.

Nelly's aunt was a wonderful flax-dresser; she had a great deal of knowledge about flax, in all its several stages; sowing, growing, steeping, beetling, carding, hackling, spinning! She was, in short, a flax oracle, and was more generally called the "flax woman," than anything else. She was so very wise, was Nelly's aunt, that if she had lived in old times, the neighbours would have thought she had something to do with *fairy flax*, and every one knows that is very different from the flax manufactured for good, honest, homely, prosperous purposes.

She had been a beauty in her youth; a soft, delicate sort of beauty. She had still fair flaxen hair, and large, light, loving blue eyes, with long dark lashes; she was not old, except in manner; and those of her neighbours and employers, staid settled housekeepers, who had found Nelly too giddy,—and if truth must be told, too monopolizing of the attentions and affections of the "lads of the village," to the great discomfiture of their own blooming, solid, Barony-of-Forth daughters,—never hesitated to say, that if *they* were young men, they knew who they should look after—*not* that giddy Nelly; *her* face wasn't of the lasting kind—nothing but foolish red and white; no ruse, or nothing but a "spud;" no eyes—to talk about—and a regular *Munster mouth*. Yes, to be sure the teeth were good—that is, white enough; but who in their senses would ever set any store by teeth—the last to come, and the first to go, of all gifts. Now the flax-woman had fine melancholy features; it was as good as a "*sarmin*" to look in her face—never took a partner from any of the girls at a dance—never threw a "sheep's eye" after any of the boys, or expected to be walked home with, or stood betwixt a promised pair by moonlight or sunlight, which Nelly was always doing, in her heedless sort of way—laughing and jesting with all, yet caring for none. But the great secret, after all, of poor Nelly's unpopularity with her own sex, was her popularity with the other; nothing injures

a woman so effectually with the generality of women, as her being held up as a pattern to them by the "lords of the creation." "Nelly danced so well." "Nelly Nowlan was such a good scholar." "Nelly had such mother-wit." "Nelly was such a clever manager; she'd make a new gown out of an old one." "No matter what Nelly had on, it looked well." "Nelly's voice was as loud as a blackbird's, as sweet as a linnet's, and like the Robin's, always heard in gloomy weather." This last was the schoolmaster's opinion, and his was considered "the best authority." Not but Nelly had some friends among the women; Mary Brien, the blind girl, knew that every Sunday Nelly would call for her, and lead her carefully and tenderly to the Chapel.

Tom—poor Tom's affections were first drawn towards Nelly by the attention she paid his motherless girls;—of course "the neighbours" all said "she had a motive in it," and so she had, the most benevolent motive in the world! and when she fairly refused her elderly lover, they all shook their wise heads, and said, "there was a reason for it!"

Nelly's aunt did not in the least mind walking into Wexford, only to inquire at the Post-office if there was an "English letter" for her—hope shortened the journey, but every disappointment increased its length.

When, at last, the next letter arrived, the affectionate creature read it through her tears.

"MY DEAR AUNT,—I have often longed to turn my pen to the paper, but no one, only the Almighty, knows how hurried, and hustled, and bothered I am, getting myself up to understand everything, or to *make believe to do so*, which comes to much the same thing for a while anyhow, which I daresay you don't understand, and so best for you, Aunt dear!

"I'm with the lady still, and likely to remain, for she's both kind and helpless, and is well enough to do without a nurse (she says), though if I'm not *that* no one ever was. She's not fractious, poor dear! only humoursome, and does not care to stay long in one place—restless-like; I have my trials with her too in many little ways—I didn't want her to know I could read, because she might ask me to read prayers and things contrary to my religion, but unfortunately, I said, I could write, and that let her *into it*—she was 'cute enough to know that I must read *first*.

"We were a while in a place, they call it by the name of Bath; it's a mighty unnatural city, where the *could* water comes up out of the earth in a continued boil, and you wouldn't see a carriage with a pair of horses in a week's walk, for it's the men are horses there and draw the sick creatures, that bathe in, and then drink, the hot water, up and down the hills, and you'd think it a holy place, for every second gentleman you meet is a priest or minister; yes, indeed, they must be a mighty delicate set of gentlemen in England, for there's a power of them in Bath. My mistress never meddles with my religion, only folds her spectacles in the Bible and leaves it in my way—but I take no notice. I can hardly expect you to believe me, but

the water comes as I tell you *hot* out of the earth; there must be a fire under it *somewhere*, but who can tell *where* that fire is, or *who* looks after it? The inhabitants, I'm sure, live in greater terror of an explosion than they *let on* to the poor innocents that do be looking after their health; and maybe that's the reason they fill up the town with the Clergy to keep all quiet; sure its them we send for ourselves when anything unnatural is going on; if you mind' when the underground noises were heard in Castle Croft, they sent for his Reverence Father Joyce at once, and kept him ever so long about the place, and no one heard a stir of noise since! so maybe, the holy men are useful that way in Bath, to keep down the spirits of the waters in their right place.

"I told you my lady was fidgety-like, and she very soon got tired of Bath and would come to London. Now dear, I'll leave it to another time to say what I've got to say about London,—and remember, sure if I wrote for a hundred years, I could not *insene* you into what it is, or what it is like. Aunt, it's full up of people! underground, overground, high up, down low—people,—people in misery and sin, people in plenty and pleasure; it's never still by day or night, for at night, the very breathing of such thousands and thousands of people, is like to stifled thunder; it's full of a pale withered-up sort of life in one place, and it is blooming like a fresh May morning only a stone's throw from the same, in another; it's a city of contradictions—it's the grandest place upon the face of the earth, if it was only for the multitudes of living immortal creatures it contains, and it's the meanest place in the universe:—they make money out of the very scrapings of the streets!—and bless your kind heart! it's yourself that would be troubled to see the people driving on, and on, and on for ever, without rest, and all so solid like. And, Aunt, but it's lonesome to be surrounded by such thousands of people without knowing one of them from Adam, only all black strangers, no one to bid you good morrow morning, or say, God save you; for their manners are not our manners; they're a fine kind-hearted people, but they're mortal fearful you should think so. The first lodging we were in, I thought to be very kind and mannerly to the mistress of the house, and so when I met her the next day I dropped her a curtsy,—and says I, 'The top of the morning to ye, Ma'am;' well, instead of returning my civility, she told my mistress I'd insulted her; you see they're an unaccountable people, but it's not *that* I wanted to write about. Aunt dear, I know you're anxious about how I get on with my 'duty,' and I took your advice and resolved to walk in my own way, and when I told my mistress I'd like to get leave to go to my duty, she told me she was well satisfied with the way I was going on, I was doing my duty perfectly; so I thanked her for her good opinion, but said I wanted to make a clean breast, if I could find out a proper Clergy to make it to; and then she smiled her faint quiet smile, just for all the world like a thread of moonlight, and said,

(1) Remember.

she understood how that what I meant by 'duty,' was going to the Priest, to confession, and gave me leave to go next Sunday to first Mass. So I got my instructions where to go, and set off with a light heart. To be sure it did me good to enter a place of my own worship again, and the music was just wonderful—only they made me pay a shilling for a seat, think of that! but I'd have paid ten, if I had it—to get in, my heart warmed so. And the tears came to my eyes, when I see the fine men serving on the altar and such fine blessed candles—all wax. And the *râle* bowing and turning; and little boys in their little albs that keeps all the saints' days, running about the streets, the darlings, in all sorts and kinds of mischief. Oh, I was so delighted, and so thankful, and the music and the velvet, and the painted windys with the sun shining through them, and the beautiful things, put me a-past all judgment—if I could have had you there just to see what a picture it was! But by'n by, I heard one of their Reverences in the pulpit, though I was so bewildered I never saw him go there, and I said to myself, 'Mass can't be half over yet,' thinking it was soon for the *sermont*,—and then I thought again may be it was the difference of the country, and looking round I saw all the ladies had crosses on their Prayer-books, and that set me right again, for I was sure none but ourselves would have that. Then the Organ and the little boys in their little albs began again; and I was fairly transported, for never had I heard such music—not *singing-music*, but *talking-music* it was. Oh my heart beat quick with joy, to think how I had got into the right place, and how in the very thick of a nation of heretics, there was everything natural like to my own faith. I cried down tears of joy, and indeed others did the same. Then another priest—a fine man intirely—got up into another pulpit, and gave us I must say a fine *sermont*, I never could desire a better—and it's the truth I'm telling you,—he spoke of fasts, and saints, and gave out the sarvices on next Saints' days—and reminded us of confession. Oh, Aunt darling, don't you or Father Joyce think bad of it if I say, and its true as if they were the last words I should write in this world—that no holy Priest of Rome could pay greater honour to the saints than himself; or insist finer on confession and fasts, or bow with more devotion to the altar; I don't care who gainsays it, but he was a fine man. Oh glory! says I, ain't I in luck? ain't I blessed? ain't I happy? and I thought to myself I'd make bold to ask a fine grand old waiting gentleman, who carried his head high, and was all over fine: I asked him where I could get spaking with any of their reverences? and he said some of the *sisters* were in the vesty then, as they were going to change the *hour of vespers*, and, indeed, he was mighty civil, and said if I wanted to ask a Christian question I might wait there, and he took me near the little room where they keep the vestments, and presently a fine, grand lady came out, and I heard her complain how she caught cold at *Malins*, and one of their reverences

came out and bid her good day by the name of '*Sister Mary*,' and then the grand ould waiting gentleman bustled on bowing, (not to the altar, but to the lady,) and called out for Lady Jane Style's carriage. I had a great mind to call out 'Whist,' for I thought it no way to be shouting for carriages at the open door of a holy place. Well; one young priest passed, and another, backing out and making obdience to their *Shooparier*: and then came two more ladies—'sisters,' no doubt, and then another priest. Oh! how my heart would have warmed to them, only they seemed somehow only half way, and at last the *Shooparier* himself came, and I thought any one could see he was the *râle* thing; he was the very stamp and moral of Father Joyce, and no Cardinal could be more stately—there was a lady, sweet-faced and gentle-looking with him, but when I fell on my knees and asked to speak with him she smiled and went on!

"He bid me stand up, and asked what I wanted.

"To make a clean breast, your reverence, whenever it's conveyment to you, night or day. Your time is mine, holy Father, and I would not delay you long, for I've kep' watch over my thoughts and actions; though, for all that, I'm a *grade* sinner.' I spoke as *partly* as ever I could to the kind gentleman; well, he asked me if I wanted to be a *sister*, and I said, No—I'd no inclination for a Nunnery, good or bad; and then, 'My good girl,' he says—quite solid-like, 'what is it you *do* want?'—and something quare came over me, at the changing of his countenance; and I makes answer, 'May be your Reverence would tell me the time for giving it: and as I like to be prepared and do the thing *decent*, would your Reverence tell me the *charge* for *absolution* in this town?'

"Now, Aunt, I put it to you, could anything be purtier, or fairer spoken than that? but his white cheek flushed—he turned on me in anger, only he could not bould a black look for a minute, and he says—

"Do you take me for one of the blind priests of Rome?'

"Indeed I did, sir,' I made answer, '*how could I help it?*' the words came to my lips quite natural—though my heart was beating with what I can't tell, to think of his speaking that way of the holy Fathers, and he treading as hard as ever he could on their heels—and then the look of pity he threw on me!

"Poor creature, poor creature,' he says. 'You come, I see, of a benighted race.' Well, I was bothered. He walked gently on, and the very sweep of his coat, from head to tail, had a priestly swing with it; and then he turned back and looked at me so gently. 'Have you been often here?' he says. Well, I gave him another curtsy, but not so low as the others.

"No, sir,' I answered, (I did not 'your Reverence' him that time,) 'and I won't trouble you again.'

"You do not trouble me,' he says. 'I only wish you trod in our paths.'

"I'd rather keep to my own, sir; and then I'll make no mistakes.' Well, he was a quiet gentleman,



for he smiled at that. And he says again, 'I would like to question you a little;' and he was going on only I stopt him. 'Question Father John Joyce, if you please, sir; I'll give you his address—he always answered for me, and always will, that's my comfort.' And the name of my own blessed priest gave me strength. 'He always answered for me,' I repeated, 'and for my people; he knows what he's about, and would scorn to mislead any poor girl,—it's too bad, so it is, to be situated this way, that I can't tell the differ between a holy priest and a protestant minister.' Well, that settled him, as I thought it would; and he walks right away, and the pale beautiful lady in black, that had been leaning against a pillar like a statue, takes his arm; and the stout goold laced old gentleman beckons me on, not crossly. So I says, 'Which of the sisters is that?' And he gave a chuckle of a laugh. 'That's his *wife*,' he says.

"Oh! holy Moses," says I, 'look at that now! HIS WIFE!' And I thought of the candles and crosses and bowings; and all the saints he ran over; and the little boys in their little albs, and everything so like the right—and yet the wrong; 'his *wife*, and he a PRIEST! let me out of the place,' I says, 'for it's a sin and a shame; neither one thing nor another; all a delusion; let me out;' and then I stopt. 'Maybe he's not a priest at all!' I inquired, looking at the stout old gentleman, 'and if he's not, what is he?'

"I'll tell you, young woman," he answers, and he makes believe to whisper; and then it came on me like a flash of lightning, that I had got into neither the one nor the other, but into a *half-way house*!

"And have you none of them in Ireland?" he inquires.

"Now, Aunt dear, that bothered me as much as anything, how that stout old gentleman knew I was Irish. I never told him so, and I am as well dressed as any English maid can be; you would not know me, (though I was always so nice,) I am so improved; and yet he says, 'Have you none of them in Ireland?' and I answered quite proudly, '*No, sir; we've the rare thing there!*' and that settled him. I saw he was ashamed of himself, and of all the gongs on—creeping, creeping towards our holy church, and yet pretending to talk of its blindness; yet we ought to be content, for if they're let to go on as they're going, it's asy told where they'll stop, for the time's coming, as I heard at Moorfields, where everything was to my satisfaction, and I found the *rare* priest at last, though not so fine a man as our own dear Father Joyce, the heavens be his bed! and may he and the holy saints keep sin and heart-sorrow from you, my darling Aunt! you who watched over me with as much as a mother's love. It's the spring-time now, and I often dream of the Bohreens, and the wild-bird's song, and then again I feel as if the whole shadow of the mountain was over me like a shroud; but it isn't long that lasts—as the song says,—

"Hope will brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past."

(To be resumed.)

HENRY IV. AND GABRIELLE D'ETREES.

THE picture from which this engraving is taken was painted by R. Westall, and exhibited by him at the Royal Academy in 1829, under the title of "The first interview of Henry IV. with the fair Gabrielle." It is a work composed of much elegance, and more spirit than is often found in the pictures of this artist, who sometimes sacrificed power to a refined treatment, so as to produce insipidity.

Had the "fair Gabrielle" lived before the Troubadours became an extinct race, her beauty, accomplishments, and untimely death, would have roused the spirit of poetry in these wandering minstrels; as it is, they have furnished matter for song to the Romantics of France, who have caused her praises to be echoed through the green valleys of Picardy. By what means Henry the Great first heard of her, history does not inform us, but we learn from Father Mathieu, when the king was engaged in war, in 1590, he once stole away from Attichy, while pursuing the Prince of Parma, and went, for the first time, to see the beautiful maiden at Couvres. He contented himself with eating some bread-and-butter at the gate of her father's house, that he might not raise any suspicions in the mind of her parent. This, it may be presumed, is the point in the history that forms the subject of Westall's picture.

Gabrielle D'Estrées, as the French historian Sully writes her name, was of an ancient family in Picardy, and married, subsequently, as it would seem, to Henry's introduction to her, M. D'Avermal, Lord of Liancourt. This act her father compelled her to, but the monarch found means of setting it aside, and she became his favourite, and was created, in succession, Marchioness of Monceaux, and Duchess of Beaufort. Exercising vast influence over the king, notwithstanding he possessed almost every quality that constitutes greatness of mind, there is no doubt he would have made her his wife, had it not been for the earnest remonstrances of his minister, Sully, who urged upon him the feeling of indignity with which such an alliance was likely to be received by the French noblesse; a marriage of this nature would, in all probability, have roused the two parties,—the Catholics and the Protestants, to unite in open rebellion against him. It may not, perhaps, be too much to affirm that Henry's violent attachment to Gabrielle, who was a Catholic, operated strongly to induce him to renounce the Protestant faith in 1593; and it is certain that, in 1598, she sent an emissary to the Pope to intrigue with the king's agents at Rome, who were commissioned by Henry to solicit the dissolution of his marriage with Margaret, sister to Charles IX. The negotiations, however, came to nothing.

There was something very tragical in the death of the Duchess of Beaufort, as she was always called after her elevation to the title. She was highly superstitious, ever consulting the astrologers of the time, who, although she paid them well, never foretold her anything that was agreeable. Hence she

was very frequently oppressed with melancholy, and would sometimes retire from the gayest company to pass the night weeping over some unfortunate prediction. Shortly before the Easter-week, in the year 1599, she was staying at Fontainebleau, suffering under an usual depression of spirits. The king expressed a wish that she should leave him for the holidays, and return to Paris. They parted under mutual feelings of distress; "Madam de Beaufort," says Sully, "spoke to the king as if for the last time; she recommended to him her children, her house at Monceaux, and her domestics. His majesty listened, but instead of comforting her, gave way to a sympathising grief. Henry would not so soon have parted from her, if the Marechal D'Ornano, Roquelaure, had not taken him away by force." She arrived in Paris, and on Maunday Thursday, after attending evening service in the church of St. Antoine, was suddenly seized with violent convulsions, from which she did not recover. She expired on the morning of Good Friday, and it is reported that her features were so distorted as to defy recognition. The fanatics of the time remarked that God's judgment was especially visible in the sad manner of her death, which seems altogether to have been so mysterious as to lead to the supposition that poison was administered; but whether this were the case, or the general tribute of nature under a more mysterious and terrific form than usual, was never clearly ascertained, as most of the circumstances were concealed even from the king himself.

Such was the termination of the brilliant and ambitious career of "La Belle Gabrielle," which unquestionably teaches a moral not to be lost sight of; while every reflective mind must appreciate the arguments used by the prime minister of Henry, Sully, to reconcile his royal master to so heavy an affliction: for the royal favourite was by no means unworthy of the distinction she enjoyed; the good qualities of her heart and mind had elevated her scarcely less than the beauty of her person. "I recalled to his remembrance," writes Sully, in his *Memoirs*, "some of those passages in the Holy Scriptures wherein God, as a Father and Master, requires that confidence and perfect resignation, the effect of which is to inspire a Christian with a contempt for all sublunary things; to which I added such as might incite to the acknowledgment and adoration of Divine Providence as well in deep misfortunes as unexpected success. I made no scruple to represent to him that the accident which now gave him all this affliction was among the number of those which he would one day look upon as most fortunate."

It is not a little remarkable, that one in the position of Gabrielle D'Estrées should have made so few enemies: even Sully, whose duty to his king and country compelled him to oppose her elevation to the throne for political reasons, speaks of her as a woman who, by a thousand good qualities, was worthy of a king's affection; and D'Aubigné, a writer who cannot be supposed to have had much sympathy with one of her

creed and in her position, "wonders how she could have lived so like a queen for so many years, and that with so few enemies: the necessities of state were the only enemies she had to contend against." She used with great moderation her power over the king, and often gave him very good counsel. The ordeal of a female court-favourite is rarely encountered without leaving some traces of evil influence behind; Gabrielle passed through it unscathed in her own person, save by the one error of her life, atoned for, to the world, by her many virtues. She was one of those bright spirits of whom universal history furnishes frequent examples, whose lives serve both as beacons and warnings, and who seem to have been sent into the world—to quote the oft-repeated line of the poet—

"To point a moral, and adorn a tale."

VISIT TO A HAREM AT TUNIS.

BY A LADY.

I HAD long wished to see a Moorish harem, and therefore gladly accepted an invitation to accompany a small party to visit the bride of one of the richest Moors in Tunis. As soon as we entered the house, we were conducted upstairs to that part assigned to the female members of the family; while the gentlemen remained below to pay their respects to the bridegroom; they would have had great pleasure in congratulating his fair partner also, but this, of course, could not be allowed. After passing through a long gallery, we were ushered into a spacious and handsome room, at the upper end of which the youthful bride was seated, surrounded by ladies, many of whom were her near relatives. Her mother came forward to meet us, and ordered seats to be placed for us near the bride, who sat with downcast eyes, and without the least sign of life, save a slight heaving of the chest. It would be impossible to give you an adequate idea of the richness of her dress. The ground of the upper robe was bright green striped with white, and so thickly embroidered with gold that you could scarcely distinguish the original, and the under one was much handsomer, being white, brocaded with gold.

The quantities of diamonds and pearls which adorned her person made her appear quite dazzling. Her head-dress was a kind of green shashea, entirely covered with large pearls, and placed to lean backwards on her head; strings of pearls depended from it, and drooped over her forehead and ears. The former was painted with henna, in resemblance of two bands crossing it just above the eyebrows; her fingers also were deeply dyed with the same, and adorned with rings of great value; her neck and wrists were loaded with pearls, and the diamond ornament which covered her chest was of immense size; her anklets were very thick, and of solid gold, and her slippers were of wrought gold, studded with diamonds.

This description may appear exaggerated; but when we consider that she was a lady of rank, and that it is the custom in this, as well as in other unsettled countries, to vest one-third of their property in valuables, and that on the occasion of a marriage they borrow jewels from their friends, you cannot be so much surprised.

Although the bride's dress was rich in the extreme, that of a young and beautiful lady, who sat near her, pleased me better: her robe was of silver brocade, and her head-dress composed entirely of diamonds. The young ladies do not allow their hair to be seen, but the married ones wear theirs cut short just above the chin, and smoothed down with a kind of hard pomatum, or bandoline, which gives it the appearance of being braided, and is, I think, very becoming.

We had not remained long when a singing woman made her appearance, and amused the bridal party by chanting the praises not only of the bride, but of all her companions; this she accompanied with strange gestures of the body, and occasionally stopped short in the midst of her panegyrics to give the usual "Lu, lu, lu," which chorus was immediately echoed by the numerous slaves and persons in attendance, when she would again begin, with renewed vigour, to declare the beauty and attractions of the bride; telling her, that even we, who were strangers, had come to behold her beauty, to admire the lustre of her black eyes, the snowy whiteness of her neck, &c. &c. As soon as this was ended, we were taken into another apartment, where a little Abyssinian girl was dancing with great spirit to the singing, or rather humming of a woman, who accompanied herself by beating with the hand upon a bright tin coffee-pot: this was the only music they had; and the company appeared perfectly satisfied with it.

I was glad to see that the bride had been allowed to leave her throne, and form one of the party; for she must have been very much fatigued by sitting so long in one position; her heavy head-dress, too, had been exchanged for a coronet of pearls.

When we proposed going, we were pressingly invited to remain and dine with them. Accordingly, we did so; and although I cannot say that our appetites were gratified, our curiosity certainly was. We were delighted to find ourselves seated on low cushions at an eastern table, with about fifty Moorish ladies, who treated us with great kindness and respect. One in particular was very friendly and communicative, and alleged as a reason for being so, that she knew something of European manners, her father having had his head cut off by the Greeks. The lady next her begged her not to speak on such an unpleasant subject at dinner. One of the ladies was black, yet the favourite wife of a very wealthy Moor. The dining table was long and narrow, covered with a white cloth, and a profusion of cakes and sweetmeats. Large round dishes, filled with soups and other messes, were placed at certain distances, and although some of them were not very palatable, and each person dipped her fingers into the one before

her, we did our best to show that we admired their tastes by partaking of them as freely as possible. They were anxious to know why we did not eat with our fingers, and take large mouthfuls, as they did, in order to grow fat; "but," said they, "you sit at high tables, and eat with knives and forks, taking small pieces, which is the reason that you remain so thin."

After dinner we went back to the room that we first entered, and, seated on the floor, at one end of it, we saw a woman dressed in black, whom we at first supposed to be a widow, but we soon perceived she was a fortune-teller, and was busily engaged in revealing future events to several fair and anxious inquirers, who listened to her with profound attention. After coffee had been handed round, we took our departure, highly pleased with our reception, but we could not help remarking, that although our kind entertainers had the appearance of cheerfulness while their different amusements were going on, yet, as soon as these ceased, their countenances assumed an expression of discontent, which plainly proved that riches, without liberty or education of any kind, are not sufficient to promote happiness. Neither is their religion calculated to raise their minds from the follies of this evil world, and fix them upon another and a better, whose inhabitants enjoy the purest and most refined pleasure.

LIFE IN PRAIRIE LAND.

CHAPTER X.

"Sit with me here," said Mary, "in this dark, unfinished room. It has been the theatre of some of the scenes which I shall endeavour to delineate, and do not prepare yourself for any high-wrought romance. My story is one of reality too palpable to be recurred to, even now, without the most painful emotions. It is one of the many I could relate illustrative of the trials which sometimes wait on the settler in new countries. But you were down at the graves to-day, and have already guessed the import of what is to follow, so I will begin in my own way.

"I must premise that, from our first settling here, we have been under the necessity (often a pleasant one) of entertaining many strangers, for the most part gentlemen, who come to view the country. Persons landing at any of the river towns in our vicinity, and wishing to spend a few days or weeks for that purpose, were generally referred to us; and when they came, it was impossible to deny them such a home as we had to share with them. It has been a severe burthen to us females, overtasked as we have been with the cares of our own families and the arduous labours which the imperfection of the mechanic arts imposes on the good housekeeper of new countries; but we could not, and often did not wish to escape from it. When we moved into this house, most of these persons came to us, probably because my family was smaller than Mrs. R.'s, and my house larger. Sometimes such

gussets have been attacked with fevers, and lain on the threshold of death for weeks, requiring such care and attention as only an accomplished nurse, otherwise unemployed, could give. I have, in such cases, had to divide my time and ability between them and my family, watching by night and working by day, till they have recovered, and gone from our roof bearing the recollection, that humanity is not always confined to the homes in which physical refinement contributes so much to the comfort of the afflicted. Happily, no one of these wayfarers ever expired among us, though I have many times lived in the daily expectation of such an event. We watched one young stranger on that bed for ten weeks, during three of which we expected each day would terminate his sufferings and our hope. But he recovered to thank us, and bless his Maker for the energies which had borne him safely through the fierce conflict.

"But this is not my story. I relate these events merely to convey some idea of the claim which strangers have to our hospitality, and of the feeling which links us as brethren to those who are homeless and friendless in our land. This feeling breaks down all the barriers of ceremony wherewith we are restrained in more populous regions. It brings strangers together without the frigid medium that makes them mere objects of sight to each other; it seats them at your table and invites them to partake of whatever your home affords, with a freedom and genuineness that make the recollection of the cold and heartless ceremonies of more artificial society sickening.

"Such was the feeling that opened our doors to the solitary man whom you see still among us. But he came not thus alone. When he landed, three years ago this spring, at the place you left a few days since, he was accompanied by a young wife. They had set out together from one of the eastern cities, to seek happiness and fortune at the west. Having no definite place in view, they landed at P—, and there the young bride remained, while her husband visited the interior in search of a spot where they might make their home. He came to our neighbourhood, and finding a piece of land which he liked, about a mile beyond us on the prairie, returned and brought his wife to see it. They stopped at our house, and I was more than willing they should find a home here till their own was ready to receive them.

"Mrs. K. was a dark-haired woman, with an eye that made her whole face glow when it was lighted up with pleasure or expectation. She was rather above the middle stature, with a well-formed person, and a clear, happy voice. It was easy to see that her husband, silent and grave as he was, loved her with a strength that is rarely surpassed in man. They seemed to me a happy couple. They boarded a few days in our family, and then commenced housekeeping in this room. She was a pleasant companion, and being nearly of my own age, and possessing a cultivated mind, there soon grew up a warm friendship between us. Each could enliven the solitary hours of the

other, and during the long days when our husbands were at work, we were much together.

"Their farm progressed quite rapidly; one or two fields were broken by the plough, a house built, and an enclosure made around it the first season. The next spring they removed. Their place, as I said, is about a mile east of this; it is further out on the prairie, and commands a beautiful view to the south and south-east. It was delightful, after they removed there, to see near us another tenanted home. You cannot appreciate this feeling till you have passed a deserted one on some wide prairie. A sign of life, about one of the thinly-scattered houses here, stirs the heart with joy, though you have never seen its inmates; but a deserted prairie home, with smokeless chimney and curtainless windows, is one of the loneliest objects on which the eye can rest.

"A new source of joy cheered the young wife in her labours. She was soon to become a mother; and what task sweeter than to prepare her dwelling for the expected guest. She toiled faithfully and patiently, as if her hands had been trained to it from childhood; and her labour was directed by a capacity that made it effective. Her rough house grew into a pleasant habitable abode, and the young harvest springing around, gave cheering promise for the coming season. I saw her often after their removal, and always found her happy and rejoicing in the prospect before her.

"On the 24th of April of that year, there commenced the most remarkable series of storms ever known in the country. They occurred daily and sometimes twice a-day, till the last of June, accompanied by the most terrific thunder and lightning ever witnessed. You may judge of the terror they inspired, when I tell you, that much as I loved the conflict of the elements before, the roll of thunder even now always produces a temporary faintness and nausea; then it completely overcame me. Language can convey no idea of those terrible days. The storms gathered with such fearful rapidity. A small cloud would be seen somewhere,

"When all the rest of heaven was clear," and in a moment the deluge was upon us. It seemed as if another flood were coming to purify the earth. The falling of the rain was frightful, to say nothing of the lightning that cleft the atmosphere, and the crashing thunder that followed so close upon it, that the tread of the latter seemed to extinguish the light of the former.

"These terrible scenes, following each other without the intermission of a day for more than two months, seemed to blight the country. The prairies were saturated, and in many places submerged, and yet the rain came. Sometimes when it had stormed thus all night, the sky would be clear till noon, and the sun pour his rays upon the steaming earth, till vegetation seemed scalded. Perhaps, just as dinner was set, a little cloud would gather in the west, or a faint roll of thunder strike the ear. My appetite would vanish in an instant; and with blanched face and trembling limbs, we would set away the meal untasted. The

men always came in, though they were generally drenched before they reached the house. But such was our terror, that we could not have remained alone. When a shower commenced, we knew not that its termination would see us alive. One flash and thunder-peal, I remember, were so awful that they brought us all to our feet with pale faces, and eyes that looked as if they were gazing on death. When the shock had passed, and we found that we could still move, the people of each house rushed to the doors, expecting to see the other on fire. But the lightning had rifted that large oak, the stump of which still stands about midway between them. After a while we ceased all employment when these awful periods came, and sat like people awaiting their doom. I have never seen anything of the sublime or terrible that approached the storms of those seventy days.

"But the consequences were still more dreadful. The earth was filled with water, and every little hollow upon the prairies became a stagnant pool to engender disease; so that after the fierce storm-demon had scourged us and departed, the silent pestilence rose from the green plains that smiled beneath his reign, and stalked resistless among their inhabitants.

"It was a critical period for my friend. The new cellar beneath their house had been half-filled with water, and I dreaded extremely its effect on her health. But there was no way to escape it, except to leave the house, which was scarcely thought necessary, while the danger seemed so remote. She preserved her spirits and energy through all, till her husband was prostrated by the fever. Then came her time of trial. Except the labourer who had assisted her husband on his farm, they were alone, and ours was the nearest family with which they had any acquaintance. I rode over nearly every day after my work was done, and frequently spent the night with her. There was a long period of dreadful suspense. The same disease was raging elsewhere with a fearful malignity, and it was impossible, for many days, to say whether hope or fear predominated. I knew that the effect on herself must be great, whichever way the scale turned. When the excitement was removed, she must sink. It was even as I dreaded. She was attacked long before the recovery of her husband, and both lay helpless; dependant on the skill of their hired man and the kindness of neighbours. I watched with them every alternate night for several weeks, and spent a part of almost every day there, after she was brought to her bed. Her attack commenced with a fever and terminated in a premature confluence. The babe that had been so long and joyfully expected, was thrown heedlessly aside, and all attention concentrated on the sinking mother—but vainly. She survived only till the third day; and the first time her husband left his house, was to follow his wife and child to the little spot you visited to-day, beneath those trees. His grief was appalling. Sickness had blanched his dark face into a ghastly hue, and drawn deep furrows in his cheek, which were immovable as if chiseled in granite. He had seen little of her lately,

for his mental faculties had been partially suspended while she was watching by his couch; he knew she had been with him, but in terrible affliction which he had not soothed. Her last days were days of intense mental suffering, which he had not alleviated; and, finally, her life had closed in fierce agonies, which he had been compelled to witness, but could neither share nor relieve. He seemed to be a stranger to himself in these new circumstances, that had so suddenly changed the aspect of his whole life.

"Her grave was the first that had been made among us. We selected the spot for its quiet beauty, and the repose which its situation promised the dead, even when all who are interested in them pass away. When we arrived at the tomb, it seemed impossible for him to resign her without one more look. The lid of the coffin was removed; he gazed a brief moment, bent over it, imprinted one long kiss on the cold brow, and turned away. The mother and child were lowered, the grave filled—and thus departed the stranger who had come among us so recently, filled with hope and joy. His home was now too desolate to be endured. All that had made it home was gone for ever. He returned to us sick, dejected, melancholy; all the brightness which had gathered round his life turned to darkness—all his hope to despair. The house now stands untenanted, a cheerless sight to us who have known its better time. He spends his days at work on his farm, and his evenings as you see. But, notwithstanding his misfortunes, he still loves our country, and will, I think, remain in it."

CHAPTER XI.

OUR next door on the left was a grocery—(groggery would be the truer name, but what lady can ever make up her mind to write it?) Many a day's tranquillity and many a night's rest did this horrid place destroy. All the influence which the respectable portion of the community could bring to bear upon it, failed to mitigate its character or check the abominations daily enacted in it. The sights and sounds of the poor wretches who frequented it often compelled me to forsake and close the front of my house; but it was vain to seek seclusion from them in my small tenement; their sickening shouts and groans reached one everywhere. Sometimes these diabolical orgies lasted two or three days and nights without pause, and then a time of comparative quiet followed. The master-spirit among those who shared in their scenes, was the individual who kept the shop. His ceaseless habits of drunkenness had made him one of the most disgusting of human spectacles. With a face enormously bloated beyond its natural proportions, eyes bleared and watery, white lips, parched and mottled with bright red spots, and palsied limbs, the miserable wretch, not yet thirty-five years of age, crept about, a warning, one would have thought, to those who congregated about him. But here they assembled, two or three miserably lost spirits from the eastern states, and as many Kentuckians of the lowest class; and here, hand in hand, they led each other to ruin. Sometimes

the citizens would acquire influence enough over one of the band to keep him from the spot for a period, but they seized on him again at the first opportunity, and made him pay for his respite by a deeper plunge than ever. There was one unfortunate man highly connected in one of the principal cities of the east, where he had left a wife and two interesting children. He had fallen among these wretches soon after his arrival, but had several times been restrained, partly by his better feelings, partly by the remonstrances of his friends. Every one who knew him mourned over the waste of a man who possessed so many of the elements of usefulness and happiness. Early in the autumn, he received a letter from his wife, appealing to him, as her husband and the father of his children, to return to them or make provision for them to come to him. It touched the right chord in him; he resolved to become a temperate man. And he persevered in this resolution till the beginning of November with every promise of success. Accident at length threw him into the clutches of these fiends. They dragged him to their place of sacrifice, and compelled him to taste, nay, to drink, till he was again without self-control or reason. His friends, who had watched him with deep interest, seizing every opportunity to strengthen his good resolutions, called on the master demon, and begged that he would let him go; that he would not supply him with the means of self-destruction. He answered their remonstrance with curses, and assured them that as long as he had liquor and "Mac" had money, the latter should have what he wanted. On Saturday evening there was deep drinking in this miniature hell. The carousal held till morning opened, and at a late hour the various inmates set out reeling and stumbling toward home, or whatever lodging chance might bring them. The Sabbath opened clear and bright. A light frost had crisped the grass; the red sun came up the eastern sky, curtained with mist and smoke; soft winds crept over the embrowned forests and plains, and all nature seemed to be filled with a kind of sad joy. I shall never forget that morning. The holy quiet which rested on the earth contrasted strongly with the fierce and harrowing sounds of the previous night. I looked out just as the sun was rising. The smoke began to curl slowly upward from various chimneys, and a few early risers were abroad inhaling the air freshened by the frost which yet lay upon the grass. They looked as if care were dismissed, and man as well as nature was to enjoy a holy day. When the family who had sheltered poor "Mac," notwithstanding his many deviations, ascertained that he had not returned to the house, they despatched a person to the grocery, to bring him home. But he was not there! The miserable proprietor reported as nearly as his half conscious state and drunken recollections would permit, that he left there about two o'clock.

"You'll find him," said he, "under some fence or the side of a house, fast enough, I'll warrant you; for he was drunk when he went away; he wanted to

git off afore he took the last drink, but we made him go it!"

There was an unfinished house some distance below, and thither they went, thinking it probable that he had crept in there to sleep. But he was not to be found. They were wondering where he could have gone, when one of them, happening to pass near the open well, glanced into it, and was horrified to discover the figure of the lost man in the bottom, partly covered with water. He was immediately removed, and measures taken to resuscitate him, but life was utterly quenched. Another coroner's inquest was held. A rude coffin was nailed together, and the remains were deposited the same day in the earth. I see now before me the thrilling events of that day, faint as is this picture of them. I feel again the overpowering emotions we experienced when reflecting on the fate of this unwilling victim to the vices of others. The poor wretch, half conscious, notwithstanding the maddening potations that had been forced upon him, stumbling along in the dark night for a place of rest, thinking possibly of his broken vows, and of the faithful wife and children whose hearts would bleed could they know his situation; half resolving, perhaps, that he would still save himself, and never touch again the fire that had so nearly consumed his soul—all these thoughts and feelings, faintly recognised, passing through the mind that had bowed reluctantly to its renewed degradation, and all cut short by the brief and sudden plunge which ended in almost instant death! What an entrance into eternity! what a fearful leave-taking of the fair earth! what an introduction to the mighty future! For days my mind was busied with his last thoughts, and the fearful struggles he must have made to recover his hold upon life. I could not dismiss them.

If everything connected with this terrible place had been painful and disgusting before, it will readily be conceived that they were incomparably more so now. The groans seemed the dying agonies of fiends, the shouts their exultations. The reeling forms and bloated faces seemed more deeply lost than ever. But they did not remain long: public indignation was so roused at the destruction of a man who had naturally so much to win esteem and respect, that the grocery was doomed from the day of his death. Pity it could not have been before; but people require something which would startle the blind and deaf, to rouse them to action in such matters. Even now public opinion barely permitted individual action, but did not aid it. The licence which conferred the power to do all these things was revoked, the shop broken up, and the miserable wretch who had kept it driven to seek another place of abode. He lingered about some time in his degradation, till at last one of his brother masons took him to his house in a neighbouring town, and by some means induced his reformation. When I last saw him, I scarcely recognised him. But improved as he was, he still bore the stamp of a degraded, wretched man.

(To be continued.)

Chronicle of Æthelfred.¹

BOOK THIRD.

ALREADY have I, Æthelfred, recorded, in my unconnected and unwise-like fashion,² that as soon as the winter broke up, we began to be harassed by the Danes. In those evil days, there was no safety to be relied on, in religious houses; for these relentless pagans cared not a whit for consecrated ground, but pillaged and burned abbeys and monasteries all along the coast. When I consider what the state of England then was, I think that, let things hereafter fall out as ill as they may, they can never be much worse than they then were; or at least, not till the end of the world, when we know that a greater contest will ensue between the powers of light and darkness than has ever yet befallen. My father, with the concurrence of Alfred the prince, conveyed my mother and myself, with all our women, to a certain tower or stronghold, built by the Romans, of three stories in height, with a winding stair, such as we have not yet skill to build; and belonging to the Earl of Berks. Herein we found not only the earl's mother and sisters, but our own dear Æthelswitha; together with as many women and children as could be crammed within the walls; to say nothing of sheep, oxen, calves, goats, and fowls, that were the necessary but disagreeable companions of our confinement. Here, however, we were thankful to ensafe ourselves; while the pagans advanced upon the royal vill of Reading, and scoured the country for plunder. They were attacked and beaten by the Earl of Berks in a very fierce battle at Englefield Green, four miles from Windsor; and one of their notable and detestable chiefs was slain by the earl's own hand, to the great elation of us all; I catching the tone from his mother and sisters, and vain-glorious with the best of them. Short was our triumph: four days afterwards, King Æthelred and Alfred the prince attacked them like lions at Reading, but were repulsed; and the brave Earl of Berkshire³ was slain. The grief of his mother and sisters was endless: but, what was very moving, they conceived that my loss was greater than theirs, which in verity it was not, though for company's sake I wept very plentifully. Alfred the prince worked off his grief and rage in the best way possible for us all, by attacking the pagans four days thereafter in the most infuriate manner, at Aston in Berkshire; not supported on this occasion, I am sorry to say, in the way he should have been, by the king his brother, who took to his prayers in a very questionable manner, though quoting the precedent of Moses and the children of Amalek. Sorry should I be, the head of a religious house, and of considerable reputation for my piety, to say anything detrimental to the character and motives of a prince held in so great esteem by the clergy; and the power which an author possesses of bestowing

untold-of celebrity or obloquy upon those who come under their judgment, should make him or her extremely careful how it is expressed; especially in a matter so private and sacred as prayer: but the more we hold by the real thing, the more jealous we are of its simulation; and when King Æthelred might have been on his knees all night, and availing himself of many casual opportunities afterwards, 'twas a shame of him, I think and will say, when day brake, to persist in keeping in his tent, and leave his brother to bear the burthen and heat of the day. The end of it was, that as Æthelred would in no case come out, Alfred the prince got all the glory as well as the toil; for he winnowed the Danes like chaff, and though the ground was very disadvantageous to him, he drove them off it completely, and pursued them towards their head-quarters till dark.

I shall never forget the glad-like sound of his horn winding under our window that night! He had come all across the country at the price of immense fatigue after such a day, and reached our stronghold a few hours before daybreak. Æthelswitha, starting from her sleep beside me, cries, "That's his horn!" and puts her head out. He cries from below, "Have you a corner in the tower, think you, for me?" She makes answer, "I hardly think we have . . . wait a little while; we will see;"—and, drawing in her head, hastily commences dressing, and I do the same; concerting between us all the while, how we may bestow him with any convenience. Meantime, dogs bark, men begin to wake and start to their arms; and, by the time we gain the common hall, all is astir and in confusion. We unbar the door, Alfred the prince comes in, gay and yet toilworn, and in the first place stumbles over sundry fatha of firewood that lie within the threshold, then salutes Æthelswitha, makes for the hearth, and talks and laughs while we revive the dying embers and warm some cakes and ale: finally, falls asleep on a tressel, without missing pallia or cortinas. We did not see him again of long time.

A fortnight after this, King Æthelred and Alfred the prince fought the pagans at Basing, but were routed by them, to our great dismay and sorrow. As one misfortune commonly treads on the heels of another, it came to pass that King Æthelred thereafter fell sick, took to his bed and died, to the great regret of the monks, in spite of their *saul-scent*.⁴ They buried him in Wimborne Minster, within the walls; which, indeed, was once a common privilege enough, though, now, from a regard to common sense and care for the general health, it hath become restricted to the clergy, and to persons of notable godly lives. Much people assembled to accompany his exequies, and many tears were shed for him by the priests. If I should also add, by the people, it would sound well, but would not be the truth, which a woman of my notorious sincerity is bound to speak at all times unless she holds her peace. Nor can I aver that his death was more regretted by myself than the demise of any crowned head must needs be

(1) Continued from p. 68.

(2) These self-depreciating expressions continually occur in the monkish chronicles, and are not so much to be taken for indications of humility as for ornamental figures of speech, or what were meant for snail.

(3) Many counties were called shires before Alfred's reign.

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(4) Money paid to the clergy when a death occurred.

by every loyal subject, which sometimes is very little; our affections not being under our own control, but depending greatly on the conduct and character of others. This event was indeed one of those dispensations which deserve much more thankfulness than sorrow, both from the kingdom in general and my own family in particular; for hereupon, Alfred the prince became Alfred the king, and my mother's dream respecting the exaltation of Ethelswitha was verified, which I mentioned at the beginning of this chronicle, and which, surely, no one reading with the least attention can have forgotten; but if they have, they had better look back for it. That the honour and glory of this accession to the throne might not puff us up with dangerous exultation, it was wisely ordained that the honour and glory should for a time be extremely little, and that no other advantage whatever should come of it, but on the contrary, harassing cares, deadly danger, and oppressive responsibility. For the pagans, like snakes that have been scotched but not killed, were now swarming round us with horrid fury; and, possessed with the idea that Alfred the king could make no head against them, now that his brother was defunct, did absolutely substantiate the same by giving him a desperate beating at Wilton Hill. I have heard clerks who had studied at Rome tell of some famous heathen prince or deity, I forget which, who every time he was thrown to the ground gathered fresh strength; and thus it seemed to fare with Alfred the king, who, in the words of the prophet Micah, might exclaim, "Rejoice not over me, O mine enemy! when I fall, I shall arise." However, the wicked and unholy answer which the Danes would seem to make in their hearts was, "And if you do, you shall fall again;" so the only question to be settled was, who should hold out the longest; or, as we say in playing at scaccorun, which should get the last move.

This most tiresome warfare, which might have been settled as well by one trial of strength as by fifty, to the great saving of life, trouble, time, temper, arms, and wearing apparel, continued throughout the summer and great part of the autumn; when some providential successes accorded to Alfred the king, who by this time had learnt feelingly enough that victory came not by his own arm, since that he never spared,—some providential successes, I say, enabled him to get the upper hand of the pagans for a while, and to make his own terms with them, which were, that they should immediately depart out of his coasts. And though they, with that disregard for all good faith, and habitude of mendacity for which these unbaptized wretches are above all unconverted people distinguished, only drew off to London, to ensconce themselves there comfortably through the winter, till the fighting season returned; yet this pause, this breathing-time, was very refreshing to our souls. As sayth good Zacharye, we had "helth fro' oure enemies, and fro' the hounds of alle men that hatiden us;" and we had time to look about us and recover ourselves, and lay our plans, and thresh our corn, and

sow a little wheat during the open weather, and even to make merry a little; but above all, to look up to heaven and pray. It seemed as though heaven were listening to us, now that the earth was silent, and that the voice of devout supplication had all the greater means of being heard. About this time, Ethelswitha brought forth the first of her many children, who was called Ethelfleda, after myself, which I always held to be a very pleasing compliment. Alfred the king now began to feel himself a king in right earnest; and the court being more like a court than it had behoved to be for some time, and my long-promised visit to it being remembered, I was summoned by my good sister to hold my god-daughter at the font, and spend the remainder of the winter in Winchester; which summons I right readily obeyed.

Having lived a removed life the greater number of my days, which were none of the longest, I had indulged in many a dream by day and by night of the deliciousness of a court life, the which I now looked to see verified; but it turned out quite differently from what I had expected, save as regarded Ethelswitha's affection and kindness. In the first place, Alfred the king was king after a very different sort from King Ahasuerus, of whom we are told that he gave a feast unto his people that lasted a hundred and fourscore days; after which, he and his intimates did nothing but drink the sweet and eat the fat for seven days more, under heall-wafrits of blue, fine linen, and purple. Alfred the king ruled after a very different fashion. Gladlike would he have been, such was now the largeness of his heart and his tenderness for the poor, to have had the wherewithal to feast his subjects, from the greatest unto the least, for a hundred and eighty days, or even for one day,—to have set the wine and ale running, and had an ox roasted whole in every town and thorpe. No such days for lavish expenditure had he; more the pity! Every man was thankful for a meal when he got it, without inquiring too curiously when he should have another. Holy Neot, indeed, who was then much at court and for ever preaching to and at the king, did enlarge much on his hardness of heart in not relieving every case of distress that came in his way, and whencesoever he had an ache or pain, insisted that it was a judgment upon him; but I trow the good man, who could be both sweet and bitter, rather exceeded in this matter, though with perfect good intention; and, had he himself been in the young king's place, would have found it hard to do more than he did. In truth, who ever did as much, one way and another? He was ever wakeful, ever careful, ever afoot, ever crowding into his little breathing time whatsoever he could for the benefit of his kingdom.

When I reached Winchester, I found houses building and rebuilding on all sides; not after the old, rickety fashion, but good, substantial edifices of wood and stone. Every isern-smith and treow-whirt¹ that was craftlike was secure of full employment and

(1) Blacksmith and carpenter, i. e. tree-worker.

good wages. Goldsmiths, seolfersmiths, glaziers,¹ and artificers of every description were in high request; and in spite of the troubled times, many came from beyond seas. The certitude and readiness of the king's payment made his integrity esteemed of all. His credit stood high; for even kings are in good or bad credit, like the veriest merchants, according as they pay their bills and keep their promises; and though there was at the outset a hard run upon his exchequer, yet the money went in a circle and came round again. For why? the isern-smiths and stone-masons being punctually paid, could in their turns pay for their meat and drink, instead of running up scores at the ale-helun; the bakers, brewers, and so forth could pay their taxes and fines in due season, without reviling the collectors or slipping out of sight to hide among their stuff; people that had buried their money and plate dug it up again; and thus, as I say, the coin of the realm was current, and the more fitly for being round instead of clipped, ran merrily back into the treasury. "The rolling hælfing doubles as it goes." This is the true end and course of money, in pursuing which, it blesses both giver and receiver. And thus it fell, that all his doings being ordered in the same wise-like and honest spirit, the king came of all men to be relied on; and the confidence in him shortly became such, that most, and at length all the Saxon kings round about him, voluntarily put themselves in subjection under him, and made him, in fine, head and master of all England. This bloodless victory over their hearts and minds was dearer to him, I wot, than many a victory over the Danes. He conquered the pagans by the assistance of others: he won his brother kings entirely by what he was. Howbeit, the more he deserved men's confidence and commendation, the less he seemed to think of his own merits. He never appeared to measure himself by this and that person, or to think, "Of how much more worth am I than King Buhrd?" or king any other; but to have some invisible, indwelling standard, to which he never could come up. As to his devotions, he not only attended all the daily services of the church, and received the holy communion every morning, but he often arose by night to pray alone and unscen. Now this course of life, so full of business, care and forethought, had in the space of a few months already made King Alfred a very different man from what he was when he kissed Ethelswitha at the castle gate; and the incessant strain on his mind made him look many years older than he was; so that I was altogether disappointed of regaining the merry companion who had helped me to empty the honey-pot and to tell stories of Morvidus and Gocmaggot. In place of this was some one wiser, busier, graver, yet far dearer to those who knew him, of whom it might literally be said, that happy were his men, happy were his servants, which stood continually before him and heard the words of his mouth. As to

his thirst for knowledge, it was insatiable. I must confess, that in all this time, he had not yet found leisure to learn to read with anything like fluency, save from a little Psalter he had carried in his bosom from boyhood;² the words in which, from continual application to them, he knew at sight. Howbeit, he caused others to read to him continually, myself among the rest, whom he thought fit to commend for a pleasant voice; and hence it cometh that there is no word, even the longest, that I cannot with the utmost certainty read off. This is an accomplishment that Ethelswitha would gladly have shared with me; however, she never gave the same time and mind to it, having so many other ways of pleasing herself and the king, and so many other duties to attend to; nor is there need for a queen to read at sight, or have stefen-craft³ like a bishop or abess. Those wiselike clerks, however, who behaved to be the most frequently exercised in this office, not only on account of their fluency, but of their natural and acquired wisdom, beyond what a woman has any opportunity of ascertaining, whether she has in her or not,—were Wenefrith, bishop of Worcester, a man most excellently skilled in holy writ, whom the king employed to translate Pope Gregory's Dialogues into Saxon;—Plegmund, archbishop of Canterbury, a devout and scholarlike man;—Ethelstan and Werewolf, the king's chaplains, both of them erudite and pious, and of great service to myself in many things, especially in acquiring the rudiments of Latin; howbeit, they were too exclusively churchlike, if an abess may say so; all, Mercian men;—Grimbald, provost of St. Omer's;—John the priest;—and last, not least, the king's cousin, holy Neot, who was frequently about the court, scattering seed, as he said, by the way-side, and trying to make the dry bones live. I remember, in special, one evening, when the king was indisposed and lying on his couch, after having been bled by advice of his leech, we heard a bustle without, and, on asking at the king's desire what it meant, were told that Neot had just arrived. He had come, not with any pomp or retinue; but afoot, like the holy apostles, after preaching by the way in towns, villages, castles, and in the open country: as it is written, "A mule for the priest, a mare for the bishop, and his own sandalled feet for the saint." There was never⁴ any assumption of sanctity about him, but the good man had a kind of natural dignity of carriage, and a mien which carried with it the beauty of holiness whether he would or no; add to which, he had a penetrating yet gentle look, a clear skin, a good eye, and something in his general aspect that was very engaging. Though he took no more heed to his looks than a man of his age and profession was likely to do, yet nature kept her own; and the goodness of his aspect, which spare living improved rather than impaired, was the true counterpart of the disposition that dwelt within. He was wont, by reason of his constant prayerfulness,

(1) "Even in the seventh century, Boniface, abbot of Weremouth, procured men from France, who not only glazed church windows, but taught the Anglo-Saxons the art of making glass for windows, lamps, drinking vessels, &c."—*Sharon Turner*.

(2) "Clerc he was good enow, aþ yet, as telleth me, He was mo' than ten years old ere he conned his a, b, c."

(3) The art of letters.

(4) We have no means of comparing this account with the life of Neot in the Cottonian Manuscripts.

wherever he sat, unconsciously to hold his hands turned up on his knees; as, indeed, I have read, was the habitude of another good man, to wit, King Oswald, who died praying for his enemies: whence the common and well-known proverb, "Lord, have mercy on their souls! as quoth Oswald, falling to the ground."

Holy Neot, being brought, at the king's commandment, into the royal chamber, cried, "My son, I am grieved to find you ill at ease; they have acted indiscreetly to use the æder-seax¹ on the fourth day of the new moon, which, we have Archbishop Theodore's word for it, is highly dangerous. However, our prayers may avert the evil consequences, as did those of good Bishop John in the case of the nun Coenberga. I had hoped to find you sufficiently at ease to take pleasure in hearing me read some portion of the manuscript of the venerable Bede, which you charged me to procure for you."

"Have you brought it?" cries the king, half raising himself on his couch, "begin at once then, if it liketh you; for, if it doth not find me easy, it may leave me so. Let me look at it, and handle it a little, though I cannot read it."

Thereupon Neot took the book, which was a thick one, from his vest, and stepped with it to the king, who turned it over and over, and then gazed on it awhile, with much complacency; and I observed the contraction of his brow gradually disappear as he did so; nor did it return all the while Neot was with us. So precious is the love of letters, even though it be a love without knowledge, in its power of taking us out of ourselves!

The good Neot, after a little prefatory discoursing, commenced reading with great unction: the king insisting on his sitting upon a setl at his side. The outset I did not much note; there was somewhat, I remember, about the pains the venerable man had been at to secure information, orally and in writing; and much about the shape and size of this our island, its being stocked with game and fowls, grain, vines, and all manner of trees; and its being engirt with salt seas, containing seals, dolphins, whales, and all manner fishes.

After this, came somewhat about the landing of Julius Cæsar; and this and that battle; and this and that heresy; and at length the writer behaved to tell how the Britons, sore prest by their enemies the Picts and Saxons, (that's ourselves,) sent to Gaul to request aid of good Bishop Germanus. What followed, was very savoury and edifying. It seems that it was about Lent, when the good Bishop came over; and he took advantage of that holy season to ply the people much with exhortations and sermons; inasmuch that they, pricked at heart for their ungodliness and departure from the faith, flocked in crowds to him to be baptized. A little rustical church was hastily erected of wattles and green boughs in the midst of the camp; the soldiers were foremost among the newly converted; and, whereas they were of late the victims of despondency and despair, they now were,

to a man, animated with faith and courage. The scouts announcing the immediate approach of the enemy, Germanus declared to the Britons that he himself would be their leader. He viewed the country round about, and drew up his inexperienced troops in a hilly field, still known as Maes Garmon, the field of Germain. A multitude of fierce enemies soon appeared, whom, as soon as Germanus descried, making for the field in orderly array, he instructed his men simultaneously to repeat his war-cry, whatever it might be, in a loud voice, directly he should give the word; and, the enemy advancing securelike, as thinking to take them by surprise, the bishop thrice cried out "Hallelujah!" The hills immediately sent back the echo of his men's voices on all sides, which reverberated from rock to rock, and made it seem as though every cleft and chasm held its ambush of warriors; nay, as though the very skies took up the cry: and the enemy, struck with sudden dread, and believing themselves hemmed in by an innumerable multitude, fled in disorder, casting away their arms as they went, that they might run the lighter. Many were swallowed up by the river which lay across their path, into which they madly cast themselves in their precipitate and witless flight; and their spoils were gathered up by the Britons, who remained masters of the field, without the loss of a single man.

"I think, my son," says Neot, closing his book, "that, not to speak irreverently, here is one of the finest victories related in history, since Jehoshaphat went forth with his people against the army that was like the sand on the sea-shore for multitude. And yet how little we hear it talked of, now! Just because the Britons beat us, and we Saxons were beaten. May many such a victory as this,—undertaken, I mean, in the same faith and spirit, be written in our annals!"

"And did the Saxons make no head against them afterwards?" inquired the king.

"By no means," returned Neot. "The man of God, having thus won the day by faith without force, settled the affairs of the island and established general tranquillity. He then left the country, followed by the blessings of a re-converted and grateful people. Is it not in Bede?"

"I wish I could beat the Danes as easily," quoth the king. "I believe I might cry Hallelujah to them throughout the longest day, without making any impression on them."

"Germanus did not cry Hallelujah to them," returned Neot, "it was in a very different quarter, my son, that he looked to make an impression. We read, in Chronicles, of the sun's ruddy shining on pools of water being made the instrument of salvation to a people that called on their God. Another time, a great host was discomfited by the sound of a going in the tops of some mulberry-trees."

"What was that other victory you were speaking of," interrupted the king, "that was obtained by a man with a long name?"

(1) Vein-knife, i.e. lance, which they used very clumsily.

"Jehoshaphat, king of Judah," returned Neot. "A man of God obtained access to him, and bade him have no fear of the multitude that was coming up against him; 'for,' quoth he, 'the quarrel is not yours, but the Lord's. To-morrow morning, go down against them, as they come up by the cliff:—you will find them at the end of the brook, hard by the wilderness—and ye shall have no need to fight your own battle. You have kept unto God, and he will keep unto you. Stand still, when you have set yourselves in array, and ye shall see what is the manner of his salvation, when he takes a matter in hand.' So the king did as he was bidden. In the grey of the morning, he stood by the wayside overlooking his host, as it filed past him, twelve hundred thousand strong, in orderly array, every man hearty, faithful, and full of cheer; and, quoth he, 'Hear me now, O Judah, and ye inhabitants of Jerusalem! Believe in the Lord your God, and so shall ye be established: believe also in his prophets, and so shall ye prosper.' And so, then he placed in advance of them the singers unto the Lord, who went forward praising the beauty of holiness; and when the enemy came in sight, the singers burst forth in a chorus that was re-echoed by twelve hundred thousand men, 'For his mercy endureth for ever!' With one accord fled their enemies. Happy the land that has a godly king!"

"And happy the king, Jew or Christian," rejoins King Alfred, "that has the Lord for his God. If I ever obtain any considerable advantage over these poor pagans, for as evil as they be, I will baptize every head of them, and stand sponsor for them myself. I would sooner they were converted than confounded."

Another time, I remember the king said he should like his people to hear the Scriptures read in their own tongue, at every market-cross; nay, to be able to read them for themselves, beside their own hearths; and he thought the time might come, though not in his days, yet sooner or later, nevertheless. Holy Neot and he argued this point at some length. If I went into their various discourses at large, I should never have done. Also many of his bricfer and more familiar colloquies with myself are all in my heart, but need not to be set down, save here and there by the way. For example, I remember expressing unto him one day, my surprise that he was up and doing, so many hours in the twenty-four; and said,

"How is it, my brother, that you need sleep so little?"

After a moment's thought, he replied, "Perhaps, because I eat so little!"

"But how is it you need to eat so little?"

"Perhaps, because I drink so little."

"But how is it you need to drink so little?"

"Perhaps, because I think so little."

But I laughed, and said, "Ah, my king, that answer will not stand."

Then he said, "You have reason, my sister. They who would have much thought, much wisdom, much

knowledge, much holiness, must sleep little, eat little, drink little, and moreover, talk little of foolish matters: howbeit, to talk with such men as Neot and Plegmund is nearly or quite as good as reading wise-like books. Hold it for sooth, Ethelfled, that we Saxons commonly feed too heavily, women as well as men: and, if you would neither sleep heavily, nor pray heavily, nor have heavy eye, heavy tongue, heavy thought, heavy heart, nor heavy foot, continue to fare as lightly as you do now. And this I say," added he laughing, "not out of regard to saving my bread and cheese!"

It is not to be thought strange of me, that I should dwell somewhat at large on the history of this winter, which, for happiness and unhappiness, was the most eventful of my whole life. I read and studied much under the king's chaplains, and learned by rote many long Saxon and Latin poems, both sacred and secular; to wit, some of Bede's hymns and epigrams, Aldhelm's Acrostic in hexameters to the Abbess Maxima; certain portions of his poem wherein he describes and lauds forty-four female characters, who led single lives; a few rhymed hexameters addressed to Boniface by an Anglo-Saxon lady, named Leobgitha, and chiefly remarkable, I think, for being written by a woman; some verses by Cæna, which rhyme in the middle of each line—an ingenious trick, and no more—some much prettier and simpler rhymes to Aldhelm, by a pupil who loved him much, running thus,—

"Vale, vale, fidissime,
Phile Christi charissime,
Quem in cordis cubiculo
Cingo amoris vinculo."

Also that pleasing religious sonnet of Alcuin's, beginning,

"Qui coeli cupit portas intrare patentes;"

and another on death, beginning, "O mortalis homo," which I admire as much now, as I did then; but, prettiest of all, his address to his cell, on leaving it for the world. I think his description of his reluctance to leave that peaceful retreat, embowered in lilies and roses of his own planting, with apple-trees in blossom, full of singing birds, and with meadows gently sloping to the water-side, spread with fishermen's nets, and shut in by a little wood—had something to do with my falling in love with the idea of a religious life.

I also read the Song of Judith, the life of St. Cuthbert, and of sundry pious women . . . a little, but not much of the Bible, which I have since deeply regretted I was not then put in the way of reading more of. But I read whatever my tutors chose for me: at first, chiefly to please the king; and afterwards, to relieve my mind of certain dull thoughts and useless wishes, for which, indeed, there is no remedy like study.

If I were to mention all the good offers of marriage I had during this winter at court, you, whoever you may be, who are now reading this Chronicle, would certainly be surprised. In truth, I never had a grain of vanity in my composition; or else, when I have

heard other women bragging among themselves of their distinctions in this particular, (women professing religion, too, I give you my word for it!) I should have told them oftener than I have done, that, an' if I were so minded, I could, outboast them all. I make it a matter of conscience never to believe such personal details, be they narrated never so modestly; and therefore shall certainly never expose myself to the humiliation of having my own word doubted, veracious as it is. There is a kind of madness, I wot, among a great many women in this respect: they seem quite forgetful that the whole sum of the matter is, they have done the best they could for themselves, or what they thought the best at the time. Every barber prates not; every maiden mates not; Æthelswitha and the king gave me credit for being much more attached to the memory of the late Earl of Berks than in sooth I was; albeit I esteemed him far more dead, than I ever had done living; seeing, by the comparison of him with all my other suitors, what his uncommon merit had been; and as I had not thought him good or winsome enough to care much about, save freondlic,¹ it was probable I might look about me from Hokeday to Yule, without finding one who pleased me better. It may possibly be asked, why did I not espouse Earl Osric, now that he had succeeded to his brother's estate and dignity? If such an inquiry should indeed by any possibility suggest itself, I may make answer that Earl Osric had turned out quite differently from what many people had expected of him. This youth, like many another, was one of those nuts that have a very indifferent kernel. Albe, he could scarce tell his stafcen-row,² yet, by reason of his goodly person and carriage, he had, by the late King Ælhelred, been prematurely made *miles*, and invested with a purple garment and gold-sheathed sword. I think Absalom the son of David could not have been more conceited upon it, nor made a more pitiful use of his outward recommendations. He took the lead among the youths who set up for poor imitations of Alfred, aping the semblance while they missed the substance, and making many a poor, silly maiden as true an idolater in her heart, as any of our old, benighted forefathers, who worshipped wigs.³ Howbeit, it was not by aping the trick of his speech, nor the fashion of his gait, nor yet by parting their hair evenly down the middle, and letting it diffuse itself gracefully over their shoulders, nor yet by wearing two-forked beards, that they had any chance of being mistaken for King Alfred. They had better have slept under fewer bedd-reaffles, and have left them sooner in the morning, and have eaten less, and drunken less, and studied more, and prayed more, if they had meant to be like him. However, I am wasting my time by writing about Earl Osric, who, in sooth, has little or nothing to do with my story. Short confessions, few comments: suffice it to state, that the lady he took to wife this winter was of merit commensurate with his own, which some people even then thought very little. Had I, Æthelfled, been cognizant of the reasons on which they grounded this

opinion at the time, it might have saved me some disappointment; but,—too late we cry out, "Had I wist there was a wolf-pit." Young people should always have the truth told them quite simply, when circumstances permit it; which is oftener than many old folks think. To a woman of my reflection, it appears quite evident, I say not whether or no it is the fruit of experience, that a young girl is extremely likely to get rid of an unfortunate affection, much sooner than she would do otherwise, if her good mother talk it over with her quietlike, and freondlike, without acrimony. Otherwise, her heart consumes itself, or, if she be not of a close turn, she seeketh the comfort of some friend, who is, perhaps, facen-leas;⁴ or, it may be, of her maid.

If it be asked, where was my mother at this time? I reply, that she had been summoned home somewhat suddenly, about Yule-tide, to nurse my father in the foot-ail;⁵ and that during her previous sojourn at the court, she had been much more occupied about Æthelswitha's infant than about her own youngest daughter. And hereupon, I, the abbess of a religious house, must and will say what will doubtless be highly offensive to every married woman who comes to hear of it, and this for the sake of the younger persons of my own sex, who may, it is just possible, benefit by it, while I shall reap nothing but obloquy . . . I, Æthelfled, declare and aver, that babies are all very well in their place, which is the cradle; but that innumerable mothers do, in toying with them and incessantly supervising them, notoriously neglect their duty to their older daughters, their growing and just grown up girls, to whom no one else can supply their place; whereas their place in the nursery may be very well filled by the foster-mother and maids of the chamber.

Had my wise and good mother been at hand and at leisure to see whither the course I was taking would end, I, Æthelfled, might have been spared the shedding of some salt tears; as it befel, I took my own path, seeing my way very little before me; refusing this good match and the other, till, one day, I was a little stunned by hearing my sister in reply to the expressed surprise of the noble lady Adeleve, that the lady Æthelfleda did not marry, quite composedly make answer that I preferred going into a nunnery. It had never struck me before that I must do either the one or the other, and it took me so by surprise that I had not a word to proffer, but I could think of nothing else all the following night. I had of late taken much pleasure in reading of the good people recorded in Bede, their pious lives and alms-deeds, and their being from time to time carried up to heaven in a trail of glory, with celestial singing like holy Chad, or like that Kentish maid who heard the angels say one to another, "We have come to fetch the little gold piece." I had mused how Erkengota, niece of the abbess of Brie, lay a-dying, when those who were nursing her heard the sound as it were of a great unseen multitude entering the monastery, and soon after, just as she breathed her last, heard

(1) Like a friend. (2) Alphabet. (3) Idols.

(4) Deceitful; a maker of lies. (5) Gout.

most transporting music ascending into the air and gradually dying away; and how, on looking out, they perceived or thought they perceived the night to be lighter than common, with somewhat of a milky path fading away. Also, of that sweet nun, called Edith, in the monastery of Barking, who was so beloved by a little boy, who, by reason of his tender age, was bred up among the sisters. He, dying of the plague, eagerly called out thrice, when in the article of death, "Edith! Edith! Edith!" which convinced all who heard it, that her time would be short; and, in truth, she sickened out of hand, and dying the same day, followed the little innocent who had called her, into the heavenly country. Also, how another sister of the same community called to those about her death-bed to put out the light; and, on their neglecting to do so, said unto them, "Well I wis you think me raving, but I can tell you that I see this house filled with so glorious and heavenly a beam, that your candle, in comparison with it, is but darkness!" And how another, named Tortgith, who for nine years had been sore bedsted, had a vision of a woman wrapped in a fair linen cloth, drawn gently upwards by golden cords; which was explained soon after by the good abbess dying.

These and suchlike tales, I say, I had mused over and delighted in, and believed with a heartier faith than, perhaps, I can boast now; and sometimes, when vexed or saddened by this or that cross, I had bethought me, how good and blessed a thing it must be to be shut in and hidden away from a naughty world, and to be in peace and quietness for ever. But this had been all in a vague and general way; and betokened more impatience of my present yoke, than capability or vocation for one far heavier; therefore, when the alternative was suddenlike presented to me in all its awfulness, it is little wonder that I lay awake, as I have already said, all the night. What stung me was, that Ethelswitha should appear to think the matter so simple, and have so quietly settled it in her mind to be contented therewith. I wondered whether it were the same with Alfred the king, or whether he would be very much surprised and grieved to hear such a thing mentioned. It occurred to me whether I should not at once show I had a mind of my own, by quietly consenting to espouse one of my many suitors; but, on reviewing them in my mind, one after another, it appeared to me that no conventual retirement could be so nauseous as to pass the remainder of my days with any one of them; besides which, I had, with the openness of an honourable woman, made each of them perceive himself to be so disagreeable to me, as that I could not now, with any show of consistency, call them back. These reflections occasioned my pillow to be wetted with some hot tears; and I ended, when day brake, by resolving to trust a little longer to what chance might bring forth; in the hope that some foreign prince or other, equal to all I thought a husband ought to be, might yet appear at court. Just to see, however, how Alfred the king would take it, I contrived in a

day or two, as if by accident, to let fall the words, "When I go into a nunnery." To my no small mortification, he gravely and calmly answered, "If such be indeed your final resolution, Ethelsfede, I can have nothing, certainly, to say against it; but, on the contrary, should recommend your withdrawing a little more from the secular pleasures which must needs be distasteful as well as hurtful to you, and to take all the means in your power, which at present are very great, to pursue those studies and duties which will, hereafter, make the sum of your happiness. Tell me, however, are you quite avised, young as you are, of having chosen well, and of knowing your own mind? Our laws are very gentle towards women, and very careful of them—they may possess, inherit, and transmit their lands at their own free will; they may sue in courts of justice; they may sit in the Witen-Gemot and Shire-Gemot; they may marry at their own choice after fourteen, and they can only be devoted to recluse lives at their own free will. But, if our laws render them independent of their friends' control, our customs give them the benefit of their friends' advice and judgment. Do nothing precipitate, my sister Are you quite sure of your own mind in this matter?"

But I wiped away a tear, and would not say.

(To be continued.)

COLLEGES, NEW AND OLD.

It is curious and interesting to remark how fashion pervades all our pursuits, and influences us in every conceivable matter: we have just been struck by five or six advertisements in the Times, all showing that it is indispensable, at present, that every large day-school for girls should be designated as a "College." Everything is arranged to suit this new nomenclature; the writing-master becomes the "Professor of Calligraphy;" the watchful care of the Governess is superseded by the "Professor of Moral and Mental Philosophy;" and "Mistresses" in any branch are by common consent discarded, as if it were a recognised fact in these Colleges, that no woman can know anything. Besides a dislike to the thing itself, as a trifling with the good sense of that large portion of the public who have daughters to educate, we feel it a sort of innovation on the word as already borne by some of those Institutions one so loves and reveres;—Chelsea College, one of the glories of our country; the less known, but very useful, Emanuel and Queen Elizabeth Colleges, also for the young and old; and still more, as applying only to one sex, Bromley College, where the widow of many a man who has "spent and been spent" in the holiest of all labours, passes her days in a peaceful contemplation of their blessed re-union; and Whittington College, which opens its many hospitable doors, not only to widows, but to those who have borne the burden and heat of the day, uncheered by the happy cares of a married life, unscathed by the deep sorrow of its close.

Perhaps there is no class of Institution which so attaches the best sympathies of our nature, as that which provides for the aged, especially for aged women. There are but few of us who have not the privilege of recollecting that most endearing tie, the mother who looked on our childhood. How pathetic always seems the sentence :—"I never knew my mother!"—How we yearn with tender pity over the motherless child!—and happy indeed are they who have seen that most beloved form, battling cheerily with Time, and assuming year by year a calmer, sweeter, holier beauty. In these asylums for the aged, we idealise the objects of our own gratitude, our own fond affection, our earliest, happiest recollections; and for our mother's sake, tend and cherish those who, sharing her sex, her feebleness, also seem to share her claims on our care.

Taught from her very infancy to look up to others, to consider that she is to be protected—forbidden, by all the usages of society, to be self-dependent; it seems a strange and unnatural thing that a woman should be allowed to live, to work, to suffer, and to die *alone*. Yet, is not this the lot of very, very many women? How many have we seen, forced to abandon the "clingingsness" which is her very nature, and to stand upright, and alone; unshrinkingly and unmurmuringly working to live, and living to work, not for herself only, but for those nearest and dearest to her: nor is this a lot to mourn over while health and strength aid the willing hand, and the sense of usefulness fills the thankful heart. But when age creeps on, throwing its shadow before, over the dimming eye, the weakening frame, the less buoyant spirit, and the weary begins to long to be at rest, a blessed thing it is to think that there are places—though still a very, very few—where rest can be found.

We would cordially recommend all who enter into these feelings, to pay a visit to one, bearing the unpretending, but most significant title, the *Asylum* for Aged Governesses, at Kentish Town. There they will see our idea of what such a home for aged gentlewomen should be. There each has her own small, but comfortable bed-room, with its hoarded relics telling of the Past, and its large Bible, speaking of the Future; but the sitting and eating rooms are in common. This is to us a very decided improvement on the small, single house; for poverty is, no doubt, a trial, and as every trial brings its temptation, so *lonely* poverty must be selfish. How shall she who has great difficulty to make her pittance meet her wants, turn her thoughts from that sad problem? The most generous-hearted woman alive will wish for,—ay, and take, if she can,—the larger half of the umbrella, when she has on that only bonnet which she has no means to replace! But at this Asylum, such feelings are, as much as possible, rendered dormant. All have the same comforts, the same care, the same kindness; and the blessed effects are visible. Illness or trial to the sister or brother of one inmate, throws a gloom over every face; a piece of good fortune to one, brightens many eyes; and that sweet word "We"—that word

without which this fair world, in its sinless beauty, was still imperfect—is a common sound. Well do we remember the touching words of one then a candidate for the well-deserved comforts she now enjoys: "*You cannot tell what it is to live quite alone. I long to go home, and find some one there; and to feel sure that when the time comes that my head will want a shoulder to rest on, it will find one!*" May it be long before she needs it!

There is one circumstance which will, we think, strike most persons who visit this pleasant home, as it did us; and that is, that many of the old ladies look younger than their baptismal registers have shown them to be. We were at first greatly surprised. There is no question of the wear and tear of their profession. We do not now speak of the adventitious disagreeables, which are every day becoming less common, and will, as the march of intellect progresses, surely become obsolete—but of the actual employment, Teaching. Our towns abound with tender and anxious mothers—they fondle their children in health, and nurse them in sickness—they work for them—they will sacrifice anything and everything for them—but how very, very few feel that they can *teach* them! The labour, the dim routine of the schoolroom, the untiring patience for the dull, the gentle firmness with the obstinate, all that most tries the temper, the spirits, and the health, is the portion of the governess! The governess, who has not the tie of motherhood to sweeten the weary task—not the knowledge that evening will bring the husband and the father, and the tiresome pupil of the morning will turn into one of the darlings of the cheerful fireside, redolent of home happiness. We knew, too, that there was scarcely one of these old ladies who had not evidenced the depth of her affections by her self-denying struggles for those dear ones with whom, *as a consequence*, she could seldom share that blessed and familiar intercourse which makes all labour light. But when we came to talk to some of the party, the mystery was solved—the cosmetic is "peace." True, they have laboured long and arduously, but it is over; and the world's cares and turmoils, its harassing and wearing trials, are fading in the distance;—true, they have suffered separation, and anxiety and bereavement; but those they loved are gone, where they are going; and the calmness of evening is gild'd with the rays that betoken a brighter and more cloudless morrow.

There was another visitor there besides ourselves, a merry-looking little fellow, belonging to one of the Ladies' Committee, who was enjoying one of his greatest treats in a visit to his aged friends—and apparently he was a very welcome guest, one of those playthings which we never outgrow;—his little arm was thrown fondly round the neck of one just *seventy* years older than himself!

We came away touched and gratified, yet haunted painfully by one still recurring thought. These nineteen ladies are indeed comfortably and happily provided for, but nineteen must necessarily bear a very small proportion to the numbers in this great metro-

polis who are now past work, and are, too probably, ending a life of praiseworthy exertion in poverty and bitter dependence. The question rings even now sadly in our ears—"Nineteen provided for—WHERE ARE THE REST?"

THE RECLUSE,

A STORY OF THE COAST OF FRANCE.

I.

THE large peninsula situated between the mouths of the Loire and Vilaine is indented by several bays, round which are found distinct colonies unmixed by time or close vicinity; the most striking difference exists on the north-west, at the boundary between the ancient county of Nantes and that of Vannes. In Piriac, for instance, you will find on one side the peaceable blood of Nantes united to the rich Saxon blood, whilst on the other you meet with the turbulent and warlike inhabitant of Vannes. The north side of the bay presents tranquil countenances, urbane manners, a slow and musical language; on the south are found men of fierce appearance, of aggressive habits, and of hurried speech. The former will reply to reproach by an apology, the latter by abuse, or even blows. On both north and south you find the same lack of industry. Content with the produce of his fishing, or the fruits of his small plot of ground, the Piriacais accepts the station that chance has allotted him in the world, not because he likes it, but because it is for him. Require not from him any unusual effort unless you intend to repay him a hundred-fold for it, for he would reply to you in the words of the Peruvian Indian: "For copper, I open my eyes; for silver, I turn round; but, to induce me to rise, you must employ gold."

This was especially the case some years since, before the peaceable bathers, who had been driven from Pornic, Pouliguen, and Croisic, by the increase of inhabitants, went to seek solitude and liberty among the rocks of Piriac. Before there was a regular road opened, visitors were obliged to make their journey with caravans of mules, as in the "*sierras*" of Spain; now, however, there are numerous conveyances between the peninsula and the main land. In the sixteenth century, the inhabitants of the neighbouring Roman Catholic towns, when conversing with, or catechized by the celebrated priest, François Baron, on the subject of this ancient Protestant retreat, used to say, "*Pire-y a-t-il?*" whence arose, according to the literati of the country, the name of Piriac.

Thanks to the visitors from the Loire-Inférieure and l'Île-et-Vilaine, the inhabitants of the once Protestant village are now becoming more civilized; houses are prepared for the reception of their passing guests, a kind of market is established, and several bathing-houses and machines are to be seen; but during the Restoration nothing of the kind was in existence. Piriac was known only through the anti-quaries of Nantes, who had never visited the spot,

although they published a description of it in the "*Lyceé Armoricain*." Thanks to them, a rock since named the Tomb of Almanzor, (a corruption of Almanzor, the Victorious,) from the fact of one of the officers of the Spanish garrison (established there in 1590) being buried near it, was transformed into "a druidical altar, with gutters formed for the reception of the blood of the victims;" a few pieces of tin and pewter, which had been cast on shore by the tide, were converted into "mines formerly worked by the Carthaginians;" and the village of Penhareng, thus named on account of the herrings (harengs) which abound in those parts, was poetically changed to the "promontory of harangues." These remarkable discoveries were well received, and credited, more especially as no one took the trouble to ascertain their verity. Even if any stranger, a lover of solitude, chanced to visit the isolated village, the inhabitants made no effort to retain him. If he wanted to stop, he must be contented with the general fare, and not expect any attention or assistance from them; inoffensive, but inert, they would not think of altering their mode of life on his account. Not an offer of services, not the smallest piece of information about the neighbourhood would he receive; he must go and seek fish from the fisherman, milk from the farm-yard, and bread from the bakehouse. Everything was granted with an air of surprise; for they could not understand why people, who had vines and lands of their own, should come and take other people's wine and bread.

One man alone in the village did not reason thus, and was always ready to serve the new comers; it was Lewis Marzon. Born of an unknown father, and of a mother whose tenderness did not make up for her vices, he was left an orphan at the age of eighteen, with a younger brother, whose origin was as obscure as his own. He had neither boat nor land; he followed no trade, and lived only on what he could gather from the sea or shore,—sea-weeds taken from the bottom of the little pools, fish caught by line, or shells detached from the rocks. Whilst the others reaped on the ocean, he gleaned what he could on the shore; hence he obtained, in contempt, the name of "the sea-shore gleaner." It was only at a later period that the arrival of a few visitors afforded him a means of subsistence. If a messenger was wanted to go to Guérande—a bather required, whose experience would prevent danger—a guide who knew every nook and corner of the bay, Marzon was always ready. However, his zeal, instead of gaining him friends among his companions, appeared rather to procure him their contempt. In the opinion of men capable only of understanding and following a certain routine of daily occupations, his variety of abilities appeared inconsistency, and his quickness they deemed cunning. Marzon had an instinctive enmity towards tradition, ever limited and unchanging, which he felt without comprehending, and the malevolent contempt he experienced inspired him with painful timidity; so that he enjoyed but little sympathy with the rest of the villagers.

Nevertheless, in the midst of this general dislike, Marzon had obtained the affection of a stranger, who resided in the little isle of Met, about two leagues from Piriac. No one knew why Leo Marillas, a native of the Basses-Pyrénées, had made his way to that desert island. He had come from Bayonne on board a fishing vessel, settled at Croisic, and lived for many years on a small trade in cattle. He was of a melancholy, irritable temper, ever apprehensive of evil, and manifestly disgusted with the society of other men. During the discussion about the right of pasturage in the isle of Met, which had remained uncultivated and untenanted since the English cruisers had driven away the inhabitants, Leo Marillas went to visit the spot, and, attracted by the wild appearance of the island, he easily obtained permission to farm it. He had lived there for ten years, cultivating one corner of the isle, and letting out the rest for pasture-land to the inhabitants of the opposite shore, who took their cattle to him in spring, and returned for them in the month of July, when the grass was beginning to turn brown, and the spring water to become scarce; the money he received for this land forming the largest portion of his revenue.

Our narrative commences just at the latter period; and many were engaged in re-embarking their cattle for the Continent in the two boats generally employed for that purpose. These were owned by Goron and Lubert, called "*Long Mark*;" men, who, though very different in age and disposition, were seldom separate from one another. The former had embarked when very young in a man-of-war, on quitting which he became a fisherman. The wandering and adventuresome life of a seaman was not only habitual but necessary to him, and the only redeeming feature he could find on *terra firma* was the public-house. In addition to the violent temper of the county of Vannes, of which he was a native, he possessed a supreme contempt for all who did not live upon the ocean like himself. As to Lubert, he was a kind of savage, as strong as a whale, vicious as a shark, but incapable of carrying into effect a single resolution. Hence Goron was accustomed, as he used to say, "to bring him to the oar."

Whilst the two proprietors were embarking the cattle, Lewis Marzon, who always acted as agent between the island farmer and the labourers of the Continent, was settling the accounts with the latter; he soon returned to Leo's cabin with the money he had received. This hut was constructed at one extremity of the isle, of the ruins of the old farm which had been burnt by the English; it consisted simply of a ground-floor covered with a thatched roof. At a few steps on the left was the pond for watering the cattle, which now appeared almost dry; a little beyond was seen a well surrounded by four large pieces of granite, and on the little mound facing Piriac was a flag-staff for signals. The remainder of the island was one extensive meadow encircled by rocks, and a beach beyond which raged the ocean. One glance was sufficient to enable the beholder to

view the entire extent of the isle, on which not a tree, not a shrub, nor even a tuft of heath was visible. Here and there appeared a few tall thistles, covered with a species of grey snail in such immense numbers that they resembled petrified branches. The field cultivated by Marillas may have presented a more verdant aspect, but, being situated at the other extremity of the island, it was concealed by the enclosure with which it had been surrounded to protect it from the incursions of the cattle.

Marzon found his friend seated on the threshold of his hut, on a portion of a capstan, the remains of some shipwreck which had been cast on shore by the tide. Notwithstanding the heat of the day, he was dressed in thick cloth trowsers, a very warm jacket, a striped woollen shirt, and a white cap, which entirely covered his ears. Over his shoulders was hung a heifer's skin, the head forming a kind of hood. Yet the first touch of fever caused Marillas to shiver beneath these hot garments. He extended his icy hands to the sun, and his gloomy face was agitated by convulsive movements.

After giving him the money he had received, Marzon inquired after his health.

"You see," replied Leo in his harsh native accent, "there is ice in my veins! If I were in my native land, I should have thought that a wizard had risen during the night, and carried off all the heat of my blood for the benefit of some rich old miser in the town; but here there are no sorcerers, so that cannot be the case."

"Would it not be better to go over to Piriac, and call the doctor?" inquired Lewis.

"The doctor? no, indeed!" returned Marillas; "since I live like the wolves, I must recover like them, without any doctor except patience."

"That is certainly a very useful thing," said his companion, "but you may, perhaps, require aid also; you are very lonely here, Marillas."

"Lonely!" repeated the *Bearnais*, "do not you see all these sea-gulls flying about over the cottage. When you are gone, they will come and eat at my feet, and talk to me. Then, I have *Debrua*,¹ but, good heavens! I don't see it Where can it be?"

"Your tame *cobrian*?" inquired Marzon; "I left it down there by the side of the boats. It is an ill-tempered creature, let me tell you, Marillas; it tries to bite everybody."

"Except myself," said the invalid, with a smile of satisfaction; "but I must confess I am much amused at your ideas; you people on the Continent complain of *Debrua*, and yet he imitates your example, does he not? He pays you by attacking you with his beak for the shot you have deposited in the bodies of his comrades. You denominate that ill-temper; I call it justice. Man is a cruel animal; he can no sooner stand than he begins throwing stones at the dogs and

(1) "*Debrua*" is the name the Bearnais give to Satan; they often apply it in jest to animals of black plumage.

(2) "*Cobrian*," a species of raven.

sparrows; as soon as he sees anything living, he wishes to deprive it of life; it is his instinct."

"And you have followed this instinct like the rest of the world, Marillas," said Lewis, smiling; "for, if I remember rightly, you told me you were a good sportsman."

"When I lived on the Continent . . . Yes, at that time I imagined that I had a right to destroy all that did not bear the human face. On coming here, I even purchased a gun; you may see it yet hanging near the door."

"And did you never use it?" inquired Marzon.

"Once only, the first day. When the vessel had gone away, and I was left alone, I went round, gun in hand, like Robinson Crusoe, to examine my territories; the sea-mews, sea-gulls, and *cobriants*, who had never been alarmed by huntsmen, came down and almost perched on my head, and flew round me as if they were doing the honours of the island, and wanted to show it to me. At first, I thought only of the pleasure I felt in looking at and hearing them; it was company for me; but when I reached the *coire espagnole*, I remembered that I had a gun. Mechanically I aimed, and three of the birds fell into the sea. At the sound of the report, the rest had all dispersed. I saw them soon descend once after another to the spot where their companions had fallen, rest on the wave as if expecting them again, and then fly away, sending the air with their cries. A few minutes afterwards there was not a bird in the island."

"But they returned in the evening?" said Lewis.

"Neither in the evening nor on the following day," replied Marillas; "my rock became a desert on which no living creature was to be seen,—where I heard no sound but that of the waters dashing on the stony beach. At first, I did not trouble myself about it; but gradually solitude appeared to affect my spirit. I became melancholy; I looked in vain to the four quarters of the globe; nothing was to be seen but the clouds which hastened past the island, and the sea which foamed beneath. At length, on the sixth day, two sea-gulls appeared on the *coire anglaise*. I dared not approach, lest I should frighten them; but in the evening I went to scatter some corn on the rock. The following day appeared the sea-mews, then the *cobriants*. Afterwards they all came back, as you may see; I have regained my companions, and I can assure you I am in no hurry to send them away again!"

"I can understand that," replied Marzon; "when a man has no other company, he is satisfied with that of birds; but you would find better companions on the continent."

"Ha! you think so, do you?" exclaimed the Béarnais; "and pray who should I find there, eh?—good-for-nothing scoundrels who destroy one another? I can see enough of them here—I have only to look at the fishes."

"Come, come, Marillas, you are in one of your gloomy moods to-day," said the youth smiling; "there are good Christians everywhere."

"And pray have you ever had the good fortune to

meet any of that kind," inquired Leo ironically, "you, who are despised because you know not the name of your father?"

"It is a severe trial," said Lewis sadly; "but I try to bear it without complaining."

"I do not complain of my fever either. What a man cannot prevent, he must bear with in silence; but, in the long run, that produces an incurable wound, I know something about that myself, seeing I am, like you . . . of unknown origin."

"You, Marillas?"

"Yes, and they so often reproached me for it in my native country, that at last I left my home. But one gets accustomed to anything. Then, death must come some time or another, and free us from the troubles of this life. You can now understand why I prefer the society of sea-fowl to that of men."

"I do indeed understand, my dear Leo," replied Marzon, evidently interested in his companion's history; "for sometimes I myself have thought I should like to take refuge in some uninhabited island, and hear no more of abuse."

The Béarnais looked steadily at him.

"Indeed!" exclaimed he suddenly; "well then, my man, what prevents your coming here? There is room for two in the hut, and you know I shall not grudge you your food."

"You are very good, Marillas," returned the youth; "but I am not alone, you know: there is a boy down there who cannot yet do without his brother."

"Julius!" resumed the invalid; "he can accompany you; we shall soon find him a stool and a plate. Of all the people I have met with, both here and in my own country, you are the only one who was ever kind to me; let us see if we three cannot form a *matelottage*.¹ You shall have your share of the profits, and the saints punish me if I do not take care that it is the largest part."

"May God reward you for your generosity!" exclaimed the young man, visibly affected; "ever since I can remember, no one has acted so kindly towards me; you are the first who spoke to me like a parent and a friend; and, were I to live as long as the rocks on your island, Marillas, I should never forget your kindness, and to the day of my death I shall thank you from the bottom of my heart."

"Then it is settled, you will come?" interrupted the Béarnais.

Marzon looked embarrassed, and replied hesitatingly:

"I should like; yes, indeed I should like to do so, but one gets notions . . . then there are some things . . . and when one is accustomed . . . so that, you understand, I cannot . . ."

The piercing eye of the invalid was fixed on Lewis, who blushed, held down his head, and stopped short.

"I understand that your speech is rather unintelligible," said Marillas; "but tell me, have you any more profitable speculation in prospect?"

(1) *Matelottage*, an association peculiar to sailors.

"None," answered Lewis without raising his eyes.

"What keeps you on the continent, then? It is neither interest, occupation, nor pleasure?"

Lewis shook his head.

"Then, it is certain," exclaimed the Béarnais, "it must be a woman."

Marzon started and looked behind him, as if afraid of being overheard. The invalid drew the skin more closely round him with an expression of contempt.

"A woman!" repeated he satirically; "I might have known it; I ought to have guessed it. As soon as birds have feathers, they fly to the bird-lime directly. And pray who is your lady-love? Some one in a much higher rank than yourself, I suppose? Well, I shall hear more of it soon. I did the same kind of thing when I was young . . . I hope, at least, you have made a good choice, Lewis, and that the young lady is as beautiful as a fairy."

"She is a good girl, and one whom you would like if you knew her, Marillas," said Marzon with returning courage.

"You think so, do you?" said the Béarnais, laughing. "Yes, yes, my boy, you have of course drawn a prize; that is always the case at your age. I hope you have not overrated the value of the article. Goron will tell me in a little while."

"For goodness' sake, do not mention it to Goron," exclaimed Lewis in evident terror; "neither to Goron nor to 'Long Mark.'"

"What is she to them?" asked Leo.

Then, as if suddenly recollecting something, he added:

"Ha! ha! I remember, Goron had a daughter brought up at Guéraude, by an aunt, who died about a year ago, when the girl was obliged to come home."

Lewis made a sign in the affirmative.

"Then it is she who has caught you in her net?" continued the invalid; "but I fancy . . . yes . . . I am sure I have heard some one say that she was betrothed to Lubert."

"That is her father's wish, but Annette never gave her consent."

"Because she prefers you, I apprehend? Bravo, I see your tale is perfect in every part. Secret attachment! Thwarted love! That may last a long time So may the father's opposition! Well, you must take your chances, poor fellow; I do not ask you to come and live with me; remain on the continent. Indeed, I can do without companions, since I have *Debrus*; but he has not come back yet . . . Where can he be?"

"Your 'cobriau?' Here it is," exclaimed the harsh voice of Lubert, who just then appeared from behind the hut. Approaching Marillas, he threw the bird at his feet. The Béarnais looked at the extended wings, half-opened beak, and stiffened limbs of his pet, and stooping down, took it in his hands to examine it more minutely; then suddenly starting, he exclaimed—

"But he is dead!"

"So much the better," observed Long Mark, quietly; "well! I expected it."

"You!" interrupted Leo, with flashing eyes and trembling voice; "then you know how it happened? There is blood on his wings! *Debrus* has been killed!"

"Well, don't lose your temper for such a trifle," returned the sailor, shrugging up his shoulders.

"Who did it? Answer me. Who did it?" inquired the Béarnais, rising.

Lubert cast on him a look of brutality, mingled with insolent ferocity.

"Who? indeed!" repeated he, "some one whom the bird was annoying. He was always at my heels, pecking my legs; to quiet him, I gave him a kick, and—he never stirred afterwards."

The rude laugh which accompanied this speech was interrupted by Leo's suddenly seizing him by the neck.

"Then, it is you!" exclaimed he in a voice trembling with grief and anger: "you have killed an animal which was unable to defend itself; you have killed it at my very door, and now you bring it to me dead! Wretch that you are! Did you imagine I should not avenge his death, and punish your base cruelty?"

"One moment at least, one moment!" stammered the giant sailor, startled by this unexpected violence. "Loose me, Marillas! anybody would think I had killed one of your family."

"Say rather, the whole of my family, brute! savage!" returned Leo; "the whole of my family, do you hear? for he was my sole friend, my sole companion."

"Well! so much the worse!" interrupted the sailor rudely; "I tell you to let me go."

And as the Béarnais still retained his hold, he added,—

"You will not! thunder and lightning! do not plague me like your bird, or—"

He seized the invalid's hands, and freed his own neck, and then threw him off so violently, that Marillas fell to the ground. Rising quickly, he seized his gun, and aimed it at Lubert, and would have killed him on the spot had not Marzon rushed forward and snatched the gun from him. Just at that moment, happily for all parties, Goron and the peasants arrived at the cottage. They all joined in endeavouring to calm the Béarnais; but he was too much buried in grief and rage to listen to them. Leaning against the wall of his hut, the dead bird at his feet, his hand resting on his gun, Leo presented so terrible an appearance, that the men were afraid to approach him.

"Go away," exclaimed he. "And you, Lubert, remember that sooner or later the weak are avenged! Once more, go away; the island is mine—it is my property; begone from my sight, or by the God who made us, I will fire upon you as thieves and murderers."

There was something so wild in his manner, that they instinctively obeyed. Marzon attempted to approach, but Leo, pointing to the door, added: "All! every one of you!" And as soon as they had crossed

the threshold, he darted to the entrance, and harried it within.

Goron, Lubert, and the peasants held a council for a few moments to determine how they should act. Lewis called Marillas several times, but the only answer he received being a fresh order to depart, he and his companions determined to set sail and return to Piriac.

II.

A few days after Goron's visit to the isle of Met, his daughter Annette was spinning at the door, which opened on the garden behind their cottage. Her father had just left her to join Lubert at the "Sardine d'Argent" tavern, and Marzon, who had been awaiting his departure, no sooner saw him turn away from the door, than he carefully scaled the wall which surrounded the garden, and descended on the opposite side. On seeing him, the young girl made a gesture of surprise, so evidently feigned, that no one could have been deceived by it.

"Dear me, how you frightened me, Lewis," said she, with a smile that belied her words; "is that the way you come into people's houses? What would the neighbours say if they could see you?"

"You know, Annie, that the neighbours are in the fields, and you never yet forbade my coming in by the wall."

The young lady having nothing to say in reply, devoted herself in a most exemplary manner to the disentangling of her thread, which task she performed by the aid of her pearly little teeth. Louis, meanwhile, seated himself on a stool at her feet, and remained absorbed in contemplation. Annette appeared embarrassed by his gaze, and in order to divert his attention, asked Marzon where his little brother Julius, whom she had just seen passing the cottage, was going. The young man replied that he had sent him to Lerat to learn if any one was going to fish near the isle of Met on the following day. "I am anxious about Marillas," added he; "when we left him the other day, he was very ill, and I am afraid lest anything should happen."

"Do not give way to such fancies, Lewis," said Annette; "if the Béarnais found he was dangerously ill, would he not have hoisted the signal of distress?"

"Indeed, I do not know; when we went away, he was full of sorrow, on account of his *cobrian*, and Marillas is not like other people. The idea of death would trouble him less than the thought of asking a favour from any one he does not like. If he is really offended with the people on the continent, he may probably die there in his solitude without raising his signal, or seeking aid from others in any way. For my own part, I should never cease to regret his death, for no other man living has shown me so much kindness; he is like a brother to me, Annie, and it was only the other day he gave me a most sincere proof of his affection."

"In what manner?" inquired the young girl.

"By offering Julius and myself a part of his cottage, with a share of his profits."

"And you refused his offer?"

"Does that surprise you, Annie?" said the youth, looking earnestly at her.

Annette blushed deeply, and cast down her eyes.

"Every one acts according to his own will and pleasure," returned she, spinning more diligently than ever.

"My pleasure!" repeated Marzon; "do you think it would be my pleasure to leave the village while you remain in it? For Heaven's sake, do not talk so, Annie; you know very well that if it is my interest to be on the island, it will always be my happiness to remain here."

And perceiving that she was about to interrupt him, he added quickly:

"Do not fear my speaking again of my attachment. The other day I told you all that I had so long kept in my own heart. You answered me; now I can be silent, and await a more favourable occasion; but, if you do not want to drive me mad, do not speak as if we were nothing to one another, Annie, I entreat you."

"Well, be it so," replied the young girl laughing, to conceal her emotion, "especially as you do not yet read sufficiently well for me to discontinue my instruction."

"It is not for want of trying, at any rate," said Marzon, drawing from his pocket a *Paroissien*, the tattered binding and discoloured leaves of which testified to long usage.

"Although it is a sacred book, and my mother (God forgive her!) always used it, I never thought of it until you took it to teach me how to read, but since then it has never left me, and you may see I have marked every lesson."

Thus saying, he opened the volume, and showed her between almost every leaf, blades of grass, and dried leaves and flowers. Annette smiled.

"Let us see whether you have been very industrious, Lewis," said she, motioning to the young man, who brought his stool nearer, and seated himself at her feet.

The old volume was placed on the young girl's knees, and opened at a page adorned by a picture of the Virgin with the seven swords in her heart. Whether it happened intentionally or by chance, it was the marriage-service. Annette pointed with her bobbin to the lines, as Marzon read with much hesitation:

"O God! look with favour upon thine handmaid about to be united to her husband; she implores thy protection. Grant that her marriage may be one of peace and love. May she be amiable as Rachel, wise as Rebecca, faithful as Sarah... Lord, thou hast been merciful unto us, thou hast had pity upon us, enable us to live to thine honour and glory." The young man raised his eyes to Annette, saying with a smile:

"It is not I who speak, Annie, it is the book; but you see that Providence itself appears to encourage us."

"Be quiet, Lewis," replied his fair instructress, shaking her head, "Providence does not trouble itself about such trifles, and our fate depends upon people who have very different ideas from ours."

"I know it, I know it but too well," resumed Marzon, "your father (God be merciful to him!) always hated me as if I had injured him; but one cannot always hate an innocent youth who seeks only to love you. Therefore, provided you retain me a place in your affections, Annie, I shall not despair. God brings everything to pass in his own time; it is for us to exercise patience: everybody must await his time."

"Yes," said Annette sadly, "but everybody has not a 'Long Mark' to interfere with them."

The young man started, and the blood rushed to his usually colourless face.

"Has he spoken to you then?" inquired he in a low and hurried voice.

"Not himself," replied Annette, with a contemptuous movement of the shoulders; "do you imagine 'Long Mark' would know how to speak to a woman? But some one has spoken for him."

She then told him how frequently her father had annoyed her by speaking of their neighbour, whom he was so eager to have for a son-in-law. Although Marzon, like everybody else, had suspected Goron's intentions, he appeared overwhelmed by this information, and his fair companion, whose only intention was to render him less confident of success, soon perceived that she had gone too far. She then tried to revive his courage; but, as it generally happens, the young man, having once yielded to despair, remained buried in grief, and refused to hear of consolation. He contrasted his poverty with the opulence of his rival, the contempt which had ever been his portion with the awe inspired by "Long Mark;" then, he recalled all the misery and suffering he had experienced from his childhood, and came to the conclusion that happiness and he were never intended for companions. He added that if, as was most probable, he should be compelled to relinquish a hope by which alone he had long been supported, he saw no reason why he should still drag on an existence which would henceforth be only a burden to him.

This sudden change from the most sanguine expectation to the deepest despair, although so common and endlessly-recurring an event, occasioned poor Annette serious alarm. She was attempting to calm his sorrow, by gentle reproaches and by proving that there was yet good cause for hope, when the voice of her father was heard from without: she rose hastily, surprised and alarmed by so speedy a return, and motioned to Marzon, who instantly darted into the garden. Almost at the same moment, the street door was opened, and Goron entered followed by Lubert.

Although the sitting at the "Sardine d'Argent" had been shorter than usual, the heightened colours, loud voices, and unsteady movements of the two men, proved that they had not wasted their time. Yet this semi-intoxication produced a different effect upon each

of them. With Annette's father, it seemed to render his usually imperious temper doubly tyrannical; with Lubert, it changed to stupidity. The young girl, on glancing at their faces, held aloof, as if hoping to escape them; but "Long Mark" perceived her, and pointing towards her, exclaimed with a rude laugh:

"There she is, master, there she is!"

"Then, keep her, fellow," returned the fisherman, lighting his pipe.

Lubert was about to follow his instructions to the letter, and attempted to seize the young girl, but she escaped from him with an exclamation of terror. He turned towards the sailor with an air of pitiful awkwardness.

"Well! you see she does not like it!" said he disconcerted.

Annette had gained the door, and stood on the threshold ready to escape.

"If a respectable girl cannot remain here without being annoyed," exclaimed she, in a voice trembling from indignation rather than terror, "she will find some house more secure."

"What is that?" cried Goron, with an ominous frown; "where is the respectable girl who would seek any house but that of her father?"

Annette attempted to answer, but he interrupted her by continuing in a still louder tone:—

"Silence! I command you! shut the door and come here; we want to talk. Sit down, Lubert; a glass of spirits will brighten our ideas."

He placed a bottle of brandy and two wine-glasses on the table; "Long Mark" sat down opposite him, whilst the young girl, who had slowly obeyed her father's injunction, stood at a little distance, looking anxiously at the two sailors.

"Well then," said Goron, beginning by a transition not uncommon with him, and always connecting what he was about to say with what had been the subject of his thoughts, "there is no need for further delay, let us come to an understanding as speedily as possible. Come here, *Cobriau*, and let us talk like Christians."

Annette felt a little comforted when she heard her father call her by this name, which she had received in her childhood on account of her black hair. She approached with a faint smile.

"You have not forgotten," resumed Goron, "what I told you about 'Long Mark's' intentions towards you? Well, he is still anxious to have you; he wants to arrange the business to-day; we have been talking about it, and if any one attempts to oppose the match, he will be a rascal. Is it not so, Mark?"

"A mean rascal!" repeated Lubert, delighted that his imagination had been so fertile as to produce an adjective.

"Therefore, you see," continued Goron, "we only inform you of the matter out of kindness, but we cannot have any opposition or delay, because we are in a hurry."

"Very much so," added Lubert.

"Now I advise you to set towards him as you ought to do, for you will have no cause to regret it;

he could fill a bag as long as himself with six-livres pieces, and he will give you finer clothes and ornaments than any woman in the place. Did you not say so, Mark?"

"And I will do it, too!" added the sailor, who was decidedly in a brilliant mood.

"Then, it is settled; *adieu-vat*," now embrace each other."

Lubert extended his arms to draw the young girl towards him; but Annette, who had hitherto remained mute and motionless with astonishment, started back with so expressive a gesture that the fisherman once more stopped short.

"Do not be in such a hurry, Lubert," said she, turning pale; "before marrying a girl, it is necessary to obtain her consent."

"And do you mean to say you want to refuse Lubert?" exclaimed Goron, fixing his eyes on her.

The young girl could not endure that look; she trembled, but answered in a low voice:—

"The meanest creatures are free to choose their own masters, and my father will not refuse to dedicate me to the Virgin, if it is my wish."

"Your wish!" repeated the sailor, angrily; "is it ever a girl's wish not to be married? Away with your falsehoods! Come, let us hear what reason you have for refusing 'Long Mark'? Did I not tell you he had more than enough money to keep you comfortably? is he not the finest fellow in the place, and one who knows salt water too?—for I could pardon your refusing a farmer; but a true sailor, the devil take me if I think of allowing such a thing! You are to marry him, do you hear? and to prove that we are in earnest, I may as well tell you that you are to go with us to the 'Curé' in a quarter of an hour."

"I will not go!" said Annette, gaining strength from despair.

Goron seized his daughter's arm, drew her roughly towards him, and bringing his heated face into close contact with her's, exclaimed with compressed lips:

"You say!"

"I say," replied Annette firmly, "that I would rather be killed!"

The sailor rose with so violent a movement, and so tremendous an oath, that Lubert himself trembled; Annette closed her eyes, expecting the blow, but stood firm on the same spot. Whether he was awed by her firmness, or was still master of himself, Goron stopped, and his raised hand descended without having struck his daughter. He made up for it by expending his vocabulary of abuse and insult upon her. Annette's strength, which had hitherto appeared to increase with the peril of her situation, now suddenly forsook her. She had been prepared for violence of action, and now found herself surprised, as it were, by this storm of words. The tears filled her eyes and chased each other rapidly down her cheeks; she buried her face in her apron. Far from being softened by

her emotion, Goron seemed to find in it a fresh cause of anger.

"Bravo! that's it, cry now, obstinate creature!" exclaimed he, "cry as if all the rivers that supply the sea were in your heart; but it is only water, you see, and a sailor cares not for it. Ha! you want to oppose me, eh? Well! plague it! we'll see about that. We must find out which is the strongest, my will or your foolish fancy! for it is evident, since you can give no reason, that you only want to brave my authority. Is it not so? Answer me. Has not Lubert everything necessary to make a woman happy? . . . unless, indeed, she is looking elsewhere."

And as this last supposition appeared to enlighten him suddenly, he added in a still louder tone:

"Ha! I'll stake my life that's the reason. Come, tell me, have I guessed? yes, or no? Will you answer?"

He had snatched away the apron that covered poor Annette's face, and she appeared with downcast eyes, blushing with confusion, and attempting to turn away her head. Goron struck his hands together and resumed quickly:—

"Ha! then, that's the secret; there is a lover behind the scene! But what is his name? eh? . . . Is it Moreau 'Grain d'Orge,' Ermon 'La Soif,' or Richard 'Le Glorieux?' I have never seen you talking to any of them."

"No, it is always Lewis Marzon who stops to speak to her," said Lubert, without understanding the force of his own observation.

At the name of Marzon, the young girl was unable to conceal a movement which her father observed.

"Lewis Marzon!" exclaimed he.

His look seemed to penetrate Annette's soul.

"Can it be he? Yes, yes, now that I think of it, the beggar is always here; it is he who brings the water and digs the garden, and out of gratitude, she teaches him to read. I dare say, now, he was in the garden when we came in; I heard the door shut."

He advanced toward the entrance opening on the garden, when he suddenly perceived the *Paroissien* that Marzon had left behind him on the stool.

"Here is his book!" exclaimed he, taking it up, "and, God forgive me! it is left open, where he was reading . . . at the marriage-service! . . . Wretched girl! then it is indeed true! This is your chosen one! a vagabond living upon the alms of the ocean! a coward whom a sailor would break like a straw! And you dared to expect that I would have such a son-in-law! I would rather take you to the top of one of the highest rocks, and send you head foremost into the sea."

"Do as you please," said Annette, who had some of Goron's blood in her veins, and always became bold when threatened.

"Be silent! fool-hardy girl," interrupted her father, incapable of restraining himself any longer; "your turn will come later—I am going to settle Marzon's account first. Come, Mark, this is your business as much as mine."

(1) A sailor's word, indicating that everything is ready and the vessel is to start.

Lubert rose; Annette, in alarm, placed herself before them to interrupt them, and exclaimed, "What are you going to do?"

"A benefit to society in general, by ridding the country of a worthless scoundrel," replied Goron, buttoning up his waistcoat, as he always did when preparing for a decisive action. "We are going to watch for my boat at the *Turbale*, and if we find the beggar on our road, woe betide him!"

"Woe, indeed!" repeated Mark, extending his gigantic fists in a menacing attitude.

Annette, with clasped hands, endeavoured to arrest her father's progress; but he pushed her quickly aside and went out, followed by Lubert. His daughter remained for some moments as if petrified; she knew by experience all that was to be feared from Goron's anger. Twice already his violence had brought him before the magistrates, and Marzon might be the victim of his impetuosity. "Long Mark" himself, although naturally indolent, might be led by example: he was generally inert, but when once roused to action, his power was not to be withstood. Annette fell on a seat, her hands folded on her heart, her cheeks inflamed, and her eyes filled with tears, and murmured an inarticulate prayer; then rising hastily, she passed her hand across her eyes;—she had just remembered that this was the hour for Marzon to be at the rocks of Castelli. In bringing home the cow, she could easily pass that way, see Lewis, and thus prevent his encountering her father and Lubert. Her determination was instantly made: she set out on her expedition, taking care to choose a quiet road, that she might escape the notice of the neighbours.

(To be continued.)

PICTURES OF SWEDEN.¹

A PICTURE in words must needs be a poetical description. Such, accordingly, is the character of these sketches of Swedish life and scenery by the Danish poet, Andersen. He depicts only objects of poetical interest—scenes of natural grandeur, historical institutions, buildings of ancient date and dignity, spots of pastoral beauty and seclusion—and of these little is presented save the impressions which they severally excited in himself. Legends and historic incidents are introduced into the delineation, but everything appears under the lights and shades of fancy, and is coloured by the hues of a poetic feeling. Sentiment rather than observation would seem to be the author's tendency. His book will have few charms for those very "practical" people who delight only in "facts." There is nothing of what is called "useful information" in the whole work. It is a record and illustration of the beautiful.

Behold the intending traveller, brooding over the

thoughts and fancies which a delightful spring time has quickened in his brain, and listening to the suggestions of a rambling inclination. The sunshine of the lengthening day sheds gladness within his mind, and solicits him with gentle promises to go abroad and see the world. The birds warble, and he essays to interpret their song; and thus he reproduces it in a free translation:—

"Get on my back," says the stork, our green island's sacred bird, 'and I will carry thee over the Sound. Sweden also has fresh and fragrant beech woods, green meadows and corn-fields. In Scavia, with the flowering apple-trees behind the peasant's house, you will think that you are still in Denmark.'

"Fly with me," says the swallow; 'I fly over Holland's mountain-ridge, where the beech-trees cease to grow; I fly further towards the north than the stork. You shall see the vegetable mould pass over into rocky ground; see snug, neat towns, old churches and mansions, where all is good and comfortable, where the family stand in a circle around the table and say grace at meals, where the least of the children says a prayer, and morning and evening sings a psalm. I have heard it, I have seen it, when little, from my nest under the caves.'

"Come with me! come with me!" screams the restless sea-gull, and flies in an expecting circle. 'Come with me to the Skjærgaards, where rocky isles by thousands, with fir and pine, lie like flower-beds along the coast; where the fishermen draw the well-filled nets!'

"Rest thee between our extended wings," sing the wild swans. 'Let us bear thee up to the great lakes, the perpetually roaring elvs (rivers), that rush on with arrowy swiftness; where the oak forest has long ceased and the birch-tree becomes stunted. Rest thee between our extended wings: we fly up to Sulitelma, the island's eye, as the mountain is called; we fly from the vernal green valley, up over the snow-drifts, to the mountain's top, where thou canst see the North Sea, on yonder side of Norway. We fly to Jemteland, where the rocky mountains are high and blue; where the Foss roars and rushes. Up to the deep, cold-running waters, where the midsummer sun does not set; where the rosy hue of eve is that of morn.'

That is the bird's song, according to our poet's interpretation. However, he declines to sit upon the stork's back, or between the wings of the wild swans. "We will go forward," says he, "with steam, and with horses,—yes, also on our own legs, and glance now and then from reality, over the fence into the region of thought, which is always our near neighbourhood; pluck a flower or a leaf, to be placed in the note-book—for it sprang out during our journey's flight: we fly and we sing. * * Sweden! thou land of deep feeling, of heart-felt songs; home of the limpid elvs, where the wild swans sing in the gleam of the Northern Lights; Thou land, on whose deep, still lakes, Scandinavia's fairy builds her colonnades, and leads her battling, shadowy host over the joy mirror!

(1) "Pictures of Sweden." By Hans Christian Andersen, Author of "The Improvisatore," &c.—Bentley, London.

Glorious Sweden, with thy fragrant Linnæus, with Jenny's soul-enlivening songs! to thee will we fly with the stork and the swallow, with the restless sea-gull and the wild swans. Thy birch-woods exhale refreshing fragrance under their sober, bending branches; on the tree's white stem the harp shall hang: the North's summer wind shall whistle therein!"

Even so. In reading these pages we have seemed to hear it—that gentle summer wind, breathing a mild, Northern poetry. And now we will take the reader to some of the choicest spots which the poet visited, and he shall see how pleasantly and sweetly they are pictured. Let us go to old Vadstene—a place of ancient palaces, and of a flourishing convent, where once the good St. Bridget ruled, and in whose decayed and dilapidated sacristy, it is said, her bones are now resting.

"In Sweden," says our author, "it is not only in the country, but even in several of the provincial towns, that one sees whole houses of grass-turf or with roofs of grass-turf; and some are so low that one might easily spring up to the roof, and sit on the fresh green sward. In the early spring, whilst the fields are still covered with snow, but which is melted on the roof, the latter affords the first announcement of spring, with the young sprouting grass where the sparrow twitters: 'Spring comes!'

"Between Montola and Vadstene, close by the high road, stands a grass-turf house—one of the most picturesque. It has but one window, broader than it is high, and a wild rose-branch forms the curtain outside.

"We see it in the spring. The roof is so delightfully fresh with grass, it has quite the tint of velvet; and close to it is the chimney, nay, even a cherry-tree grows out of its side, now full of flowers: the wind shakes the leaves down on a little lamb that is tethered to the chimney. It is the only lamb of the family. The old dame, who lives here, lifts it up to its place herself in the morning, and lifts it down again in the evening, to give it a place in the room. The roof can just bear the little lamb, but not more—this is an experience and a certainty. Last autumn—and at that time the grass-turf roofs are covered with flowers, mostly blue and yellow, the Swedish colours—there grew here a flower of a rare kind. It shone in the eyes of the old professor, who, on his botanical tour, came past here. The professor was quickly up on the roof, and just as quick was one of his booted legs through it, and so was the other leg, and then half of the professor himself—that part where the head does not sit; and as the house had no ceiling, his legs hovered right over the old dame's head, and that in very close contact. But now the roof is again whole; the fresh grass grows where learning sank; the little lamb bleats up there, and the old dame stands beneath in the door-way, with folded hands, with a smile on her mouth, rich in remembrances, legends, and songs; rich in her only lamb on which the cherry-tree strews its flower-blossoms in the warm spring sun.

"As a background to this picture lies the Vettern—the bottomless lake, as the commonalty believe—

with its transparent water, its sea-like waves, and in calm, with 'Heyring,' or *fata morgana*, on its steel-like surface. We see Vadstene palace and town, 'the city of the dead,' as a Swedish author has called it—Sweden's Herculaneum, reminiscence's city. The grass-turf house must be our box, whence we see the rich mementos pass before us—memorials from the chronicle of saints, the chronicle of kings, and the love songs that still live with the old dame, who stands in her low house there, where the lamb crops the grass on the roof. We hear her, and we see with her eyes; we go from the grass-turf houses, where poor women sit and make lace, once the celebrated work of the rich nuns here in the cloister's wealthy time.

"How still, solitary, and grass-grown are these streets! We stop by an old wall, mouldy green for centuries already. Within it stood the cloister; now there is but one of its wings remaining. There, within that now poor garden, still bloom Saint Bridget's leek, and once rare flowers. King John and the Abbess, Ana Gylte, wandered one evening there, and the king cunningly asked: 'If the maidens in the cloister were never tempted by love?' and the abbess answered, as she pointed to a bird that just then flew over them: 'It may happen! One cannot prevent the bird from flying over the garden; but one may surely prevent it from building its nest there!'

"Thus thought the pious Abbess, and there have been sisters who thought and acted like her. But it is quite as sure, that in the same garden there stood a pear-tree, called the tree of death; and the legend says of it, that whoever approached and plucked its fruit would soon die. Red and yellow pears weighed down its branches to the ground. The trunk was unusually large; the grass grew high around it, and many a morning was it seen trodden down. Who had been there during the night?

"A storm arose one evening from the lake, and the next morning the large tree was found thrown down; the trunk was broken, and out from it there rolled infants' bones—the white bones of murdered children lay shining on the grass.

"The pious but love-sick sister, Ingrid, this Vadstene's Heloise, writes to her heart's beloved, Axel Nilsun—for the chronicles have preserved it for us:—'The brothers and sisters amuse themselves in play, drink wine, and dance with one another in the garden.'

"These words may explain to us the history of the pear-tree: one is led to think of the orgies of the nun-phantoms in 'Robert le Diable,' the daughters of sin, on consecrated ground. But 'judge not, lest ye be judged.' We will read sister Ingrid's letter, sent secretly to him she truly loved. In it lies the history of many, clear and human to us:—

"I dare not confess to any other than to thee, that I am not able to repeat my Ave Maria, or read my Paternoster, without calling thee to mind. Nay, even in the Mass itself thy comely face appears, and our affectionate intercourse returns to me. It seems

to me that I cannot confess to any other human being—the Virgin Mary, St. Bridget, and the whole host of Heaven, will perhaps punish me for it. But thou knowest well, my heart's beloved, that I have never consented with my free-will to these rules. My parents, it is true, have placed my body in this prison, but the heart cannot so soon be weaned from the world.'

"How touching is the distress of young hearts! It offers itself to us from the mouldy parchment, it resounds in old songs. Beg the grey-haired old dame in the grass-turf house to sing to thee of the young, heavy sorrow; of the saving angel—and the angel came in many shapes. You will hear the song of the cloister robbery; of Herr Carl, who was sick to death—when the young nun entered the corpse-chamber, sat down by his feet, and whispered how sincerely she had loved him, and the knight rose from his bier and bore her away to marriage and pleasure in Copenhagen. And all the nuns of the cloister sang: 'Christ grant that such an angel were to come, and take both me and thee!'

"The old dame will also sing for thee of the beautiful Agda and Oluf Tyste; and at once the cloister is revived in its splendour, the bells ring, stone houses arise—they even rise from the waters of the Vettern: the little town becomes churches and towers. The streets are crowded with great, with sober, well-dressed persons. Down the stairs of the town-hall descends, with a sword by his side, and in fur-lined cloak, the most wealthy citizen of Vadstene, the merchant Michael. By his side is his young, beautiful daughter, Agda, richly dressed and happy; youth in beauty, youth in mind. All eyes are turned on the rich man—and yet forget him for her, the beautiful. Life's best blessings await her; her thoughts soar upwards, her mind aspires; her future is happiness! These were the thoughts of the many—and amongst the many there was one who saw her as Romeo saw Juliet, as Adam saw Eve in the garden of Paradise. That one was Oluf, the handsomest young man, but poor as Agda was rich. And he must conceal his love; but as only he lived in it, only he knew of it; so he became mute and still, and after months had passed away, the town's folk called him Oluf Tyste (Oluf the Silent).

"Nights and days he combated his love; nights and days he suffered inexpressible torment; but at last—one dew-drop or one sun-beam alone is necessary for the ripe rose to open its leaves—he must tell it to Agda. And she listened to his words, was terrified, and sprang away; but the thought remained with him, and the heart went after the thought and stayed there; she returned his love strongly and truly, but in modesty and honour; and therefore poor Oluf came to the rich merchant and sought his daughter's hand. But Michael shut the bolts of his door and of his heart too. He would neither listen to tears nor supplications, but only to his own will; and as little Agda also kept firm to her will, her father placed her in Vadstene cloister. And Oluf was obliged

to submit. She was dead to him and the world. But one night, in tempestuous weather, whilst the rain streamed down, Oluf Tyste came to the cloister wall, threw his rope-ladder over it, and however high the Vettern lifted its waves, Oluf and little Agda flew away over its fathomless depths that autumn night.

"Early in the morning the nuns missed little Agda. What a screaming and shouting—the cloister is disgraced! The Abbess and Michael the merchant swore that vengeance and death should reach the fugitives. Lindköping's severe bishop, Hans Brask, fulminated his ban over them, but they were already across the waters of the Vettern; they had reached the shores of the Venern, they were on Kinakulla, with one of Oluf's friends, who owned the delightful Hellekis.

"Here their marriage was to be celebrated. The guests were invited, and a monk from the neighbouring cloister of Husaby was fetched to marry them. Then came the messenger with the bishop's excommunication, and this—but not the marriage ceremony—was read to them.

"All turned away from them terrified. The owner of the house, the friend of Oluf's youth, pointed to the open door, and bade them depart instantly. Oluf only requested a car and horse wherewith to convey away his exhausted Agda; but they threw sticks and stones after them, and Oluf was obliged to bear his poor bride in his arms far into the forest.

"Heavy and bitter were their wanderings. At last, however, they found a home; it was in Guld Kroken, in West Gothland. An honest old couple gave them shelter and a place by the hearth: they stayed there till Christmas, and on that holy eve there was to be a real Christmas festival. The guests were invited, the furrery set forth; and now came the clergyman of the parish to say prayers; but whilst he spake he recognised Oluf and Agda, and the prayer became a curse upon the two. Anxiety and terror came over all; they drove the excommunicated pair out of the house, out into the biting frost, where the wolves went in flocks, and the bear was no stranger. And Oluf felled wood in the forest, and kindled a fire to frighten away the noxious animals and keep life in Agda—he thought that she must die. But just then she was the stronger of the two.

"Our Lord is mighty and glorious; He will save us!" said she. "He has one here on the earth, one who can save us, one who has proved, like us, what it is to wander amongst enemies and wild animals. It is the King—Gustavus Vasa! He has languished like us!—gone astray in Dalecarlia in the deep snow! he has suffered, tried, knows it—he can and he will help us!"

"The King was in Vadstene. He had called together the representatives of the kingdom there. He dwelt in the cloister itself, even there where little Agda, if the King did not grant her pardon, must suffer what the angry Abbess dared to advise: penance and a painful death awaited her.

"Through forests and by untrodden paths, in storm

and snow, Oluf and Agda came to Vadstene. They were seen: some showed fear, others insulted and threatened them. The guard of the cloister made the sign of the cross on seeing the two sinners, who dared to ask admission to the King.

"I will receive and hear all," was his royal message; and the two lovers fell trembling at his feet.

"And the King looked mildly on them; and as he long had had the intention to humiliate the proud Bishop of Lindköping, the moment was not unfavourable to them; the King listened to the relation of their lives and sufferings, and gave them his word that the excommunication should be annulled. He then placed their hands one in the other, and said that the priest should also do the same soon; and he promised them his royal protection and favour.

"And old Michael, the merchant, who feared the king's anger, with which he was threatened, became so mild and gentle, that he, as the King commanded, not only opened his house and his arms to Oluf and Agda, but displayed all his riches on the wedding-day of the young couple. The marriage ceremony took place in the cloister church, whither the King himself led the bride, and where, by his command, all the nuns were obliged to be present, in order to give still more ecclesiastical pomp to the festival. And many a heart there silently recalled the old song about the cloister robbery, and looked at Oluf Tystic, praying:—
'Christ grant that such an angel were to come, and take both me and thee!'"

There are other legends and romantic stories associated with the crumbling walls of Vadstene, all of which are beautifully related by the author, but if the reader desires to see them we must refer him to the book. Pleasant will be the hour to him when he sits down to read it. For the present he must be content to take another quotation of our selection—one somewhat differing in manner from the foregoing, inasmuch as it deals not with the recollections of the past, but exhibits a phase of Swedish life now actually observable. It is our author's description of his visit to the provincial town of Sala; and though the reader, perhaps, may think he has noted nothing very particularly worthy of a traveller's attention, we doubt not the sketch will be accepted as being nevertheless graphic and amusing. It has, to say the least of it, a pleasing, picturesque effect, in proper keeping with the author's plan of picture-writing.

"Sweden's great king, Germany's preserver, Gustavus Adolphus, founded Sala. The little wood close by, still preserves legends of the heroic king's youthful love—of his meefing here with Ebba Brahe.

"Sala's silver mines are the largest, the deepest, and the oldest in Sweden; they reach to the depth of one hundred and seventy fathoms, consequently they are almost as deep as the Baltic. This of itself is enough to awaken an interest for a little town; but what is its appearance? 'Sala,' says the guide-book, 'lies in a valley, in a flat, and not very pleasant district.' And so truly it is: it was not very attractive approaching it our way, and the high road led directly

into the town, which is without any distinctive character. It consists of a long street, with what we may term a nucleus and a few fibres. The nucleus is the market-place, and the fibres are the few lanes, diverging from it. The long street—that is to say long in a little town—is quite without passengers; no one comes out from the doors, no one is to be seen at the windows.

"It was therefore with pleased surprise that I at length descried a human being: it was at an iron-monger's, where there hung a paper of pins, a handkerchief, and two tea-pots in the window. There I saw a solitary shop-boy, standing quite still, but leaning over the counter, and looking out of the open door. He certainly wrote in his journal, if he had one, in the evening: 'To-day a traveller drove through the town; who he was, God knows, for I don't!'—yes, that was what the shop-boy's face said, and an honest face it was.

"In the inn at which I arrived, there was the same grave-like stillness as in the street. The gate was certainly closed, but all the inner doors were wide open; the farm-yard cock stood uplifted in the middle of the traveller's room and crowed in order to show that there was somebody at home. The house, however, was quite picturesque: it had an open balcony, from which one might look out upon the yard, for it would have been far too lively had it been facing the street. There hung the old sign and creaked in the wind, as if to show that it at least was alive. I saw it from my window; I also saw how the grass in the street had got the mastery over the pavement. The sun shone brightly, but shone as into the bachelor's solitary room, and on the old maid's bums in the flower-pots. It was as still as a Scotch Sunday—and yet it was a Tuesday. One was disposed for Young's 'Night Thoughts.'

"I looked out from the balcony into the neighbouring yard: there was not a soul to be seen, but children had been playing there. There was a little garden made of dry sticks; they were stuck down in the soft soil and had been watered; a broken pan, which had certainly served by way of watering-pot, lay there still. The sticks signified roses and geraniums.

"It had been a delightful garden—alas, yes! We great, grown-up men—we play just so: we make ourselves a garden with what we call love's roses and friendship's geraniums; we water them with our tears and with our heart's blood; and yet they are and remain dry sticks without root. It was a gloomy thought; I felt it, and in order to get the dry sticks in my thoughts to blossom, I went out. I wandered in the fibres and in the long threads, that is to say, in the small lanes, and in the great street; and here was more life than I dared to expect. I met a herd of cattle returning or going—which, I know not, for they were without a herdsman. The shop-boy still stood behind the counter, leaned over it and greeted me; the stranger took his hat off again, that was my day's employment in Sala.

"Pardon me, thou silent town, which Gustavus

Adolphus built, where his young heart felt the first emotions of love, and where the silver lies in the deep shafts—that is to say, outside the town, 'in a flat, and not very pleasant district.'

"I knew no one in the town; I had no one to be my guide, so I accompanied the cows, and came to the churchyard. The cows went past, but I stepped over the stile, and stood amongst the graves, where the grass grew high, and almost all the tombstones lay with worn-out inscriptions. On a few only the date of the year was legible. 'Anno,'—yes, what then? And who rested there? Everything on the stone was erased, blotted out like the earthly life of those mortals that here were earth in earth. What life's dream have ye dead played here in silent Salå?"

"The setting sun shone over the graves; not a leaf moved on the trees, all was still—still as death, in the city of the silver-mines, of which this traveller's reminiscence is but a frame around the shop-boy who leaned over the counter."

One passage more, to show how Andersen paints scenery, and then we must terminate our pickings. It is a forest scene in midsummer, and, to our thinking, it is charmingly described.

"Midsummer raises its leafy arbour everywhere, yet it is most flush in the forest, it extends for miles around. Our road goes for miles through that forest without seeing a house, or the possibility of meeting travellers, driving, riding, or walking. Come! the ostler puts fresh horses to the carriage; come with us into the large woody desert: we have a regular trodden way to travel, the air is clear, here is summer's warmth and the fragrance of birch and lime. It is an up and down hill road, always bending, and so, ever changing, but yet always forest scenery—the close thick forest. We pass small lakes, which lie so still and deep, as if they concealed night and sleep under their dark, glassy surfaces.

"We are now on a forest plain, where only charred stumps of trees are to be seen: this long tract is black, burnt, and deserted, not a bird flies over it. Tall, hanging birches now greet us again; a squirrel springs playfully across the road, and up into a tree; we cast our eye searchingly over the wood-grown mountain-side, which slopes so far, far forward; but not a trace of a house is to be seen; nowhere does that bluish smoke-cloud rise, that shows us here are fellow-men.

"The sun shines warm, the flies dance around the horses, settle on them, fly off again, and dance, as though it were to qualify themselves for resting and being still. They, perhaps, think 'nothing is going on without us; there is no life while we are doing nothing.' They think as many persons think, and do not remember that Time's horses always fly onward with us!

"How solitary it is here! so delightfully solitary! one is so entirely alone with God and one's self. As the sunlight streams over the earth and over the extensive solitary forests, so does God's spirit stream over and into mankind; ideas and thoughts unfold

themselves, endless, inexhaustible as he is, as the magnet which apportion its powers to the steel, and itself loses nothing thereby. As our journey through the forest scenery here, along the extended solitary road, so, travelling on the great high-road of thought, ideas pass through our head. Strange, rich caravans pass by from the works of poets, from the home of memory, strange and novel, for capricious fancy gives birth to them at the moment. There comes a procession of pious children with waving flags and joyous songs; there come dancing Mænades, the blood's wild Bacchantes. The sun pours down hot in the open forest; it is as if the southern summer had laid itself up here to rest in Scandinavian forest-solitude, and sought itself out a glade where it might lie in the sun's hot beams and sleep: hence this stillness as if it were night. Not a bird is heard to twitter, not a pine-tree moves; of what does the southern summer dream here in the north, amongst pines and fragrant birches?

"In the writings of the olden time, from the classic soil of the South, are *sagas* of mighty fairies who, in the skins of swans, flew towards the North, to the Hyperborean's land, to the east of the north wind; up there, in the deep, still lakes, they bathed themselves, and acquired a renewed form. We are in the forest by these deep lakes; we see swans in flocks fly over us, and swim upon the rapid elv and on the still waters. The forests, we perceive, continue to extend further towards the west and the north, and are more dense as we proceed: the carriage-roads cease, and one can only pursue one's way along the outskirts by the solitary path, and on horseback. . . .

"Woodland solitude! what images dost thou not present to one's thoughts! Woodland solitude! through thy vaulted halls people now pass in the summer-time with cattle and domestic utensils; children and old men go to the solitary pasture where echo dwells, where the national song springs forth with the wild mountain flowers! Dost thou see the procession? paint it if thou canst! The broad wooden cart laden high with chests and barrels, with jars and with crockery. The bright copper kettle and the tin dish shine in the sun. The old grandmother sits at the top of the load and holds her spinning-wheel, which completes the pyramid. The father drives the horse, the mother carries the youngest child on her back, sewed up in a skin, and the procession moves on step by step. The cattle are driven by the half-grown children: they have stuck a birch branch between ope of the cow's horns, but she does not appear to be proud of her finery, she goes the same quiet pace as the others, and lashes the saucy flies with her tail. If the night becomes cold on this solitary pasture, there is fuel enough here, the tree falls of itself from old age, and lies and rots.

"But take especial care of the fire, fear the fire-spirit in the forest desert! He comes from the unextinguishable pile, he comes from the thunder-cloud, riding on the blue lightning's flame, which kindles the

thick, dry moss of the earth; trees and bushes are kindled, the flames run from tree to tree, it is like a snow-storm of fire; the flame leaps to the tops of the trees, what a crackling and roaring, as if it were the ocean in its course! The birds fly upwards in flocks, and fall down suffocated by the smoke; the animals flee, or, encircled by the fire, are consumed in it! Hear their cries and roars of agony! The howling of the wolf and the bear, dost thou know it? A calm, rainy day, and the forest-plains themselves, alone are able to confine the fiery sea, and the burnt forest stands charred, with black trunks and black stumps of trees, as we saw them here in the forest by the broad high-road. On this road we continue to travel, but it becomes worse and worse; it is, properly speaking, no road at all, but it is about to become one. Large stones lie half dug up, and we drive past them; large trees are cast down, and obstruct our way, and therefore we must descend from the carriage. The horses are taken out, and the peasants help to lift and push the carriage forward over ditches and opened paths.

"The sun now ceases to shine; some few rain drops fall, and now it is a steady rain. But how it causes the birch to shed its fragrance! At a distance there are huts erected of loose trunks of trees and fresh green boughs, and in each there is a large fire burning. See where the blue smoke curls through the green leafy roof; peasants are within at work, hammering and forging; here they have their meals. They are now laying a mine in order to blast a rock, and the rain falls faster and faster, and the pine and birch emit a finer fragrance. It is delightful in the forest."

From the extracts we have given, it will be seen what kind of book this is. We have nothing to offer in the way of criticism, further than to say, that the whole of it is written in the same picturesque and pleasant strain; that a cheerful and grateful feeling of enjoyment in the delights of nature and of existence is manifest in every sketch; and that the tone of the author's thoughts is eminently joyous, free, and humanizing. It is apparently his habit to make the best of everything; to look upon the world and its goings-on with calm eyes and a contented heart; and to use his poetic gifts for the purpose of illustrating and revealing the beauty and the goodness which are more or less in all things. A wise and genial philosophy pervades all his observations and reflections on human life and man's relations and destiny in the world; and we think it next to impossible for any one to read the book without deriving from it a measure of the mild and thankful spirit with which the author is inspired. If there is one defect in the work, it is perhaps a too continuous prettiness of phraseology, which has a somewhat palliating effect upon the reader when the book is read connectedly, an effect somewhat analogous to that of sweet confectionery on the palate when too liberally indulged in; but even this seems natural and not inappropriate to the author's style of treatment; and it is evident you

are liable to just the same effect from running hastily over a gallery of paintings; whereas, if you steadily contemplate a single picture till you have taken in its entire beauty and intention, you get exactly what the artist desired to impart; and hence, perhaps, the way to use and enjoy such a book as this, is to read it at intervals, one or two sketches at a time, so that you may quietly and effectually realize the charm of each. Were it not that reading, like everything else, is now commonly gone through at railway speed, we should recommend to readers having leisure, a trial of the plan thus indicated.

A RAMBLE IN ETTRICK FOREST.

Ettrick's foreste is a fair foreste;

In it grows manie a seemlie tree;
There's hart and hynd, and dæc and rae,
And of a' wilde beastes grete plentie.

Sang of the Outlaw Murray.

THERE are few districts in Great Britain associated with so many interesting recollections of tradition, and song, and story, as the tract of country watered by the Ettrick and the Yarrow. The whole region abounds in legends and spirit-stirring tales. It has been from time immemorial the subject of Scottish song, and its beauties and traditions have been commemorated in the strains of Hamilton and Logan, of Hogg, and Scott, and Wordsworth. The ruined towers scattered throughout the district present a striking memorial of times long gone by, when "might made right;" while the countless flocks which now wander in perfect security amid those glens, where rude border reivers once found a refuge, proclaim the striking contrast between the character and condition of its past and present inhabitants.

"Dark and dismantled lies each ancient peel,
Their native turbulence resign'd, the swains
Feed their gay flocks along its heaths and plains."

This district was in ancient days a royal hunting-forest, and the Caledonian bull, the wild boar, the wolf, the red deer, "and of a' wilde beastes grete plentie," once roamed through its recesses. In more modern times it was the land of the Scotts, whose chief derives his territorial designation from a spot in one of its lonely vales, and it is now adorned by his magnificent ducal residence. The whole country around was, at one time, covered with natural wood; and so late as the middle of last century, a person might have walked from the town of Selkirk to Ettrick, a distance of eighteen miles, and never once all the way have escaped from the shadow of trees. But no vestige now remains of this primeval forest;

"The scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourish'd once a forest-fair,
Up pathless Ettrick, and on Yarrow,
Where erst the Outlaw drew his arrow."

though such is the nature of the ground, that trees spontaneously spring up, whenever any part of it is enclosed. The last sovereign that visited this district

for the sake of the chase was Queen Mary; and her father, James V., was the first who began the system of converting the forest into a sheep-walk. The district is now entirely pastoral.

"The Forest," as it is still commonly called, may be approached either from the west by Moffat, on the Caledonian Railway, or from the east by Melrose, on the Hawick line. The latter is the preferable route, as it leads through the most interesting scenery, and affords an opportunity, in passing, to visit Melrose and Abbotsford.

The ancient, but decayed royal burgh of Selkirk, stands at the eastern extremity of the forest, and may be regarded as its capital; indeed it is the only town in the whole district. The citizens of Selkirk, like the rest of the men of the forest, greatly distinguished themselves at the Battle of Flodden. James IV. was so well pleased with their gallant appearance, that he knighted the town clerk, William Brydome, who commanded them, upon the field of battle. The brave knight was among the few survivors of that fatal day, and his sword is still in the possession of his lineal descendants; and a pennon taken by one of the citizens from an Englishman is, or was lately, kept by the successive deacons of the weavers. There are few readers of Scottish song who are not familiar with the singularly beautiful and pathetic ballad, "The Flowers of the Forest," which commemorates, in a strain of simplicity and tenderness that has rarely been equalled, the calamities sustained by the inhabitants of Ettrick Forest, through the fatal battle of Flodden.

"Alas! that Scottish maid should sing
The combat where her lover fell!
That Scottish bard should wake the string,
The triumph of our foes to tell!"

In revenge for the gallant manner in which the citizens of Selkirk had behaved on that disastrous occasion, the English laid the town in ashes. As a compensation for this misfortune, and a reward for their valour in the battle, James V. bestowed upon the inhabitants by royal charter, among other important privileges, permission to till one thousand acres of the common lands belonging to the burgh, "for strengthening and bigging of the samyn for the wele of us, and of lieges repaired thairto, and defence against our auld innemys of England." An ancient tradition affirms, that the few survivors of the Battle of Flodden, on their return home, found at the side of Lady-wood Edge, the corpse of a female, wife to one of their fallen comrades, with a child sucking at her breast, and that in memory of this incident the present arms of the burgh bear a female, holding a child in her arms, and seated on a sarcophagus, decorated with the Scottish lion; in the background, a wood.

At the time of the battle, and for centuries afterwards, the principal trade carried on in Selkirk was the manufacture of a sort of brogues with a single thin sole, termed "single-soled shoon." Hence the inhabitants of the town are designated "the sutors of

Selkirk," and to be made a sutor of Selkirk is the ordinary phrase for being created a burgess. A singular custom is observed at conferring the freedom of the burgh. A *birse* composed of four or five bristles, such as are used by shoemakers, is attached to the seal of the burgess' ticket. When a new burgess is admitted into the community of the sutors, the *birse* passes round with the cup of welcome, and every elder brother draws it through his mouth before it reaches the happy neophyte, who, of course, pays it similar respect. This is called *licking the birse*, and is regarded as an act of respect to the craft who rule the roast in Selkirk. Sir Walter Scott, who was Sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire, on being made a sutor, is said to have used the precaution of washing the beslobbered birse in his wine, but was compelled *volens volens* to atone for that act of disrespect, by drinking off the liquor.

An exception was made, however, in the case of Prince Leopold, when he was made "a sutor of Selkirk," on the occasion of his visit to that ancient burgh in 1819. "His Royal Highness," says Sir Walter Scott, "received the civic honours of the Birse very graciously. I had hinted to Bailie Lang, (the chief magistrate of the burgh,) that it ought only to be licked *symbolically* on the present occasion; so he flourished it three times before his mouth, but without touching it with his lips, and the prince followed his example as directed."

The cognizance of the sutors forms the subject of an amusing letter from Sir Walter, to the Duke of Buccleuch, who had consulted him about the design of a piece of plate which his grace was about to present to the burgh of Selkirk. "I have proceeded in my commission about the cup. It will be a very handsome one. But I am still puzzled to dispose of the birse in a becoming manner. It is a most unmanageable decoration. I tried it upright on the top of the cup; it looked like a shaving brush, and the goblet might be intended to make the lather. Then I thought I had a brilliant idea. The arms of Selkirk are a female seated on a sarcophagus, decorated with the arms of Scotland, which will make a beautiful top to the cup. So I thought of putting the birse into the lady's other hand; but, alas, it looked so precisely like the rod of chastisement uplited over the poor child, that I laughed at the drawing for half-an-hour. Next I tried to take off the castigatory appearance, by inserting the bristles in a kind of handle, but then it looked as if the poor woman had been engaged in the capacities of housemaid and child-keeper at once, and, fatigued with her double duty, had sat down on the wine cooler, with the broom in one hand, and the bairn in the other. At length, after some conference with Charles Sharpe, I have hit on a plan which, I

(1) There is an old song called "The Sutors of Selkirk," which is always called for by the inhabitants on carnival occasions, and is supposed to allude to the Battle of Flodden, and to the different behaviour of the sutors and of Lord Home on that occasion.

"Up wi' the Sutors of Selkirk,
And down wi' the Earl of Home,
And up wi' the braw laird
That sew the single-soled shoon."

(2) Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol. iv. p. 307.

think, will look very well if tolerably executed, namely, to have the lady seated in due form on the top of the lid, and to have a thistle wreathed around the sarcophagus, and rising above her head, and from the top of the thistle shall proceed the birse. * * The following lines are humbly suggested for a motto, being taken from an ancient Scottish canzonetta—

"The sutor gas the sow a kias;
'Grumph !' quo' the sow, 'It's a' for my birra."

At the present day the sutors are still the predominant craft in the town, and not long ago one whole street was filled with them; whence the popular rhyme—

"Sutors aye, sutors twa,
Sutors in the Back Row !"

which, being cried at the top of one's voice in the said street, was sufficient to bring sutors, sutors' wives, and sutors' bairns, and all that ever lay in sutors' arms, out like a nest of hornets, and the offender would alone have to thank his heels if he escaped as comfortable a lapidation as any man could desire to have his bones blessed withal, on a summer's day.¹

The famous battle of Philiphaugh, which completely ruined the cause of Charles I. in Scotland, was fought in the immediate vicinity of Selkirk. The scene of the battle is a large level plain upon the northern side of the Ettrick, which here makes a large sweep to the southward and winds almost beneath the lofty bank on which the town of Selkirk stands. On this plain Montrose posted his infantry, and, for their protection, threw up some trenches on each flank, which are still visible. He himself took up his quarters in the town of Selkirk along with the cavalry, in such a state of security, that he is said to have employed the night before the battle in writing to the king that he had not a single armed enemy in Scotland. Meanwhile, General Leslie, who had been recalled from England by the danger of the parliamentary cause, was already within a few miles of his camp, and taking advantage of a thick mist, he advanced next morning towards Philiphaugh without being descried by a single scout. The surprisal was complete. The first intimation that Montrose received of the presence of his enemy was the noise of the conflict. Throwing himself upon a horse the instant he heard the firing, he galloped from Selkirk across the Ettrick and made a desperate but fruitless attempt to retrieve the fortune of the day. When all was lost, he fled up Yarrow and over Minch-moor, and never drew bridle till he arrived at Traquair, sixteen miles from the field of battle. As the fugitives found refuge in the mountains which were impervious to the victorious cavalry, the number slain in the field did not exceed three or four hundred. But the Royalists were completely broken and dispersed, and were never again able to make head against their adversaries. It is worthy of notice that this memorable engagement, which terminated the career of Montrose, and decided the fate of the country, was the last field that was fought in Ettrick Forest, the scene of so many bloody actions.

At the head of Philiphaugh, the Yarrow comes out from "Newark's birken bower" to join the Ettrick. At the confluence of these streams about a mile above Selkirk is Carterhaugh, the scene of the fine fairy ballad of "Tamlane." On this haugh, the peasantry point out those electrical rings which superstition supposes to be traces of the fairy revels. Here they allege were placed the stands of milk and of water in which Tamlane was dipped in order to effect his disenchantment, and upon these spoils they affirm the grass will never grow. Miles Cross, where fair Janet waited the arrival of the fairy train, is said to have stood near Bowhill, about half-a-mile from Carterhaugh.

"In no part of Scotland," says Sir Walter Scott,² "has the belief in fairies maintained its ground with more pertinacity than in Selkirkshire, ("the Forest.") The most sceptical among the lower ranks only venture to assert that their appearances and mischievous exploits have ceased, or at least become infrequent, since the light of the gospel was diffused in its purity. One of their frolics is said to have happened late in the last century. The victim of elfin sport was a poor man, who being employed in pulling leather upon Peatlaw, a hill not far from Carterhaugh, had tired of his labour and laid him down to sleep upon a fairy ring. When he awakened he was amazed to find himself in the midst of a populous city, to which, as well as to the means of his transportation, he was an utter stranger. His coat was left upon the Peatlaw, and his bonnet, which had fallen off in the course of his aerial journey, was afterwards found hanging upon the steeple of the church of Lanark. The distress of the poor man was in some degree relieved by meeting a carrier whom he had formerly known, and who conducted him back to Selkirk by a slower conveyance than had whirled him to Glasgow."

In December, 1815, Carterhaugh was the scene of a famous football match between the men of Yarrow, headed by the Earl of Home, with the Ettrick Shepherd as his lieutenant, and the sutors of Selkirk, commanded by their chief magistrate, Mr. Clarkson. The Duke of Buccleuch, with the principal gentry of "The Forest," and an immense concourse of spectators, assembled on Carterhaugh to witness the match. The ancient banner of the Buccleuch family, a curious and venerable relique, emblazoned with armorial bearings, and with the word "Bellendaine," the ancient war-cry of the clan Scott, which was always displayed when the chief took the field in person, whether for the purpose of war or sport, was carried on the occasion by the eldest son of Sir Walter Scott, who rode over the field suitably mounted and armed. This singular renewal of an ancient military custom was celebrated in Scott's "Lifting of the Banner."

"From the brown crest of Newark its summons extending,

Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame,
And each forester blythe, from his mountain descending,

Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the game ;

(1) Chambers' Picture of Scotland, vol. i. p. 146.

(2) Border Minstrelsy. Introduction to the Tale of Tamlane.

Then up with the banner! let forest winds fan her!
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand like our fathers be-
fore;" &c.

and in an excellent ditty by Hogg, entitled "The Ettrick Garland to the Ancient Banner of the House of Buocleuch"—

"And hast thou here like hermit grey
Thy mystic characters unroll'd
O'er peaceful revellers to play,
Thou emblem of the days of old?
All hail! memorial of the brave,
The liegemen's pride, the border's awe!
May thy grey pennon never wave
On sterner field than Carterhaugh!" &c.

The vale of Yarrow parts off from the head of Philiphaugh towards the right, that of Ettrick towards the left. Turning up the latter, which at this place is bare and uninteresting, the first object worthy of notice that occurs is Oakwood, a tall tower perched on the top of a steep bank on the south side of the Ettrick. Oakwood, which has from time immemorial been the property of the Scotts of Harden, is believed to have been the residence of Walter Scott, the hero of the pathetic ballad called "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow." It is supposed also to have been the mansion of the famous wizard, Michael Scott, whose magical exploits are so vividly portrayed in the Lay of the Last Minstrel,¹ and the remembrance of which still lingers among the superstitious legends of the Scottish peasantry. Two or three miles further up the glen stands the village of Ettrick-brigend, which presents nothing worthy of notice; and about six miles further up are the ruins of the tower of Tushielaw, upon the brae which rises from the north bank of the river, opposite to the spot where the Rankleburn joins the Ettrick. This important border fortress was the property of a branch of the powerful clan Scott, and in 1539, when James V. undertook that memorable expedition through Ettrick Forest and the adjoining districts which proved fatal to so many of the border marauders, Tushielaw was the residence of Adam Scott, who was so distinguished a freebooter that he was usually called the King of the Border. But James, after executing summary vengeance upon Cockburn of Henderland, another celebrated reiver, crossed the hills into Ettrick, surprised the laird of Tushielaw before intimation could be sent him of his danger, and hanged him before his own gate. The elm-tree on which the unlucky freebooter so appropriately terminated his career, still exists among the ruins of the castle. It is called the gallows-tree, and according to tradition, the King of the Border was in the habit of summarily suspending from it the unfortunate vassals, who incurred his royal displeasure. This popular story is confirmed by the fact that along the principal branches of the tree, there are yet visible a number of nicks or hollows, over which the ropes had been drawn with which the savage chief performed his numerous executions.

Opposite to the ruins of Tushielaw, the vale of

Rankleburn recedes back into the dense mass of hills. In this vale is the lonely farm of Buocleuch, supposed to have been the original property of the chiefs of the Scott clan, and here it is alleged

"Old Buocleuch the name did gain,
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en."

A tradition preserved by Scott of Satchells gives the following romantic origin of that name. Two brothers, natives of Galloway, having been banished from that country for a riot or insurrection, came to Rankleburn in Ettrick Forest, where the keeper, whose name was Brydone, received them joyfully on account of their skill in winding the horn, and in the other mysteries of the chase. Kenneth M'Alpin, then king of Scotland, came soon after to hunt in the Royal Forest, and pursued a buck from Ettrickhaugh to the glen now called Buocleuch, about two miles above the junction of Rankleburn with the river Ettrick. Here the stag stood at bay, and the king and his attendants, who followed on horseback, were thrown out by the steepness of the hill and the morass. John, one of the brothers from Galloway, had followed the chase on foot; and now coming in, seized the buck by the horns, and being a man of great strength and activity, threw him on his back, and ran with his burden a mile up a steep hill to a place called Cracca-cross, where Kenneth had halted, and laid the buck at the sovereign's feet.

"The deer being curce'd in that place

At his Majesty's demand,
Then John of Galloway ran apace,
And fetched water to his hand.

The king did wash into a dish,

And Galloway John he wot:

He said 'Thy name now, after this,
Shall ever be called John Scott.

"The forest and the deer therein,

We commit to thy hand;

For thou shalt sure the ranger be,

If thou obey command.

And for the buck thou stoutly brought

To us up that steep heuch;

Thy designation ever shall

Be, John Scott in Buck's-cleuch."

In allusion, it is said, to this incident, the Buocleuch arms formerly bore a hunting-horn, and had a hound and a buck for supporters.² In the fastnesses of this remote wilderness, where scarcely a human habitation is now to be seen, and where no voice is to be heard but the occasional bleating of the flocks, or the whirr of the heathcock, or the scream of the plover, "the Scotts,"

"A hardy race who never shrink from war,
Here fix'd his mountain home—a wide domain,
And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain."

Proceeding onward along the banks of the stream, we perceive the ruins of the old baronial castle of Thirlestane, and close beside it, the modern mansion of the same name; the residence of Lord Napier. This nobleman, whose judicious and most praiseworthy exertions have literally converted the wilderness into a

(1) Canto II. St. 13 See also notes.

(2) Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto VI. St. 8 and notes.

fruitful field, is a lineal representative of the old family of the Scotts of Thirlestane, and some antiquaries of no mean authority consider him as now the male representative of Buccleuch. He has succeeded to the title of Napier by maternal right. Sir John Scott, his lordship's paternal ancestor, who flourished in the reign of James V., was honourably distinguished for his fidelity to his sovereign, when that unfortunate monarch was deserted by all the rest of his turbulent nobility. When James had mustered the military array of the kingdom at Fala with the purpose of invading England, and was, as is well known, disappointed by the obstinate refusal of his peers, Sir John Scott alone declared himself ready to follow the king wherever he should lead. In memory of his fidelity, James granted to his family a charter of arms entitling them to bear a border of *fleurs-de-luce* similar to the tressure in the royal arms, with a bundle of spears for the crest; motto, "Ready, aye ready."¹ The grandfather of the present peer was notorious for a certain nervous sidget, as to all points of form, as well became, perhaps, an old Lord of the Bedchamber and High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Kirk. An amusing instance of his lordship's precision in small matters is mentioned by Lockhart, in his Life of Sir Walter Scott. Lord and Lady Napier had arrived at Castlemilk in Lanarkshire, with the intention of staying a week with Lady Stewart; but next morning, it was announced that a circumstance had occurred which rendered it indispensable for them to return without delay to their own seat in Selkirkshire. It was impossible for Lady Stewart to extract any further explanation at the moment; but it turned out afterwards that Lord Napier's valet had committed the grievous mistake of packing up a set of neckcloths which did not correspond in *point of date* with the shirts they accompanied. It was owing to this worthy nobleman, who was Lord Lieutenant of Selkirkshire, that Sir Walter Scott, who held the office of sheriff of the county, became a resident on Tweedside.

About a mile beyond Thirlestane stands Ettrick Kirk, with its little hamlet, the birth-place of the Ettrick Shepherd. The surrounding hills are lofty and dark, and the loneliness of the scene is almost painfully impressive. In the beginning of last century, the minister of this parish was the celebrated Thomas Boston, one of the brightest ornaments of the Church of Scotland, whose writings have exercised a powerful influence on the character of the Scottish people, and still form a portion of the household volumes of the peasantry, who hold his memory in the greatest reverence.

Crossing the hills which bound the vale of Ettrick on the right, we descend over the Merecleuch head, into the vale of Yarrow, by a scarcely visible track termed the King's road, supposed to be the route by which James V. invaded this wild district in his memorable justiciary excursion, so well remembered in tradition and song, for its unsparring severity. At the head of the vale is the celebrated sheet of water

called St. Mary's Loch, the western extremity of which is connected, by a stream of only a few hundred yards in length, with a smaller lake called the Loch of the Lowes. On the peninsula between the two lakes stands a small hostelry which bears the name of its landlady, Tibby Shiels, whose agreeable country fare and moderate charges render her comfortable little mansion a favourite resort of anglers and sportsmen, who resort here in great numbers during the summer and autumn months. "It is hardly possible," says an experienced tourist, "to conceive anything more truly delightful than a week's ruralizing in this pleasant spot, with the means of so much amusement at the very doors, and so many interesting objects of sight and sentiment lying closely around." The whole district is redolent of the Great Minstrel—his writings, and the incidents of his life. St. Mary's Loch, and the Loch of the Lowes, were among the most favourite scenes of his excursions with his friends, and his fondness for them continued to the end of his life. A few miles to the westward is the "dark Loch Skene," a mountain lake of considerable size, pre-eminent over all the lakes of the south of Scotland for the impressive gloom and sterility that surround it. The stream which forms its outlet, after a short and hurried course, falls from a cataract of great height and gloomy grandeur, called, from its appearance, the Grey Mare's Tail. The savage and solitary character of the surrounding scenery is graphically described in the introduction to the second canto of *Marmion*; and it was the scene of one of the earliest excursions which the author, during his residence at Ashiestiel, made with Mr. Skene, Sir Adam Ferguson, and the Ettrick Shepherd. "In our ascent to the lake," says Mr. Skene, "we got completely bewildered in the thick fog which generally envelopes the rugged features of that lonely region; and as we were passing through the maze of bogs, the ground gave way, and down came horse and horsemen, pellmell into a slough of peaty mud and black water, out of which, entangled as we were with our plaids and floundering nags, it was no easy matter to get extricated. Indeed, unless we had prudently left our gallant steeds at a farmhouse below, and borrowed hill ponies for the occasion, the result might have been more than laughable. As it was, we rose like the spirits of the bog covered *cap-à-pie* with slime, to free themselves from which our wily ponies took to rolling about on the heather, and we had nothing for it but following their example. At length, as we approached the gloomy loch, a huge eagle heaved himself from the margin and rose right over us, screaming his scorn of the intruders, and altogether it would be impossible to picture anything more desolately savage than the scene which opened as if raised by enchantment, on purpose to gratify the poet's eye; thick folds of fog rolling incessantly over the face of the ink waters, but rent asunder, now in one direction and then in another, so as to afford us a glimpse of some projecting rock or naked point of land or island bearing a few craggy stumps of pine, and then closing again in universal darkness upon the

(1) See Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto IV. St. 8.

cheerless waste. Much of the scenery of Old Mortality was drawn from that day's ride." Among the wild and savage mountains so strikingly described by Mr. Skene, the sturdy champions of the Covenant found an asylum when they were chased like wild beasts by a ruthless persecution, from every other part of the country.

Passing round the head of St. Mary's Loch, we cross the Megget, an excellent trout stream, which here falls into the lake. A short way up the vale are the remains of Henderland Castle, once the property of Cockburn, a celebrated border freebooter, who was hanged over the gate of his own tower by James V. in the course of that memorable expedition in 1529, which was fatal to Johnnie Armstrong, Adam Scott of Tushielaw, and many other marauders. Tradition says that Cockburn was surprised by the king while sitting at dinner. A message was sent in, requesting him to come out and "speak to a gentleman." The reply was, that the laird was at dinner, and could not come out. A second and more pressing message was despatched, and a similar but more surly reply was returned. On the third message being sent in, Cockburn cried in a rage, that he would not come out for even "the Laird o' Ballengeich himsel'." The royal messenger was then sent in to order Cockburn to come out to the Laird o' Ballengeich. On hearing these terrible words, the poor man went out like a condemned criminal, and was immediately hung up over his own gate. Meanwhile, Marjory his wife leaped out at a back window, and ran to a sequestered recess in the glen, where a small stream called the Henderland Burn falls over a rocky chasm. Here she found a place of concealment till the king and his party were gone. The waterfall is called the Dow-Linn, and the place is designated the Lady's Seat, where she is said to have striven to drown, amidst the noise of the falling waters, the shouts which announced the close of her husband's existence. The following beautiful and pathetic ballad, called "The Lament of the Border Widow," is said to have been composed on this tragic incident.

"My love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it a' wi' lilye flour;
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

"There came a man by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

"He slew my knight, to me sae dear;
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitee.

"I sew'd his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body, in the auld day;
No living creature came that way.

(1) King James V. was in the habit of sojourning incognito among his subjects under the title of "the Laird of Ballengeich," taken from a place near Stirling Castle.

(2) *Poinded*, attacked by legal distress.

"I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I satte;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod sae green.

"But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair?
O think na ye my heart was was,
When I turn'd about, away to gae!

"Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

In a deserted burial-place which once surrounded the chapel of the castle, the grave of this unhappy couple is denoted by a large stone bearing the following half-obliterated inscription:—

HERE LYES PERYS OF COCKBURNE, AND HIS
WYFE MARJORY.

The adjacent country, which now hardly bears a single tree, is celebrated by Lesley as in his time affording shelter to the largest stags in Scotland.

Continuing our journey along the margin of the loch, we pass a miniature church, picturesquely situated on a rising ground commanding a beautiful view of the lake. About half a mile further on, and about the same distance from the road, is the ancient burying-ground of St. Mary's Kirk, but the church has long ago disappeared.

"But though, in feudal strife, a foe
Has laid Our Lady's chapel low,
Yet still beneath the hallow'd soil
The peasant rests him from his toil,
And dying, bids his bones be laid
Where erst his simple fathers prayed."

At a short distance to the north of the burying-ground is the grave of Mass John Birnam, the former tenant of the chapelry—

"That wizard priest, whose bones are thrust
From company of holy dust."

The most conspicuous of the simple monuments in this small but interesting burial-place, commemorates the virtues of the late Rev. Walter Grieve of Ettrick,—"the best model," says Chambers, "of an old Anti-Revolution Divine that Scotland shall ever see in these latter degenerate days, who after railing against popery for sixty years with a zeal and energy in which there was no affectation, was by a singular chance interred in the very chancel of St. Mary's Kirk, and, consequently, amid the ashes of its former Popish incumbents." This worthy old clergyman, who was a very good man and had a most venerable and apostolical benignity of aspect, was a preacher of the Cameronian sect, and long ministered to a very small remnant of "the hill-folk," scattered among the wilds of Ettrick. He at one time thought of occupying a cottage on the Abbotsford estate, greatly to the satisfaction of its proprietor: but the project was never realized. "I cannot tell you," says Scott in a letter to his friend Willie Laidlaw, who was Mr. Grieve's nephew, "how delighted I am with the account Hogg gives me of Mr. Grieve. The great Cameron was chaplain in the house of my great-something grandfather, and so I hope Mr. Grieve will be mine. If, as the King of

Prussia said to Rousseau, 'a little persecution is necessary to make his home entirely to his mind,' he shall have it, and, what persecutors seldom promise, I will stop whenever he is tired of it. I have a pair of thumbkins also much at his service, if he requires their assistance to glorify God and the Covenant."

From the elevated spot on which the burial-place is situated, a remarkably fine view is obtained of "lone St. Mary's silent lake." The description which Sir Walter Scott gives, both of the loch and of the scenery which surrounds it, is exquisitely true to nature:—

"—nor fen nor sedge
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge.
Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely, bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,
Save where of land yon slender line
Bears 'thwart the lake the scattered pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour;
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing conceal'd might lie;
There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness:
And silence aids—though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills;
In summer tide so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stillly is the solitude."¹

The whole scene indeed is wild and lonely in the extreme, and there are few who have visited this famous spot who will not sympathize with the feelings expressed by Sir Walter Scott in a letter to Joanna Baillic. "I assure you," says he, "I have felt really oppressed with a sort of fearful loneliness, when looking around the naked and towering ridges of desolate barrenness which is all the eye takes in from such a height; the patches of cultivation being all hidden in the little glens and valleys, or only appearing to make one sensible how feeble and inefficient the efforts of art have been to contend with the genius of the soil. It is in such a scene, that the unknown author of a fine but unequal poem, called *Albania*, places the remarkable superstition which consists in hearing the noise of a chase, with the baying of the hounds, the throttling sobs of the deer, the halloos of a numerous band of huntsmen, and the 'hoofs thick beating on the hollow hill.'"

The scene is indeed indelibly associated with the recollections of Scott, and there were few of his visitors whom he delighted to honour, who did not pay it a visit under his guidance. Skene, Morritt, Washington Irving, Davy, all speak with delight of their excursions to Yarrow Braes and St. Mary's Loch—their illustrious guide repeating every ballad or legendary tale connected with the scenery.

"During the month of August, 1823, one of the happiest in Scott's life," says his biographer, "Miss Edge-

worth spent a fortnight at Abbotsford, and Sir Walter must needs show her, not Newark only, but all the upper scenery of the Yarrow, where 'fair hangs the apple frae the rock,' and the baskets were unpacked about sunset, beside the ruined chapel overlooking St. Mary's Loch—and he had scrambled to gather blue-bells and heath-flowers, with which all the young ladies must twine their hair—and they sang, and he recited, until it was time to go home beneath the softest of harvest moons."

Reluctantly quitting this fascinating spot, we resume our ramble round the lake. Near its eastern extremity, where the Yarrow issues from it, are the ruins of the old tower of Dryhope, the birth-place of Mary Scott, celebrated in song by the title of the "Flower of Yarrow." She was married to the famous "Wat of Harden," whose character and marauding exploits have been commemorated by his illustrious descendant in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." By their marriage contract, the father-in-law, Philip Scott of Dryhope, was to find Harden in horse-meat and man's meat at his tower of Dryhope for a year and a day, but five barons pledged themselves, that at the expiry of that period the son-in-law should remove, without attempting to continue in possession by force—a caution strikingly illustrative of the times and of the character of the contracting parties. In the vicinity are the remains of a very ancient tower, called Blackhouse, standing in a wild and solitary glen upon the Douglas-burn, a mountain torrent which joins the Yarrow after passing a craggy rock called the Douglas Craig. This wild spot, now a part of the Traquair estate, formed one of the most ancient possessions of the renowned family of Douglas, and is said by popular tradition to be the scene of the fine old ballad of "The Douglas Tragedy." Seven large stones, erected upon the neighbouring heights, are shown as marking the place where the seven brethren were slain, and the Douglas-burn is averred to have been the stream at which the lovers stopped to drink: so minute is tradition in ascertaining the scene of a tragical tale which, considering the rude state of former times, had probably foundation in some real event.² Our readers will perhaps learn with greater interest, that the farm-house which stands adjacent to the old tower, was the early home of Scott's dear friend, William Laidlaw, and that James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, spent ten years of his life at Blackhouse, in the service of Mr. Laidlaw's father. Lockhart says he has the best reason to believe that the kind and manly character of Dandie Dinmont in "Guy Mannering," the gentle and delicious one of his wife, and some at least of the most picturesque peculiarities of the *menage* at Charleshope, were filled up from Scott's observation of the Laidlaw family, with whom he first became acquainted in one of his early ballad-hunting excursions among the braes of Yarrow. The Ettrick Shepherd spent the greater part of his somewhat chequered life in this vicinity. Altrieve, where he

(2) Canto IV. St. 2.

(3) Border Minstrelsy, Part II. The Douglas Tragedy.

(1) *Marmion*: Introduction to Canto II.

died, stands at a short distance on the opposite bank of the Yarrow. He obtained the gratuitous life-rent of this small farm from the late Duke of Buccleuch; but, says one who knew him well, "he could not withstand the attractions of Edinburgh, which carried him away from Altrieve for months every year, and when at home, a warm and hospitable disposition made him convert his cottage into an unpaid hostelry for the reception of endless troops of thoughtless admirers; and thus, spite of much help and much forbearance, he was never out of one set of pecuniary difficulties before he had begun to weave the meshes of some fresh entanglement. *In pace requiescat*. There will never be such an Etttrick Shepherd again!"

Our route now lies along the northern bank of the Yarrow, and through the midst of that famous vale which has been the subject of more verse than *Tcmpe* itself. There is hardly a cottage in it that has not its legend, or a *cleugh* that is not famed for some act of romantic chivalry, or tenanted by some supernatural being, or sanctified by the blood of some martyr. The oldest of the poetical effusions on this celebrated district is the ballad entitled "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow," which commemorates a duel being fought between John Scott, of Tushielaw, and his brother-in-law, Walter Scott, third son of Robert Scott of Thirlestane, in which the latter was slain. The alleged cause of the quarrel was the lady's father having proposed to endow her with the half of his property, upon her marriage with a warrior of such renown. Two tall unhewn stones, standing at the distance of a hundred yards from each other to the west of Yarrow Kirk, commemorate the fatal scene. The traditions and beauties of Yarrow have also been celebrated by Hamilton of Bangour, and by Logan, and in still later times, by Wordsworth, in his three exquisite poems, "Yarrow Unvisited," "Yarrow Visited," and "Yarrow Revisited."

"Where was it," says he, in the second of these poems—

"that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed, perchance, was yon smooth mound,
On which the herd is feeding;
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The water wraith ascended thrice
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers,
The path that leads them to the grave,
The leafy grove that covers;
And pity sanctifies the verse
That paints by strength of sorrow
The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness rueful Yarrow.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature;
And rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a Ruin hoary,
The shattered front of Newark's Towers.
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in,
For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in."

In the lower part of the vale, as Wordsworth intimates, the Yarrow winds among hills of no great height, gently swelling and green to the summits, in some places finely wooded, but generally naked, and well suited to the pasture of flocks. At the mouth of the vale Newark Castle rears its grey massive form; and with the dark-wooded hills, rising closely around on both sides, has an appearance truly striking and romantic. It occupies an eminence overhanging the Yarrow, opposite to the farm of Foulshiels, the birth-place of Mungo Park, the celebrated African traveller. According to tradition, it was in the court-yard of this castle that Leslie, the victor at Philiphaugh, abused his victory and tarnished his arms, by slaughtering in cold blood many of the prisoners whom he had taken. Adjoining the castle is a little mount covered with trees, where according to tradition the hero of "The Sang of the Outlaw Murray" was slain by Buccleuch, or some of his clan. Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, is said to have been brought up in this castle, and for this reason, probably, "the Great Minstrel of the Border" has chosen to make it the scene in which the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" is recited in her presence and for her amusement. All around are the scenes commemorated in that delightful poem: "Sweet Bowhill," a seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, Newark-heath, Harewoodshaw, Carterhaugh, and "Blackandro's oak." Blackandro and Newark-heath were the scene of the Abbotsford hunt in 1820, so graphically described by Lockhart, when the venerable author of "The Man of Feeling," spectated though he was, saw the first sitting hare, gave the word to slip the dogs, and spurred after them like a boy; and Sir Humphry Davy plunged neck-deep into a treacherous well-head, which, till his horse was floundering in it, had borne all the appearance of a piece of delicate green turf. When Sir Humphry emerged from his involuntary bath, his habiliments garnished with mud, slime, and mangled water-cresses, Sir Walter received him with a triumphant *encore*! But the philosopher had his revenge, for, joining soon afterwards in a brisk gallop, Scott put Sibyl Grey to a leap beyond her prowess, and lay humbled in the ditch, while Davy, who was better mounted, cleared it and him at a bound.

A little way below "Newark's stately tower," the Yarrow flows out from its "birchen bower" to join the Etttrick; and having thus completed the circuit of "The Forest," we retrace our steps to the ancient burgh of Selkirk, repeating, as we pass along, the verses of Wordsworth:—

"Flow on for ever, Yarrow stream
Fulfil thy pensive duty,
Well pleas'd that future bard should chant,
For simple hearts, thy beauty:
To dream-light dear, while yet unseen,
Dear to the common sunshine,
And dearer still, as now I feel,
To memory's shadowy moonshine!"

• SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

THERE is a pleasant story told in "Trusler's Memoirs," *apropos* of the idolatrous respect for riches which forms so prominent a feature in the English character, and of the habit which has so long prevailed amongst us of estimating the moral and intellectual status of the man according to the amount of his worldly substance. "This sordid habit of thinking," says the writer, "was finely hit off by a keen fellow of a neighbouring nation, who had carried on business in London and failed. Sitting in a coffee-house one day, when a few wealthy citizens were discussing some money concerns, and observing him very attentive, one person turned aside and said to him, 'What's your opinion, sir, of the matter?' 'S' blood, sir,' returned he, peevishly, 'what opinion can a man have in *this* country who has not a *guinea* in his pocket?'"

Since the period when this incident was supposed to have occurred our national idolatry of wealth has certainly not diminished. To make the advice worth anything it is still held that the adviser should have the guinea in his pocket. Nay, we fear, that the highest wisdom, if found in company with low estate and penury, would now have less chance than ever of being recognised or heeded. Who that has any experience of the world's ways has not often felt the especial applicability to our own times of the pungent truth which a modern dramatist, peculiarly distinguished for his clear-sighted practical wisdom, has put into the mouth of a calculating politician?

"Prosperity

Is warranty of wisdom with the world;
Failure is foolishness."

With the thoroughly worldly-minded, (and what a large class of human beings may be included under that designation?) *success* will sanction anything; will affix the stamp of respectability on the most disreputable doings, and magnify the most transparent folly into the highest wisdom. But having, for our own part, occasionally taken the liberty of differing from the world, that is, from the mass of men and women who think and act in multitudes without reference to individual feeling or opinion, we have thought fit to investigate for ourselves the ordinary causes of prosperity and failure; and, as the result of our investigations, we venture to present the reader with two or three sketches from life, which we doubt not may be easily paralleled by similar instances within every one's experience. We will only add that they tend to confirm the notion which we had long since formed, that the most prosperous people are not always the most deserving, and that failures are frequently made by the very best, most estimable, and most intelligent of mankind.

Our friend Ralph Heywood has failed at the bar, though few aspirants to forensic distinction have started with more flattering prospects of success. He

began with a brilliant career at the University; worked hard afterwards as a law student; patiently attended the chambers of an eminent conveyancer, and of a no less distinguished special-pleader; and was called to the Bar amidst the favourable prognostics of admiring friends, who knew his abilities, and who loved him for his modesty, worth, and genius. He had unfortunately no private income, and it may be asserted that he had little prudence; for as soon as he thought his bark was fairly launched upon the world's waters, he married an amiable but portionless girl, who loved him with her whole heart and soul, and looked up to him as a paragon of greatness and perfection. But when every one about him prophesied success—when he knew that he should do all in his power to deserve it—and when he reflected on his powers of endurance, and his professional and other attainments—how natural in a young man of twenty-six were those feelings of buoyant, overweening confidence! How cowardly would it have been to have yielded to "the saucy doubts and fears" which assailed him on the threshold of fame! Heywood is now an Australian emigrant, far from his English friends, and cut off for ever from the alluring prospects of his early manhood. His tale is soon told. With all his ability, he found the avenues to business closed against him. Anxious for employment, and requiring a provision for the passing hour, his heart soon sickened with disappointments and hope deferred. He had too modest and sensitive a spirit, and too delicate notions of propriety, to force himself on by the coarse expedients resorted to by meaner minds, and he was neglected by those who had promised patronage and support. As month passed after month, and year after year, his difficulties thickened, his mind lost its cheerful and healthful tone, and he became known amongst his friends as a *failure*. For some time a reportership on a legal periodical formed almost his sole means of subsistence, and the future appeared to him so dark and lowering, and fraught with such formidable dangers, that he made up his mind to withdraw from his profession and try his fortune elsewhere and in other pursuits.

Although, strictly speaking, poor Heywood had had no *chance*, (or even the ghost of it,) many shrewd reasons were given by his worldly-minded friends for his want of success. His manifold accomplishments were spoken of as impediments to his progress, and he was accused (heaven knows with little reason!) of haughtiness and reserve. Above all, his imprudent marriage was strenuously condemned, and it was hinted that if he had married a few thousands, instead of a girl without a penny, or, still better, had allied himself to the daughter of some metropolitan attorney in decent practice, his fate would have been very different. Perhaps in this last conjecture his friends were right; but whatever they may say or think, we make bold to state, that amidst all his difficulties and embarrassments the *one* act of his life which Heywood has never regretted is his aforesaid marriage. In his bitterest hours of tribulation and disappointment, his

(1) "Philip van Artevelde," by H. Taylor. Part II. Act V. Sc. 2.

affectionate wife supported and consoled him with cheerful and hopeful prophecies of better days, and, unchanged by their reverses, at the present moment she gladdens with her smile his distant place of exile, and is more to him, as he daily feels, than friends or country, or even satisfied ambition could have been.

Robert Somers, as we choose to call him, (another gifted and valued friend of ours,) may be also numbered amongst the world's failures, though we know of no one worthier of success, or who worked harder for it. He was characterised from boyhood by unceasing activity of mind, by an ardent and earnest spirit, and above all by that quality of self-reliance which is so often the distinguishing attribute of genius. We remember, and not without a pang of sympathy, his youth of self-denying industry; how intensely he applied himself to studies of the abstruser sort; how patiently and firmly he "shunned delights and lived laborious days," sedulously avoiding the most innocent amusements, and even the society of congenial friends. Nor was Somers a mere plodder. Every one who was brought into contact with him traced in his remarks the force of original genius, and it was prophesied by all who knew him that he would make a figure in the world. We thought so ourselves, and to this day firmly believe that he ought to have succeeded in the path—perilous as it was—which his ambition had marked out for him. The success of a few early attempts induced him to look on literature as his proper vocation, and we were not surprised at his resolution. His tastes, habits, character, and attainments eminently qualified him, we believed, for a distinguished position in the world of letters, and we thought that the day was not far distant when he would be numbered amongst the intellectual luminaries of the nation.

How it happened we know not, but we lost sight of Somers for several years. One gloomy November day our own avocations took us to that great resort and rendezvous of the literary tribe, the Reading Room of the British Museum. The day was too dark and foggy for ordinary readers to pursue their researches with convenience, and the place was nearly deserted. At a very early hour in the afternoon the deepening shadows put an end to our labours, and we rose to depart. Only three or four readers then remained; a few attendants were listlessly awaiting the hour of closing; and an air of melancholy sadness pervaded the place,—a dreary, awful stillness, which was only broken by the sound of a solitary pen travelling over paper at a rapid pace. An irresistible impulse led us to turn towards the spot from whence the sound proceeded; and looming through the darkness we beheld the figure of a man, apparently still busily engaged, in the dim twilight, on his daily task. He was sitting within a few yards of us, but bent over his papers in such a way that we could not discern even the outline of his features. At length, seeming to feel that we were watching him, he raised his face,—a wan, haggard, solemn face it was, with a gentle and patient expression, which smote us to the

heart. Half ashamed of our impertinent curiosity, we were hastily departing, when the same feeling which had influenced us at first, induced us to turn back for the purpose of taking a parting glance at the form and features which had so mysteriously interested us. By this time he had risen from his seat, and was arranging his books and papers with a sigh, as though he regretted that the premature twilight had interrupted his labours. We saw that his apparel was mean—even shabby—that his frame was bent, and his face pale and sickly; and so powerfully did his appearance appeal to our sympathies and compassion that we felt we could have given worlds to speak a few kind words to him. Nevertheless, we should have certainly passed out without doing so had we not heard his voice, giving some directions to an attendant, in a mild, gentle, patient tone, relative to the books on which he had been employed.

That voice awoke a thousand reminiscences, and broke the spell which bound us. We knew him then: it was Somers,—and in a moment a mutual recognition had taken place. What was he engaged in? we asked. How had the world gone with him? What were his prospects and views in life? He of whom we had prophesied such brilliant things,—who had been destined, as we had believed, to a career of glory and distinction,—of whom we had often thought,—wondering, by the way, that the world brought us no tidings of him through its public channels of information,—what had been his fate and portion? Poor Somers! We hung upon his lips with rapt attention, as he told his simple story. We learned that his talents had been pronounced unmarketable, that he had written works extolled in reviews and appreciated by an intelligent and discriminating few, but which instead of leading to fame and competence entailed on him insolvency and ruin. Deeply versed in every branch of ancient and modern literature, a proficient in mathematical science, and endowed with no ordinary powers of original thought and facility of composition, he had, however, failed to command the attention of the public, and to secure the patronage of publishers. The latter found that there was no magic in his name; his productions—some of them most elaborate and careful works—remained on his hands, unpurchased and unpublished; and with a heavy heart he was constrained to look around him for some occupation which would furnish him with the means of daily subsistence.

A mathematical tutorship in a school was the first thing that offered; beneath the drudgery of which his spirit soon gave way, and he sank into a state of hopeless despondency. Loss of animal spirits was soon followed by the loss of health, and he wasted away under the insidious attacks of a "grievous slow-consuming maldy," which unfitted him for constant employment. Again, from sheer necessity, he reverted to the literary profession; no longer, indeed, as an original author, but as a bookseller's hack and drudge of all work. He was now busily engaged on the translation of a German work, for which he was to be

paid at the liberal rate of seven shillings per sheet. "It's hard work," he said, "in my state of health and spirits, to finish three sheets a-week: last week I managed to do but one,—and it will soon be all over with me. I have struggled manfully. My career is unstained by any mean or unworthy action: would that all those who have outstripped me in the race could say as much!" His flushed face and ghastly smile, as he uttered these words, revealed to us the fate which awaited him; and as we grasped his hand at parting we thought how very possible it was that our friend's want of worldly success might be partly traced to that unaccommodating integrity of heart and soul, which, however much it might have impeded his progress to fame and affluence, had ennobled and supported him in all the vicissitudes of fortune.

But, since it may be urged that the cases we have cited are of rather an exceptional nature, let us turn to the more beaten paths of life for another instance of undeserved failure. Our two friends, the barrister and the man of letters, may be said to have looked too high, to have miscalculated their means and opportunities of making a figure in the world, and hence disappointment, heart-burning, and ultimate ruin. Be it so. Our list of failures is not yet complete, and the next instance which we take the liberty of quoting is certainly not open to the same objection.

Among the friends who, in the course of a not uneventful life, have been brought within the sphere of our intercourse, we have reason to remember a straightforward, intelligent, manly fellow (Philip Stansfield by name), in whose career we were induced from various circumstances to feel a strong interest. When we first knew him, he had just left Christ's Hospital, in which far-famed seminary he had been noted as an assiduous student, and had become the inmate of a home where he was idolized. No wonder:—for he was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." Albeit, we can safely testify, that his gentle, unassuming and amiable disposition, would have endeared him to any circle. He was clever, too; sharp, shrewd, inquiring, earnest, diligent in all he undertook, and most desirous of succeeding in the world, for his mother's sake as well as his own. After many consultations with intimate friends, much advice taken, and many questions asked, it was resolved that he should be educated as a surgeon. How faithfully and industriously Philip laboured to acquire a knowledge of his profession, we need not say,—he did all that man could do, and succeeded in passing his examination most creditably; but there his success ended. He went out into the world, and *failed*. His mother sunk the small capital, on the interest of which she had mainly depended, in the purchase of a country practice in a thriving town in the pleasant county of Surrey, where she was soon settled with her son. That he did not succeed there was no fault of Philip's; but somehow or other the few patients who were attached to the practice he had purchased dropped off one by one; we don't mean to say they all died, but

they passed into the hands of other practitioners. The new doctor was intrigued against, slandered, and maligned by jealous rivals, whose vulgar natures were susceptible of no feelings of delicacy or honour. immeasurably superior to his opponents in character, demeanour, and attainments, our friend soon found that he was no match for them in cunning and coarse manoeuvring. The fact was, they felt his superiority, and hated him in proportion to their fears.

Perhaps, if Philip Stansfield had condescended to adopt the policy of his opponents, he would have been in the end victorious; but he pursued the even tenour of his way, consoled by the hope, which amounted almost to a conviction, that the world would do him justice in the long run. Alas for human hopes and expectations! In the long run, perhaps, the highest wisdom must succeed, but a *very* long run it often is. The most successful of Stansfield's opponents was a Mr. Jonathan Jolter, uniformly designated and described as *Doctor Jolter*. Jolter was as great a blockhead as ever imposed on the public in the medical or any other profession; but he had amassed a large fortune by a career of successful imposture, had a great many hard words at command, which he used and misused on all occasions, and appeared withal so thoroughly well satisfied with himself, that his demeanour inspired others who knew no better with a marvellous confidence in his wisdom. Now, if Stansfield were summoned to a consultation with Jolter, he found that he had no other means of making his superiority apparent than by denouncing and exposing Jolter's ignorance and presumption, and this he shrank from doing; whilst Jolter, on the other hand, less scrupulous and delicate, would treat him on such occasions with an air of impertinent condescension, and would take care as soon as he had departed, to hint in a private and confidential way, that the young practitioner was a mere pretender, without an atom of experience, and wofully unacquainted with the mechanism of the human frame. Nor was Jolter the only rival who unfairly assailed his reputation. Many sapient sneers were levelled at him by a certain smart young surgeon, who had good family connexions, kept a blood horse, and rode after the hounds, and who called forth many an empty laugh by ridiculing Stansfield's kindness to the poor, and by describing his "foolish" attention to some wretched outcast whom the aforesaid surgeon, in defiance of his duty as the Union doctor, had cruelly neglected.

The last that we heard of our friend was that he had been compelled to quit this unpromising and disagreeable locality, and had established himself in a populous district of the metropolis,—we are sorry to say, sadly reduced in circumstances, and with health and spirits much impaired. His mother died some time since, but Stansfield continues unmarried. He had hoped, indeed, and intended to have married an amiable young woman, to whom he was much attached, but poverty formed a bar to their union, and he shrank from making one whom he loved so tenderly a partaker of his misfortunes. He still works hard, and strives

incessantly to retrieve his position. His patients, however, belong to the very poorest and humblest classes; and when they are unable to pay, Philip is not the man to press them harshly, or to forsake them in their need, because he suspects that they have not the means of remunerating him for his services. He has established a small dispensary, where advice is administered by him gratuitously to the very poor, on two days of the week at least, and many a wretched outcast has had reason to bless and thank him. May he be rewarded hereafter for all his unostentatious acts of charity and kindness! In this world, we fear, he must be pronounced a *failure*.

The instances of undeserved ill-fortune which we have laid before our readers have been selected at random, and present few features that are calculated to surprise the most ordinary observer. It is idle to assert that in this period of feverish and unscrupulous competition, prosperity can be safely regarded as a test of competency and character. The most substantially rewarded men of the age are certainly not those who are in advance of it in point of general intelligence; and the genius which after ages will delight to honour, need not expect to achieve a splendid fortune in its own.

Perhaps it is better that it should be so. Over and over again it has been observed, and observed most truly, that the highest qualities of the mind are better developed by adversity than by prosperity. The former is not only the best of teachers, but the test of true greatness. Nor should the vulgar prosperity which dazzles the eyes and excites the envy of the majority of mankind perplex and disturb the wise and true of heart. Of one thing we are tolerably certain,—that all men are not caught by its superficial glare and glitter, but that a discriminating minority will always exist who rate the gifts of fortune at their true value, and who will be ready to point out to the worshippers of Mammon the quality of the idol to which they bow. "We may see the small value God has for riches," says Pope, in one of his familiar letters, "*by the people he gives them to.*" A more stinging sentence was never penned by the little hunch-back of Twickenham, or by any one else! To conclude. Whilst our readers, we are sure, will acquit us of any wish or intention to foster feelings of discontent, and to encourage impious and insane repinings at the decrees of Providence, we must emphatically repeat that although success is still esteemed by multitudes the only "warranty of wisdom," and though in the opinion of some folks, to be a prosperous man is to be in all respects a reputable and a deserving one, history, biography, and the experience of our daily life concur in proving that not a few of the best and noblest spirits that have adorned humanity have been in their generation numbered amongst the world's *failures*.

ROSTREVOR.

WE never see a picture or a sketch that brings before our eyes some portion of the lovely scenery to be found in Ireland, but a feeling of sadness arises with the admiration so much natural beauty involuntarily calls forth in the mind. It would seem, if the remark may be made without irreverence, that while Providence has lavished in profusion his richest gifts over the face of the country, so that, like the garden of Eden, man has only to dress and keep it,—scarcely to labour therein,—he has at the same time drawn such a curtain of darkness around it, as to dim and overshadow its loveliness, and mar the enjoyment of its occupants. A land that should bring forth ripe and luscious grapes, to speak metaphorically, brings forth only wild grapes; and broad tracts of land that should be "whitening for the harvest," are left unfurrowed by the ploughshare of industry. In fact, Ireland is like no other country that is, or ever was, in the history of the world—an enigma to the philosopher, a deep problem to the statesman, a melancholy subject of reflection to the philanthropist who would have all men happy and contented, so far as human means can make them. Possessing within itself all the materials for the highest state of civilization, contiguous to nations where such civilization, united with industry and order, is widely manifest, and peopled by inhabitants who have in themselves every faculty for the attainment of national, intellectual, and moral greatness, Ireland is still little more than a green waste, a wilderness where the thorns and briars cover a rich soil, requiring only the hand of the diligent and the careful to become a most fruitful field.

But our object here is not to discuss the social and political condition of the country, a theme that has occupied the pens of far wiser heads than ours have any pretension to be considered; still, we could not avoid writing a few of the thoughts which are ever uppermost in the mind, when aught connected with "ould Erin" comes before us. It is natural when one sees effects that we should look for causes; the connexion between the two is not always so distant as is supposed, and the fountain of evil is often much more easily discovered than purified, even when laid open to the most casual observer.

Mr. Creswick's beautiful little picture of Rosstrevor, which has called up the foregoing remarks, is a view of one of the most picturesque spots in the county of Down, lying on the borders of the Irish Sea, on the north-eastern side of Ireland. The whole of this county is distinguished for its beautiful undulating surface, which in the southern parts rises into magnificent mountains. This peculiar feature is somewhat oddly described in the old Survey of Down, taken in 1740: "The whole county is remarkable for its number of hills, being compared to wooden bowls inverted, or eggs set in salt; from whence it took the name of Down, which signifies a hilly situation." The village of Rosstrevor is not inaptly termed the "Montpelier of Ireland." It lies about seven miles



to the right of the high road passing through Newry, from Dublin to Belfast. There are few places in Great Britain that offer stronger temptations to visitors who love the picturesque, enjoy the magnificence of nature, or desire tranquil and healthful retirement. Although completely open to the sea, it is approached only by mild southern breezes; the adjacent hills protect it completely on the north and east, and a promontory, covered with luxuriantly grown trees, sits between it and the west; villas, mansions, and cottages *ornées*, surround it on all sides, wherever the mountains have left small nooks of verdure; and streamlets innumerable are rippling down into the valley from the hill-sides.

The authors of one of the most entertaining and valuable works upon Ireland and its inhabitants,¹ thus describe a visit to this locality:—"We set out to climb the great hill of Clough Mor, one of the Mourne range; the one that hangs directly over Rosstrevor, sheltering it from all unkindly winds. . . We made our way to the mountain-top. That which from the valley seemed a peak, was a large flat of several acres, covered with wet moss. Immediately below us was the bay, with its innumerable tiny creeks; in one of which, just under shelter of the mountain opposite, lies the pretty town of Carlingford; and to the north, on the other side of a long flat that stretches out into the sea, is the bay, behind which lies the town of Dundrum. Beautiful Rosstrevor seemed as if sleeping at our feet. Behind us were the everlasting hills; and ocean-ward, the sight was arrested for a moment by a shadow upon the waters; this was the Isle of Man, very dimly seen; to the south, the Hill of Howth appeared distinctly. Looking inland, the mountains rose one above another over the bay; and the bay seemed so directly under us, that we fancied a stone thrown from the spot on which we stood, might have fallen into it; opening among the hills was a most rich valley, continued all the way to Lough Neagh, a distance of forty miles; and the lake, or rather a haze which indicates it, is clearly perceptible. In the foreground, carrying the eye beyond Rosstrevor, with the tall spire of its pretty church, the green verdure of its encompassing fields, and the fine foliage of its abundant trees, we trace the course of the river winding up to Newry, with the village of Warrenspoint midway. And still we had the mountains, look where we would, bleak and barren and rudely picturesque, with here and there the brown tracks of footways, and patches of cultivation, marking them as objects which industry was labouring to subdue."

Nothing more need be added to this painter-like description of Rosstrevor, which, with the engraving from Creswick's truthful picture, will convey to the reader as true a character of its scenery as pen and pencil can supply.

(1) "Ireland, its Scenery, Character, &c." Illustrated by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. Published by G. Virtue, London.

THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN.

BY JANE M. WILKINSON.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RECONCILIATION.

THE door was closed, and they were alone—the father and the son. Had David returned less triumphant—with no victory in this world's battle-field to boast of, no service rendered, and no power to render future services, he would have waited where he stood until his father offered him pardon. As it was, his nice sense of right and generosity made him lay aside all pride. He waited but a moment before he sunk on his knees beside Mr. Underwood, and took his hand, saying,—

"Father! no wealth, no fame, no consciousness of good intention, can compensate to me for the want of your forgiveness, your blessing, and your love."

"Don't talk of forgiveness. My son!—my own David!—my *deliverer*!"

These words came in broken tones from the depth of the old man's heart, as he flung his arms round David, and sobbed convulsively. How sweet to both was that embrace! Then came the eager searching gazing into each other's face.

"How changed you are!"

"You are much older!"

"And you too!"

"Fourteen years!"

"They are much in the life of a man!"

"Let me hold you yet a little longer, my son! I bless you that you have lived to shame your father. I have been obstinate, vindictive. It is for me to ask forgiveness, David."

"Let us banish the word between us, father. There is no need of forgiveness where there is *love*, and I have never ceased loving you since that fatal night in the ruined turret."

"Is it so, my boy? And God suffered you to crown your generous outraged love with the act of last night. Truly, he deals with us according to our deserts. I drove you from me with blind rage, because you had obeyed the fine instincts of your nature, and loved such a one as yourself,—for Miriam Grey is a woman worthy of you, David. You I drove from me, with implacable fury, and cherished—that other—who has just revealed the baseness of his soul."

"Let us not speak of him now. There are excuses for him in the life he has led. Tell me of Miss Grey. Father! you cannot know how I loved that girl; what it cost me to renounce her!" And David rose from his knees, and began to walk slowly to and fro in the room.

"Yes, my son, I think I can tell what you felt for many years,—what you feel even now on coming back to these familiar scenes. As you loved Miriam, I loved her mother."

"And your love ended like mine. You married another woman."

"No, David. My love did not end when I

(1) Continued from p. 114.

married another. It is not ended now. Take that confession from an old man's heart. And you, my son? is your love for Miriam ended because you have married another?"

David paused, and turning to his father, replied slowly,

"No, father, no; as far as I can understand the strange mixed feelings within me, no. Yet the heart of man is deceitful above all things; and I cannot be sure of myself in this matter. In any case, do not believe what you heard a while ago. I did not marry for money. I married my wife because we loved each other, and I still love her. Yet the sight of Miriam Grey has proved to me that my old love is only slumbering within me,—that it is not dead, as I believed. I have seen her this morning, alone, in the old place."

"Did she recognise you?"

"Yes. Father, Miriam and I must not meet again."

"I understand you, my son. Does Miriam know that you are bound to another?"

"She knows it now."

"I think her heart has never swerved from its early love."

"Never, father?" and David's eye brightened. "Ah! women are more constant than men."

"They have fewer temptations to change."

"So we men say to each other, and to our own hearts. But the words bring no healing to the painful conscience that we have changed."

"This is but a first meeting with her. After so long a separation, in the surprise you must have occasioned her, some excitement, some feeling akin to the old one must have agitated you both. See her again and again, and the old feeling will pass away and be converted into a new one. You are no longer boy and girl. Your wife—your children—"

"Father! Nor wife, nor children, nor the long years which have passed over us would avail to change the nature of my feeling towards Miriam. If I were to see her often, as of old, the olden love would return, for it was excited by no light and transitory qualities of woman's nature. Let me do Miriam Grey full justice—and myself. She is as lovely in my eyes as she ever was. If I were to know her intimately now she would become infinitely more lovely and glorious. I feel this instinctively—I feel how beautiful her life has been; how full of patient heroism, how noble in action and thought and feeling. Moreover, father, I feel that what you just now said is true, that her heart has never swerved from its early love. I cannot come to live here, at Milford, as I had hoped to do when you and I were reconciled. I have sworn to love and cherish another woman, I will not risk her peace nor the present integrity of my feeling towards her. The fond desire to dwell in the midst of scenes so dear to my recollection must be given up. I will not meet Miriam Grey any more. Harm has come already from seeing her."

His father grasped David's hand affectionately.

"Do what your conscience dictates. I will not urge you to compromise or tamper with it. Though within this brief space I have had visions of perfect re-union, here, in our native valley"—Then suddenly stopping short, he let fall David's hand, and resumed in an altered tone,—"*I had forgotten!* I think of myself as still master of the Grange. Let me pause to reflect on this new turn in my affairs. You, David, agent for Admiral Underwood; you wealthy! Ah! I see you return good for evil very nobly. You have saved me from the disgrace of losing all that our ancestors held so dear. I do not quite see my way through this business; but I feel sure of the result. Milford Grange will not pass away from the Underwoods of Milford. And it is to you, my neglected banished son, I owe this *other* deliverance. Tell me how it has happened, and what it is now my duty to do."

"I have kept up an occasional correspondence with Mark, as you know. Mr. Shepherd also wrote to me occasionally. Lately Sir Ralph Grey has been a frequent visitor at my house in London. Through him and his agent, Mr. Bang, and also through one or two other minor channels, I learned that you were in debt, that the farm was likely to be mortgaged beyond redemption. I induced Admiral Underwood to go to your lawyer's, and to offer a high price for the estate, in case it were to be sold. This he did for me: knowing your anger against me, I would not subject you to the annoyance of hearing that I was the purchaser, until I had come as I have now come, and sought your forgiveness. God was pleased to open your heart towards me last night, as a stranger, and this morning you receive me as a son. As your son, one who has much of this world's wealth, I may, without fear of offending you, set your mind at ease. It is I who bought the estate last night, and I now restore it into your hands; certain, that you will never again risk what, in fact, you only hold as steward for your children."

Saying these words, David took from his pocket the title-deeds and other law-papers, with which they had been busied the previous night, and laid them on the table before his father. The latter looked at them as if he could scarcely believe his eyes. At length he took them up, one by one, and examined them.

"The Grey property, too!—That is here!"

"Certainly it is, father. It was our duty to secure *that* first."

"And you, David?—you have a wife, one accustomed to the luxuries of life—and children. Have you been just to yourself, in this generosity to me? Are you rich enough to give away so much? Will it not cripple your own resources?"

"I am not rich enough to do this, and not feel the diminution of my income. But my wife and I are prepared for the change. We have agreed that a simpler, more primitive life for our children, will really be an advantage to them. We had determined to win you to receive us as a son and daughter, and

then to establish ourselves somewhere in the neighbourhood, where we could live less expensively than we have done; where I should have leisure and quiet to pursue my avocations, and my wife and children should become acquainted with my family and early friends. Circumstances have occurred to make me desire a modification of my plan. We cannot live in or near Milford. It would be dangerous for me."

"How will you account to your wife for this sudden change of plan?"

"Very easily—By telling her the truth."

"The truth!—will not that be hazardous? Will any woman bear that, David?"

"Many women I know would. My wife is one. You shall see her. She is the soul of generosity. Say nothing to her, or ever again to me about obligations. There can be nothing of the kind between us. We are father and son once more, thank God!" And David laid his hand on his father's shoulder, and looked affectionately into his eyes. They were full of tears, and his frame shook with emotion. He tried to speak; but the words failed him.

"Sit down, father; all this talk has been too much for you. Sit down, and recover yourself. Shall I go away a little while?"

"Yes! yes!—Go! Leave me alone a short time. Let me understand all my happiness. Let me thank the great Giver of all Good."

"I will go to my sisters, awhile. May I tell them?"

"Tell them what you like—only come back soon to me, and bring them all; I want to see them. And David—you said I should see your wife? Send for her soon. Where is she?"

"She is at Torrington Hall. She said she should come over here this morning. She had a bold plan of forcing herself into your presence, if I had failed in softening your heart."

"Will she come, think you? I hope she will come."

"I think she will. Are you unwell, father?"

"No; only overwhelmed with my undeserved happiness. Go, and make the others glad."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LONG LOST BROTHER.

"WHAT *can* that Strange Gentleman want with father, again, this morning?" said Rachel, giving the shirt she was mending a quite unnecessary fling in the excess of her curiosity.

The four sisters were all seated together in the breakfast-room, and Jack was wandering in and out doing nothing particular, except setting an old gun in order, and disarranging his sisters' work-boxes and baskets as they stood on the great table, round which they all sat diligently sewing,—or making believe to sew.

"What *can* he want with father, I wonder?" she exclaimed again.

"Now, I care a great deal more to know what father wants with him," said Jack.

"Mark has left them, has he not?" asked Mary.

"Yes. I was obliged to call him away. He looked very savage I know. I'm afraid that Strange Gentleman with the beard has put his nose out of joint."

"Mary, dear," whispered Martha to her next neighbour, while a dispute arose between Jack and Rachel, as to the gentleman's age, and the colour of his eyes. "Mary, you never told me what you overheard last night between Mark and the stranger, when you happened to be behind the curtain."

"No? Ah! So many things have happened since to put it out of my head again." And Mary's pretty face became radiant with a smile and a blush. "The Strange Gentleman asked Mark if he were in father's confidence in money matters, and Mark said 'yes.' 'Then,' said he, 'you will be prepared to hear my business.' 'You have come to demand payment of a debt, a heavy debt?' asked Mark. 'Precisely so,' said the stranger. 'I fear your father is deceived in some persons he employs. Do you not think so? How else can he be so much involved?' Mark did not answer directly, and when he spoke, I did not quite hear what he said, but it was something about '*speculating*,' and '*Railroads*.' It quite frightened me at the time. I did not know what I was doing for a long time." Martha looked very grave, but said nothing.

"Don't look like that, Matty, dear. Somehow I don't feel frightened about it now. I've a sort of confidence in that man. Depend upon it all will go right."

"Because Philip Ward has declared his love for you. Eh Mary?" And the sweet-natured Martha could not help smiling at this unconscious deduction of Mary's heart-logic. Jack's voice was heard overbearing Rachel's protest.

"I never said so, indeed I did not. Oh Jack! pray don't go and put that *about*, in fun."

"Oh, but you did though, you know you did! Did she not, now, Leah? I will be judged by you. You are a church-woman, sworn to all the thirty-nine articles, and the ten commandments and the belief; and you dare not bear false witness, if it was to save your life, or even Mr. Crypt's. What do you blush for, Leah? What have I said? I am a most unlucky fellow, to make my sisters turn as red as fire at every word I say."

"What *are* you talking about, Mr. Noisy?" asked Martha, endeavouring to distract Jack's battery of teasing from Leah and Rachel to herself; but it's range was wide enough to take in all of them.

"Why, Mrs. Parson, I was asking Leah to witness something that Rachel was saying about the Strange Gentleman. I think it fair that my friend, Bang, should hear how she is affected. She said, 'I feel as if I should love him very much if I came to know him. He has such a nice grand face; and the finest eyes in the world.' I hope Bang will like that, he with his green-gooseberry eyes."

"They are light blue," interposed Rachel; "but

never mind. I don't mind a word you say. Go on, Noisy."

"*Merçi, ma belle couturière!*—you like French, I know,—you must, since you like this French gentleman."

"He is not French, I am sure; whatever he is," said Rachel, "he is not a bit like a monkey."

"Nor a tiger," suggested Mary.

"Nor a cock," said Martha.

"Well, Frenchman or not, he's a foreigner, and Bang hates foreigners. I've heard him say so fifty times; and what will he think when his *sweetheart*—*what*, won't that word suit you? his *fiancée* then? his betrothed? *what*, is *that* not the thing? his *young woman* then? Will that do? You deprive me of the use of language. Well, what will he say when he hears that his young woman talks of liking to throw her arms round a Strange Gentleman's neck, and kissing him on the forehead because his forehead is beautiful, she says, and she feels towards him like a sister?"

"And what will Bang say," asked another voice, "when he hears that the Strange Gentleman threw his arms round Rachel, and kissed her thus?"

And to Rachel's intense surprise, she found that she was actually folded in some one's arms, and received a fond kiss on her glowing cheek.

Every one started up and stared in amazement at the intruder, who had stolen in unperceived during the last few moments. Jack let fall his gun, and turning very red, advanced a step and exclaimed,—

"What do you mean, sir?"

David smiled, and looked delightedly all round the circle, without moving his arm from Rachel's waist.

"That is my sister, sir," exclaimed Jack; "what do you mean?" and he advanced with a threatening hand.

David only smiled the more. "I mean that I, on my side, feel towards her as a brother."

"Confound your impudence, sir!" and the threatening hand seized the offender's collar. David burst into a laugh.

Martha started at the sound of this laugh, and after giving one look into his face, sprang forward, threw her arms round him, and burst into tears while she faltered out,—

"David! David! is it indeed you, my dear, long-lost brother?"

"Yes! Martha, good darling Martha, whom I have thought of all these years, and longed so often to hold to my heart as I do now. And all you other dear ones whom I remember well! Do not stand so far off. Come to me! I am David, your eldest brother."

They crowded round him. It was as pretty a family group as one would wish to see, those six fine tall human beings, radiant with joy and affection. The mother's picture seemed to smile down upon them, and to bless the meeting. No one spoke, except to utter a few exclamations of surprise and joy. David examined them all attentively, taking each

blooming face between his hands, and noting the alterations which time had made. When he came to Jack, he treated him as he had treated the girls, and laughed again,—his own musical, hearty laugh.

"Ah! Master Jack, I confess myself puzzled here. From five years old to nineteen. Let me see! what is there in you now that you had then? Where are the curly flaxen locks and the round apple face? The eyes are as bright and mischievous, and the flat as ready for a blow, as you showed a while since."

"I beg your pardon," said Jack, laughing; "but how could I have acted otherwise just now? But won't you sit down? Now, girls, make way for a chair. I think this meeting is too much for him."

In truth, David Underwood's face began to betray much emotion, and he was glad to take the offered seat. Martha fetched wine and Jack ran for water. David swallowed both with equal avidity. A few minutes sufficed to restore him to his usual state; or rather to bring him to an unusual state of gaiety and happiness.

"God bless you all! Don't get behind one another. Let me see every one of you. Ah! Martha, my oldest acquaintance! The others are all very well—*young*,—radiant; but *you*, you are my own sister, who used to run over the Fells with me. Kiss me, Martha dearest, and tell me you forgive me for keeping away so long. But you know"—

"Yes, I know. What I do not know is how you are here now. Father—you have had long interviews with him—and Mark—and Mr. Shepherd, and Miss Grey." "They all know I am here. My father has bidden me welcome. It is with his consent I am in the midst of you all."

"Then all that terrible misunderstanding is over. Poor father! He has always loved you—he has missed you every day since you went. How has he borne the surprise of your return?"

"Very well. It has made him happy. He has had other things to bear far more difficult. We will go to him, you and I, Martha. He should not be left alone too long. Let us go, now," and he put a strong arm round her, and kissed her careful brow.

"Oh, let us all come!" cried Rachel. "Poor dear father! We have not seen him to-day."

Martha shook her head,—*"It will be too much for him. He feels deeply, though he tries to hide it."*

"Stay here, dear ones," said David, affectionately, "and I will fetch you presently. I think he will be glad to see you all."

They all crowded round David and Martha as they went out from the room, and they watched them pass through the door of the back-parlour; then they returned and gazed at each other, and smiled. Jack flung various pieces of needle-work up to the ceiling, and shouted aloud with glee. Rachel danced about and embraced every one a dozen times. Leah held Mary's hand in silent joy. They each forgot their lovers for the moment.

"So that is David! I am so glad he is like that," said Mary.

"Yes, so like what we have so often fancied, only nicer," said Leah. "He does not look like a modern fine gentleman."

"No, indeed; nor like an ancient saint either," said Jack, looking archly at Leah.

"He's very handsome this morning. How was it his hair looked so dark last night? He looked altogether different then," said the simple Rachel.

Jack laughed derisively.

"Ah, Rachel, my girl! you would never do for the Detective Police Force. I will make the matter as plain to your mind as it is to mine, upon a very short consideration. David wore a black wig, a false black beard and eye-brows, and stained the skin of his face, when he came here last night, because, for some purpose or other, he did not wish any one here to know who he was. He was disguised again this morning when he came here."

"But he was not so well disguised when I walked with him to the Grey Tower," said Leah. "I discovered that his skin and hair were both fair during our walk. He stopped at the vicarage and renewed his disguise before he came on here."

"But when did he take it off, do you suppose?" asked Rachel.

"In my father's study, I should imagine," said Jack, smiling. "In all my life I never saw such a dear unimaginative girl! You might have supposed that for yourself. But now, Rachel, tell me, how do you like him best—as he was last night, or as he is now?"

"How can you ask such a question? As he is now, of course. Was I not right, too, when I said I felt towards him like a sister?"

"Well, on this occasion it has turned out so. I say, Rachel, what a fine aristocratic-looking fellow David is! He looks like a great lord."

"He looks like a great *man*, you mean," said Leah.

"Like a genius," said Mary.

"Yes! yes!—I grant that, too. But still his manners, his movements, his way of standing, are not like us. Mark is handsome, but he don't look like that; nor Philip, who is quite a flower of grace among us; Bang and I are worse mannered than Jemmy Sharpe in comparison. I feel it directly—but it does not make me uncomfortable. I like it. That's what I call *breeding*, and no mistake."

"He reminded me last night, and again just now as he moved and looked, of something Miss Grey was saying to us about one of the noble chivalric men of Queen Elizabeth's court. Do you remember what it was, Leah?" asked Mary.

"Was it not about Sir Philip Sidney, and 'high courage seated in a heart of courtesy'?"

"Yes, that was it. Don't you think ——" and Mary stopped suddenly, and drew back from the window where she had been standing. "Here is a lady just come within the gate, and one of the Torrington Hall servants is with her," she added, a little fluttered; for a visitor, and one she did not know, was rare at the Grange.

"You should not draw back in that way," said Leah; "she may have seen you. Come with me, and let us ask her to walk in."

But before they could step through the window the stranger stood before it, and bowed and smiled to the two girls.

She was a woman upon whom no one could look with indifference. Her face was not beautiful—it was the reverse of beautiful—i. e. as near the reverse of beautiful as any face instinct with love and intelligence can be. It was a face that disarmed criticism at once. You thought not, "How plain!" "How singular!" You thought, "How good!" "How full of genius!"

The bright brown eyes looked straight into your face, seeking your soul, and with no desire but to sympathise with it. Not looking cleverly to find out what you thought. A grand simple soul came out through those clear eyes. They may have known tears, but they would not give tears the mastery. She was a brunette, with a bright, fixed, healthy colour in her cheeks. Her dark hair was slightly tinged with grey, but, with that exception, everything about her appearance gave the idea of youth. A happier human face, with so much thought and feeling, it would not be easy to find; for, alas! happiness is seldom the lot of the thinking human being. The penalty we pay for an "intellectual being" is that we must have it full of pain. This lady was one who would not have exchanged her lot for that of any woman on earth. She was the wife of David Underwood, and a woman of genius!

She stood before the open window, looking in; her elegant figure, in the close-fitting riding-habit, sharply defined against the sky.

"May I come in?" she asked, in a full, rich voice that thrilled on the ear.

"Oh! pray excuse us, madam," said Leah, advancing. "Come in. We were a little startled."

The lady entered the room, and, to the surprise of them all, she was lame—very lame. But she betrayed no embarrassment on that account. She took the first seat she came to, and then addressed herself to Leah, who at a glance she saw was the eldest.

"My dear Miss Underwood, I have come unexpectedly, I find. You have not seen your brother, Dr. Underwood, this morning?"

"Yes; David has just left the room. He is with my father."

"That is well. Nay, tell me, *you*.—Is it well?"

"Yes, madam. My father and David are reconciled. It has made us very happy. You know him, I see—know him well."

The lady smiled—a smile so full of joy and tenderness that Jack, who *felt* physiognomy, and understood nothing of aesthetics, pronounced her the handsomest lady he had ever seen.

"Have you known him long, madam?"

"Ever since *you* ceased to know him."

"Is he really very famous in London, madam?" asked Jack, with a little *mauvaise honte*.

"Yes; famous among the best and wisest."

"Is it true that he goes to court—that he dines with the king?" asked Rachel.

"It is quite true. He is a man whom the king delights to honour."

"God save the king!" murmured Leah.

"Is it true that my brother David might have married many rich and beautiful ladies?" inquired the indiscreet Jack.

"It is true. At least I think so."

"And he has returned home to us all at last. And perhaps he intends to marry Miss Grey, and to stay among us. That will be glorious—beautiful—romantic!" said Rachel, clasping her hands.

"Yes!" said the strange lady, looking kindly at her. "It would be glorious—beautiful—romantic! but it is *not* true."

"How?"

"Your brother David is married—married to me."

They all drew back simultaneously, and fixed their eyes on that fascinating face as it was upturned to theirs. Before another word was uttered the door was thrown open, and David entered the room.

CHAPTER XV.

OLD LETTERS.

In the meantime the world without Milford Grange went on as usual. Nanny Post and her donkey proceeded along the valley, and stopped whenever it seemed good to either of them to stop. Sometimes, also, they were obliged to stop when it seemed good to neither; as, for instance, when Miss Shepherd sallied forth from the Vicarage garden and waylaid them, that she might *pump* Nanny's news under pretence of asking how "Jemmy was after that fall;" and that she might get a sight of her brother's letters before he saw them himself, under pretence of saving Nanny the trouble of getting off Bob's back. Nanny had no alternative as to the letters; she was obliged to give *them* up to "the curiousest lady as ever was," as she scrupled not to call Miss Shepherd in her own circle, defiant alike of syntax and social superiority. But as to the news—she had a right to do just as she liked about repeating that. In spite of all questioning and cross questioning, it was not much information "Miss Shepherd got out of her, that bout," as she told her old friend and special crony, Dame Bernard, when she reached the Tower, and delivered the packet with which Martha had entrusted her for Miss Grey.

"Sit down, Nanny. I'll just go and find Miss Miriam," said the old nurse. "Maybe she'll have a message to send back by you. I haven't seen her all the morning. You see, I've been very busy with the *clap cake* and the *riddle bread*, and never once gave it a thought till your coming minded me o't. Poor dear! poor dear! She'd got a headache and went to lay down without any breakfast, which was the worst thing she could do; but young things will be young, you know. I'll go and look after her, now."

Nurses always think of those they nursed as "young things."

"Where's her sister, Dame? where's Mrs. Ward?" asked Nanny.

"Ah, deary me! deary me! Young things will be young, Jemima Sharpe. Mrs. Ward's away o'er the fell side to Torrington Hall for some nonsense or other, though she knew it was baking day, and Miss Miriam not well and all. And now I come to think of it, she *did* say to me, 'Nurse Bernard,' says she, 'go up and see how Miss Grey is, in the course of the morning.' And away she went with her fine new white bonnet and parasol. Somehow she hasn't got much of the Grey blood about her—unless it's the blood of the Greys of Torrington Hall; and that's been aye different from our Grey blood of the Tower, here. Ah! well, well! It's a strange world we live in, Jemima Sharpe!"

"You may say that, Dame," was the reply; "you've lived in it longer than I have by twenty years; but I don't think you have ever seen such changes as we're like to have in Milford anon."

"Changes in Milford! What changes?" exclaimed the old woman in a sort of plaintive scream. "What's the matter? Is it about my dear children here? Anything to Miss Miriam, an' Mrs. Ward, and the boy?"

"No, no! Don't alarm yourself, Dame Bernard. There ain't nothing bad befallen them, as I knows of. There! there! Don't put yourself in a flutter. Go and do what you was going to do, and then come back here and we'll have a quiet talk; and I don't care if I *do* taste your new riddle bread, and a sup of a.c."

"Go!" said the old nurse, looking somewhat bewildered. "Where was I going? I think my memory is not as good as it was."

"Nonsense," said Nanny, cheerfully. "You're a young woman yet. Don't talk so. You'll live to dance at your lady's wedding yet."

"Na! na! Not at Miss Miriam's. I'm liker to weep at her burying, I reckon. She'll never be any man's wife—but only one; and he's clean forgotten her long ago. My bonny sightless bird! Ye chose a faithless mate, and one out o' your own degree,—like your sweet mother before y^e. What was I saying?" she asked again, after a pause.

"You were going to take this packet to Miss Grey. It's a heavy one. Perhaps it's got good news inside. I shouldn't wonder now if it said something about that runaway lover of hers."

"Na! na! She'll hear nought o' him while oak and ash grows. He's heard of her blindness, and didn't come. And if she did, she ha' nought to say to him *now*, I'll be bound. Ah well! It is a long lane that has no turning. Perhaps she'll alter her mind, and listen to Sir Ralph at last. He loves her poor eyes still. He's kept single for love of her this many a year, to my knowledge."

"And for love of *himself*, to my knowledge. A selfish careful body," said the unsentimental Nanny,

half aloud, as the old woman hobbled away to seek her mistress.

When she reached the door of Miss Grey's chamber, she was obliged to pause, and pant for breath.

"Deary me! What a weary height! I'm getting old." Then she knocked at the door; but no answer came. Again she knocked—still no answer. "Poor child! can she be ill? Miss Miriam! Miss Miriam! come and open the door. Perhaps she's asleep; but I never knew her sleep in the daytime."

Again she knocked, and this time so violently, that Miriam, who was sleeping by the open window, just as we saw her last, awoke suddenly with a start and a loud cry.

"Ha! it is too late, too late! I cannot hear him now."

"What are you saying, my dear child? Open the door."

Miriam recognised old Bernard's voice, and mechanically moved to obey it. There was a strange feeling in her head, and a dull burning sensation in every limb, as she got down from the high window-seat, and dragged herself to the door.

"What do you want, Bernard?"

"I want to know how you are; and here is something from Mr. Underwood, my dear—letters, I think, they say it is. Open the door."

Miriam did so, and the old woman peered up into her face as she handed her the packet.

"Why, you've been asleep, I declare, and are as rosy as you used to be when you was a babe. You don't look ill. How you frightened me just now! There, wake up. You must wait till some one comes to read these letters. I'll come up and see you presently; but there's the clap-cake not all done yet, and so I must go. There's letters inside, I think she said." And the old woman hobbled away again, eager to hear Nanny's promised news.

"Letters!" thought Miriam to herself, as she closed the door, and turned her eyes on the packet which she held in her hand. "Letters? What care I for letters, or anything else? How shall I go on with life now? It is all dark—blank. What has come to me?"

She dragged her aching limbs to the old place by the window again, and sat straining her eyes over to the distant sea. Her hands had fallen listlessly into her lap, clasping the packet unheedingly between them. Awhile she strove hard to remember all that had passed between David Underwood and herself that morning.

"I recollect it all now distinctly. He is returned at last! He is married! But he said he had written to me—written! Perhaps there's more to bear yet. I must rouse myself and be strong."

Then, after a pause, she grasped the packet in her lap suddenly.

"Letters!" she said; "it contains letters! They are from him—from him, and I cannot see to read them!"

The human voice has seldom uttered a sound more

melancholy than the tone of these few words pronounced by Miriam Grey. She sat with her sightless eyes fixed on the packet for some minutes, as if she were trying to believe in her own misfortune. Not see to read what he had written! It was hard to believe that God had afflicted her so. Then her slender fingers felt eagerly all over the packet, lingering on the seal. That she recognised at once as Mr. Underwood's. Still she had no doubts as to the contents. She broke that outer seal. Yes! there were letters inside—David's letters. She needed not sight to be sure of that. She touched one of the seals lightly with her trembling fore-finger, feeling for the impression of a certain device on a ring which she had given him on his birth-day, long years ago. It was a star, surrounded by the words, "*Segui la tua Stella.*" With the delicate sense of touch peculiar to the blind, she recognised it instantly.

"*Segui la tua Stella,*" she murmured. "*Segui la tua Stella.*" Yes! he was bound to follow it: he could not do otherwise, though it led him from me. I was only a spring flower in his path; no star above his head to guide him onward. I faded from his touch when I should have moved onward with him."

She took up the letters, and examined each singly, passing them through her fingers many times, and laying them against her cheek.

"One, two, three—ah! *this* is foreign paper!—four, five—foreign paper again—six, seven—that is not his—he does not fold his letters so—besides, there is no seal." She was holding Mr. Underwood's note of the previous night in her hands.

At this moment came another knock at the chamber-door. Instinctively she collected all her letters, and covered them with her hands, ere she said, "Come in." It was Nurse Bernard again.

"Mr. Shepherd has come to see you. When I told him you were not well, you were lying down, he said I was to ask if he might not come up and see you. Do let him come, my dear. He's been frightening me about the fever. Deary me! Now I see you in the light, child, you *do* look feverish. Will you come and speak to him, or shall he come to you?"

"I don't feel well," said Miriam, passing one hand over her forehead. "I am rather giddy; ask Mr. Shepherd to come to me."

Dame Bernard went away immediately, and in a few minutes Mr. Shepherd stepped into the room alone, hastened to Miriam, and drew a chair beside her.

"You are ill—fevered. I see it. Why are you not lying down?"

"I am ill, but my sickness is more of the mind than of the body. I want your help, dear Mr. Shepherd. Tell me, did you know, last night, who it was—"

"I know now, my dear," and he took one of her hands affectionately. "It was David Underwood. What have you to say about him?"

"He is married."

"Yes! I knew that, long since. Surely *you* knew it! No? He came to you this morning, and you did not know it. Ah! that is painful," and the good man pressed her fevered hand in his, and looked with mournful eyes into her face for a few moments before he proceeded. "David wrote to me before his marriage, and told me that he had written to *you* on the subject. That you never mentioned it, or alluded to it, any more than to other passages of his life, did not surprise me, for I know that you are not like the generality of women—you do not love to talk of what you feel. I believed that you were acquainted with the circumstances of David's marriage, and I gave you credit for greater self-control and resignation to God's appointments than it has often been my lot to see in a young person, for I felt sure you had not forgotten him. It is strange how we take things for granted, and misunderstand what is going on in the hearts we think we know the best;" he continued, musing aloud. "And you did not know till now of David's marriage!—who told you of it?"

"I heard it from himself, some hours ago," she said, in a faint voice; "all that is over now. It has been a sad piece of work altogether. Why did his father keep back his letters from me? He is a hard man."

"You must forgive him, Miriam. What are those letters you hold so tightly?"

"I think they are David Underwood's letters that were kept back from me, and that his father, with a refinement of cruelty, sends me *after* I have had an interview with him. What have I done to Mr. Underwood to be so treated?"

"You labour under some mistake, my child. Mr. Underwood is hard and severe sometimes, but never to *you*. Be assured of that. Let me look at those letters; may I?"

"Yes; I cannot be mistaken about them," she sighed; "will you read them to me? I think I could not bear any other voice to utter his words."

He took them from her lap, and while she covered her face with her hands and wept silently, the kind old man examined the contents of the packet.

Who does not know what it is to turn over a packet of old letters? letters from one who will never, never write to us any more; one dead, or, perhaps, estranged,—it boots not *how*,—but estranged so that there can come no more such letters in all the years that are to be.

The letters from the *dead* are dear as his last words, to the loving heart. We shrink at first from the sight of the familiar handwriting, as we untie the ribbon that bound the precious papers, and they lie scattered before us. But if we have been true and loyal in our affection for the dead; if our friendship held firm through evil report and good report,—firmer through the evil than through the good,—firmest of all when the evil report *had* a foundation, and we knew that our friend had erred, nay, had *sinned*, and was even such a one as in our secret souls we know ourselves to be, or to be capable of being; if we have candour

and impartiality enough for self-knowledge at all; if it were so with us and our friendship, there will be a sweetness in the sorrow with which we look on the letters of our dead friend. Softly and reverently will the faded, discoloured papers be handled, carefully, lovingly unfolded and re-read. There will be no bitterness in the recollections they produce; the old gaiety and pleasant jests scattered up and down will raise a smile still, and the figure of our friend, as he was when he wrote thus, will return to us, sit beside us, and smile with us over his old letters. And when we have finished them all, we perhaps look up with a sigh, and say, as we tie up our relics again, "Ah, it is a long time ago! but that true friendship is as dear to me as ever. I only wait to renew it in a higher life, where he has gone before me."

But it is not so with us when we see the old letters of one still living, who was once a friend, and who is so no more. No matter from which side the cause of estrangement sprang, the estrangement exists, a bitter thing to the loving soul. It takes no comfort from the thought, "It was not *I* that broke the bands of this friendship." It feels a terrible desecration of its affection in the fact that it *can* say, "I loved once," knowing the truth of the poet's words,—

"They never loved who can say I loved *once*."

It has been polluted with a false feeling, and it is ashamed. If its affection was a reality, it exists still, secretly, though repulsed and outraged. To such a soul the noble words of Coleridge should bring support and consolation:—

"Yet why at others' wanings shouldst thou fret?
Then only mightst thou feel a just regret
Hast thou withheld thy love, or hid thy light
In selfish forethought, of neglect, or slight.
Oh wiser! then, from feeble yearnings freed,
While and on whom thou mayst—shine on!—nor heed
Whether the object by reflected light
Return thy radiance, or absorb it quite.
And though thou notest from thy safe recess
Old friends burn dim like lamps in noisome air,
Love them for what they are, nor love them less
Because to thee they are not what they were."

The letters of an estranged friend are never looked at without a mixture of painful feelings, and if ever they *are* read through, it is in bitterness of spirit, and with a sense of injury,—sometimes, alas! with contempt.

But the old letters which so stirred the heart of Miriam Grey as she heard their pages rustle in the hands of her friend, were not from one dead, nor from one estranged. She had no general remembrance of their contents, no precious associations connected with them. They were all unknown to her, all full of interest. They contained important news, and yet were written many years before. They spoke probably of love to her, and she was trying to reconcile her mind to the idea that he had vowed love to another. It was a strange mixture of contraries; but above all other feelings within her rose the desire

to know what was in them, that she might in some measure honour him still.

Slowly the good clergyman broke each seal, and looked over each letter. They sat in silence; Miriam with tightly folded hands and still demeanour, bending her fevered face downward, and waiting with closed eyes for the first words, and yet shrinking as from the probing of a wound; Mr. Shepherd with grave earnest face scanning eagerly through his spectacles the letters meant for no eyes but those now sightless ones, to which he looks up occasionally with an ineffable pity. Sometimes he lays down a letter quickly, as if he had intruded too far into the writer's inner feeling, and could not bear to go on; again, he reads on with eagerness, and makes slight gestures of surprise, approval, disapproval, glancing ever and anon at his motionless companion. At length he breathes forth a sigh, and leans back in his chair to reflect a few moments; then laying one hand on the open letters, he touches Miriam with the other, saying,—

"My dear child. There are many things in these letters which will give you pain. Things which another in my place might deem it right to keep from you."

"But it would not be right. I ask to know all that I should know if I were not blind."

"You shall, my dear. I make no comment on David's conduct. You will judge for yourself. Are you prepared to hear them now?"

"Perfectly."

"Then let me tell you, first, that there is a note from Mr. Underwood, dated last night, touching on some business which has nothing to do with these letters, and which we can speak of another time. At the conclusion of this note he says, 'I send with this a few letters from my son David to me. Perhaps they may be valuable to you, as I remember, in your girlhood you seemed to favour him with some tender regard. You are now at liberty to dispose of them as you think best. Others which came to me before these I destroyed without opening them.'"

"Then these letters are not to me, after all."

"They are all addressed to his father, but contain enclosures to you."

"Ah! yes, I remember, in the last letter I received from him, he said that he should enclose all future letters to his father. What is the date of the first of these?"

"August, 18—. That is just seven years after he left Milford. It runs thus."

Miriam pressed her burning palms together, bowed her head once more, and listened with closed eyes to the following letter.

LETTER I.

"Again this season, this bright, warm, summer-time, carries me back to the far-off point in the past, when I left Milford and you, dear, sweet Miriam. In spite of your long-continued silence, I cannot resist the inclination to write to you once more, though probably in an hour of cool reason or pride I may

tear what I now write. And of what do I wish to write? of the past, when I knew you? Nay—that is past, finished; it is a fair, complete structure in my heart, standing erect there, like a pyramid in an Egyptian plain; silent, strong, inviolable; sacred to an immortal memory; enshrining the earliest sovereigns of that now desert region—my mother, and my beautiful Miriam.—My gentle, blessed, dead mother! My gentle, blessed Miriam, now dead to me.

"But though the Miriam of seven years ago is dead to me, the Miriam of an earlier day still lives; it is to that Miriam, once his childish friend and confidant, that David Underwood now writes. It is she whom he thinks of when he hears (as he has heard once or twice lately) that Sir Ralph Grey of Torrington Hall is about to be married to 'a certain cousin of his, a Miss Grey, who has property in his neighbourhood.' It is she whom he now ventures to congratulate on this coming event, which will give so much pleasure throughout our two valleys.

"It is not your marriage, Miriam, that seems to me now to be a matter for congratulation; it is your marriage with another. How often in this life are we compelled to find our greatest consolation in the fact which we once imagined would cause us unmitigated pain! David Underwood has lived to thank God that Miriam Grey can never be his wife! It is good for her that it should be so; for him—no matter whether it be good or bad for him. It is inevitable; and he has learned to bear what is so.

"After all that shameful confession in my last, you will understand readily that I have long since ceased aspiring to your love. He who lies on the earth with his face downward, grasping clay, cannot see the stars. When he finds that it is *only* clay which he delighted in so madly, and that he has blinded his eyes by grovelling in the mire, he is worse than a fool if he cannot accept the consequences, and suffer in silence. He is also worse than a fool, if he continue passively to accept those consequences, without transmuting the silent suffering into strength, whereby to withstand future temptation.

"Temptation to sin! Do you know what it is, Miriam Grey? I think not. Ever since your infant voice could lisp the words, you have prayed—'Lead us not into temptation;' and I verily believe God has granted your prayer always. I know you, Miriam, what you are; an exceptional human being—one sent on earth to show us what we should be, also to show us what we can *be*, if it be our Maker's will. It is said by some philosophers and moralists, that there is no suffering in the heart where there is no sin. It is a false saying. There are some few men and women in a generation who seem too pure, too good for this earth, upon whom sorrows are poured forth in abundance; who bear the burden of other people's sins. *Why* they are sent on earth at all, seems a mystery; they want no probation, they are as silver seven times purified.

"It may be that such holy spirits—such saint-like

natures—are set before us as guiding stars, as comforters, as examples. Such are you, Miriam Grey, in the eyes of all who know you. Such are you to me—the fallen one.

"I have risen from my degradation—a degradation for which few of those I live amongst would have despised me—only you, Miriam, and God, and my own better self. I have risen from my degradation, I say. My eyes have been cleansed from mire, in the waters of repentance. I am a sadder and a wiser man; but still *a man*—able to stand erect, and gaze upward on the heavens once more—able to follow your gentle injunction,—*Segui la tua Stella*.

"If there should ever come across your path one soiled with sin, who has wasted God's best gifts, who is bankrupt in reputation, in affection, in mind, in hope, say to him, Miriam, that you once knew one, ten times worse, plunged ten times deeper in remorse than he, and that that one remembered *you* in the depths of his despair, and through you, the God who made you. Then he belived and trusted in the Infinite Goodness and Mercy; he acquired strength to cast from him the insidious atheism of despair, and flung his soul, stained and weary with conflict, prostrate before the great God whose hand is over all his works, who 'hateth nothing that he has made,' 'who knoweth our frailty, who remembereth that we are but dust.'

"This is a simple unvarnished truth, Miriam. To you do I owe this renovated life; for without the remembrance of you, and what you once felt for me, I should have perished in despair of my own power to be anything more than an earth-worm, or a blot on creation. Because *you* once cared for me, and God always cares for me, I have learned to care for myself.

"And now, Miriam, I am beginning to do the work which is allotted to me to do in this world. Even now I see, dimly, that I could not do that work so well as I hope to do, if I had not sinned and suffered. We who strive to teach others, in our books, ought to know in our own lives what are the strongest trials and temptations, the most sickening sorrows of the life of man. A literary man who lives shut out from the dust and din, the strife and cruel warfare of the world, will not write soul-supporting books for those who have suffered there. By God's help, Miriam, my own experience shall be turned to some good account for the young and the old to whom the faculty I possess may make me known. Pray for me, Miriam, that this God-given faculty may henceforth help (in however small a degree) to make his will done on earth as it is in heaven. I shall not love his will the less because I have felt his anger when I transgressed it. Or, in the language of philosophy, (which I would rather use for ordinary talk than that more sacred heart-language of religion, which should not be profaned or vulgarized by keeping it too near the lips on all occasions,)—in the language of philosophy, shall not love the right less ardently because I have felt how the wrong brings with it its own punishment and degradation.

"And now a few words about——"

"Stay! stay! dear Mr. Shepherd. I can bear no more. This letter will turn my brain," cried Miriam, in an excited tone. "What does it all mean? I cannot understand it. I have waited patiently, expecting every minute that you would read something—some *fact* that would throw light on all this suffering and self-upbraiding. What can it mean? Degradation and David Underwood? Sin! Grovelling in the earth! grasping clay! David Underwood! *our* David! Bright spirited, lofty minded, full of all good thoughts and feelings! Degraded! It is folly! It is some fiction!" she continued, stretching out her fevered hands towards Mr. Shepherd. He grasped them within his own, crushing the letter as he did so; and said gently and with a sigh:—

"It is written, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.'"

"Ah! You know something of the—the—cause—the—the—shameful confession" to which he refers. He speaks enigmas."

"Some things it is best to know only as enigmas," said Mr. Shepherd, pressing her hands affectionately. "Can you be content to know that David Underwood has had something shameful to confess?"

Miriam paused. "No!" she said softly; "I cannot be content. I would rather judge for myself how far his conduct would be shameful in my eyes. If you love me, tell me what you know—what he saw fit to tell me in one of those earlier lost letters. Mr. Shepherd looked at her eager wistful face, fever-flushed and full of acute pain. He could not resist, he did not think it well to resist her entreaty. In a sober but very low voice he said:

"I will tell you briefly, my child, what I know but imperfectly myself. I heard long ago of a certain Italian woman,—a syren with a sweet voice, and a fair face; a singer at the opera, one of those women of genius who use their glorious endowments for inglorious purposes. It becomes a snare and curse to them, and to these who have to do with them."

"And David had to do with this one? Ah! He loved music and the drama, and—and—all beautiful things."

"But he did not love this woman, as he once loved you,—nor even as he loved music and the drama. It was far other. He was very young then. She loved him after her passionate southern fashion, and let him know it. This appealed to his heart, her genius satisfied his artistic taste, her beauty captivated his senses, her fame gratified his pride, and all these things ministered to his vanity. 'The lips of a strange woman drop as an honeycomb, and her mouth is smoother than oil. But her end is bitter as worm-wood, sharp as a two-edged sword. Her feet go down to death, her steps take hold on hell.' My poor boy! My poor boy!"

"Nay! rather should we say, 'Poor woman!'" interrupted Miriam with grave sadness.

"This from you, Miriam? Have you sophisms and fair words for her? palliatives and excuses for the harlot?"

"Why not?" asked Miriam firmly; "the holy Son of God had."

Mr. Shepherd pressed her hand—this time with his lips. "God bless you, my child! I thank you for reminding me of my duty. The thought of David's sorrow and indignation at the sin, made me forget mercy to the sinner."

"To one sinner."

"You are right, too, there."

"To the one, too, that was probably the greatest sufferer."

"Not so, Miriam. There your benevolence leads you too far. You do not know, you cannot imagine, how a course of worldliness and sensuality hardens the heart,—even a woman's heart,—so that moral feeling becomes almost extinct, and natural affection half deadened. This woman had many rich lovers, though for a time she devoted herself to David Underwood, the poor young author. He was handsome and full of brilliant talent. It was only a caprice, and after a time she began to have other caprices; he remonstrated—she laughed. He talked of marriage. It seemed the only compensation in his power; for she was about to bear him a child. He knew that by such a marriage his life would be a wreck, but he thought it just and right towards her."

"Surely it was so, Mr. Shepherd."

"You shall hear. She told him that she was married already. David did not abandon her, though she tried to shake him off, and by her conduct turned his love into something like contempt. He loved his child with tender pitying love, and he was shocked at her neglect of it. At last, she decamped to the continent with a rich nobleman, and deserted David's child."

"Ha! what became of it?"

"David took it home to his own comfortable lodgings. It was a touching sight, I have heard, that sickly babe in the arms of her wretched, shame-stricken, self-despising father."

"This is indeed a sad, sad story! Poor unhappy babe! And this is what David confessed to me, and I never saw the confession; I could not write and say: 'Send me this helpless creature, doomed to suffer for its parents' faults, and I will tend and cherish it.' What has become of the child, since? He has formed other ties; he is married. Where has he hidden this innocent sufferer for his wrong-doing?"

"I do not know what has become of the child. I have not heard of her since his marriage. I think there is something about her in the concluding sentences of the letter I was reading. Yes—he says,

"A few words about my child, my darling Leonora. She is now three years old, and is very happy for the present, poor darling! She has met with some kind friends. Admiral Underwood's children are her playmates and protectors, and as I am domesticated with him just now, she is here also. The strong yearning towards the past with which I began this letter is fading away. I will conclude as I began, with wishes for your wedded happiness. Leonora has learned to

pray for you already. The prayers of so pure a creature must bring good to you, Miriam.

"Farewell! Once more, relax your rigid silence, and say you forgive

"The erring

"DAVID UNDERWOOD."

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT AMERICAN ALOE.

WHETHER we contemplate the Great American Aloe as presenting one of the most striking physiognomic forms of vegetation to which tropical lands give birth, or as one of the most important uncultivated plants which minister to the varied wants of savage and civilized man,—or as one whose history is entwined with that of the human race, and whose geographical range, now encircling the globe, bears testimony to their migrations—in any point of view we cannot fail to regard it as one of the most remarkable of plants. It is not surprising that such a plant should have its mythical and fabular associations; even in our own country, where, in all curious collections of plants, it is reared in the artificial climate of the greenhouse, this patriarch of the flowers still obtains, in the popular mind, the remarkable peculiarity of blooming once in a hundred years; and in some parts of the country popular lecturers on botany still amuse their audiences on the fertile theme of the Aloe's rapid development of blossoms, which occasions an "explosion resembling the firing of cannon." These and other garden fables supply ample materials for the newspaper paragraphs which annually appear, recording instances of the flowering of the Aloe in different parts of the country; and it is with the view of correcting popular errors, and leading to correct views of the real nature of this plant, that we lay before our readers the following authentic epitome of its history and uses.

The Great American Aloe does not belong to the genus *Aloe* of botanists (which includes a large number of species, some of which supply the aloes of medicine), but to a family belonging to an entirely different natural order, viz. the *Amarylhidaceæ*. It is the *Agave americana* of Linnæus (*A. Cantala*, Ros.; *Fourcroya Cantala*, Haw.), but its synonymy is much confused in botanical works; and in popular accounts of its history, the English name has led to a greater confusion still, by mixing it up with the true aloes, the *Yuccas* (Adam's Needle), and, perhaps, other plants. It is, however, so extensively known, not only in Britain, but in all our colonies, by the name of Great American Aloe, that on this ground alone we do not venture a change. In the Indian Peninsula, the natives call it *Wilaceto Ananas*—i.e. English Pineapple; a name which seems clearly to indicate the original introduction of the plant to that country by the English, although it is only known wild in more southern lands than Britain. It is truly indigenous to the tropical parts of America alone, but

has spread with the human race throughout all the warmer parts of the globe, where it has become naturalized, and flourishes luxuriantly under climatic conditions very different, in many cases, from those which it originally enjoyed. Its Sanscrit name is *Kantula*.

The ordinary aspect of the Agave, as seen in our greenhouses, must be familiar to most of our readers—a simple unbranched plant, with long leathery sheathing leaves of great substance, all rising from nearly one point, and generally of a deep green hue,—in the young state glaucous; but there is a variety with striped leaves, resembling in colour the riband-grass of our gardens. The plant assumes a very different appearance, however, when its blossoms are produced. It sends up a strong flower-stalk, a foot in diameter at the base, and sometimes more than thirty feet in height, bearing, in candelabra form, many thousands of blossoms, which give it a very imposing aspect. In hot countries the plant does not produce its blossoms for several years, varying, according to circumstances, from five to twelve; but in Britain, even where grown in the greenhouse, it requires a much longer period for evolution, and has been known to attain the age of eighty years, and more in some cases, although the flowers are generally produced long before that period. The flowering exhausts the plant, and it immediately dies, but the leathery leaves, in our climate, often retain their succulency and verdure for several years after the plant has ceased to grow, if protected from the atmospheric elements.

The Great American Aloe is, however, not altogether unknown as an ornamental open-air plant in Britain. To our own personal knowledge, it has resisted the frosts of winter on an artificial rock-work in the garden of G. H. Newall, Esq., Dundee; and although, under such circumstances, its growth is necessarily very slow, a considerable degree of heat being requisite for its proper development, yet one instance is on record of this extraordinary exotic flowering on the shores of Britain. The illustrious Humboldt records, that on the lovely coast of Devonshire, where Salcombe Bay has been called, on account of its mild climate, the Montpellier of the North, the *Agave mexicana* has been seen to blossom in the open air, and orange-trees trained against espaliers, and only slightly protected by mats, have borne fruit.¹ Indeed, the most remarkable history on record of the early flowering of the American Aloe is that to which Humboldt evidently alludes, which took place in the open ground, at Woodville, near Salcombe, Devonshire, the residence of the late James Cole, Esq., and which was fully detailed in the Transactions of the Horticultural Society, and has since been noticed in many other works. This aloe was planted in 1804, when six inches in height, and two or three years old, within a few yards of the sea-shore, where it never had any cover, shelter, manure, or cultivation. It gradually increased in size, until in 1820 it measured about eleven feet in height, and covered a space the

diameter of which was sixteen feet, its leaves close to the stem being nearly nine inches thick. In the beginning of June of that year, a stem made its appearance, resembling a head of asparagus, but of gigantic dimensions, which during six weeks grew at the rate of three inches a day, and then gradually diminished in progress, but not till it had attained the elevation of twenty-seven feet from the ground, which was about the middle of September; the two lowest branches of the flower-stalk first showed flowers on the third of September, and others came out in succession from the beginning of October to the end of November, when they all began to lose colour and dry up. It is stated, also, that there were upwards of forty flowering branches, each with between three and four hundred flowers, making in all about sixteen thousand blossoms! As the stem grew, the leaves began to wither, and the plant died, its age being twenty-one years.²

The uses to which the Agave is applied by the natives of the regions it inhabits are numerous, and in the present paper we shall notice those of most importance. The Mexicans esteem it the most valuable production which nature has lavished upon them, and their notions of its value are based upon a drink which it supplies to them in abundance, which is greedily sought after by the mountain population of equinoctial America wherever the plant abounds. The following notice of this beverage, derived from Humboldt's *Essai politique sur le Royaume de la Nouvelle Espagne*, is from the pen of the late Robert Huish, F.L.S. "Scarcely," says the distinguished philosopher Humboldt, "does there exist a tribe of savages in the world, who are not acquainted with the art of preparing some kind of vegetable drink. The wretched hordes which wander in the forests of Guiana extract from the fruits of different palms a beverage which is as palatable as the European orgeat. The inhabitants of Easter Island, confined to a mass of barren, springless rocks, mingle the expressed juice of the sugar-cane with the briny water of the sea. More civilized nations derive their drink from the same plants as afford them food, and whose seeds and roots contain the saccharine principle mingled with the farinaceous. In southern and eastern Asia this is rice; in Africa and Australia, the roots of ferns, or of some species of Arum; whilst in the north of Europe the Cerealia afford both bread and fermented liquors. Few are the instances of certain plants being cultivated solely with a view to extract beverages from them. Vineyards only exist west of the Indus. In the old world, and in the golden age of Cicero, the culture of the grape was confined to the countries lying between the Oxus and the Euphrates; in Asia Minor and in Western Europe. In other parts of the world, nature certainly produces several species of wild vine, but nowhere has man attempted to collect them around him, and improve their quality by cultivation. The new continent presents the instance of

(1) "Comes;" Sabine's Translation. Third edition, vol. i. p. 320.

(2) "Transactions of the Horticultural Society of London," IV. p. 336.

a people who derived their beverages not only from the farinaceous and sugary substance of Maize, Manioc, and Bananas, or from the pulp of some species of Mimos, but who cultivated a plant for the express purpose of converting its juice into spirituous liquor. In the vast plains of the interior of Mexico, there are large tracts of country where the eye discovers nothing but fields planted with the Pitte, or Maguey (*Agave americana*). This plant, with its leathery and thorny leaves, and which, with the *Cactus Opuntia*, has become naturalized ever since the sixteenth century throughout Southern Europe, in the Canary Islands, and on the African coasts, imparts a most peculiar character to the Mexican landscape.*** "The plantations extend wherever the Azteque language is spoken: they cease to the north of Salamanca, and are seen in the greatest luxuriance in the valley of Toluca, and the plains of Cholula. The agave plant is set in rows, distant fifteen decimetres from one another. The juice or sap, commonly called the honey, from its abundant sweetness, is only afforded when the flowering stem is about to appear, so that it is of great importance to the cultivator to ascertain precisely this period. Its approach is indicated by the direction of the root leaves, which the Indian always watches and examines with great attention, and which, previously recurved, suddenly take an upward direction, and approximate, as if to enclose

(1) In alluding to the physiognomic character of the agave, Humboldt remarks: "What can be more strongly contrasted than a field of yellow wheat, a plantation of glaucous agave, and a grove of banana, whose lustrous leaves always preserve their own tender and delicate hue of green? Thus does man in all latitudes, by introducing and multiplying the various vegetable productions, modify at pleasure the aspect of the country around him."

In the "Aspects of Nature," the same illustrious author offers interesting observations on the physiognomy of the "aloe form" of vegetation, to which the agave belongs. He says: "In strong contrast with the extreme flexibility and fresh light-coloured verdure of the climbing plants, of which we have just been speaking, are the rigid self-supporting growth and bluish hue of the form of aloes, which, instead of plant stems and branches of enormous length, are either without stems altogether, or have branchless stems. The leaves, which are succulent, thick, and fleshy, and terminate in long points, radiate from a centre, and form a closely crowded tuft. The tall-stemmed aloes are not found in close clusters or thickets, like other social or gregarious plants or trees; they stand singly in arid plains, and impart thereby to the tropical regions in which they are found a peculiar, melancholy, and I would almost venture to call it, African character. Taking for our guides resemblance in physiognomy, and influence on the impression produced by the landscape, we place together, under the head of the aloe form (from among the Bromeliaceæ) the Pitcairnia, which in the chain of the Andes grow out of clefts in the rocks; the great *Pourretia pyramidalis* (the Atschupalla of the elevated plains of New Granada); the American Aloe (*Agave*), *Bromelia Acanthos*, and *B. Bonplandii*; from among the Euphorbiaceæ, the rare species which have thick short candelabra-like divided stems; from the family of Asphodelaceæ, the African Aloe, and the dragon-tree (*Dracena Draco*); and lastly, from among the Liliaceæ, the tall flowering Yucca."

And in a supplementary note, Humboldt observes:—

"In the candelabra shape of plants of the aloe form we must not confound the branches of an arborescent stem with flower stalks. It is the latter which in the American Aloe (*Agave americana*, *Maguey de Cocuyusa*, which is entirely wanting in Chili), as well as in the *Yucca acutula* (*Maguey de Cocuy*), presents in the rapid and gigantic development of the inflorescence a candelabrum-like arrangement of the flowers which, as is well known, is but too transient a phenomenon. In some arborescent Euphorbias, on the other hand, the physiognomic effect is given by the branches, and their division, or by ramification properly so called. Lichtenstein gives a vivid description of the impression made upon him by the appearance of a *Euphorbia officinarum* which he found in the 'Chamtoes River,' in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope; the form of the tree was so symmetrical, that the candelabrum-like arrangement was regularly repeated on a small scale in each of the subdivisions of the larger branches up to thirty-two English feet high. All the branches were armed with sharp spines."

the incipient flower-stalk. The bunch of central leaves next assumes a livelier green, and lengthens considerably; indications which the natives assured me never fail, and to which may be added several other less striking appearances in the general aspect of the plant. Daily does the cultivator examine his agave plantations, to watch which of these individuals promise to bloom, and if he himself entertains any doubt, he appeals to the village sages, the old Indians, whose long experience gives them an unerring precision both of touch and eye. At eight years old, or thereabouts, the Mexican agave generally shows signs of inflorescence, and then the collection of juice for making pulque begins. The bunch of central leaves, or 'corezon,' is cut through, the incision gradually enlarged and covered with the side leaves, which are raised up and tied together at their tips; in this cleft, the sap of those parts which were destined to form and nourish the gigantic flower-stem is deposited, and this vegetable spring flows for two or three months, and may be tapped three times a-day. The quantity of sap is enormous, and the more surprising, as the agave plantations are always made, by choice, in the most sterile soil, frequently on mere shelves of rock; scantily covered with vegetable earth; each plant is calculated to yield about 150 bottles, and at Pacuca the value of a maguey near flowering is from twenty to twenty-five francs, or five piastres. Still, the produce is apt to vary, and cannot be precisely calculated. Instances have, however, been known of a parent bequeathing a plantation of maguey worth from 70,000 to 80,000 piastres. The cultivation of the agave is attended with many real advantages above that of maize, wheat, or potatoes, as this sturdy, harsh, and fleshy-leaved plant is uninjured by the occasional drought, frost, and excessive cold which prevail in winter on the lofty Cordilleras of Mexico."

The agave juice is not collected in India, vinous beverages being formed from the date and cocoa-nut palms, which flourish in the same localities; these latter trees, with the agave, opuntia, and bamboo, give a character to the landscapes in Southern India. (*Cleghorn*.) The *Tári*, or fermented juice, and the *Jagory*, or insipidated juice, of the Palmyra palm, are in some parts of India more esteemed than those of the wild date, which is contrary to the opinion of the Bengalese. The people of the Carnatic allege that the produce of the latter is very heating; they pretend to be very moderate in the use of the *tári*, but consume much of the *jagory*. Could it be converted into either a palatable spirituous liquor or sugar, the barren plains of the Carnatic might be rendered productive, and the whole of the grain distilled in Europe might be saved for food. (*Buchanan*.) The juices of various other plants are similarly used by the natives of tropical countries.

The leaves of the agave also supply a valuable fibre, which is obtained by maceration and beating on stones, and which is much used in India and other countries where the agave juice is unknown; specimens of the agave fibre were among the vegetable productions

in the Indian department of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park. "It is said that no thread is so much prized by physicians in Europe, as that which is extracted from agave leaves, (which are sometimes ten feet long, fifteen inches wide, and eight thick,) because it is not liable to twist, though the fibre of the New Zealand flax exceeds it in tenacity. Twine, thread, and rope are made of it; the latter is employed in the mires and on the western coast for rigging ships. The common juice of the plant, or that which it yields when not about to blossom, is highly caustic, and useful for cleansing wounds." It may well be said, therefore, that not only is the agave the Mexican vine, but it holds the place of the Asiatic hemp, and even the Egyptian paper-reed; for Humboldt observes:—"The ancient manuscripts of this country (i.e. Mexico) consisted of hieroglyphics, often inscribed on a paper made of numerous layers of the agave leaf, macerated in water, and glued together in the same manner as the pith of papyrus, and the bark of the paper mulberry of the Pacific Isles. I brought away many ancient specimens of this fabric, some as thick as pasteboard, others as thin as fine Indian paper, which are the more interesting, as all the Mexican records hitherto preserved at Rome, and in Spain, are inscribed on the skins of the Mexican deer." The strong spines with which the points of the fleshy leaves are armed serve the Indians for nails, pins, and needles, and by means of them the Mexican priests were accustomed to inflict wounds on their breasts and arms by way of expiation, as do the Buddhists in Hindostan. Dr. Cleghorn mentions that the lower decayed leaves of the agave are used as fuel in India in the absence of wood. The leaves and stem are likewise applied to other purposes; the centre of the flower-stalk, cut longitudinally, has been stated to be by no means a bad substitute for the European razor-strop, owing to the particles of silice which it contains, and which in a similar manner renders the stems of Equisetum ("Dutch rushes") useful for the polishing of wood, ivory, and brass. The juice from the leaves is sometimes dried, and when made into balls serves as a valuable substitute for soap.

We have not yet enumerated all the uses to which this valuable plant is applied. It is one of the most useful hedge-plants of tropical countries, and as such is noticed at length in an important paper on the Hedge Plants of India, read by Dr. H. F. C. Cleghorn, H. E. I. C. S., to the British Association at their Meeting at Edinburgh in 1850.² Dr. C. says:—

"In some parts of the Indian Peninsula the hedges are formed almost exclusively of this stately aloce-looking plant, which is both ornamental and useful. The flower-stalks rise to the height of fifteen to thirty feet, when ten or twelve years old, and are employed in roofing. It flowers in the rains. . . .

(1) It has only been recently pointed out, by M. Heiderich, that the plants so long cultivated in the Botanic Gardens of Europe under the name of *Papyrus antiquorum*, is not the true paper-reed of Egypt, but a distinct species. Vide "Hooker's Journal of Botany," vol. iii.

(2) The paper will be found in the Annals and Magazine of Natural History for October 1850.

This species is propagated by suckers, and young plants are in great request. There are hedges of this plant in Spain, Portugal, Sicily, Calabria, West Indies, South America, Mauritius, Capetown. Native gardens [in India] are often surrounded by mud walls, armed with agave leaves, the spines being made to project at both sides." Those only who really know the importance of fences in such a country as India, where the success of agricultural operations depends in a great measure upon them, can form a correct idea of the value of the agave in this respect. Buchanan mentions that the natives at Tayculum plant many aloes in their hedges, and use the leaves for making cordage. "It forms," says he, "a stroug fence against both man and beast, and thrives better in the arid soil of Mysore than in any other place that I have seen." The Marquis of Ormonde, in his "Autumn in Sicily," after detailing some facts respecting the agave, observes:—"A coarse thread, called *zamborano*, is made from the fibres of the leaves, but it is not much used except for halters, and purposes of that description. The aloes forms excellent fences, but not so impenetrable, nor so high, as the one of the Indian fig (*Opuntia*), for it seldom attains a greater height than five feet." In a paper published by Mr. Ball in the Botanical Gazette,⁴ he likewise alludes to the uses of the agave as a hedge-plant, mentioning that about Santarem, as at Lisbon and elsewhere along the valley of the Tagus, the hedges were principally formed by planting the *Agave americana* at about three feet apart; and as the older plants die off after flowering, young plants are placed in the intervals between them. *Piptatherum multiflorum*, unaccompanied by any other grass, grew abundantly in those hedges. We regard the agave highly as a hedge-plant; it is quite as formidable and indestructible as the opuntia, which the Grecian traveller, Clarke, suggested might serve in some latitudes as an outlook for fortifications; since, as he says, "artillery has no effect upon it; pioneers cannot approach it; fire will not act upon it; and neither infantry nor cavalry can traverse it!"⁵

LADIES' MEDICAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

We desire earnestly and decidedly to impress upon the minds of our readers, that we are opposed to every movement which would tend, however remotely, to place woman in a false position in society; but we shall always advocate those measures which develop her utility, and increase her sphere of usefulness and occupation. The laws of God and nature have marked the boundaries wherein it is "meet, right, and her bounden duty" to exercise her influence, and certainly

(3) Buchanan's Journey, from Madras, through Mysore, Canara, and Malabar, vol. i. p. 36.

(4) Bot. Gazette, September 1851.

(5) Sir Hans Sloane mentions, in his History of Jamaica, that in the island of St. Christopher, when it was to be divided between English and French, it was ordered by the consent of the two nations that there should be planted three rows of the *Opuntia* Trees as a boundary, thinking these the strongest fortification to hinder the attempts of one another in cases of war.

they are by no means limited: on the contrary, they encircle vast space; and, to step beyond them, is neither for her own happiness nor for the good of others. In the United States they are, perhaps,—to write the simple phrase—"going too far;" but it is unquestionable that in that great country, and among a great people, reforms are in progress which, while they startle us by their magnitude, strike at the root of many social evils, and lay the foundations of improvements, of which the universe will reap the benefits hereafter.

Among other Institutions, one has been recently established at Philadelphia, to which the above title has been given. Mrs. Sarah Hale, an accomplished lady, whose writings are highly popular in her own country, and not unknown in this, has transmitted to us a document which we consider it right to print; although we shall at present do so with little or no comment:—

"A few ladies of Philadelphia have lately formed an association for the purpose of advancing educational and Christian improvement. The following preamble from their 'Rules,' &c. will best define their plans:—

"Believing that God, in committing the care of the young especially to woman, imposes on her the duty of preparing herself, in the best possible manner, for her important vocations, among which are the care of her own health, the physical well-being of her children, and tendance on the sick, suffering, and helpless; and finding, also, that the BIBLE recognises and approves *only woman* in the sacred office of *midwife*, therefore we, who give our names to this benevolent association, agree to unite in the following purposes:—

"1st. To cooperate with the efforts now being made in this city of Philadelphia, to qualify women to become physicians for their own sex and for children.

"2d. To give kindly encouragement to those females who are engaged in medical studies.

"3d. To give aid and sympathy to any among them who may desire to become missionaries, and go, in the spirit of love, to carry to the poor suffering women of heathendom, not only the blessings of the healing art, which Christian men can rarely, if ever, bear to females in those lands, but also the higher and holier knowledge of the true God, and of salvation through his Son Jesus Christ."

"The propriety of admitting young women to the study of medicine, and qualifying them to become physicians for their own sex and for children, is now not only generally acknowledged in our country, but has, to some extent, been provided for. Miss Blackwell, the pioneer in this praiseworthy undertaking, after graduating with the highest honours from an American medical college, went, as our readers are aware, to Paris and London to complete her studies. Having won from the faculty in those cities the acknowledgment of her full qualifications to practise the art of medicine and enjoy its degrees of honour, she has returned to this country and opened the office in the city of New York. Several other female graduates are now in full practice in that city and in Philadelphia.

"In Boston, 'The Female Medical Education Society,' was organized, and opened its School in November, 1848. In April, 1850, the Society was incorporated by the Massachusetts Legislature. After a protracted debate and severe scrutiny of the subject, only four votes were cast against it, which proves most conclusively the favourable opinion this respectable body of men entertained for female medical education. The School, thus incorporated, has received from sixty to seventy female students, many of whom have already gone into prac-

tice as nurses and midwives: but, as a full course of medical lectures was not given, none have graduated as physicians. The plan is now to be perfected, and we may expect it to prosper greatly. The 'Society' pledged to support this College numbers, we believe, nearly two thousand persons, among whom are found the names of distinguished statesmen, clergymen, physicians, merchants, and 'honourable women not a few.' New England has fully sanctioned the medical education of women. Indeed, the 'physicians of Boston' deserve much respect for their liberal views in regard to this effort to reinstate woman in the natural and Scriptural custom of tendance on her own sex, which must also include all necessary knowledge of the diseases of childhood.

"But Boston is not alone in this great, because good, work. 'The Female Medical College of Pennsylvania' was incorporated in 1849, and opened at Philadelphia in 1850. During these two years it has numbered about sixty students in all, though a number were only attendants on particular branches. Its plan of studies and lectures corresponds with those of the male medical colleges in this city; its students are very assiduous, and give promise of much usefulness; and several are expected to graduate at the close of the present season.

"The views and reasons which have led to the establishment of the two colleges thus briefly noticed, may be best understood by extracts from their own publications. The following is from the Introductory Lecture of one of the Faculty, who opened the 'Female College' at Philadelphia:—

"The education of Females as Practitioners of Medicine is not the only aim or intention of the Trustees and Faculty; they desire, by a complete course of lectures in medical science, to show her the delicate and beautiful machinery which her Creator has formed, that thus she may be enabled to aid the suffering, make the path of the departing less rugged, and teach her associates to repel in advance the insidious approaches of disease, to which she now, from ignorance of their effects, too freely exposes herself and her offspring."

"In April, 1851, the 'Female Medical Education Society of Boston' asked the Legislature for aid. The committee to whom the petition was referred made a favourable report, from which we will quote—

"FEMALE PRACTITIONERS IN MIDWIFERY.—Your committee have no hesitancy in expressing the opinion that there ought to be a class of thoroughly educated females for this department of professional duty. So far from being a departure of woman from the duties appropriate to her sex, it appears peculiarly her province. And it seems an unfortunate oversight, that this branch of female education has thus far been neglected in our country. In the countries of the Old World, women have filled this office from the days of the 'Hebrew Midwives' to the present time. The governments of most of the European states provide institutions for the education and training of this class of persons, and allow none to practise but those who are properly qualified.

"FEMALE PHYSICIANS.—The education of females as physicians is specified as one of the objects of the Society that petitions for aid. It is not, however, expected that they are to supplant the present medical profession, but rather be auxiliary to it, thus rendering it more complete and useful. There is, at present, a want in this respect that has been felt and expressed by many physicians, and in reference to which the testimony of an eminent medical authority will here be presented.

"Professor Meigs, of the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in his recent work on the Diseases of Females, thus speaks upon this point: "The relations between the sexes are of so delicate a character, that the duties of the medical practitioner are necessarily more difficult when he comes to take charge of any one of the great host of female complaints, than when he is called

to treat any of the more general disorders. So great, indeed, is the embarrassment, that I am persuaded that ~~most~~ of the ill-success of treatment may justly be traced thereto.

"All these evils of medical practice spring not, in the main, from any want of competency in medicines or medical men; but from the delicacy of the relations existing, and, in a good degree, from a want of information among the population in general as to the import, and meaning, and tendency of disorders manifested by a certain train of symptoms.

"It is, perhaps, best, upon the whole, that this great degree of modesty should exist, even to the extent of putting a bar to researches. I confess I am proud to say that, in this country, generally, certainly in many parts of it, there are women who prefer to suffer the extremity of danger and pain, rather than waive those scruples of delicacy which prevent their maladies from being fully explored. I say, it is an evidence of the dominion of a fine morality in our society."

"In cases where these difficulties are nearly or quite insurmountable, Dr. Meigs recommends the call of a midwife, if one is to be found, to assist in the investigation; thus giving his testimony in favour of having a class of educated women of this description, if it be only to act as *assistants* to physicians.

"It is obvious, however, that the evils in question may readily be removed by the education of females as physicians for their own sex."

"To these reasons might be urged others equally important, and one of such serious magnitude as no Christian should overlook. It is proved by data which cannot be questioned, that the practice of midwifery by men is not only injurious, but destructive of human life. In Boston, for several past years, out of 4,000 annual births, the dead-born have averaged 800 yearly, or one in every fourteen. In the Hospital of Maternity, in Paris, entirely under a Female Superintendent, Madame Boivin, out of 21,802 births, only 783 were still-born, a fraction over one in twenty-eight; about *half* the ratio in Boston!!!

"Let these facts be considered, and we do not see how any conscientious man or woman can withhold approval of this plan of female medical education and practice. It is not new. The unnatural and degrading practice has never been prevalent on the continent of Europe; not even now in France, where there are, in the city of Paris alone, over six hundred licensed midwives, and several hundred are every year educated by Government for the provinces.

"It is in England, and the northern and middle portion of the United States that man-midwifery chiefly prevails. Yet it is but about eighty years since it was first ventured upon in America. It cannot long continue, now that public attention is called to the subject, and it is found that, in nine-tenths of the world, female physicians for their own sex are, and ever have been, employed successfully, and that there is actually less feebleness among women in those countries than in our own, where constitutional ill-health in the mothers is fast making us a nation of invalids. This is not directly the fault of the regular physicians, perhaps, but results, indirectly, from the increased ignorance of women respecting their own diseases and those of their children, since the practice has been monopolized by men. This ignorance leads people of both sexes often to employ quacks, and resort to poisonous nostrums.

"Ignorance and mystery always induce superstition, and the false is then worshipped for the true. Why else do we see, in this city of Philadelphia, the boasted seat of medical science, where six colleges for the regular training of doctors are located, that quackery lifts its head like a second tower of Babel, and steam-engines are driving onward the manufacture of pills and poisons, as though these were to support the nation? The inventors and preparers of these medicines win the confidence of the people from the regular physician, and

gain wealth while he studies in vain, because he has kept his art in concealment, particularly from women, who is the real conservator of health, as of home. Let the good and learned physicians of Philadelphia open schools for training female medical students, and permit any lady who pays the matriculation fee to attend one course of lectures, and their halls would be crowded. The study of medicine belongs to woman's department of knowledge: its practice is in harmony with the duties of mother and nurse, which she must fulfil. It is not going out of her sphere to prescribe for the sick; she must do this by the fireside, the bedside, in the 'inner chamber,' where her true place is. It is man who is there out of his sphere. And now let the effort be to give all females that knowledge of the laws of health and of their own frames which will lead them to improve the modes of training children, and preserve them from the need of medical treatment.

"Then, when real diseases occurred, and danger was apprehended, the most worthy and eminent physicians would be employed, trusted, honoured. Quackery would be swept away as superstitious notions are when the people are enlightened, and the learned professor of medicine would no longer be eclipsed by every pretender who can prepare a pill and pay for a puff.

"But this appeal, which 'The Ladies' Medical Missionary Society' now makes to the Christian public, is mainly in aid of preparing the wives of missionaries to act as physicians for the women and children among whom their station, either domestic or foreign, may be found. And, more important still, we wish to aid in educating pious unmarried ladies who may be willing to go out as medical missionaries. What a blessing to a mission family to be accompanied by a competent female physician, who would be an adviser as well as comforter in the hour of sickness! She might act as teacher till called to her profession; and, though she would practise gratuitously among the poor in heathen lands, yet, when an entrance was gained to the more wealthy, she would doubtless receive rich presents, and be able to assist, materially, the cause of missions."

We trust our readers will give serious attention to this subject—reading this preliminary paper attentively, and with respect for the statements it contains. In England, less than any country of the world, have women been counselled upon cases in which women must have the surest and easiest facilities for acquiring knowledge: it is not only a hard, it is generally a thankless, task to encounter prejudice; and it is a true saying, that custom is second nature; but our age has been fertile of changes for good, and we may safely hope that a time is approaching, when the custom especially under notice will cease to be adhered to with a pertinacity which has been so often fatal. There can be no doubt that all classes of society would prefer to employ women in peculiar cases, if there were conclusive evidence of the fitness of women for a task upon which always so much depends; and who will be bold enough to affirm, that if women were duly, wisely, and *by system*, educated for the discharge of such duties, they would be incompetent to perform them?

The subject is one that requires great *delicacy* of treatment; and, in thus introducing it, we leave much to the mingled reason and imagination of the reader.

IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND IN THE AUTUMN OF 1851.¹

FROM THE LETTERS AND MEMORANDA OF
FREDERICKA BREMER.

As I saw the impossibility of my being able, during this week, with any degree of completeness, to make myself acquainted with the Exhibition in its separate parts, I satisfied myself with endeavouring to comprehend its great characteristic features, and the peculiarities in the life and manufactures of the various nations. I wandered therefore hour by hour, from the lands of the west to those of the east, and from the north to the south, from the Polar regions to the Equator, from North America to China, from Sweden to Russia, from Turkey to France, from Germany to England, and so on, thus allowing the force of contrast and the things themselves to operate upon my mind as they would.

The first impression in this manner made upon me, and which further acquaintance only the more increased, was:

How good mother earth is, after all, to every one of her children! From north to south, from east to west, everywhere upon the habitable earth, has she, in metals, in green plants and trees, in noble fruits, in useful animals, in the whole wealth of nature's kingdoms, given to man a rich and, upon the whole, a wonderfully equal measure. Merely in the higher polar circle, in the realms of eternal frost, and beneath the equator, in those of eternal heat, seems her kindness, or more properly speaking, her capability, to have a limit: for to her children there, the step-children of nature, she still gives good things and gladness in sufficient abundance for them, who know nothing better.

The second thought which struck me was, the use which mankind now makes of the gifts of the earth;

"Replenish the earth and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth on the earth: and behold I have given thee every herb bearing seed, and every tree!"

Between this beginning in the beginning of time, and this present moment of time, many thousand years later, in this year which we call 1851, and its so-called World's Fair, there was a difference, and yet—a similarity.

For then in the beginning, in that first year of the world, No. 1, the capital was given to work with, the capital which was placed in the stewardship of man.

And now, in 1851 had a message gone forth through one of God's stewards, and an invitation to all people on the face of the earth, to come and show what they had done with the capital which they had received in the beginning. They should come—each with his portion, his pound—and show the use they had made of it.

They should come and assemble in an island in the world's sea, over which a young Queen reigned, and

should be gathered in a great palace there, which had been built for them, transparent, open to all the rays of light: a palace of clear glass, erected in a garden. Here should the people from all the ends of the earth meet in a fraternal circle, become acquainted with each other's manners and manufactures, arts and ability. Here should their productions be viewed, their genius and art be compared and judged; there should human knowledge in this union comprehend itself, prove its work and say: "See! thus far have we advanced hitherto!" And after that a new career should begin, with new inspirations, and higher views. This should thus become a new beginning. Such was the design; and the call went forth from the noble Prince who felt himself called upon to stand at the head of this great undertaking.

And the people came from all the ends of the earth. It was a pleasure to see how joyfully and willingly they came, when they rightly understood the invitation. It was a pleasure and a gladness to see them assembled in the Crystal Palace, exhibiting what they had done with the riches of the earth—each in his place and according to his own way—to see their productions spread out here at the World's Fair!

That the civilized nations, they who dwelt nearest to the magical circle of the Island's Queen, should come with their goods and their treasures was to be expected; that was quite natural. They anticipated therefrom their own certain gain. But that also the people who lay most remote, who dwelt, so to say, in the corners of the earth, that they also should come, with the little they had to bring, that was astonishing and delightful! It showed that the human families in this great garden of the earth, spite of distance, spite of difference in temperament and in colour, had nevertheless begun to acknowledge each other as brethren, as children of the same heavenly Father, and the same earthly mother.

And if the Esquimaux indicated their presence in this great assembly of the nations, merely by some rough hewn timber, it was evident they were as yet too much of Esquimaux—or rather, not sufficiently so, in the higher sense; and showed in that which was rare to them, the wood and the artistic skill, something more valuable than what they might have exhibited from the great treasure-chamber which God gave them: that great sea with the fish, and the mighty whale that goes therein. With better comprehension had the Ashantees, from the Gold Coast of Africa, sent cloth which they had woven of grass and cotton. And the deadly enemy of the White man from the Cape had, symbolically enough, sent his bow and his arrows. Many a wild race from Asia and Africa sent their cloth, musical instruments, ornaments, weapons, all made from the vegetable kingdom. The North American Indian had sent his ornamental light canoe, made from a hollow tree-trunk; the naturalized Negroes from tropical America their utensils and their drums made from the Calabash, their ornamentally woven baskets; and most beautiful of all these simple creations, were those which had been

(1) Continued from p. 136.

sent from the islands of the South Sea, which Queen Pomare, the Queen of the Society Isles, had sent, mats of Pandanus, small crowns of Tacca, and garments woven from the fibre of the bread-fruit tree.

In contemplating the productions of these dissimilar people, it was wonderful to see how the people of kindred races had applied the gifts of the earth to similar uses. The Christian people, of the so-called Circassian descent, had everywhere on the face of the earth, in Asia as well as in America, in Siberia and Hindostan, in Canada and Chili, in Egypt and at the Cape, in Iceland and Australia, in Sweden and in Italy, developed the same artistic skill, and for the same objects. When they came together here, the various peoples, but of the same race, from their different places, and exhibited the raw materials which nature had given them in metals, plants, etc., and the uses to which they had converted them, they were found to be wonderfully similar! The same in mechanical inventions and the fine arts. It was observed with some surprise that Cairo, Constantinople, London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Stockholm, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, New York, had none of them anything essentially new to teach each other, or to learn the one from the other, either in manufactures or art. The development of the race had, at these widely different points of the earth, progressed in the same proportion and simultaneously, although the differences in genius and character were unmistakable. But in no instance had any one people outgone others in anything new.

This involuntarily leads to the thought of a development in the human race based upon profounder laws, more profound natural powers than the empirical reality, than that which is produced by means of merely outward circumstances, however much these may contribute to it.

In the same way it was observable that the so-called wild races of the earth bore the same relative resemblance to each other. The Indian and the Negro, the Samoyed and the Caribee have probably the same turn of mind, the same object in life, the same method of constructing their dwellings, their weapons, their garments, of holding their feasts, and making their ornaments. In mechanism and art they give themselves as little trouble as possible; that which comes nearest to hand in the vegetable or animal kingdom, furnishes them with clothing, dwellings and ornament; they wish only to eat, sleep, and amuse themselves; they take life easily, that is plain. Their ideas of life are few, and not elevated. They appear always to have been the same, with the exception of occasional individuals who stand as the geniuses of the race, but who hitherto have not been able to inspire the race. They pass through these dark races as prophets indicative of a possibly approaching and higher transformation. These races appear here like stray children in the family of the earth.

The Chinese stand among the people of the earth, precisely as they stood several hundred years ago. They represent the ultra-conservative element in the assembly of the earth's people: the extremest east. Re-

markable is it that the extremest west, North America now in California, comes face to face, and touching upon this extremest east, and that the Pacific Ocean seems calculated to unite them, as far at least as such opposites can unite! Their tea is still prepared in the same way; their porcelain is equally fine and has the same form, and the painting upon it is equally without perspective; their Chinese figures are alike uncouth at this very day as they were six hundred years ago. Nevertheless, one must confess that among those later ones may be seen some countenances with more physiognomy in them, more human soul than we have been accustomed to see in Chinese portraiture of the human form. This Celestial Empire, to judge by its artistic skill and its immovability, in contrast with the people of the Western continent, is as a castle of crystal to a living growing tree, as a chrysalis to a butterfly.

Another comparison which involuntarily presented itself to the spectator of the mechanical Exhibition, was, the relation betwixt the first raw materials given by nature, and their change in the hands of man, or rather through human art and knowledge. What a distance, for example, and what a development between the first formation of glass, as an accidental fusion of sand and ashes, which some thousands of years ago led some Phœnician merchants by the river Belus, to the discovery; what a distance between this bit of glass, melted together under the boiling pot in the sand of the desert, and the glass Palace in Hyde-Park and the Crystal Fountain in its midst, blending and refracting the streams of light and water in a thousand harmoniously glittering rays!

And again. See these lumps of green malachite as they are found in the Burra-Burra mine of Australia, or in Russian earth, and the brilliant doors, vases and tables, fitting ornaments of imperial halls.

And again:—There is the Swedish iron just as it is brought from the mines of Dannemora, the best iron in the world, say unanimously the critical judges of the Exhibition, and there, near its dull, shapeless masses, the Ericson iron-engine, which shall put the whole world into a more rapid motion than hitherto.

And still further:—Here is the flax, a little plant that in the North, at the feet of the fir-trees, nods in the wind, with its flowers of tender and delicate hue. Along the belt of great pine-woods which encircle the earth at the polar boundaries, stands in Sweden the flax in its finest condition, "for most lovely is the flax in the North." And between the flax and the pine-trees there is a relationship worthy of being illustrated in a legend of Hans Christian Andersen.

The tender flax is cherished under the protection of the pine-woods, and grows humbly at their feet. It is reaped by the hand of man, carried away from the pine-woods, is prepared, spun, and woven. The proud pines fall before the axe into the rushing mountain streams; and are floated by them out to the sea. Here they raise themselves again, but naked, without branch or leaf. On the sea they meet with the flax again; but changed. The flax has become

canvass, and clothes the pine to its very top with a foliage of white sails playing in the wind. The little modest plant has become the ruler of the tree, and carries it away with it out into the wide world, to sail the ocean, to convey the productions of the earth from one nation to another, to live and die together far from their native soil. Thus they have come to the Crystal Palace with the earth's treasures from distant lands! and they appear together, the tree and the plant, even in the Exhibition in the Swedish spinning-wheel with the tow on the distaff.

Similar comparisons, and still more remarkable as it regards the change from the production of nature to the production of art, might be instituted in general, and demonstrated in everything in the Exhibition. Electricity could not indeed be displayed here in its first form to the human imagination, namely in the thunderbolt of Jupiter; but here was shown the use which the spirit of Prometheus in man has made of the dreaded fire in the clouds over his head, and the mysterious strength which he felt without knowing it under the name of Electricity. We saw this destroying fire taken out of the clouds and employed by man for the benefit of earth; we saw human hands play with Jupiter's thunderbolt. We saw in a variety of electrical operations, the result of deep inquiry and daring attempt, and in these the progressive development of science. We saw finally in the Electrical Telegraph, the earth, as it were, woven over with a nervous system, and bearing, like the veins in the human body, the message of thoughts and feelings, with the rapidity of lightning from one point to the other. We saw through these airy lines peoples and nations drawn together; saw the lightning become the messenger of man; speak with the human tongue (in electrotypes); and the earth become as it were, a man! The electrical machinery in the north-west gallery in the Exhibition, had a world-embracing importance.

The western part of the Crystal Palace, extending from the transept, belonged almost entirely to Great Britain, and its colonies; the eastern half was occupied by the foreign powers.

In the oriental rooms were seen costly furniture and ornamental articles, in every precious material; but a want of beauty and taste in form, excepting in some costume. Comfort, enjoyable still life appeared to be the leading principle of dwellings, furniture and dress. You saw much cloth of gold, rich, heavy drapery; everything soft, easy, adapted to the physical feeling and grateful to the eye; no glaring colours, no sharp forms. They exhibited fine shawls and cloths from Hindostan, distinguished for their subdued and blending colours. You here noticed the excellent systematic arrangement of the articles in the Turkish department, and the riches of the natural productions of all the countries over which the Sultan rules. The Turk, who at the present time shows himself to be a better Christian than many of Europe's Christian kings, displayed a great perfection in traditional art, but a want of higher knowledge.

Greece sent her honey from Hymettus, and beautiful blocks of marble; of that marble from which its celebrated statues of the gods were hewn. Marble blocks are still found in Greece; but the statues of the gods!

Egypt, Persia, Arabia, sent precious natural productions in stone and earths. Their manufactures are pretty much the same as those of Turkey. They are in the industrial arts and science far behind the western nations. But in certain things, it seems to me, the oriental stands as the eldest son, as the heir by entail in the world's house. He has palms, he has coffee, which we all must purchase from him, he has rich spices, he has tea, without which we cannot well live; he has fragrant oils, beautiful colours which must have had their origin in Paradise: he has the elephant and the ostrich; he has much in the living life, and much in the ancient mysterious arts; in architecture, in painting and in writing, which the more modern, which the European people have not, and cannot acquire, let them spin and weave, and try and invent and perfect as much as they please. And he knows it, and, therefore, he sits comfortably with his legs crossed upon his soft mat, and drinks his Mocha, and smokes his pipe, and looks with a calm smile upon the restless exertions of his younger brother, and—is far behind him in the career of emulation, at least in the mechanical Exhibition.

And now that younger brother,—but in order that we may see him in the form which presents the strongest contrast to that of the east, we will see him first in the extreme west, in the United States of North America. But—the United States cannot be said to have been fully represented at the congress of the nations in the Crystal Palace. Brother Jonathan had too much to look after at home to have time to come forth in his full pomp to brother John. He contented himself with freighting a ship of war with such trophies of peace as came readiest to hand. In many species of minerals he sent proofs of his great affluence in that kingdom of nature; in some enormous machines he gave proof of the activity of the spirit of invention on his side the Ocean; he sent his light carriages, his golden Indian corn, upon the whole more indicative of a great, increasingly growing people, with unlimited capabilities in the regions of nature and human intelligence, than any decided representation of a people who fully know and are in possession of themselves and their resources. It could not indeed be otherwise. Nevertheless, it is extraordinary that the new world has exhibited on this occasion the best plough, and the most beautiful female figure in marble, Hiram Power's Greek Slave. I see in this a prophetic symbol of a development of the highest material, and the highest ideal reality, which—this is not the place further to touch upon. But one thing I know: the sun is warm in the land of the Hesperides, and powerful enough to ripen all its fruit.

This so-called Greek Slave, this captive woman, with her fettered hands, I had seen many times on the other side of the Atlantic, in copies of the original,

cold, weak copies of that original which I saw here for the first time. The copies had left a cold impression on my mind. The original seized upon me with an unusual power, as no other statue in marble had done. This noble woman with her bound-down hands, who so quietly turned her head with its unspeakably deep expression of sorrow and indignation—scorn is not a sufficiently noble word—against the power which bound her; that lip which is silent, but which seems to quiver with the tumult of wounded feeling, with the throbbing of her heart. I wonder whether Power himself comprehended the whole of its significance!

A service of gold from California was a very befitting representative from that Western Gold Coast, "Old California," which as yet has nothing more valuable to show. I here saw once more that beautiful moss "*Tillandsia Nouvidis*," from the Southern States, but quite unlike it as I had seen it hanging in long draped masses from the branches of the enormous live oaks, forming with these the most glorious natural gothic churches which any one can conceive.

An American eagle displayed aloft above an organ, also from the other side of the Atlantic, governed with its star-spangled banner the lower or eastern portion of the nave, and glanced towards the western or British side.

Let us now pass over to Europe.

France must be acknowledged as the queen of taste. In the departments which were devoted to its silver wares, its embroidery, carpets, flowers, costly woven goods, and works of various kinds, a delicate perfume was diffused around. It was as if there breathed around all those exquisite and tasteful creations a something of their own life, or of that which gave them existence. There was a peculiar, a nameless delight diffused through these departments, an indescribable grace in form, in colour, in delineation, a refined, ethereal art in the greatest as well as in the smallest thing. This was particularly striking when we came into this portion of the Exhibition from the English or the German departments.

Nothing struck me as so characteristic, as so peculiarly German, in the German department, as its statues. Those figures from the *Niebelungen Lied*, with their depth of will and earnestness; those immortal youths and maidens, in whose romantic beauty a half wild mystical power charms and commands, powerfully and pleasantly as the might of nature itself—they testify to the spirit of Germany, to powers of nature and of mind, such as no science is able to fathom, no exhibition fully to become the exponent of. That ancient, profound depth of life, from which the noblest spirits of Germany, its warriors, deep-thinkers and poets came forth, Hermann and Gottfried, Schiller and Goethe, Shelling and Hegel and Baader, spoke from these noble works of art by German artists, and bore witness that the creative power of Germany lives still fresh and young to inspire new spheres of life.

France had exhibited some plastic works of art

with a horrible reality belonging to the satanic class. England had also much sculpture, noble, full of deep thought, natural and true—as for instance, statues of Hampden and Fairfax, expressive of powerful character, actuality, and a will firm as the rock, but they possessed not that German poesy, not that nameless *bortom bergen*, (beyond the mountain,) which extends the boundaries of the visible world, and opens the mind to the invisible, unknown worlds, at the same time to be and not to be as yet.

ZOLLVEREIN was the simple prosaic inscription over many noble German works of art from various German States. The poetic meaning of that prosaic word seemed to me to be, a union which would consider the various works from various states, as the offspring of one common mind, one common life, as a common mother-land, and not, as belonging to different states, princes and people. "ZOLLVEREIN" seemed to be a prelude to "UNITED GERMANY."

Spain and Portugal came forward in the Crystal Palace with rich treasures out of the vegetable and mineral kingdom. Botanists and mineralogists found here much to interest them. The Queen of Spain sent hither her jewels for the people to gaze upon—a collection which reminded me of the story-world of the Arabian Nights, that world of diamonds and jewels and pearls, which enchanted not only mine, but many another youthful imagination. Here too I saw, but without being enchanted, the largest diamond in the world, Koh-i-noor, as it is called, and which being here contemplated within its little glass palace, appeared to my profane eyes as a mere bit of glass without brilliancy. In other circumstances, placed upon a noble human breast, or on a beautiful, kingly brow, I might probably have seen it with other eyes.

Italy still appeared to me, among the people of the earth, as the old master in fine art. But some figures with veils of marble seem to testify of a veiled impotence.

Switzerland emulated France in industrial skill, art and finery. In great as well as in small, embroidery, woven goods—it was not possible to find anything more beautiful in work, or in taste and richness of design.

Belgium also testified by its productions to the existence of an industrious, affluent, and well developed people.

And what must I say about the crowds and masses of articles designed for the convenience or embellishment of life, for its benefit or its enjoyment, which England, Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland produced, alike in clothes, domestic utensils, furniture, carriages, ornaments, porcelain, glass, &c. &c. &c.? I must say—nothing at all, because the subject is overpowering; and I wandered about the whole like a thankless one among this abundant affluence, both as regarded human wants and luxury.

When I wandered, therefore, among the English manufactured articles—through aisles upon aisles, halls after halls, rooms after rooms—as one might say,

through a forest of wares, a little world for me, I confess I was more depressed than elevated, that I felt as it were an inclination to—run away to the woods.

And yet it was England, which in another respect made upon me and must have made upon every one, the deepest impression in this the World's Exhibition. England with its Colonies, occupied, as I have already remarked, the entire one-half of the Crystal Palace, from the western entrance to the transept. One wandered here from the east to the west, from the Polar circles to the tropics, and everywhere the eye fell upon traces of England's power. Everywhere, one saw people and lands which acknowledged England as their ruler. In Hindustan, one saw the Hindoo governed by the English sway. Hindustan which sent her rich treasures to England, and imaged representations of the life of her people, stands with her body and soul under the control of England. Australia sent tributes to England in her beautiful fruits ripened under a tropical sun, with its gold and its rich minerals; so also did New Zealand, in strange plants and animals. And pictures of the scenery of these islands show how beautiful is the heaven, how rich the earth in these distant realms, vast as continents, for which foggy England frames laws. Canada came from North America with the beautiful timber of her woods, her northern beasts from the forest and from the sea, and her Indian races which acknowledge the government of England. From the Islands of the South Sea did the emancipated slave-race send treasure to England their liberator and their Queen. Africa sent through the English Colonies on its coasts its homage to their Queen, to the Queen of the sea and of commerce. From all these so widely separated portions of the earth has England, by fair means and foul, compelled the people and the earth to her submission, and has impressed upon them the stamp of her laws and her civilization. And, to make use of an expression of Daniel Webster's in the Congress of the United States, "From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, is beat the *réveille* of the British drum."

And it is England—that little island, which one can cross in a few hours by the railway from side to side, in all directions; it is this little nation, Britannia, which has done all this; which sits like a Queen Victoria upon the sea, extending her sceptre from the one pole to the other, from the east to the west; it is the people of this little island which have populated North America, and through its people have stamped their impression upon the states and population of the New World, even as far as Panama in the south, as far as the Pacific Ocean in the west, where again the west and the east meet across the ocean and excite one another—as the Vikings of old—to song or to combat, or to the solution of the profound riddle.

At the contemplation of this dominion, which increases with every year in extent and importance, the question arises in the mind as to the mission of

England in the history of the world; one sees that England is designed to extend her civilization to a great portion of the earth, and the inquiry involuntarily arises, "What causes England to be a Victoria Regina among the nations of the earth? This queen is small and yet—so great!"

The power of arms it is not. We have seen what the power of arms is able to accomplish; we have seen that in France under Napoleon. It might conquer, but it could not maintain its hold. We Swedes fought bravely, also, at one time, conquered countries, dethroned and set up kings; but were unable to establish for ourselves a dominion—excepting in history. No, the might of arms it is not, not the might of weapons of war alone, nor principally so, which gives the power to England. England's power consists principally in its weapons of peace. It is not difficult to see this, especially when one remarks the advance of civilization in the wildernesses of Western America. It is under the standards of religion and of commerce that England has founded her dominion. It is the English spirit which everywhere settles down and holds home to be sacred—home, woman's world and influence, the church and the school are they which give to England a firm footing everywhere upon the face of the earth. It is that great human sentiment in the popular English heart which makes this mighty in humanity; it is the high civilization of England which makes England the civilizer of the world.

But the English people must not be, considered separate from the people who took part in its earliest life and history; and England is, more than any other nation, a nation of many nations, in the same way as its language is composed of many languages. It is easy to trace in the life, disposition, and language of the English people the influence of the Scandinavian race. The Vikings, the Sea-kings who invaded their coasts, gave them as an inheritance—their turn for discovery and adventure; that restless enterprising spirit which sent them forth in fragile vessels to visit all seas, and to open the way for the discovery of the new world. With our ancestors, also, was the home a *sacred room*. In proof of their profound sentiment for religion and for the union of heaven and earth, may be mentioned their glorious myths and most ancient songs; Ygdrasil and the soothsaying of Vala. And a yet deeper inquiry into the ancient knowledge, the oldest sagas and songs of England, would prove even to this very time still more clearly the deep impression of the spirit of the Northmen upon its people and country. It is becoming more and more firmly recognised in England that the world-conquering, world-civilizing English people are not the Anglo-Saxon but the Anglo-Norman race. It is the Ynglingar, (the Immortal Youths,) and their line in the Scandinavian North, that the sons and daughters of England and North America must reckon as their ancestors. They are descended from the Vikings. They are that, but they are, also, still more. It is the mission of the Anglo-Norman, already commenced in the history of the world, to

develop in a yet much higher degree the Viking disposition, so that when earth is conquered, heaven may be won to earth, in a harmonious concord, a richer comprehension of life, a more beautiful earth, a better, fairer and more happy humanity.'

I will now return to the Exhibition, and—thus make an end of it. I yet visited it again three different times; twice upon the so-called higher-class days, when the admission was five shillings, and when merely from sixty to seventy thousand persons were in the building; but I was quite as much crushed then as upon the regular one shilling days; and again, for the last time, on the day when the Exhibition was terminated and the Crystal Palace closed to the public.

My impressions, however, still remained, for the most part, the same as on my first visit. I will therefore say nothing further respecting them. And such as would have a perfect knowledge of this Exhibition, its history, character and wealth, need not therefore come to me, but to The Illustrated Catalogue of the Exhibition, edited by Mr. S. C. Hall, the excellent editor of the Art Journal, and published by George Virtue, which work, with its many beautiful engravings, and its interesting enumeration of the scientific, artistic, botanic, and other world's wonders of the Exhibition, will fully satisfy, as well as serve for a guide and a reminder to those who were there, and to console and to compensate those who were not.

On the last public day of the Exhibition it was visited by one hundred and twenty thousand persons. Towards evening, I was told, many paid their half-crown merely to be once more, for one short hour in the Crystal Palace; to see, once more, the scenes and the objects which had given them so much delight, and to listen to the murmur of the fountains and of the vast multitude.

When the day was ended, and the time come when all must leave the Palace, the popular anthem of "God save the Queen!" was struck up. The men took off their hats, all became still, and this song of the people was sung by a hundred thousand voices. A right worthy English termination of the Great Exhibition.

The day following; the day on which it was to be closed by the Queen and Prince Albert, people were only admitted by special-tickets or by favour; I was admitted through both; for a ticket was sent me, and my excellent friends, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, took me with them. The weather was horrible. The wind blew, and it poured with rain.

But, no matter; everything without and within the Crystal Palace went on as usual, and we entered without difficulty. A great number of articles had already been removed. The side aisles were almost empty; but the statues yet remained in the great centre nave, and the fountains still played in the western portion of the transept. In the middle of the transept had been raised an erection upon which stood a dozen chairs placed in a half-circle, and in the centre of these stood a royal *fautuil*—only one, so much the worse! The Queen would not come, only Prince Albert. People were glad to see Prince

Albert; but they would have been much more glad to have seen the Queen. What a pity that she did not come! Everybody said so. Everybody had wished to see the Queen close the Exhibition, even as she had opened it, and to hear her speak. I most of all. I could not but desire to see that royal, little head which people said was so well formed; to see that bust, the shoulders of which were said to be so beautiful; to hear that voice the tones of which people imagined to be so harmonious; that delivery which was praised for its excellence, and the words of which were understood by all. I would so willingly have heard her say words like these with which she opened the Exhibition:—

"It is my heartfelt wish to promote among the nations the cultivation of all the arts which are the offspring of peace, and which are calculated to maintain the peace of the world."

I fancied that if I had here seen and heard her I should have been able, through some feature of her physiognomy, or from her demeanour, to have gained a clearer conception of her than I yet had done. That which I had hitherto heard of her had made me curious about her, but had not enabled me to come to a clear idea respecting her. I wanted to have seen this queen among her people; I wanted, from something in her own individual person, to have found the key to that sort of magic power which she has over the English people, and which made them enchanted with a little queen, who allows them to pay 119,000*l.* for her stables and dog-kennels! I should then have been able to discover whether this power was from above, the power of mind over minds, or from below, a fragment of that old pagan sense, which, infatuated by appearance, makes the cloud appear a goddess. I would have given something to have seen Queen Victoria here. But vain was the wish! I was not to see her at this time—but later.

The upper galleries were full of people. Down below, however, there was plenty of room. Prince Albert came, accompanied by the Archbishop of Canterbury, together with several gentlemen, all plainly dressed; it was a simple, unostentatious procession, and was received with loud huzzahs and the fluttering of banners from the upper galleries. Prince Albert bowed right and left, with an open, grave countenance, and took his seat in the arm-chair upon the elevation in the middle of the Crystal Palace. His attendants seated themselves around him, opposite to him the gentlemen who had taken the most active part in the Crystal Palace, its erection, the arrangement of the Exhibition, and so on. I could see the Prince extremely well from the place where I sat. But I was thankless; I would much rather have seen the Queen, and, therefore, I looked perhaps with less indulgent eyes upon Prince Albert. His countenance, with its pure regular features, with the high forehead, which appeared higher from the baldness of the temples, seemed to me deficient in animation and interest. Nevertheless, it was a fine, frank, honest countenance; a something there was in the brow and glance, in the

glance of the clear blue eye, which reminded one of the blue, high-arched heaven; a something which one must put confidence in, and which made me involuntarily think,

"An honest man, the noblest work of God."

I seemed to see in the mouth an expression of manly decision, which I should have liked to see nearer on any occasion which should call it forth; for there lay within it a quiet power. But there was little here to bring it into action, where he had merely to read some documents, and to act as a man of business. And that the Prince did in as simple, impartial and unostentatious a manner as possible. One did not see here a prince; only a gentleman who concluded some business with other gentlemen, without any more action or words than was necessary. There may be something very great in this unassuming moderation on an occasion when it would have been so easy to have put on an air of magnificence and high breeding. And an unassuming earnestness, which keeps itself to the point in question, and which disregards show, seems a distinguishing trait in Prince Albert's conduct and character. I should have wished for more expression, I wished for—ah! I wished to have had the Queen here, and that, I believe, was the reason why I found any fault with Prince Albert's appearance and mode of reading, of which I did not hear a word.

Among the gentlemen who advanced forward to the Prince, and with whom he spoke in an especial manner, was Mr. Paxton, with that broad, remarkable forehead, within whose productive brain the idea of the Crystal Palace was first originated and carried out. We must say a word about this man and his work.

When the time was at hand for undertaking the building for the Great Exhibition, the Commissioners had merely the sum of 35,000*l.* in hand to apply to this purpose. Nevertheless, they boldly through the public papers encouraged the architects of all nations to send in plans for a building, the design and dimensions of which they specified. After fifteen long consultations over the various designs, the Building Committee came to the unanimous conclusion that not one of them was available for the purpose in question. This decision being made known to the Royal Commission, caused no little perplexity. The Building Committee itself now drew up a plan, which was so remarkable for its ugliness and great cost that the whole public was against it. The time drew nearer, and their embarrassment for want of a suitable building increased.

In the mean time, Mr. Paxton was busied in building a house for the reception of the water lily, the "Victoria Regia," as it was called, in the gardens of the Duke of Devonshire. Listening to the invitations of the Commissioners of the great Exhibition, and although himself no architect, he dashed off, one day, on a sheet of blotting paper, a design for the Crystal Palace:—an idea probably inspired by the

building in which the royal flower is contained. Within a few days had this man with his great practical understanding and his talent for constructiveness made a design of the Palace in all its separate parts; and whatever perfecting might, during the carrying of it out, be given to the plan by Messrs. Fox and Henderson, the contractors for the building, yet has Mr. Paxton the honour of having been the originator of the design. As soon as this was shown to the Committee it was immediately adopted by general consent, and they at once began to carry it out with admirable unanimity and decision.

At the closing of the Great Exhibition, as soon as the Prince had finished reading and talking with the different gentlemen, and which he did as simply as if he had been with them in a room, and as if no great curious public had been present, with eyes turned upon him, the Archbishop of Canterbury, a handsome, venerable prelate, read prayers and a benediction, after which a quire of voices from the gallery on the left struck up the Hallelujah chorus—a beautiful idea in this place, the place of meeting of all nations, but which was deficient of effect in the Crystal Palace. For, whether it was the fault of the palace or of the chorus, certain it is that this magnificent anthem was on this occasion weak and ineffective.

When the singing was ended, Prince Albert rose, and he and his attendants departed amid the same tumult of applause as had greeted them on their entrance. Many crowded out after him, only delayed a moment by an excellent band of French horns and a couple of other wind instruments, which sounded from the gallery above the door of exit.

And now that Prince Albert is gone, I will relate how he won my heart.

In one of the more gloomy departments of the Crystal Palace you saw a section of a complete little house, a cottage, a pretty little dwelling which, in its entirety, might also be seen in the environs of the Crystal Palace, among many other things for which there was no room in the interior of the building. These dwellings were known by the name of "Prince Albert's Cottages." They were however models for houses for poor, respectable people of the working class, model-cottages which Prince Albert had had erected, and which were here exhibited together with plans and estimates, by which it might be seen that houses of this kind might be erected at small cost, and that they, even at the lowest rent, would pay full interest for the outlay, or would even support themselves.

I was conducted through these houses, which stand outside the palace. They are calculated for four families, and the arrangements are the same in all. Each dwelling consists of one large room, the family room, furnished with an excellent kitchen range, one bedroom for the parents of the family, and two lesser ones for the children, boys and girls, separately. The rooms were small but well proportioned, each somewhat arched in the ceiling and very cheerful. There was

a sort of exuberance of light and windows, probably in exultation over the abolition of the irrational window tax which had for so long in England made darkness an inmate of the dwellings of the poor. Ceiling and walls were covered with a beautiful glaze. The arrangements made for change of season; for the preservation of perfect cleanliness, and for a constant supply of fresh water were excellent. Mr. Chadwick showed me how that these dwellings being built of hollow burnt bricks, were at the same time free from damp, warm, and less expensive; he laid before me his calculations of the means by which all the materials required for such erection being obtained at still lower prices, the dwellings would be less costly, and the rents lower in proportion; and in consequence, the poor would obtain much better and more complete dwellings at a much lower price. This practical, zealous and warm-hearted man, was no less delighted than I was at the prospect which promises a great reform in the condition of the working-class. For if these good dwellings were not let to any tenant who could not produce a certificate of good conduct, it is evident that these model cottages and others of the same kind would become distinguished means of the moral and physical health of this class of the community. Neither can this evident proof of a heartfelt regard in the highest class of society for those of the lowest class, for the dwellers in the abodes of poverty, be without its beneficial effect upon the minds of the latter. Do not all plants shoot forth towards the sun, as eagerly as the child stretches its arms towards the warm breast of its mother, and do they not put forth leaves and blossoms on the side which is turned to the light?

Blessings upon that zealous fellow-citizen who employs his powers in the practical carrying out of such undertakings! And blessings a thousand-fold upon that Prince who, with a princely head and heart, turns himself towards the mean and the despised of his realm, who seems to regard his power as given by Providence, primarily for the raising up of those who have not power to raise themselves, who extends a princely, brotherly hand to the lowest of his human brethren! In truth, that lively interest which Prince Albert takes in all questions where he can promote the good of the people, his ever-ready and active co-operation by word and deed, at the same time full of heart and full of wisdom; that beautiful example which he sets of a Christian prince—these give him a moral sovereignty in England which sways all classes, and which is much greater than any merely political power.

The opinion which is everywhere loudly acknowledged in England, that every man, king or peasant, holds in stewardship for God, a certain gift, power or ability, and that he must look at all his words and actions from this point of view—this opinion which is contemporary with Christianity, but which now, at this period, for the first time seems to be gaining ground as the supremely acknowledged principle of the age, has in Prince Albert one of its noblest repre-

sentatives. He shows in everything he does, that this view is his own also. He had it inscribed upon the New Exchange—that place of business for the whole world—in these words:—

“THE EARTH IS THE LORD’S, AND THE FULLNESS THEREOF.”

He expressed it lately in the Great Exhibition, when he said, —

“Say not that the discoveries which we make are our own; the seeds of every art and science are implanted in us, and God, our teacher, brings forth from hidden fountains the power of invention.”

He gives proofs of it daily in the manner by which he employs his income, in the homes he has built for the homeless, and by the interest he takes in all plans for the public benefit.

And it is cheering to see how universally his character and his useful activity are acknowledged.

“He came just at the right time to prevent us from becoming republicans,” said a young radical to me, “we have never had a better nor a more useful prince.”

The Exhibition in the Crystal Palace has, at this time, truly placed the crown upon the beautiful popularity of Prince Albert and the Queen. It is said that the Queen remarked, “I have always been sensible of the esteem of my people, but never more than on the shilling-days at the Exhibition.”

The Queen frequently visited it on these days, and amused herself by going about with her children in the midst of the throng of people. And wherever the little Queen went, a way was immediately opened for her, a full space was left for her more readily than if the path had been hemmed in with Life-guards. Everybody was glad to see her, but they drew back respectfully that she too might be glad to see them; and thus be unmolested amid the grand spectacle which she and Prince Albert had prepared for their pleasure and profit. It was told me how she, before the Exhibition opened, might be seen there with her children every day and in all weather, passing many hours in talking with tradespeople of all kinds, listening to their wishes, promoting their interests; examining their wares, and selecting for herself and her court valuable articles from the works of all nations.

Fortune has seldom favoured any undertaking as it favoured this Exhibition. Among all the millions of human beings who visited it during those six months, among all the millions of carriages which thronged hither from all quarters, not a single accident occurred. Everything went on well, calmly and cheerfully. The excellent police power of England has, however, the merit of this, and I cannot avoid again reverting to it in this place. Whilst sitting in the carriage upon the great high-road which runs along Hyde Park, I observed how the police stood among the throng of carriages, one at about every ten or twelve paces, keeping back or advancing forward the drivers, protecting ladies and children, and leading them safely among the heads of the horses; for

whenever these white-gloved hands so indicated the drivers pulled up or advanced forward. I drove hither at various times amid great throngs, but never did I see the power of the police withstood or defied. Never did I hear a quarrel or an angry word between the drivers and the police. Occasionally I have seen these last seize the horses by the reins and keep them back, but all was done calmly and without a word.

And now that I am about to leave the Exhibition, I must say a word or two about its history. Because, honour be to those to whom honour is due, and it cannot be denied that the idea of this, the World's Fair, belongs in the first place to—France. For several years has France, from time to time, set the example of great and increasingly comprehensive and systematically arranged exhibitions of national art and industry. At the eleventh exhibition of this kind, in the *Champs Elysées*, in the year 1849, no less than 4,494 manufacturers became competitors for the prize. The idea of a great exhibition of the manufactures and productions of the whole world, occurred the same year to the then Minister of Trade and agriculture in France, M. Buffet, and a circular to that effect was sent to all the various departments throughout the country, but was met with so much opposition, that M. Buffet relinquished the plan. When this was taken up in England by Prince Albert, it also met with some opposition. And it is universally acknowledged that the thanks are due to the courage, tact, and determination of the Prince, for the accomplishment of this great plan. As it has now been accomplished and that so happily, it is not too much to say, that this Exhibition is a means of universal and enduring good, and that the whole world, from China in the east, to California and Chili in the west, has vibrated to the pulse of the industrial heart of the world, throbbing within the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park.

If again there should be another World's Exhibition, I would wish and hope that it might be one in which the practical heart of the world might have room to beat, and to pour forth its life-streams for a new inspiration to all poets, philosophers, romance-writers, above all, for the joy and profit of the great world's poet, which sings in every human breast, we mean, humanity. Then would we see all nations present in beautiful faithful pictures of their own peculiar scenery; then might we see the noonday sun shining above the ancient woods of the tropics, and the midnight sun above the northern cliffs of Sweden; then might we see the peoples of the earth meet each other, and learn to know each other in the peculiar life of the people, in their forms and features, and not as now, merely by their productions. For, "is not life more than meat, and the body more than raiment?"

Such a congress of the nations would be a much more magnificent exhibition than that in Hyde Park.

And should such a one take place—may thou and I meet there!

(To be continued.)

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.¹

AN intelligent and amiable American writer, the Rev. Mr. Kip, says truly enough that the Americans have no *past*; and this truth explains to us the profound satisfaction they have in themselves, and everything belonging to or connected with them, and their exaggeration in describing it. They have, as yet, no means of comparison; of estimating their actual progress by what has been done before: they know only their present position; and every attainment they make being new to themselves, they naturally imagine that it is new to all the world besides; they know that it has not been surpassed among themselves, and by going a single step further, they arrive at the conclusion, that it has scarcely been equalled among others. We, again, on this side of the Atlantic, are not ready enough to make allowances for this enthusiasm; we ought to trace it to its cause, instead of turning from it, as we often do, as a compound of Yankee ignorance and conceit; we ought in clarity to see in it only an impassioned striving after excellence, and the generous appreciation of it, in whatever degree it may be reached. Doubtless, America has produced, and is daily producing, extraordinary and admirable persons, whose opinions and writings breathe all the undaunted freshness of a nation's youth; for an individual is the epitome of a nation; and a nation is but the enlarged scale of the characteristics of the individuals that compose it. Youth refers little to a *past*; full of its own bright imaginations and blossoming hopes, it is enraptured with the objects that rise before it, and invests them with a value according to its mode of viewing them, that its increasing wisdom will teach it to investigate more exactly.

We have been led into these reflections by the "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller," afterwards the Marchesa Ossoli, at this time given to the world by two of the most eminently gifted of her countrymen, Emerson and Channing; the warmth, not to say hyperbole of whose style, in speaking of her, however illustrative of the charge we have here made against American writers in general, may yet be fully pardoned in the sincerity of the admiration and esteem she inspired in their hearts, as well as in the hearts of many others, equally capable of appreciating genius and reverencing worth. To us, indeed, these memoirs are fraught with melancholy, even painful interest; for it was our lot to know the subject of them in a foreign land,—strangers there, like herself,—under circumstances of a public nature that would have stirred the coldest blood; and which in her, whilst they roused all her strong powers of thought and vigour of action, called forth, at the same moment, all her sweetest and most feminine attributes; all the tender sympathies and holy charities of life, by which her memory would have been embalmed in the hearts of all who knew her, even had it never been surrounded with that halo

(1) "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli." By Emerson and Channing.

of admiration inspired in them by her vast conversational powers; equal to those of Coleridge, with more useful application of them; her deep and multifarious reading, and the energy with which she employed her acquirements and her abilities for all whom she could either benefit or serve.

Margaret Fuller was the eldest child of Timothy Fuller and Margaret Crane, of Cambridge Port, Massachusetts, and was born on the 3d of May, 1810. Her father was a lawyer and a politician, a fair scholar, and well acquainted with general literature. To be an honoured citizen, and to have a home on earth, were, from her account of him, the great aims of his existence; and very praiseworthy aims they would appear, according to the estimate of most rational persons; but they were not lofty enough to satisfy the early intellectual ambition of his daughter, who had, even at the time she thus describes him, little respect for what she terms "the common-places of a mere bread-winning, bread-bestowing existence."

"To open the deeper fountains of the soul," says she, "to regard life here as the prophetic entrance to immortality, to develop his spirit to perfection,—motives like these had never been suggested to him, either by fellow-beings, or by outward circumstances. The result was a character, in its social aspect, of quite the common sort. A good son and brother, a kind neighbour, an active man of business,—in all these outward relations he was but one of a class which surrounding conditions have made the majority among us. In the more delicate and individual relations, he never approached but two mortals, my mother and myself."

This mother appears to have been a creature of angelic temperament, breathing love, and inspiring it in every living thing that came within her gentle influence. Mr. Fuller, proud of the capabilities of his daughter, developed even in her childhood, undertook himself to be her instructor; but by imposing tasks upon her beyond her strength, on subjects beyond her years, requiring her, moreover, to repeat them to him on his return from his office late in the evening, under all the terror of incurring his displeasure if she were not perfect in them, even whilst nature was calling for sleep, he did her the double injury of making her fancy herself "a youthful prodigy" by day, and rendering her at night the victim of spectral illusions, nightmare, and somnambulism; which, at a later period, changed their forms for head-aches, weakness, and every description of nervous affections. She began to read Latin at six years of age, and in translating it was expected to give the thoughts in as few words as possible, clearly arranged, and without breaks or hesitation. Of Greek she seems to have acquired but little; nevertheless, her youthful studies were divided between the mythologic fables of that poetic country and the sterner realities of Roman history; and day after day the enchanting visions of the one, and the heroic deeds of the other, were mused over by her, in a little garden behind the house,

full of choice flowers, and commanding, through its gate, a view of the glories of the setting sun.

"Here," says she, "the best hours of my lonely childhood were spent;" and this childhood she describes with a minuteness of analysis that appears to us much more the effect of mature reflection than of childish recollections; particularly when she informs us that Shakspeare, Cervantes, and Moliere, were her favourite authors at eight years of age! Her absorbing love of books was at this time wholesomely interrupted for a season, by a passionate attachment she formed for an English lady, whom she first saw at church, and who afterwards became intimate with her mother, during the few months she remained in the neighbourhood. This lady was lovely in appearance, captivating in manners, elegant in her dress; and versed in the various accomplishments that often supply the place of talent, and give it additional value when found in combination with it. To the poor lonely overworked child, solitary amid all her precocious acquirements, she appeared like some glorious meteor; to her, the lady, pleased with her innocent admiration and profound devotedness, was all grace and sweetness, and the entire veneration she inspired, the new existence she awakened in Margaret, is described by her with a depth of sentiment which we have no doubt was sincerely felt, for we know well that an admiring worship of this kind continually fills the young imagination, at the age when all that is outwardly beautiful is believed to be interiorly excellent. Margaret Fuller's mistake was in imagining that the reveries of her own youth were peculiar to herself.

When, however, the object of her devotion left the New World, to return to her native home in the Old, Margaret's heart seemed to die within her, and she fell into such an alarming state of despondency and languor, that her father, beginning to fear that he had too highly worked upon her nervous system, by the incessant mental exertion he required from her, wisely resolved to correct his error, by sending her to school; where she would have the advantage of companionship and be tempted to relieve sedentary occupation by bodily exercise. She was accordingly placed, much against her inclination, with the Misses Prescott, in Groton, Massachusetts; and here her thirst after intellectual distinction, and the love of mental rule, which were the alternate sources to her, all the prime of her life, of the most lively pleasure and the keenest pain, began to develop themselves in the force that marked all her character. Passing at once from the monotony and, to her, loneliness of her own home, to a little world of youth and vivacity, she felt all her powers called forth, and resolved upon the subjugation of her schoolfellows, by gaining their admiration and their love; for whilst her head claimed the one, her heart equally craved the other. At first she succeeded in her endeavour; she delighted her young companions with the variety of her resources; "her love of wild dances, and sudden song; her freaks of passion and of wit: she was always new, always surprising,

and, for a time, charming." Gradually, however, her peculiarities and caprice undid the spell her mental superiority had cast around; she as often teased as pleased; and at last, finding her empire totter, she began, in revenge for a joke played upon her, which she magnified into an insult, to act upon the maxim well known among despots, *divide et impera*, and descended to sow discord among her schoolfellows. She fanned the vanity of one, the jealousy of another—in short, availed herself of her quick perception into character, to bear upon the weak point of each, until distrust and dissatisfaction separated even those who had before been bosom friends. At length the source of all the evil was discovered, and the author of it solemnly arraigned before the whole school, and convicted of falsehood and mischief-making. The shame of this procedure, and the grief and horror she felt on being made sensible of the enormity of her fault, and the dreadful injury she might inflict upon society, if she continued in the practice of the same, so overpowered her that for many days she lay motionless, speechless, and only showed consciousness by waving her hand, in token of refusal, when food or medicine was offered to her lips.

Nobly and truthfully does Margaret Fuller tell this part of her story. Most impressive and encouraging is the lesson it holds out, that no single fault, however heinous, once seen, acknowledged, and sincerely and humbly repented of, can mar the whole course of after life. Slowly recovering from her shock, under the judicious treatment and tender sympathy of one of her teachers, whose friendship she ever afterwards retained, Margaret took the first step towards the restoration of her bosom's peace, by discharging it of the weight of remorse that loaded it, in a full confession of her fault, and a humble asking for forgiveness.

"When her strength was a little restored, she had all her companions summoned, and said to them,—'I deserved to die, but a generous trust has called me back to life. I will be worthy of it, nor ever betray the trust, or resent injury more. Can you forgive the past?'

"And they not only forgave, but, with love and earnest tears, clasped in their arms the returning sister. They vied with one another in offices of humble love, to the humbled one; and let it be recorded, as an instance of the pure honour of which young hearts are capable, that these facts, known to some forty persons, never, so far as I know, transpired beyond those walls."—Vol. i. p. 62.

Let it not be thought that an incident simple as this may seem is misplaced in a piece of grave biography. Nothing can be undeserving of notice that has an important influence upon character and life; and to that season of error and repentance, in her school-days, Margaret Fuller probably owed the integrity and candour by which she was ever after distinguished. She herself, speaking of this period, to the wise and kind friend who had supported her through it, says,—

"You need not fear to revive painful recollections. I often think of those sad experiences. True, they agitate me deeply. But it was best so. They have had a most powerful effect on my character. I tremble at whatever looks like dissimulation. The remembrance of that evening subdues every proud, passionate impulse. . . . Can I ever forget that to your treatment, in that crisis of youth, I owe the true life,—the love of Truth and Honour?"—Vol. i. p. 70.

Shortly after this, Margaret Fuller returned to her parental roof, and betook herself again to her studies; with what assiduity may be judged, by her account of them, in a letter to the beloved teacher to whose kindness in the hour of need she had owed so much.

"I rise a little before five, walk an hour, and then practice on the piano till seven, when we breakfast. Next I read French,—Sismondi's 'Literature of the South of Europe,' till eight; then two or three lectures in Brown's 'Philosophy.' About half-past nine, I go to Mr. Perkins's school, and study Greek till twelve; when, the school being dismissed, I recite, go home, and practice again till dinner, at two. Sometimes, if the conversation is very agreeable, I lounge for half an hour over the dessert, though rarely so lavish of time. Then, when I can, I read two hours in Italian, but I am often interrupted. At six, I walk or take a drive. Before going to bed, I play or sing for half an hour or so, to make all sleepy, and about eleven, retire to write a little while in my journal—exercises on what I have read, or a series of characteristics, which I am filling up."—Vol. i. p. 63.

She was then fifteen. Two years after, she says:—

"I am engrossed in reading the elder Italian poets, beginning with Berni, from whom I shall proceed to Pulci and Politian. I read very critically. Miss Francis and I think of reading Locke, as introductory to a course of English metaphysics, and then De Stael on Locke's system."—Vol. i. p. 67.

In Spanish literature she likewise made great progress, but her chief attainment was in German. Goethe became her idol, and her criticism on his writings, Emerson says, is, in his opinion, the best that has ever been written. Five more years were given to incessant reading, and to deep contemplation of the human character. At fifteen, she had said, "I am determined on distinction;—" at twenty she had attained it:—

"It was," says Mr. Clarke, one of the friends who knew her best, "by her singular gift of speech that she cast her spells and worked her wonders in this little circle. Full of thoughts and full of words; capable of poetic improvisation, had there not been a slight overweight of a tendency to the tangible and real; capable of clear, complete, philosophic statement, but for the strong tendency to life, which melted down evermore, in its lava-current, the solid blocks of thought; she was yet, by these excesses, better fitted for the arena of conversation. Here she found none adequate for the equal encounter; when she laid her lance in rest, every champion must go down before it."—Vol. i. p. 134.

Emerson also, himself so eloquent, bears testimony of her talent in this respect:—

"All these powers and accomplishments," says he, "found their best and only adequate channel in her conversation;—a conversation which those who have heard it, unanimously, as far as I know, pronounced to be, in elegance, in range, in flexibility and adroit transition, in depth, in cordiality, and in moral aim, altogether admirable; surprising and cheerful as a poem, and communicating its own civility and elevation like a charm to all hearers. . . . She poured a stream of amber over the endless store of private anecdotes, of bosom histories, which her wonderful persuasion drew forth, and transfigured them into fine fables. Whilst she embellished the moment, her conversation had the merit of being solid and true."—Vol. ii. p. 3.

In 1835 she was introduced to Miss Martineau, whilst she was on a visit to her friend Mrs. Farrar. She rapidly passed with that eccentric lady "the barrier that separates acquaintance from friendship," and whilst they were sitting together in church, put up a rapturous thanksgiving, beginning "Author of all good, Source of all beauty and holiness, thanks to Thee for the purifying elevating communion that I have enjoyed with this elevated and beloved being." Those who have only known Miss Martineau through the medium of her later writings, would be apt to doubt the purifying effects of communion with her. Margaret herself was somewhat disenchanted when her book on America came out; and wrote her a long letter of criticism upon its prejudices and intemperance of language. In this same year, Margaret was attacked by a severe fever. Her father came to her bed-side, in the course of it, and said to her, "My dear, I have been thinking of you in the night, and cannot remember that you have any faults. You have defects, of course, as all mortals have, but I do not know that you have a single fault." These words from one who, upon principle, had always abstained from praising her, or, indeed, any of his children in their presence, and the deep thankfulness he evinced on her recovery, were treasured up in her heart; and she had soon need of the consolation their recollection afforded, for very shortly after, the revered parent to whom she owed so much of her mental culture, was attacked with cholera, and expired on the second day of his suffering under it.

Her first thought, after the amazement of her grief was passed, was how far she could supply his place.

"I have prayed to God," says she, "that duty may now be the first object, and self set aside. May I have light and strength to do what is right, in the highest sense, for my mother, brothers, and sister."—Vol. i. p. 203.

And now it is that Margaret Fuller's real excellence of character appears. For the fulfilment of the duties she had solemnly taken upon herself, she relinquished the object which had formed the vision of her life; and that was to visit Europe, "its scholars, libraries,

lectures, galleries of art, museums of science, antiquities, and historic scenes:" to the realization of which she had long looked, not only for the vast field of inquiry and thought it would lay open to her mind, but also as facilitating to her the means of turning her acquirements to account in the way of authorship.

The opportunity at last seemed to present itself under the fairest auspices; for it was to accompany two of her warmest and best friends, Mr. and Mrs. Farrar, with the pleasure, in addition, of Miss Martineau's society. Yet this long-anticipated delight she unrepiningly renounced; because she feared the sum she should require for it would be more than her family could spare as they were then situated; yet she had been promised it by her father, expressly for the purpose; and had, indeed, justly earned it, in devoting her time to the instruction of her brothers, by way of counterbalance, in order to spare the expense of other tuition for them. Ten years later she accomplished the object she had so passionately desired, and which, alas! terminated in her finding her grave beneath the billows that were to have borne her back, exultant, a happy wife and a mother, to her native shore.

The intervening period was passed by her in exemplary exertions for the honourable maintenance of her family and herself. She resided chiefly in Boston, where she gave lessons in Latin and French in Mr. Alcott's then flourishing school, and had classes of young ladies in French, German, and Italian. She also, during these years, published her "Summer on the Lakes," "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," besides several translations from the German, and contributing largely to the *Dial* and *Tribune*, two publications of considerable note in their day.

The Athenæum Library and Museum of Boston were a fund of intellectual wealth to her, and she deeply felt the exalting influence of the study of Greek art, and the Italian masters, though only through the imperfect medium of casts and engravings. She likewise there founded a "Ladies' Conversazione," which the force of her eloquence and influence managed to keep alive for six years, in weekly meetings, at which were constellated, from time to time, all the females most distinguished for talent, worth, and beauty, in the place. The subjects discussed, however, would not, we should imagine, long have held a similar assembly together in London.

"The first day's topic," we are informed, "was the genealogy of heaven and earth; the Will, (Jupiter); the Understanding, (Mercury); the second day's was the celestial inspiration of genius, perception and transmission of divine law (Apollo); the terrene inspiration, the impassioned abandonment of genius (Bacchus). Of the thunderbolt, the caduceus, the ray, and the grape, having disposed, as well as might be, we came to the wave, and the sea-shell it moulds to Beauty, and Love, her parent and her child."—Vol. ii. p. 139.

To these succeeded "Mythology," "The Fine Arts," "What is Life?" "Is the Ideal first or last?"

and other mysterious themes, discussed in the transcendental style then as fashionable in America as *Euphuism* was in our own country in the days of Elizabeth; and, if we may venture to say so, probably attended with as useful results. They served, however, to spread the name and fame of Margaret Fuller far and wide in her own country; the present offered no one to equal, the *past* no one to compare with her; nor was it believed that the future would produce any one superior to her. Indeed, she seems to have formed an estimate of herself on pretty much the same scale,—

"I now know all the people worth knowing in America," says she, in a letter to one of her friends, "and I find no intellect comparable to my own."

The same opinion is repeated by her in various ways, with an openness that almost disarms criticism. We will now, therefore, bear her away, in the zenith of her fame, to London, "the grave of so many celebrities," and thence to the classic land of which she had nursed such waking dreams of inspiration, and where she was destined to find all the warmest affections of her heart called forth and satisfied.

Margaret Fuller, during her short stay in England, saw many characters well known in the literary world, and describes them in her letters to her friends with her usual discernment and felicity of expression. Her portraiture of Carlyle, one of her almost idolized writers, before she "wearied" of him, is excellent. She complains, however, that his habit and power of haranguing was such, that the unfortunate listener whom he once got hold of, became a perfect prisoner.

"To interrupt him," she says, "is a physical impossibility. If you get a chance to remonstrate for a moment, he raises his voice, and bears you down."—Vol. iii. p. 99.

At Paris she sees Fourier, George Sand, La Mennais, and others; her accounts of whom we regret that our limits do not allow us to give. Her remarks from Rome are remarkably scanty and barren, considering the exciting period in which she arrived there,—the spring of 1847. She had at this time one hundred correspondents; for next to conversation, her intellect expanded most in letter-writing, and it is singular that the extracts from the epistles they must have called forth, amid so much room for reflection, should have been dealt out with such niggard hands. To us, however, the remembrance of our personal acquaintance with her, which began at this period, enables us to fill up the blanks in her written communications. She introduced herself to us with ease of manner, and total absence of pretension, by delivering to us a letter from a mutual friend. Her personal appearance was not in her favour; it is truly depicted by Emerson, who owns that at first it prejudiced him against her, but who was afterwards drawn towards her in the closest bonds of a friendship that knew no interruption.

"She was," says he, "rather under the middle height; her complexion was fair, with strong, fair hair. She was then, as always, carefully and be-

comingly dressed, and of lady-like self-possession. For the rest, her appearance had nothing prepossessing. Her extreme plainness, a trick of incessantly opening and shutting her eye-lids, the nasal tone of the voice,—all repelled; and I said to myself, we shall never get far. It is to be said, that Margaret made a disagreeable first impression on most persons, including those who became afterwards her best friends, to such an extreme that they did not wish to be in the same room with her. This was partly the effect of her manners, which expressed an overweening sense of power, and slight esteem of others, and partly the prejudice of her fame."—Vol. i. p. 268.

A curious mode she had of lifting up her upper lip when she spoke, and the American *twang* in which her opinions were delivered, were to us the most repellant of her peculiarities; but we soon lost sight of them all in the lovely qualities of heart which unfolded themselves to us, as we became more and more acquainted with her. We saw nothing of the self-exaltation, the thirst for distinction and excitement, the dictatorial tone that her letters and conversations display, in the early part of her memoirs. It is evident that her character underwent a great change in Italy. Arriving there at a most stirring and eventful period, the petty politics and ambition of minor scenes in America lost their interest with her: in the contemplation of the noble characters around her, she ceased so continually to analyse her own. She saw, and acknowledged it with her accustomed candour, many Italian ladies intellectually equal with herself, and far surpassing her in the acquired graces of society; every day, moreover, brought with it some event to interest her attention or excite her sympathies,—everything conspired to divert her from herself, but most of all the circumstance of her finding another *self*, much dearer to her than her own, in the gentle and amiable Marquis Ossoli, whom she first met by accident at St. Peter's, where he introduced himself to her by an act of courtesy, in assisting her to find her party, from which she had been accidentally separated. The acquaintance continued, and in a few months the young man, revering her talents, charmed with her *gentleness*, and sharing in all her views and hopes respecting Italy, offered her his hand. She refused it on account of the disparity of their ages, she being nearly ten years older than himself; but he was not discouraged,—he felt that she could no more relinquish him than he could relinquish her;—and he was right, for the love she had all her life desired, for which alone she had, like Madame de Staël, longed with passionate longing to be beautiful, this love, once found, was not to be parted with. He renewed his suit, and was accepted. The marriage, which took place in Dec. 1847, was kept secret, both from political and economical motives; and the son who was the fruit of it, was born at Rieti in the September following. Never were holy hope, sweet love, and patient heroism more beautifully set forth than in Margaret and her husband, under circumstances that must inevitably have chilled

the selfish, and appalled the timid; never were feelings of wife and mother more touchingly described. Little did we think, when we were admiring the courage with which she spoke of the thick-coming dangers in which the base attack of the French upon Rome threatened to involve all who had advocated its noble struggle for freedom; when we were paying homage to the exquisite tenderness and unwearied attention she showed night and day, to the wounded and the sick in the Hospital *Fate Bene Fratelli*, to which she was appointed by the Princess Belgioioso; little did we think when we saw in her the same sweet smile, radiant with sympathy and goodness, that her poor heart was torn by the dread of finding, among those wounded, her own husband, who had taken his place with the defenders of Rome, at the gate of St. Pancrazio, and never left it till he saw the French enter it, triumphant in treachery and superiority of numbers,—that every fibre of that sensitive heart was wrung, moreover, with fears for her infant, forced as she was to leave him at the foot of the Umbrian Apennines at Rieti, amid a ferocious set of people, and with a treacherous and avaricious nurse, who threatened to abandon him, if she did not receive a certain sum at an appointed time.

All that Margaret says of herself, at this period, is so interesting, that we much regret our limits do not allow us to give it in full. It is beautiful to see the haranguer, the transcendentalist, the stickler for her sex's rights, that even maintained their *right* to be "sea captains," if they would—to see all this ferment of an unquiet though lofty soul, subsiding into holy gratitude for domestic peace, and affectionate appreciation of her husband's love, and of his unassuming merits. She thus describes him to her mother:—

"He is not in any respect such a person as people in general would expect to find with me. He had no instructor except an old priest, who entirely neglected his education; and of all that is contained in books he is absolutely ignorant, and he has no enthusiasm of character. On the other hand, he has excellent practical sense; has been a judicious observer of all that passed before his eyes; has a nice sense of duty, which, in its unfeeling, minute activity, may put most enthusiasts to shame; a very sweet temper, and great native refinement. His love for me has been unswerving and most tender. I have never suffered a pain that he could relieve. His devotion, when I am ill, is to be compared only with yours. His delicacy in trifles, his sweet domestic graces, remind me of E—. In him I have found a home, and one that interferes with no tie. Amid many ills and cares, we have had much joy together, in the sympathy with natural beauty,—with our child,—with all that is innocent and sweet." Vol. iii. p. 225.

To her friend the Marchioness Visconti Arconati, she writes thus of him:—"He has very little of what is called intellectual development, but unspoiled instincts, affections pure and constant, and a quiet sense of duty, which, to me, who have seen much of the great

faults in characters of enthusiasm and genius, seems of highest value."

But it is in speaking of her child that all the passionate emotions of her heart burst forth. Years before, she had written in her journal:—"O Father, give me a bud on my tree of life, so scathed by the lightning, and bowed by the frost * * * always before I have wanted a superior or equal, but now it seems that only the feeling of a parent for a child could exhaust the richness of one's soul." This treasure now secured to her, she says to her mother:—"What shall I say of my child! all might seem hyperbole, even to my dearest mother. In him I find satisfaction, for the first time, to the deep wants of my heart." A peaceful winter of the purest domestic happiness in Florence, followed the months of anguish which she had endured in Rome, during its last noble struggles. But the time drew near for her to see again her American home, where she hoped to publish her work on Italy, the loss of which is deeply to be regretted, and to gain thereby the means of increasing the comforts of her husband and her son. But here the narrative is too painful to those who knew the lamented subject of it; and to those who did not it may still only recall afflicting scenes, such as have too recently occurred in the loss of the Amazon.

Margaret with her husband and child sailed from Leghorn for New York, on the 17th of May, 1850, in the barque *Elizabeth*, commanded by Captain Hasty. Many gloomy presentiments had haunted her mind for some weeks before: Ossoli had been told when a boy, by a fortune-teller, to "beware of the sea," and it happened that, till then, he had never set his foot upon a vessel. "I am absurdly fearful," says she, "and various omens have combined to give me a dark feeling. * * * In case of mishap, however, I shall perish with my husband and my child;" again, "It seems to me that my future upon earth will soon close. I have a vague expectation of some crisis, I know not what."

The first few days of the voyage all went on prosperously; soft breezes swept the vessel tranquilly over the azure bosom of the Mediterranean. Margaret and her husband paced, arm in arm, the deck of their small ocean-home; their baby fondled the white goat which was to be his foster-parent, or, carried about in the arms of the Captain, gazed on the spars and rigging and swelling sails: but alas! this kind Captain was taken ill of the confluent small-pox, and died off Gibraltar. The baby caught the disease, and exhibited it in all its frightful forms. His life was despaired of, but the incessant care of his parents preserved him to them, and once more joy and thankfulness filled their bosoms. "Slowly, yet peacefully, pass the long summer days, the mellow moonlit nights; slowly, and with even flight, the good *Elizabeth*, under gentle airs from the tropics, bears them safely onward. Four thousand miles of ocean lie behind; they are nearly home."—Vol. iii. p. 320.

On Thursday the 15th, at noon, the *Elizabeth* was off the Jersey coast, between Cape May and Barne-

gat, and so confident was the commanding officer of safety, that he promised his passengers to land them early in the morning at New York. That same promised morn the *Elisabeth*, driven by the combined force of currents and tempest towards the sand bars of Long Island, struck at four o'clock, on Fire Island beach. We will not dwell on the painful incidents that followed. Margaret refused to the last to be separated from her husband and child. Twelve hours were passed by them in communion, face to face, with death. The final moment came, and the prayer was granted, breathed by Margaret before they embarked, that in case of any fatal mischance, Ossoli, Angelo, and herself might go together, "and that the anguish might be brief."

Thus untimely perished a woman who by her strength of intellect and rectitude of principle, combined with her wonderful insight into character, and her warmth of sympathy, obtained a wider range of personal influence than perhaps ever fell to the share of any other female, devoid, like herself, of beauty, wealth or influential connexions. Her early trials were loneliness of heart, and obstacles to the development of her genius; her later ones, narrowness of pecuniary means, doubly trying to a disposition munificent as hers, and uncertainly as to the power of turning her abilities to the account her circumstances required: but He who bestowed upon her the gold, granted her also the strength to bear the purifying process which was to separate it from its dross; and there can be little doubt that, had her life been spared, she would have afforded a still brighter example of female virtues, than she had given, in her most brilliant days, of female talent.

THE RECLUSE.¹

A STORY OF THE COAST OF FRANCE.

III.

THE setting sun illumined the horizon of Piriac with its last rays. It was the eve of one of those great tides known in that part of the country by the name of *reverdies*, and the receding waves had left exposed to view many rocks generally concealed by the sea, whose surface now appeared in the distance. In one part, the waves, darkened by the shades of evening, resembled a newly-ploughed field; in another, they undulated like a meadow of long grass waving in the breeze; and again, reflecting the rays of the setting sun, they glistened among the rocks like burning lava. Now and then a solitary sea-gull appeared flying over the sea, and a few cows seated on the shore were lowing contentedly, apparently much enjoying the evening breeze.

Annette took the dry paths bordered with granite slopes, by which all the cultivated fields are enclosed. On reaching the most elevated promontory, she perceived one of those vines whose venerable roots resemble so many sleeping serpents, and in order to

screen herself from observation, followed the direction of a wall formed to protect the viney from the sea-breeze. She thus arrived at the promontory of Castell, whose name testifies to its occupation by the Spaniards, and looked towards the three immense rocks which rise on the left like the shapeless remains of an unknown monument. Lewis was not there. It was useless for her to search beyond, in the creeks and clefts of the rocks; as far as the eye could distinguish, the coast appeared deserted. She was beginning to fear that Marzon was not on the sea-shore, when she perceived a boy's head rising from one of the fissures by which the fishermen descend to the beach. She recognised Lewis' younger brother and called him.

"Are you here, Julius?" said she, in a tone of surprise; "I thought you had been sent to Lérat."

"So I was," replied the boy, looking back towards the bay he had just quitted; "but I returned by the shore in hopes of finding my brother near the black rocks."

"And he is not there?"

"No," returned Julius, still looking back; "I have just left him in the large grotto, and I only came away because he desired me."

"He is in the grotto," repeated Annette. "And what is he doing?"

The boy raised his shoulders without replying, and followed the young girl for a few steps. His countenance, which was indicative of native intelligence, rendered yet more acute by misery, at the same time bore marks of anxiety which surprised and alarmed Annette. She renewed her questions eagerly.

"I cannot tell you what he is doing," replied Julius; "but one thing is certain, he is very unhappy."

The fisherman's daughter started. "And you say he is in the large grotto?" resumed she, hurriedly.

"Yes," returned the boy; "he begged me to leave him all alone, but it would be truly a mercy if any one could say something to comfort him."

Annette mechanically moved towards the fissure, then suddenly stopped short, and looked at Julius. The latter, understanding her intentions, hastened to take leave of her.

"Excuse me for having detained you, Annette," said he, touching his cap; "you are in a hurry to take *la Rougeanda* home; I saw her waiting for you in the little meadow, indeed she began lowing as I passed."

He took the winding path on the summit of the cliffs, and resumed his journey towards Piriac. As soon as he had disappeared, Annette looked round to ascertain that there was no one in sight, and then quickly descended the ravine which led to the sea. The beach which she thus gained was covered, in many parts, by pools of water, in the midst of which rose a natural causeway formed of granite, and covered with sea-weed. The noise of her footsteps was deadened by the sea-weed, and Annette thus reached the grotto without betraying her approach to the occupant of it.

(1) Continued from p. 160.

The summit of the rock in which the cavern had been formed by the waves, was joined to the cliff only by a few detached fragments, while its base was firmly united to the rest of the promontory. The grotto consisted of two compartments, connected by a lengthened arcade, and had entrances from two parts of the beach, separated by a mass of rocks. On its sombre-coloured walls appeared a few veins of iron ore, and of white quartz. In the first division, an opening in the roof admitted a feeble glimmer of light—the last ray of the setting sun. This ray fell on the forehead of Lewis Marzon, who was then seated on the damp sand of the grotto, and leaning his head against the rock. On hearing the exclamation Annette uttered, he rose suddenly.

"You here!" exclaimed he, bewildered; "is it possible? What are you come for?" Then perceiving the young girl's anxious countenance, he added:—

"For heaven's sake! has anything happened to bring you here at so late an hour?"

"Tell me first why you remain here yourself," said Annette, looking fixedly on him. "Generally when you come to Castelli, it is to place your lines, and not to sleep in the grottoes."

"I was not sleeping, Annie," replied the young man, sadly.

"What were you doing then?"

"I was thinking of what we had just been saying at your house. While I was with you, I was happy, but when alone and reflecting, I felt how little hope there was for me; then sorrow filled my heart, and my strength seemed to depart; when I laid down here, I felt as if I cared for nothing any longer."

"May God protect us! Is that performing the promise you made me, Lewis?" resumed the fisherman's daughter, deeply affected; "are you then no longer a man? Be reasonable, my poor Lewis, our trials are not yet ended."

"Alas! then you have come to tell me of some fresh misfortune," cried the young man.

"The more reason why you should exercise your courage," replied Annette.

"But, to come to the point; what is it?"

"It is, that my father suspects something between us, and that 'Long Mark' and he are as furious as madmen, and they are looking for you."

"Well, so be it," replied Marzon, with the indifference of despair; "they will easily find me, and since they are the strongest, they will be able to do as their wicked hearts dictate."

"For love of heaven! do not speak so, Lewis," interrupted Annette, clasping her hands; "how can you expect God to aid us, if we do not take care of ourselves? Do you not wish to live for the sake of those who love you?"

"But since this love is accounted a crime," said the youth; "if they wish to deprive me of it, at all hazards, even if it be with life, for so you just now said, Annie, how could I escape their cruelties?"

"There is one method," replied she.

"One method? and what is it?"

The young girl hesitated, as though she could with difficulty proceed; at length she resumed in a low tone, and without raising her eyes,—

"That which Marillas proposed to you."

"What! to go away!" exclaimed Marzon, "to leave you all alone, exposed to the cruelty of the Captain and Lubert? Is that what you propose, Annie? And what do you want me to do there? Do you think that I could work properly, and that I should not be always looking towards Piriac in hopes of receiving news of you? Go away! ah, you did not wish it before; you wanted me to remain here. Here, at least, we can see each other, even if it is at a distance; we hear of one another, we know that we are living in the same atmosphere. You felt that as I did, and now you have changed! Ah! Annie, this is a trial I did not expect."

The young man's voice trembled, his eyes were filled with tears. Annette, deeply moved, fell on her knees, took Marzon's hands in hers, and employed all kinds of tender words to prove to him the necessity of their separation; but this last blow had revived in Marzon's memory all his previous sorrows. Having nothing to say in reply to the sensible arguments of the fisherman's daughter, he plunged himself in the bitterness of his own recollections, and recalled with the energy of despair all the trials he had endured from his birth. Maternal desertion, pain from cold and hunger, the contempt of all save the dear creature of whom he was now to be deprived! Thus, it was not enough that he had ever been compelled to defer the accomplishment of his hopes, that he had been permitted only to enjoy a few short moments of happiness. The time was come when he must renounce even these! The ray of light which had hitherto cheered him was to be extinguished, and he must again journey in the dark. In proportion as he was justifying his despair to himself, his murmurs were converted into a passionate vehemence that quite overpowered Annette; she attempted in vain to resist. Whilst her lips were murmuring expressions of vague hope, her remaining confidence and courage insensibly abandoned her. The contest was prolonged, and to her disadvantage, for when once Marzon had opened the flood-gates, all the waves of sorrow he had hitherto restrained, escaped like an overflowing torrent. They still rushed on, ever more powerful and more irresistible, carrying with them his own illusions and those of poor Annette, until the latter, incapable of further resistance, uttered a cry, and buried her face in her hands. The young man suddenly stopped short on seeing his companion at his feet, her whole frame convulsed with sobs; his violence appeared suddenly calmed, and his tones of repining were exchanged for those of softened grief.

"Poor girl! I have made her weep," said he, "as if it were necessary for me to tell her all that! But why come and talk to me of seeing you no longer, Annie? It is as much as to say that I have no right to happiness, that I ought to live like the cattle

merely for the sake of living, and without any enjoyment of the heart; and yet God has given happiness to all other men. There are some who are happy in counting the acres of their property, others in commanding vessels; others, again, in sleeping under the roof they have purchased; but I! . . . I have neither house, nor boat, nor land; I have nothing in the world except my little brother, who is a charge to me, and you, dearest Annie, who are my joy. When you smile on me,—when you call me by my name, in your own voice, which is so different from every other,—when I feel that you are approaching me,—I do not know how to explain it to you, Annie, but it feels as if a sunbeam were entering my heart; I am so joyful, I love everybody, and I thank God for placing me on the earth: but, when you are not with me, I am sad; I remember all my past suffering, and have neither rest nor resignation.”

“But what *is* to be done?” said Annette, who in the midst of her sorrow had been affected by the tender words of Lewis; “do you not see, that if you remain here, some misfortune will happen?”

“Do not fear that, dearest one!” returned Lewis, pressing her hands. “I know your father and ‘Long Mark,’ when they return to land, they will go and anchor, as they say, in the waters of the *Sardine d’Argent*, and provided I keep out of the way they will not take the trouble to look for me.”

“And if they should meet you by chance?”

“If they meet me, my *cobriac*, I shall do as they do when the wind threatens; I shall fly before the storm breaks out.”

“Do not speak thus lightly, Lewis,” said the young girl, reassured by Marzon’s almost cheerful tone, and nearly persuaded by him in spite of herself; “think of what I came to tell you. Perhaps you do not know the extent of the danger. When my father is blinded by anger he may do anything, and when once he has struck, ‘tall Mark’ will follow his example with double cruelty and force. Remember, my poor Lewis, they could easily overpower you.”

“Do not fear that, Annie. A man is not killed, like a crab, by a single blow.”

“And if you could defend yourself, you would be obliged to raise your hand against my father.”

“Never!” exclaimed the young man, eagerly. “Strike him who gave you life! No, no, Annie, you may trust me. His flesh is your flesh; and I would rather raise my hand against sacred things.”

“Thanks for this promise, dear Lewis,” said Annette, moved by the warmth which had accompanied his protestation; “this proves the goodness of your heart as well as your friendship; but not returning an evil will not prevent your suffering from it. What will become of you, my poor Lewis, if my father does as he has said?”

“What it pleases God, Annie,” returned the youth, with noble serenity. “We are all guided by his will as the sail by the wind. Who knows that he will not touch the hardened hearts? When the captain sees me bear everything calmly, perhaps my conduct

will disarm him of his anger. If he strikes, I shall bow down my head without uttering a word, and unless he is indeed madly furious he will not renew his blows. Fear nothing; as long as you love me I shall have patience to suffer, and sense enough to keep out of danger’s way.”

While uttering these last words Marzon had half raised his gentle companion, whom he now tenderly folded to his heart. Annetto, at once bashful, trembling, and happy, offered but a feeble resistance. Her thoughts were now far from the danger which had led her in the first instance to seek Lewis Marzon. Impelled by feelings which solitude favoured, she had found her first alarm yielding to softer emotions, and, without heeding it, she had suffered herself to indulge in hopes which she had resolved to abandon. During this interview, which she had intended to be a farewell, she felt her attachment grow stronger; in attempting to loosen the bonds of union she had but fastened them more securely. She indeed attempted to murmur some feeble objections, but Marzon interrupted her by one of those ebullitions of tenderness which, without answering any argument, effectually dissipate all fears.

In the meanwhile, however, time was passing, night had arrived, and in the semi-obscurity of the grotto neither of them had observed its approach or arrival. Under pretence of discovering some prudent expedient, they were building a thousand castles in the air, for the construction of which each desire furnished a stone. At first it was a change in Goron, his consent to their union, and then all those pictures of domestic happiness which it is so delightful to paint beforehand. Insensibly both of them had converted their fancies into realities. The young man in particular, whose solitary life and ardent temperament had rendered him familiar with these delusions of the heart, yielded to them unresistingly, whilst his companion listened, half-bewildered and half-incredulous, as a child who is being lulled to sleep with fairy tales. When she looked through the arch forming the entrance to the grotto and saw the dark sky, in which a few stars had already appeared, she rose with an exclamation of surprise.

“Goodness! you have made me forget the time, Lewis,” exclaimed she; “the night is already closed in, and I ought to have gone away long since. What will they say in the village when they see me taking home ‘*la Rougeaude*’ at so late an hour?”

“They will not see you, Annie,” replied Marzon; “but for heaven’s sake do not go away until you have told me again that you will ever retain your affection for me.”

“Be quiet, naughty boy!” said the young girl, smiling; “you know very well that I have no longer any power over it.”

“Then all is done, my dearest one!” exclaimed Lewis, folding her in his arms, “nothing will now oppose us, for what one wishes above everything else never remains long impossible. As truly as I love you, neither your father, nor ‘Long Mark,’ nor any other

human being, will be able to prevent our happiness."

At this moment a sound as of water dashing against the rock startled the young girl.

"Do you hear?" said she. "It is late, the tide is rising; if you detain me I shall not be able to reach the path on the beach."

"Do not fear," replied the now happy Marzon, "the sea is still far from us."

"Look down there; in the darkness there is something white."

"It is the sand on the beach."

"I feel the spray from the waves."

"It is only the evening dew."

Thus saying they advanced together towards the entrance of the cave; but, on gaining it, Annette uttered a sudden cry.

"What is the matter?" inquired Lewis, unable to take his eyes from her.

She spoke not, but pointed in front of them. Marzon looked in the direction indicated, and started back alarmed. As far as he could distinguish in the darkness he could see nothing but the water. The narrow beach which it was necessary to cross in order to gain the ravine was so completely covered that the rocky causeway was distinguishable only by the foam which indicated its direction. Marzon ran to the second entrance, but the shore, which was still lower in that part, was entirely concealed, and he saw nothing but a deep and frightful bay.

After the first cry of terror Annette had remained motionless and silent, her hands clasped and her eyes fixed on Lewis, expecting him to propose some means of escape; but when she saw him standing still at the second opening of the grotto and watching the waves which already bathed his feet, she seized his hand and addressed him by his name. Marzon turned round.

"Well?" inquired she.

"Well! you see," stammered the youth, "on this side one cannot reach the ravine, which it would be at the peril of one's life to mount now; and, on the other side, the beach is covered; no one could pass it without being carried away by the tide."

"But you, who know the rocks of Castelli as well as I know my father's house," resumed the poor girl, in the deepest anguish, "do you know of no other way? Is there no means of getting out of the grotto?"

Marzon shook his head and, without answering, pointed to the sea which surrounded them.

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed Annette, in an agony of despair. "But, Lewis, we cannot die here. Look, the land is quite close to us."

"Yes," replied he, sorrowfully; "but, in order to reach it, we must swim across the beach."

The fisherman's daughter started.

"Well! you can swim," exclaimed she, eagerly. "You will be able to cross the little beach on the sea as easily as I did just now on the sand. Be quick, Lewis, be quick; if you stop any longer you will be too late. Go away at once, I entreat you."

"And leave you to perish alone, my own dear innocent one?" said the young man, smiling sadly.

"No," returned Annette; "I know that you will not leave me; but here you can do nothing, whilst, if you reach the shore, you can run to the harbour; there some one will be sure to lend you a boat, and you will come and save me."

The youth shook his head.

"Look how the sea is rising," said he, pointing to the waves, which had already invaded the grotto; "even if I had the wings of a sea-gull, all would be over with you before my return."

"Is it so?" whispered Annette, weeping with terror, "then I am lost, you say—lost in reality! Oh! it is impossible. O my God! thou wilt not be unmerciful. Save me, blessed Virgin! Guardian angels, save me!"

She raised to heaven her clasped hands and agonized countenance. Love suddenly overcoming the egotism of fear and inspiring her with new courage, she exclaimed:—

"No! I am mad; hearken not to me, O God! It is Lewis who must escape—take me if thou wilt. Save yourself, Lewis, I entreat, I implore you! Oh! for pity's sake, spare me the grief of witnessing your death. If you are here I feel my courage will fail; I shall never forgive myself. Lewis, leave me to die alone, for the sake of my eternal salvation!"

At this moment a wave swept over the rock which was situated at the entrance of the grotto, dashed against the young girl and overpowered her. Marzon had barely sufficient time to snatch her from the wave, which in another minute would have borne her away, and carried her to the second compartment; there, the ground, being a little more elevated, was still untouched by the sea, and towards the end projected a portion of the rock united to the ceiling by an inclined plane. The young man climbed this with difficulty, and placed Annette on the highest part of it. There, at a few feet from the opening by which the grotto was illumined, she was soon revived by the sea-breeze and the starry light which penetrated the narrow aperture.

In the meanwhile, however, the violence of the waves became every moment more alarming; they appeared amidst the darkness of the cavern rushing in from both right and left, rising to the roof, and then bursting with a terrific noise. The narrow circle yet untouched by the water round Marzon and Goron's daughter became every instant more limited. Already deafened and bewildered by the terrific echoes which the flood awakened in those sonorous caves, and breathing with difficulty in the midst of the damp vapour, everything appeared to them to tremble. Feeling but too truly that escape was now utterly impracticable, they clasped each other in silence, as if both had lost the power and even the desire of thinking. Suddenly a sound, rendered faint by the distance, was borne to the grotto: it was the bell of Pirias summoning the faithful to evening prayers. This well-known and unexpected sound touched a chord in

their hearts, and, as if by instinct, Marzon took off his hat whilst Annette clasped her hands.

"It is God who calls and comforts us," said Lewis, with that ardent faith which accompanies the hour of death; "let us say our last prayer with those we may never see again."

And, kneeling on the damp sand, the youth commenced aloud the sublime confession of the Christian faith. In the midst of the fury of the ocean, the simple words of the "Belief" were heard as if the creature were opposing with his faith the violence of creation. Marzon was professing his belief in Him who is to come and "judge both the quick and the dead," when he was interrupted by hearing the sound of his own name in the midst of the roar of the waves.

"What voice is that?" murmured Annette, who almost fancied she had heard a supernatural call.

A shadow intercepted the light which reached them through the opening above their heads.

"Merciful heavens! they are both there!" exclaimed the voice.

"Julius!" cried they both at the same moment.

"Help! help!" resumed Annette, again inspired with hope.

"It is impossible," murmured Lewis; "we are all lost!"

"That is to be proved," said Julius, quickly; "just now Peter was at Penhareng with his boat."

"At Penhareng?"

"For love of heaven, hold fast! I will go and fetch him."

The child disappeared like lightning; the poor girl was again plunged in grief.

"If the boat . . . should not arrive till too late," murmured she. And, feeling the water touch her feet, she continued, "Look, look, Lewis, how the tide is rising! Oh! you were right—all will be in vain! We must die here!"

"It does not take long to come from Penhareng," observed the youth, hesitatingly.

"Then you think they will be able to save us?" resumed Annette, grasping at this faint hope with the credulity of fear. "Oh! if you say so, it must be true, Lewis, for you know the coast better than any one in the place. Look, look, is not that the sail of Peter's boat coming into sight?"

She pointed to a white speck which was advancing towards the entrance of the grotto by the sea. Marzon shook his head, and, placing himself still more firmly on the rock, he clasped the young girl closely to him. The white speck approached rapidly; it was darting onwards like a race-horse, when Annette perceived a terrific wave, larger than any that had preceded it, rushing towards them, and uttered a piercing cry. The breaker reached the entrance and dashed into the grotto, which it entirely filled. Marzon felt that he was being carried away; but finding some projecting angles of the rock he seized them convulsively; the wave retired, and Lewis still retained his perilous situation with his young companion. The latter, overpowered by the shock, had loosened her hold of

the youth's shoulder; he attempted to place her in a still higher position, at the same time endeavouring to revive her courage. The approach of death appeared to have endowed him with supernatural strength. Annette, encouraged by his words, clung firmly to the sides of the rock in order to resist the approaching wave. For some moments it was a fearful and desperate struggle for both of them. Stunned by the awful roar of the waters, enfeebled and half suffocated, they recovered breath only to resist a fresh attack. Their strength was on the point of failing them when the voice of Julius was once more heard through the aperture of the rock.

"Cheer up, Lewis! cheer up, Annette!" exclaimed the child, "here is Peter."

The indistinct form of a vessel struggling with the waves was visible amidst the darkness of the night; but it stopped at some distance from the entrance, and Peter called out something which was lost in the noise of the waters.

"What does he say?" inquired the young girl.

"He says," replied the boy, "that the boat cannot approach the grotto without being broken to pieces."

"For heaven's sake, make one effort to save us!" cried Lewis.

"It is impossible," returned Julius, "the sea is too strong; they are now getting the boat terribly dashed about; they say they cannot stop."

"Then there is but one chance," exclaimed Marzon, recovering himself with a vigorous effort. "Clasp your arm tightly round me, Annie, and commend your soul to God!"

As he spoke an immense wave reached them; he abandoned the post he had hitherto so firmly maintained: Annette uttered a piercing shriek, and both were engulfed in the flood; but, as the young man had foreseen, the reflux of the tide carried them out of the grotto. Peter fancied he distinguished something passing in the waves; he stretched out his oar, and, drawing it again towards him, received Marzon and his now lifeless companion into the boat.

(To be continued.)

THE SEA.

THE LARGEST OF ALL CEMETERIES is the sea, and its slumberers sleep without monuments. All other graveyards, in all other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and small, the rich and poor; but in that ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same waves roll over all—the same requiem by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honour. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines, and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonoured, will sleep on until awakened by the same trump when the sea shall give up its dead.

Chronicle of Ethelfled.¹

BOOK FOURTH.

It came to pass after Yule, that there set in a grievous frost. Before the frost, there was a heavy fall of snow, under which many men, women, and huts, lay yburied. Is it not written in the annals of Alfred the king?² Thereupon came forth the wolves, stepping so warily in each other's footmarks, that on the snow could be seen but the track of one. They trotted along the skirts of the forests, bounded across the narrow roads, without leaving a single foot-print, and made for lone houses and scattered thorps. Then they stopped, listened, and snuffed the air. The shepherds, watching their flocks by night, could only keep them off by great fires. If they were heavy to sleep and suffered their fires to decay, the wolves fell on them, and destroyed them with their flocks. What, to them, were pens? they would leap over walls eight feet high. If they found horses within their sheds, they would attack them on the haunches; if oxen in their straw-yards, they flew at their throats. They ravened on many men, women, and children. They dug up the dead in many churchyards. They made no noise. If one of their young ones emitted a cry, they bit him; they dragged him by the tail, till he learned to hold his peace. When they had gorged themselves and were filled, they retreated as they came, with one ear thrown backward, one in advance, their muzzles low, their eyes burning like fire, their bushy tails obliterating their traces as they swept the ground. When they got to the wood side, they would face about and howl like Danes. "Sayth the cub, I am now under cover."

Sometimes one wolf would come in advance, and give a whining cry outside the stakes to tempt one of the hundas³ to come forth. Oft they suspected the artifice; at other times a dog would be unable to restrain himself from springing over the pales. Then there would ensue a dreadful yell, and he would be rent in pieces of all the pack.

Alfred the king hunted much, both in autumn and winter. He paid a penny for every wolf's brush. He was glad to put money in poor men's pouches, the times were so bad. He hunted harts, boars, rein-deer, and now and then a bear. Those who were craftlike in snaring deer in nets, he sometimes rewarded with a horse or a bracelet. Every man, save on Sundays, might hunt in the woods, if so be it he interfered not with the king's hunting. Thus many of the poor were fed. When the ground became hard and the scent did not lie, much small game was taken by the hand, stupid with the cold. Also the king distributed many bushels of grain, many ambra of malt, many wagon-loads of billets and twigs, that the people might be both warmed and fed. Nevertheless, as will always be the case, some were dissatisfied. And of these, certain complained unto Neot that they were neglected

in the daily ministrations. Then Neot came and stood before the king; and his righteous face was red, and, saith Neot, "Why do you wrap yourself in your misconduct? Why are you powerful but in injustice? You have been exalted, but you shall not continue: you shall be bruised like the ears of wheat. Where will then be your pride? If that is not then brought low enough, it soon shall be. You shall be deprived of that very dignity, whose powers you so much abuse."

Saith the king, "My father, what words are these which proceed out of your mouth? Whose ox have I taken, what widow have I oppressed, or what poor man have I ground to powder? My purse is not bottomless, I wish it were fuller; howbeit, in this matter you seem misinformed."

Quoth Neot, "I have not been misinformed. There are certain, oh king, that have been neglected in the daily ministrations. You lie soft, and you eat as much as it liketh you, and you delight yourself in being a king, and hear not the cry of them that have no helper. Therefore look to it, or believe in my word, that you shall be deprived of that kingdom in which you are swelling, hunted from one covert to another like a fox or a hare. Howbeit, if you repent in time, you shall find mercy." Thereunto the king made no answer, and Neot withdrew himself from him, warm in his wrath.

As the cold increased, trees were split by it; bread must be thawed and chopped, ere it could be eaten; water yfroze in the outpouring, and stood on end like an icicle; fish froze in the rivers; the warm blood froze in our veins.

We of the spinning-side kept house. At night, there was much feasting. The harp went round, and every man sang his lay or told his tale. Some told of bear hunts and boar hunts; some of wolves, and foxes that talked; and of serpents that could feign to be human, and slip in and out of their skins. Also of gold-hunters, in some strange land, that journey on camels to a place where gold is dug by ants as big as dogs, with feet like unto the feet of grasshoppers. The men leave the camels for the ants to devour, and, while they are at their feast, the men take the gold. Also of the pepper-gatherers, who find the pepper guarded by serpents, that must be scared from it by fire; and thus the pepper becomes black. Is it not written in a book? Therefore it must needs be true.

Elfric the thegn sang a song, which became very popular at court, and even in the streets. He had it of Tinne the Cornishman, son of Tredulf of Tintagel; of whom we speak in the proverb, "As sweet as one of the songs of Tinne." The substance of it was this:—

"In the days of old judge Eli, came king Brute unto our shores. He was grandson of Ascanius, Eneas' only son. Then our land was full of bears, of beavers, and of boars. Then men multiplied among us till the island was o'errun. They had need of many things, I wis, we cannot bear to lack. But these poor swains ne'er missed them, so hardly were

(1) Continued from p. 151.

(2) Some unusually hard winters, about this time, are recorded.

(3) Hounds.

they bred. They had cattle, but no money. They were used their corn to stack i' the ear, and only threshed out just sufficient for their stead. In course of time, came Cæsar, to rob them of their land. What! had he not already subdued lands enow? He must come and plant his standard upon our yellow strand. But the poor, untutored Britons rushed boldly on the foe. Yea, right into the water they rushed with one accord, and gave their naked bodies to the arrow and the sword. One mind there was among them; they drove him to the main. And what those Britons then did, may we not do again? Up, enihts!¹ and with one heart! Destruction to the Dane!"²

No man told his tale and sung his lay better than Alfred the king. Also his proverbs and pithy sayings, are they not in everybody's mouth? There is no need, I wis, to write them in a book. Peradventure, many of them will be in use, when it shall be forgotten who made them.

The prince of Wessex came to court. He, too, sued for my hand; but he was coorl-like,³ and had no stæfen craft. I heard him tell the king that I started off at the first word, like a young deer from a gad-fly.

When it came to be currently reported that I was minded to profess, the priests came about me like bees; while my lovers and suitors fell off from me, as though I were too holy to come nigh. The two chaplains ascribed my call to themselves, and nailed me down to it, or ever I well wist whether I had one or not. For this cause and for none other, I have never, even unto this day, felt unto them quite freond-like. Whereas I had overmuch made a show of setting light by the world, perhaps to give a little pain (which he never felt), unto one who lived in it, I was now sore bested to find me taken at my word, and thereon, I shed many salt tears. The priests said, my ghostly enemy, witting his time was short, was having a last struggle with me, and that God loved a reluctant sacrifice. If so, I wis he loved mine. They made me think it true; and, albeit Ethelswitha put it to me, even weeping, whether I were prepared for all that lay before me, and told me sundry tales of nuns' lives I did not then believe, I still held on, but I was sore betost. Then began I to question in mine heart, why one woman should be born to be taken, and the other left? why one should be a queen, and another a nun? Howbeit, whenas these moodful thoughts had reached their highest, and I was nigh minded to forego the cloister, Eadwulf arrived with horses and with spearmen to carry me home, because that my mother lay sick, and, as it seemed, a dying.

There is no need for me Ethelfled to rehearse in detail the several graces of this my blessed mother;

she being renowned throughout the length of Mercia and the breadth of it for her prayerfulness and largeness of heart. When the eye saw her, the heart blessed her: on the tongues of the poor was her praise. When I heard how she lay sick, I was pricked at the heart, to think how I had of late been trifling with heaven; and I stole into the chapel a little before the first Angelus, and vowed a vow, that if it would please the Lord to heal my blessed mother, I would wholly dedicate myself a *willing* servant to the Lord.

Now, because my mother's need was urgent, I tarried little in setting forth. Eadwulf rode beside my bride, full silent, till we had cleared the first long forest; for a bear had been tracked, albe we thought it must be a tamed one escaped from a bear-warden, they were so seldom known in those parts. When we reached the first down, he spake ere I spake unto him, which was unmannerlike, but well meant; and, saith Eadwulf, "Of a verity, mistress, my meowla⁴ will be fain to weep at what is held for sooth in the great city. . . I heard it, for as short a time as I tarried. Oh, lady, lady, every stroke the muffled bell shall toll for thee, will knell in our hearts! How little thou wittest of what lies on the hither and thither side of that wall of separation! 'Ye see me but half,' quo' the gate-post."

But I bade him hold his peace, so he fell back, like a chidden hound. Then I relented, and sought news of my mother, and held speech with him of long time. Then we rode till nightfall, mostly in silence, and tarried at a thane's house; and we journeyed all the next two days.

Now, when I saw my mother's deathful face, I repented not my vow, but renewed it full fervently; and thereafter she began to amend. But before I could see of this travail of my soul, I had a more immediate savour and relish of peace than I had known of long time. My mother, deeming herself at point to die, made her will; I supporting her in mine arms all the time; and, albe her provisions were needless that season, I marvelled at and loved her for her great heart therein made manifest. For, not alone devised she her morgen-gift unto my father, and this and that basin and chalice to this and that church, and such and such heall währifts and seil hrugel⁵ to Ethelswitha, and so many scencing cuppan⁶ and silver dishes to the king, besides tokens of remembrance to this and that friend, as buffalo horns, cups of bone, and brazen dishes; but she took heed to the eldest of her slaves; as on this wise—"Let Ebba be freed, on condition she abide with my daughter Ethelfleda; and let Urried be freed and go whithersoever she listeth; Wynric and his wife, and Spror; and let the sister of Tidulf be freed." Wite-theows⁷ she had none to release; my blessed mother! After this, she washed, and caused herself to be clad in long white funeral garments; then she confessed, and received the holy communion;

(1) Lads.

(2) We apologise for somewhat modernising the song of Tinne. It is just possible we may find a fitter place for giving some better specimens of this old Briton's ballads, without vouching for their pedigree.

(3) Vulgar.

(4) Familiar word for wife.

(5) Hall hangings and seat-covers.

(6) Drinking cups.

(7) Penal slaves.

so that nothing remained but for us to place her, after her decease, just as she was, in her coffin. Then she, with fatigue overwhelmed, fell back upon her bolster; and we with hopsyeytan¹ and a goat-skin covering warmly covered her o'er; and her breaths grew deep and far between, as the sighs of expiring people commonly do; but, in place of their growing yet fewer and more faint, she began anon to breathe more peaceful like, and presently fell into a deep sleep. Now I Ethelfled dismissed all her women save one. A great wax candle in a heavy candlestick burned at the foot of the bed. I lay down beside my mother, whileas Ebba fed the decaying fire with turf: and I kept staring at the candle, and thinking my mother's inward light was brighter, and I mused of the dying nun at Barking that bade them extinguish the taper; and or ever I wist, I fell on slumber, with the tears, I believe, yet on my cheek. Now, in this my sleep or trance, a dream was vouchsafed me,² not like that which caused Eliphaz the Temanite to fall a trembling, but that came unto my weary soul, with I know not what to say of peaceful and refreshing, like unto the cool night air after a hot day, or the soothing of music that yet hath no distinct sound. Mesecened to take up mine old dream in my sister's closet; in the loneliness and darkness of that locked-up garden, with its tangled weeds and sweet-smelling herbs growing unseen, all about me; and mesecemed to be standing on the brink of that deep little pool. And I heard the key turn in the gate, and some one come in and lock it again and descend and stand by the pool; but mine eyes saw him not. Then a sense of awe overcame me, and a pleasing dread overshadowed me; yet I drew nigher unto him in place of falling back; for I felt I was helpless, and here was some one that could help: sorry ful, and here was one pitied sorrow: weary, and here was one could give me rest: and, leaning over the pool, I saw therein what I could not see in its own substance . . . the face of Jesus!

Thereupon my mother woke me with a kiss, and sayeth, "Ethelfleda, you are weeping in your sleep—are you in trouble, love?" But I said, "Oh no;" and she lay quiet, and, methought, slept again, but she did not. Anon she saith in a hushed, calmful voice, "I have slept and am refreshed . . . I think my life is given unto your prayers . . . for I wis thou hast prayed for me, my daughter." I said, "Oh yes, my mother." Then she began, ever and anon, to question me of Ethelswitha, and likewise of myself. Her questions were very loving, but searching; and or ere I was aware, I felt mine heart drawn out unto her, and possessed her of every sorrow that lay in it. Her dear arm lay across me: I seem to feel it now. After long silence, "Child," quoth she, "you have been hardly entreated; and the more so that there is nothing whereon for us to take the fæth.³ Were I thy father or thy brother, I might make a quarrel of it; but perhaps it is better as it is; for to what good could

we stir in the matter? Words and looks are oft but the fruit of a false heart: we may value a man's life at his *were*,⁴ but there is neither were nor wite for mind's peace. The owner of a mischievous dog may be fined; but they that bite and devour their own kind go sac-less." Then said I, "Oh my mother, let us keep the grief hidden between you and me. In my bitterness, I vowed a vow unto the Lord, and now keep it I must." Then saith she, "Oh child, what hast thou done? to speak unadvisedly with thy lips? The vow of a young maid in her father's house, vowed in mere sorrow of heart, need not stand." Then said I, "Oh my mother, I renewed it, or ever I left the royal city. I went into the chapel, just before the first Angelus, and kneeled upon my knees, and vowed that if your life should be lent unto us yet a season longer, I would wholly give myself unto the Lord." Then she sayeth, "I suppose such a vow as that must stand." And we both wept sore.

All this time, Ebba slumbered and slept; but now she awoke and renewed the bright beaming flame; and we two held our peace. Thereafter, my blessed mother, who was very weak, slept again; and I lay long awake, but slept at last; and when I slept, it was heavily and with no dream.

Whonas I awoke, I felt weary; and the cold, grey morning light was stealing in, and the air of the chamber was at once close and chill. But my blessed mother was still asleep peaceful-like, and the two furrows had yfed that were on her brow; and the words came into my mind, 'She shall see of the travail of her soul, and be satisfied.' Ebba was seeking, full stealthful, to revive the embers; and I lay quite awake, but still; feeling as though some great wrench had torn the quick flesh, bleeding, from the bone; and as if a strong hand had turned my soul round about, from all the things wherein it had greatly delighted, towards a new prospect, with a strait path, closely hedged, running on to a thick cloud beyond. There was somewhat untruthlike⁵ in it all; but my mother's bettering was soothfast enough.

About high noon, one of her women came in, and said the holy Neot had arrived with a token for her from the queen: having ridden all the way, to make the more speed. He was admitted strait; for my mother delighted greatly in his minis'rations; and, at this present, her soul was as subdued as a weaned child. He tarried with her long time; prayed for her; said how short and vain was life, how blessed was heaven, what exceeding love our Saviour had shown in dying for us: and every word he spake, my mother's soul and mine drank up as dry and thirsty land drinketh up water, that soon indeed disappears from the surface, but only to sink down into it and make it fruitful.

My mother being at length heavy to sleep, the good Neot withdrew into another chamber; beckoning with the hand, that I should follow him. Then sought he more particular news of my mother, to bear unto Ethelswitha, and inquired of me when she began to

(1) Sheets.

(2) "Dreams (likewise, among the Anglo-Saxons,) had their regular interpretations and applications." SHARON TURNER.

(3) Deadly feud.

(4) The pecuniary fine for homicide.

(5) Unsoothfast.

amend. Also he spake words of peace unto myself, saying how great a blessing it was for my mother to have so good a daughter by her, to abide at home and be her stay; and that my mission of usefulness, if less glorious in the sight of the world than that of my sister, was not so in the sight of God, who seeth not as man seeth. Thereupon my tears began to flow; and I did the holy man to wit how much too well he thought of me, and how I had been sore let in running the race that was set before me; but that now I began to see my way plainer; only I distrusted my strength to hold on to the end, and should be thankful to him for his prayers. These he promised me; and he went on to speak of things heavenly with such sweetness, that I was drawn on to tell him of all my little difficulties—my *great* difficulties would be the truer word . . . and of my dream overnight; and I asked him if he thought there were anything in it. Thereon he smiled a little; which I then thought, and think now, so good a man should not have done; for was it not unto me a serious matter? Young persons may ask unwisely questions; but, so be they are docile and anxious to be set right, they should be treated with gravity and judgment. Howbeit, the good Neot sate silent for a season, wrapped within himself, and then said, "There are sundry ways in the which divine instruction and comfort may be and have been imparted: and we know that visions have aforetime been vouchsafed unto believers, to direct and strengthen them in their need. Doubt not, therefore, my daughter, but freely believe, that this dream of thine, even if the offspring of thy foregone turn of thought, hath something of profitable and spiritual in it. Why shouldst thou have felt that great delight in the unseen presence of Jesus, if thou wert not one of his little flock? His sheep know his voice, but it only scares the goats. Why should you have heard his voice in the garden without being afraid, if you had been eating forbidden fruit, and would not have him know it? Your soul is, in sooth, his garden; full of weeds, no question, and of unpruned flowers and unripened fruits; but we know what those fruits are: love, joy, peace; long-suffering, gentleness, goodness; faith, meekness, temperance. If we are ware that these fruits have taken root in us, and are growing however imperfectly, we can, with humble assurance, invite the master of the garden to come and behold his pleasant fruits; and we must not take it amiss if he pruneth pretty freely those branches which are running to waste, since he only so doth that they may bring forth more abundantly. As concerning your deep still well . . . the heart is, we know, a well of sweet water or bitter: as bitter as Marah till the Lord casts in the righteous branch. Then it obtains his own sweetness; and oh! well for us, my daughter, when he comes down by the secret path that no man knoweth, and, taking us at unawares, finds his own image reflected in the shady pool! May he so find it with each of us, so often, that his frequent steps shall wear a little track, known only to him and to us!"

Furthermore he said, "What manner of journey

hadst thou, my daughter?" I said, the way was long, and cold, and rough, and in many parts dangerous. We tracked a bear, and feared the wolves, and had much ado to cross the rivers, which were half thawed, half frozen; howbeit, I scarce noted all the terrors of the way, I so longed to see my mother's face. As soon as I reached my father's house, all my perils, all my panics I forgot. "Thus will it be," quoth he, "in the heavenly country, when you reach your Father's house. You will scarce note the present perils of the way, if you long to look Jesus in the face."

Then he told me the following parable. "A little girl was once sent to market with a basket of eggs. On her return she found the floods had risen and the bridge was carried away. While she stood weeping beside the torrent, a tall pine snapped in twain and fell across from one bank to the other. Thereupon suddenly appeared unto her a man of most beautiful countenance, who said, 'Child, why weepest thou? what seekest thou?' She said, 'Oh, my lord, the bridge is broken, and I cannot reach my father's house.' The stranger saith, 'A pine has fallen from side to side, thou mayst cross on that.' The child saith, 'Sir, the stream is deep, and flowing very fast: my head will spin and I shall fall in.' The stranger saith, 'Give me thine hand; as long as thou holdest unto me, I will uphold thee. Look stedfastly on my face, look neither to the right nor to the left, and I will lead thee across.' The child stretched forth her hand, and looked stedfastly in his face, which waxed more and more beautiful every moment; and though she was strongly tempted, when she heard the waters raging vehemently, to look now to the right side, now to the left, she never did; and they won safe across."

Furthermore he said, That one reason which inclined him to think that my dream in my sister's closet had come, not from within but from without, directed by some superior intelligence, was that some of the ideas in it were unchildlike, and would not have originated with myself. What should I have known of the heart's bitterness? or of the spiritual conflicts of the poor maid? Thereat, I interrupted him, and said I had remembered, afterwards, having heard Ebba scoffing at the terrors of Æthelice, in the hearing of my mother, and calling them vain shadows; whereon my mother had checked her by saying that whilcas they lasted, they were no vain shadows to her. Good Neot fell a musing of this; and presently said, that if all were as ingenious as myself, and regarded not the dispelling of things seemingly marvellous by telling the exact truth, he wist that several things would be to be accounted for that now passed for miracles, and by their puerility and inconsequence brought discredit on those that were truly such.

He added, he had once had a dream that had much strengthened and comforted him, albe it was not so pretty as mine: peradventure because he was neither young nor pretty himself. He was tending of a sick friend, of whose state of grace he was by no means certain; and during his night-watch, when he ought to have been alert, he, like the poor, distressed

disciples who so loved their master, fell a sleeping for sorrow. Thereon, he fancied he saw his friend trying to scale a ladder resting against something out of sight, yburied in clouds; and seeing his friend like to fall, as though blind and dizzy, he cried out with all his might to him to hold on; and would have stretched forth his own hand to save him, but had no power. Just as he thought his friend was going to fall into perdition, and could hardly endure to watch him, a hand from the cloud above was put forth and drew him safely up. "And albe," quoth Neot, "you might say that this vision was no other than the fruit of mine own previous and anxious thought, I affirm to thee, daughter, that it comforted me long afterwards."

In discourse like this, the good Neot quite took away, for that season, all lingering bitterness and reluctance from mine heart; and, continuing his communion with me from time to time, he led me onwards, step by step, and helped me here and there over rugged places, so that I never stumbled nor drev back. His great engine was the love of Jesus; not mine for him, but his for me, which indeed did as it were constrain mine own. And when other matters called my good teacher away, I found that albeit I had lost a stay I much missed, I could now with timid steps walk alone. One good I was to him indebted, was the method of life I now had formed, which so filled all my time that I had no leisure for mod-seoncnese.¹ Alfred the king, who by reason of the pagans having conveyed themselves into the north so soon as the frost brake up, had yet a lengthened season for bringing to pass such things as liked him,² and setting aside such things as liked him not, was zealously minded to promote the stafen-craft as well of clerics as lah-men. For whereas of late there had been few ecclesiastics below the rank of biseopa, on this side the Humber, who understood the service of the church, or could turn Latin into English, he was purposed that, if not all the ceoal-like at least all the ranelike throughout the realm should have some knowledge of letters; many men who should know better, being obliged, as at this time, to sign their wills with the sign of the cross, *pro ignorantia literarum*. Well hath he, the good king, written of later time, concerning the sadness of a soul benighted:

Oh! in how grim
In how bottomless a pit,
Laboureth the bedarken'd mind,
When it the stormy
Tempests beat
Of the world's business!

Forasmuch as *then* it is we find ourselves at fault, and too late lament our ignorance. And again;

Oh! thou Creator
Of the pure stars
And of the earth and heaven,
Thou that on heah-setle

Ever sittest,
And the swift heavens turnest!
Oh! who on earth
Obey thy commandments
As some do in heaven?
Man, man alone
Against thy will
Evermore worketh!

So rihtwise a king, distrustful of himself, and continually seeking the good of others, was likely to have the blessing of heaven on his deed. Much he laboured, not alone by schools and colleges to promote stafen-craft, but likewise to spread the knowledge of the holy Scriptures by multiplying copies. And, because that the labour of transcription was great, and the labourers few, he was purposed that even religious women should assist in the work; and had already opened his mind to me on the expedience of insisting much on the poyntel-craft³ of the holy virgins that might hereafter to my care be committed. To please him and edify myself, I now spent much time, both in transcription of Latin and Saxon, and in copying of illuminated initials and borders, with colours of red, blue, and yellow; but my materials were exceeding bad, nor had I as yet seen any good models, therefore my labour was not purpose-like or effective; albeit, it seemeth me as much pleasure accrues to the performer of an indifferent as of a superior work, if so be he is satisfied with himself. This labour I could pursue in my mother's chamber; and she, being too feeble for much speech, and having great respect for those that were clericic, did peaceably lie, with pillows under-sette,⁴ her eyes fixed on me and her hands folded, as if in the article of saying *Nunc dimittis*. Thus I transcribed much of the psalter, and figured it as I went along with representations of trees, rivers, men, birds and beasts, outlined with red ink, and filled up with the best colours I could find or make. Each night I read to my blessed mother and her women, the portion I had transcribed during the day, and commented thereon to the best of my poor power; whereby I could discern that I was, without yseeking it, silently gaining of them the reputation of a young saint. This was very peaceifying unto me, and went some way towards counterpoising the chief grievance I now had in my mind, which proceeded from the cause following.

When my mother first fell sick, there cometh twice or thrice from the king's royal court, sumpter horses, well guarded with spears, and laden, by the bounty of Ethelswitha, with grain, wine, cakes, cracknels, spices, comfits, pepper, and, in fine, every dainty my mother could need, and every remedy, methinks, that could be in the book of Bald the Laeco.⁵ Inasmuch, that my mother bade her stay her hand, for she was by her goodness overstocked, as well with things that would as would not decay, and provoke the greediness of mice, rats, and weevils. Therefore the sumpter

(1) Mood-sickness: sickness of mind.

(2) "I, Alfred, cnying, have gathered together many of those things our fathers held, which liked me; and have thrown aside many of those which liked me not."—Exordium to Alfred's Laws.

(3) Penmanship. See Wickliffe's Bible, "And he axed for a poyntel."

(4) Propped up.

(5) Bald the Leech wrote a medical treatise about the time of Alfred, containing two or three hundred prescriptions.

horses came no more; and the latest envoy having the news that my mother was well to speed with him ycarried, Ethelswitha of a certainty made up her mind that she was quite healthful, which was far off from the truth. From that season, we had no note nor signal of her remembrance of us, which troubled us full sore. Of a truth, we were set at a great distance from the royal city; but kings and queens have so many men and horses at their beck, that a handful of them might, certes, have been well bestowed in doing us to wit that they sometimes bare in mind we were in the land of the living. Howbeit, we were overlooked of long time; and when, at length, some token reached my mother, there was no question for myself, no more than if I had for years in a cloister been yburied. This snote me at the heart; and when, of later time, I spake of it to Ethelswitha, she put it off lightly with, "Oh, we married women." . . which made the matter not better but rather worse, I'm bethinking! For, if married women have more businesses and pleasures than those that, unwed, nigh the hearth twirl sadly the long flax, they ought of their lonely sisters to be the more mindful. Soon I found, that whenas my thoughts went in this direction, my heavenly comforts faded: for that cause, after one or two sore conflicts whereof none others wist, I gat much unto prayer, and unto reading and transcription, grinding colours, steeping and scraping of parchments; and, though much of my labour was in one sense wasted, yet the demon was cast out. Also, about this time, my father returned from his attendance on king Buhred, who was purposed to go beyond seas, leaving behind him Ethelswitha, his queen, king Alfred's sister. My father was, by advancing money unto him and to king Alfred, much impoverished; and when my mother told him I was minded to profess, he cried, "What! my apple-blossom? I was purposed to give her unto the prince of Wessex; howbeit, he with another wyf himself hath provided, so that, it may be, all is best as it is; for that, or ere my youngest should wed much beneath my eldest, I would sooner see her a blot." Also he was pleased to say that he had found it so expensive a pleasure to be kinsman to two kings, that he thought a third would have ruined him. I marvelled my father should take it thus easily, and was thankful he wist not I had repulsed the prince of Wessex; howbeit, his indifference and the neglect of Ethelswitha made me droop, which, my good mother noting, she would have it that 'twas from overcare of her; so to set her at ease, I told her my heart's grief, and she comforted me and told me she had been grieved too. Also, she told me how many excuses she had been able to make in her own mind for Ethelswitha; wherefore, after a few tears, I was able to go on my way peaceful-like, with still increasing love for my blessed mother.

Howbeit, the bearer of the tardy love-token having returned to the royal city, there arriveth, some three weeks afterwards, (it being then the summer of the

year of our Lord 873) a company of spearmen guarding a sumpter load of good things for my mother, and bearing an epistle ywritten in Ethelswitha's name by Werefrith the chaplain. And the epistle signified that if my mother were now able to spare me, the queen was desirous of my immediate company. And whereas I, being still chafed, was minded to punish mine own self by refusing to go, my loved mother urged my ready compliance, and with my conflicting mind so ywrought, as that I started the next morning, royally attended. Now whereas my winter journey had been rough and dangerous, and performed with a troubled heart, the weather was now warm, and the air fresh, and the rivers fordable, and the husbandmen at work in the fields, and the wild beasts in their dens until nightfall. Therefore my spirit was glad and my heart rejoiced; the more by token that I thought my prayer and my vow had gone some way to win me the grace of the life of my blessed mother; and I had the fancy of somewhat good in store for me, I wist not justly what. Therefore the road seemed short and the journey delectable, albe it lasted three days. When we reached the royal city, it wanted about two hours of high noon; and Alfred the king, just returned from trying some new German hawks, was standing at his gate, in his green hunting frock, surrounded by his ealdormen, gerefas, and thanes: his hair had partly escaped from its fillet; and as he stood talking and laughing with his train, he looked like what he was, a king and the son of a king. He lifted me from off my horse, saying "Ethelfled, you look as fresh as a rose!" and led me in, all smiling, to the queen. With her was Bald the physician, who in stead of retiring as he might better have done, from the first greeting of us two dear sisters, only stood aside, unmannerlike, and anon asked me how fared the earl my father. I said he had recovered from his foot-ail so wholly, as to have been on his duty to king Buhred. Thereupon he would know what had healed my father so speedily. To him I replied that Gunfried had dieted him low, kept him cool, and given him mineral water from a spring of rare virtue. He repeated after me, "Low diet? kept him cool? mineral drinks? I am driven beside myself, oh lady, to hear of such senseless proceedings. Do not we Saxons hate cold water? Is it suitable to our constitutions? This old woman might have been the death of your noble father by driving the ail from his extremities. Ye should have loaded him with bedd-rafes, have fed him high, and have given him my tried prescription: to wit, a penny-weight and a half of the dried heads of tuberose-isis, which in the vulgar tongue we call greata-crauleac; half a penny-weight of pear-tree bark, Roman bark, and cummin; a fourth part of laurel berries, and six pepper-corns. All these you should have ground to a powder, and added thereto two egg-shells full of good wine; and given him to drink thereof, until he got well."

Howbeit, my father had tried this remedy without success, though I declared it not unto Bald; and, albe it Gunfried might, the laece averred, have been

(1) Ymbethencan: to bethink one's self.

(2) A sacrifice.

his death, yet certain it is that under her care he became well. As say the common people "No physics more rare, than simples with prayer," so it had proved in this instance. A gilded pill is sometimes moriferous. Flour of wheat, boiled in milk, hath healed the swelled knee of a saint.

About an hour before sunset of the same day, my women having uncorred my chest, I took therefrom the Psalter I had illuminated at my loved mother's bedside; and placed it, not without a little secret elation, in the hands of the king. Thereon he smiling and greatly content, called unto him Æthelswitha, that they its contents simultaneously might behold. Now I with modesty looked another way; but anon, venturing to cast mine eyes to the king, I saw his eyebrows, which were very moveable, quickly uprise and decline again, and his mouth betray that he was making merry at my expense. Then my face became suffused, as if with the red colour of stibium;¹ and I said, "You have shamed me, my king." He said, "Thy shame be upon me, my sister! of a truth, to laugh at thee was unmannerlike, more especially for thy failing well to depict things thou hast never seen; but indeed, Æthelfled, these waves of the Red Sea look like *fratwungs*,² and these clouds like dumplings. Neither wot I how these warriors should escape being fined, for carrying their spears so dangerously, nor why this giant's head should exceed in size his body, unless to be the better mark. But be not discouraged, my sister; you need nothing but better teaching. Oh that I, in my boyhood, had in many things been better taught!" And, after a good deal more parley, that was delightful and praiseful, albeit that sudden smile once and again lit up his face, he saith, "Have you ever heard of the famous gospel of St. Cuthbert, commonly known as the Durham Book?"

I said I knew it had been transcribed and illuminated by the Bishop of Lindisfarne, a hundred years ago, and that he had been twenty-and-two years about it.

The king sayth, "Sister, believe me, no great work was ever perfected in a hurry. It was by labour and patience that the bishop made his book worth a royal ransom. I have desired that mine eyes should see it, long time, but would not send spears and horses so far in troubled times, only myself to please; nevertheless, now that it may profit you to see the book, I will send. It may be that the monks will lend it to me on pledge; or on the word of a king." Thereafter he praised my delineations of herbs and flowers, my colours of red and of blue, and the smoothness of my parchments: howbeit, when I to my chamber retired that night, I was disturbed because that my limnings had made merry the king; and was ready to wish that I had not showed them unto him. Then saw I how far the pleasure of executing a work of art exceedeth the pleasure of having it appraised by others when y wrought. For sympathy is pleasant, and praise is pleasant; but the excellency of art is that it is all-

sufficient in itself. To conclude, I, Æthelfled, thus mused in my mind; "Thou, oh king, hast many painful, many weariful hours; and is it not a good thing that, even at mine own expense, I for a little should have made thee merry, my brother?"

Now, behold, over and above the stuff contained in my brazen-bound chest, as gems and goodly raiment, I had brought along with me two goat-skin bags or pokes, well lined, and secured at the mouth, containing sundry matters; and herein, I blush to relate, I had, witless, placed an embroidered purse, containing fifty-and-three mancusa of gold, a love-token from my mother unto Æthelswitha. And when the bags came to be emptied, behold, the purse of gold was not therein; and the suspicion of theft fell on Umfreig,³ who had had the baggage in charge. Now, Umfreig was my father's cup-bearer. Full sorry was I, therefore, that he of such villainy should be accused; but what could I do? The loss was Æthelswitha's, not mine, wherefore, I was constrained to publish the matter. And because that it could not be brought home to him, and he would not confess, it was decreed that he should be tried by ordeal.

Now, on having his choice, whether of red-hot iron or of water boiling furiously, he decided on the latter, which some thought savoured of innocence, and others of audacious presumption. For me, I was ready to weep for him, being assured of his guilt; albeit Wulfgyth, my woman, said somewhat scornfully, "Be at peace, lady, there are ways of seething without being hurt." Simon the priest took the direction of the whole. For three days he kept the man in retreat, feeding him on bread and salt, bitter herbs and water; and thus brought his spirit low. On the third day, a fire was kindled within the church, and water set thereon in a copper vessel and made to boil, in the presence only of the priest and the accused. Then entered two men of either side, and agreed that the water boiled furiously; then an equal number of additional men of either side entered the church, all fasting, and ranged themselves on either side the ordeal. Then the priest sprinkled them with holy water and made each of them taste thereof; then they kissed the Gospels, and were signed with the sign of the cross. All this while the fire was not mended, and peradventure the water ceased boiling; else how should ensue what happened? A stone being cast into the pot, Umfreig plunged his hand in after it and drew it out, while Simon the priest uttered an ejaculatory prayer, that the truth might be made manifest unto all men. The hand was wound up in a linen cloth and sealed; in that fashion it was kept for three days. At the end of that time, the seals were broken, the cloth was unwound; and the hand was found . . . whole! like as its fellow.

Now, here ensues the marvel. Umfreig was afterwards detected endeavouring to pass one of the mancusa, which, unbeknown to him, was marked; and being taken in the manner, he confessed, and should

(1) A rouge, not unknown to the Anglo-Saxon ladies.

(2) The zigzag ornament so often seen in Saxon architecture.

1 [(8) Humphrey]

have suffered death! howbeit, his kinsmen redeemed him by paying his were, and the amount of the stolen treasure, besides giving borh for his future fidelity. Now, albeit he confessed his own guilt, he could not be brought to confess any collusion or deceit in the administration of the ordeal; albe Bald the physician, who was certified in his own mind that some outward application had hardened his hand, offered him monies and his mediation with my father, if he the same would reveal: alleging that the individual wrong would be greatly atoned for by the general benefit that would accrue therefrom. Not one word would he confess, that hardened Umfrieg: he was always a close, unpleasant fellow. So Bald interceded not with my father: the office of cup-bearer was given unto Snel; and Umfrieg, after lying long in bonds, was cast forth, a feo-lun, that is to say, one who hath not a penny. In the old days, had he escaped with his life, he would have lost hand and foot. I think he afterwards joined a hioth.¹ All this crime and sorrow might I Ethelfleda have prevented, had I locked the money in the oaken chest.

Now, save for this untoward event, my visit to the court as at this time, was full pleasant; but, insofar as others were concerned in it, completely secular. There was much to tell, much to hear: when I spake of taking the veil, no one seemed to hear me. Many people came and went; among the rest was the king of Northumbria's son, who came and did not go. He was winsome, clerclike, and could play well on the harp and rote. To my great surprise, Ethelswitha asked me if I would have him to my husband. I said no; I was the bride of heaven, and dared not to think of an earthly spouse; it would be sin. She said that was nothing; I had taken no vows, and was, as yet, unfettered; but I knew I had taken a vow in mine heart, as sacredly as if the bisceopa had held the Host before me at the altar. Howbeit, her I told not, save in general, that I could not, nor would not; wherefore Ethelswitha was on no wise to be blamed for that she bade the king to talk to me. But it fell, that ere he returned from the chase, I had the grace of a few hours to myself; and the end of my reflections was, that my Saviour must be all or nothing to me; that my word would not be worth an egg if I kept it not to him, albeit none else had wist it to be pledged; that there was much peace and much profit to be hoped for, if my life were hidden with Christ in God; that he could help me, and that he would help me through all trials, if so be I gave myself wholly unto him; and that I could, and that I would. Therefore the king, when he had speech of me, found me firm as a rock, and after saying all that could be said on the matter as well as any one could say it, he came to a pause. Then, quoth the king, "I never knew so stedfast a mind! go on thy way rejoicing, Ethelfleda! heavenly angels be thy speed! Noted shalt thou be among our holy women; and for all thou sayest, in thy too great modesty, of the uselessness of an

unmarried woman's life, be secure it needs not in thy case to be so, but may be quite otherwise; for you may help me in my schemes greatly. I have store of high and holy work that none but one so gentle, so pure, so wiselike as thyself can do; and I wit thou wilt do it well for me, my sister!"

Thereon, what could I do, but kiss his hand, and then steal away to the chapel, and kneel down before the altar? happy, happy! to wist that in giving myself wholly unto God, I had gained the power of being useful and finding favour in the eyes of the king.

(To be continued.)

LIFE IN PRAIRIE LAND.²

CHAPTER XII.

On the northern side of a prairie, eighteen miles in extent, two groves approach within a short distance of each other from the east and west. They lie on a lofty swell of land, and are visible many miles away. The plain between these dark green promontories is smooth as the unruffled sea, and you fancy as you look upon its quiet outline, while the tree-tops toss and swell against the clear blue sky, that the smallest object would be discernible. Presently a short dark line rises against the light, and as the coach toils over swell after swell, and brings you nearer the object, it grows distinct, permanent, and bold, and fastens itself with a strange pertinacity on the eye and mind. It concentrates your wandering thoughts, and you wonder what could have led to the construction of such an object on that spot. No dwelling or other tenement is visible, and the green wall of the western grove rises apparently a full mile from it. There it stands without proportion or symmetry, its harsh angles unrelieved by a single shrub, its silent walls brown with the storms of years. It is a tomb! Further back in the grove stands a house near which its silent tenant lived and died.

Long before these lands were vacated by the Indians, a settler came hither from the eastward, with his family. He was roving through these beautiful gardens in search of a spot whereon to make his home. One morning his white-topped wagon entered the southern border of this large prairie, and, all day, was seen by the wondering Indians at the grove, to rise and fall slowly among the green swells, coming nearer and nearer, till at nightfall it halted on the line where this solitary tomb now stands. Here the travellers encamped, and one who has visited the spot, will not wonder that when the patriarch had seen the next sun rise on the scene before him, he declared their journeyings ended! A site was selected in the grove for their cabin, the logs were felled, and laid up by the father and his sons, and a frontier home soon sent its smoke curling through the overhanging boughs. Their only neighbours were the rambling Indians who, in their excursions from the

(1) A band of thieves.

(2) Continued from page 144.

north and south, always halted at this grove. They had no domestic animals save the faithful cattle that had drawn them, and a dog.

For many months after the cabin was built they depended on wild game and fruits for subsistence. The rifle of the father brought down abundant supplies of deer and grouse, and the smaller members of the family could trap the quail, gather berries and plums, and beat the hazel and nut-trees.

The wife and mother wrought patiently for those she loved. Her busy hands kept a well-ordered home during the day, and at night they plied the needle to the wardrobe of her little household band. It was already scanty, and materials to replace the worn-out garments were far away, and would cost what she had not to give. When one was worn beyond the resuscitating powers of her needle, its place was supplied, as well as might be, by the skins which they had taken from their game.

Sunrise and evening twilight found the father at his labours. He had no harvest that year, but if he would reap the next, much preparation must be made before the winter came. First, the turf was broken where he proposed to plant his corn, rails were next made and laid around it, some of the native hay was gathered and piled up at the corner of his cabin, and a little garden fenced and ploughed. When all these things were done, there yet remained the journey to the nearest settlement for winter goods and grains, and for the cow, which could not longer be dispensed with. When all was ready, the father and his eldest son started in the emigrant wagon, and were absent many days, during each of which the mother and her little children—protected, if danger came, only by the dog—looked anxiously out upon the great prairie, now embrowned by the frosts of autumn, and wondered when they would return. There were few travellers then in those uninhabited plains. Day after day passed, and no sign of life was visible on the plain, save the deer bounding among its crisp herbage, or the famished wolf, rushing madly against the winds which bore the scent of prey. The intense sunshine which flooded this swaying sea, was now softened by the hazy atmosphere peculiar to those plains in the autumn months; the flowers were all dead, the trees disrobed, and a wild, vast desolation, which penetrated the soul of the lone woman, seemed hovering over the face of her new home.

On the fifth day, a party of Sauk warriors, plumed and painted, entered her dwelling. Her heart beat quick, and her eye glanced wildly toward her little ones, as their swarthy figures darkened the door; but a moment restored her self-possession. She knew they were not enemies, and felt secure in her very helplessness. They had not lived much among the whites, and it requires some teaching to induce the savage to fall on a helpless person who is not his foe. With the few words and signs which she had acquired, she entered into conversation with them, and learned that they were on their way to give battle to the *Kaskaskias* and *Peorias*. Here was a new cause of

solicitude; her husband's road lay through the battle-ground, and who could tell what savages, seeking blood, might do? or what would be his fate should he fall between the hostile parties! Offering them such hospitality as her poor home afforded, and praying that it might purchase the safety of the absent, she signified her hopes and fears, and watched their retreating footsteps with a boding heart.

All day she bent her eyes to scan the plain, but nothing met her search save the forms of the retreating warriors, which grew dimmer with distance and the fading night, till at length they were wholly lost. With aching head and anxious heart she put her little ones to bed; and when they slept, she rose and looked anxiously out upon the night. Black broken clouds were driving across the heavens at a fearful rate, and the wind rushed through the naked trees, and howled around her chimney, like some evil spirit demanding sacrifice.

The only window of her cabin looks over the plain; and there she stands gazing as if the daylight rested on it, and she hoped each moment to see the long-wished-for object leave in sight. Presently a strange light gleams on the blackened sky! What should it be? not lightning, for it rose instead of falling, and hung longer on the sight than the electric flash. But it is gone!—now again it comes, stronger, and looks as if the bright, fiery sun had lost his place, and without any precursor were rushing up the southern sky. Again it almost disappears; but the faint tinge is soon increased, and a broad glare bursts up which overwhelms that widowed heart. The dreadful truth pierces her very heart, and makes her whole frame tremble. The prairie is on fire! Oh God! what a conviction! She remembers now that they have talked of prairie fires, and promised themselves much pleasure in beholding them. But she never dreamed of the red demon as an enemy, and one to be encountered in this dreadful solitude.

Her heart sinks within her. There are no means to avert or escape it. The only living things about her are the children and the faithful dog. The former are sleeping quietly, and the latter sits at her feet gazing in her face with a mute sympathy that brings tears to her eyes. She does not need to look for the light now, for it has gained so that she cannot escape its glare. The wind is bearing the fire almost with its own speed across the immense savannah. She cannot calculate the distance at which she first saw it, but if it were at the extreme southern border, it must, with such a wind, reach her in a few hours, nay, even less!

But what to do, where to go! She rushes to the door. Merciful Heaven! It is all one sea of dry combustibles around her. Grass, dry grass everywhere! she can find no refuge. The very tree tops, if she could gain them, with those she is bound to save or perish with, would afford her no protection from such a sea of flame as is roaring yonder! The wind increases, the elements seem to grow madder as the flame approaches, and aggravate its fury. With

every blast, it towers and curls, and then, as if enraged at its own impotence, sinks a moment sullenly, to gather strength for a fresh effort.

There is a large creek about four miles away, and on this the lone woman hangs her last faint hope. The wind will not befriend her, and she can only hope that the waters may arrest the flame. Hapless woman! she little knew the strength of the devastating demon that was let loose that night! A slender thread of water to separate her from such a surging sea of flame! But if it did not protect her! What then! If the last extremity came! what should she do? She could have but few moments to deliberate, after the dreadful foe crossed this line. Bewildered, almost stupefied, by the terrors of her condition, she had not waked her children. She had contemplated their dreadful fate alone, almost in silence, and with little action, after she opened the door and was overpowered by the conviction that to leave the house was even more certain death than to remain.

Now, when the time grew short, and the hot breath of her relentless foe rushed fiercely around her, she addressed herself rapidly to the care of her little ones; she woke them with much difficulty, and with much more brought them to comprehend the danger that awaited them. One lively boy enjoyed the spectacle, and clapped his hands, and almost maddened his mother, by rushing out to get a fairer view of the wonderful scene. But where was the dog? the noble dog who was her only intelligent friend in this fearful time? Her quick mind had counted on his protection, in case she should escape and were shelterless. But where was he? She stepped to the door; the light was now strong and revealed distinctly every object. He was nowhere to be seen! She made the wood ring with his name, and presently a low supplicating bark was borne to her ears on the hot wind.

The fire had crossed the creek, and was tearing its way, like an infuriated demon, up the plain. A few minutes must decide her fate—she fell on her knees, and commended herself and her helpless babes to the mercy of her God; and then rose, calm and collected for the event. She had not, hitherto, contemplated the wonderful scene apart from the dangers with which it was fraught; but now, for the first time, she was struck with its grandeur and sublimity. It was an unbroken line of flame, wide as the eye could reach, mounting, roaring, crackling, and sending up columns of black smoke which, as they rose, became rarer, and, rising still higher, were reilluminated so as to appear another devouring demon sweeping the heavens. Mercy and hope seemed alike cut off by its angry glare. The fiery wall shut out the world behind, except occasionally, when a blast cleft it, it opened upon a black chasm that looked like the funeral vault of nature.

Scarcely had she taken this brief survey, and noted the nearer approach of the flame, when the dog came bounding to her side, and with the most earnest petitions, sought her attention without the door. She followed him a few steps, scarcely thinking what

she did, but, finding nothing, and seeing him making rapidly for some distant point, she turned back, closed the door, and sat down before the window to watch the progress of the fire. In an instant he was there, pawing, whining, howling, and, by every means in his power, soliciting her attention. Before she could open the door to admit him he bounded through the window.

"Merciful God! what have you done! we shall all be consumed—there is no hope now!" He stood at her feet; the strong intelligence of his face fascinated her eye in spite of the danger. What could he mean? In an instant the sagacity of his instinct flashed upon her. To the ploughed field! Yes, there was hope, and there alone. She seized the two younger children in one arm, and almost lifting the other by her hand, she fled along the trodden path, the delighted dog going before, and manifesting his joy by every sign in his power. They gain the fence—the fire is at their heels, it almost blisters their unprotected faces! One or two more leaps, and the herbless ground is gained. The fire has nothing now to feed on, and almost faint with the sudden and certain safety, the exhausted mother drops on the ground among her helpless infants.

"Merciful Saviour, what an escape!" In a few minutes the flames are besieging the house, the logs covered with dry bark are but a morsel in their fierce jaws, the haystack takes fire and communicates to the rest of the cabin, and while the great volume of the fire sweeps among the trees and over the plain, it leaves the heavier materials to be consumed more slowly. Long did the light of the burning home, therefore, blight the eye of the lone woman after the "prairie fire" had done its worst around her, and gone, bearing ruin and devastation to the northern plains and groves. Worn out by the terrors of the night, she sank into the semblance of sleep, on the naked earth, among her babes, with her faithful protector crouched at her feet.

CHAPTER XIII.

SHE woke in the morning to the dread reality which had been briefly forgotten; but which now broke with stunning force upon her senses. Her children were chilled and hungry. The spot where late their pleasant hearthside shone was a heap of mouldering brands and blackened ashes, with which the morning winds were toying in merry pastime. There was neither food nor shelter! and when she rose to her feet and looked out upon the plain, its strange appearance startled her. It seemed more boundless than ever, and the blackness of desolation brooded over every foot of it. It was clean shorn of every blade of vegetation, and appeared, within the last few hours, to have been blighted with a curse from which the smiles of heaven could scarcely redeem it.

With faltering steps the unhappy woman gathered her little ones, and prepared to leave their cheerless bed. But whither should they go! there was no

house within many miles. Beside her own little roof she had not seen another since they left the last settlement. To seek shelter or bread, therefore, from others was impossible. Her only resource was to search the wasted wood and plain for roots or nuts, or whatever might be left to support life, till her husband's return. The fire of her cabin would warm the shivering babes for one or two days at least, and if help came not then, she must trust herself to the mercies of a journey over the bleak desert.

Bending her steps, therefore, towards the smouldering ruins, she soothed and warmed her children, and set out with the generous dog to search the grove for food. It was a desperate pilgrimage: most of the nuts and fruits in the vicinity of the house, had been gathered and deposited in the loft for winter use; and of those that were left upon the ground, few had escaped the consuming flames of the previous night. Occasionally she found one sheltered by a decayed log or a heavy clump of grass, which the fire in its haste had not stopped to devour. But they were rare, and she had three mouths to feed beside her own! A scanty meal was, however, obtained, and she returned to the fire. The warmth relieved their sufferings more effectually than the coarse morsel they had eaten. The little ones wondered where the house was, but rejoiced in the great pile of burning logs, and after a little time, the mother had the happiness of seeing them forget their hunger in some merry games.

Long and intensely this day did her eyes dwell on the wide, black plain! She had no need to look so earnestly, for the most careless glance would have revealed the white cover of the wagon if it had been moving over the dark surface. Noon passed, and brought no signal of mercy. She could see the brown deer leaping timidly over the scorched waste, and the grouse wheeling his short, swift flight from place to place; but this was all. Another night of dreadful solitude! exposed to cold and hunger, and to the starved wolf! shelterless, weaponless—the dog their only defence.

During the day she had found a few of the ground-nuts, which grow quite abundantly in the edge of the grove; with these she fed her little ones; and parting with nearly all her clothing, wrapped them in the scant covering; and with pleasant words, while her heart was bursting, soothed them to sleep, and laid them on the charred turf to the windward of the smoking pile, while, with her noble dog, she sat down to watch their slumbers. At intervals, for several hours, the winds bore to her aching ears the short, querulous barking of the small prairie wolf, and once or twice her very blood curdled when the shrill, dismal howl, by which the large, grey wolf summons his neighbours for an attack, resounded over the bleak waste! The night was utterly black. Beyond the little circle, faintly lighted by the wasting embers, nothing could be discerned. Her eyes would not warn her of an enemy within three yards; and as often as she peered into the darkness at every new

sound, the faithful dog would nestle to her side and lick her hand, and turn his intelligent eyes toward hers with an expression of sympathy and confidence that cheered her solitary vigil more than she could tell.

The cold winds howled around her thinly-clad frame, and chilled it to the core. The noises one by one died away, and, spite of the horrors of her condition, a drowsiness stole over her which she could scarcely resist. Her eyelids drooped, and her shivering body swayed slightly to and fro, when the smouldering ends of the logs tumbled into a new position, and sent upward a volume of shining, crackling sparks, which roused her sinking energies and braced her for another hour's watching. At last the darkness became profoundly silent! Save the steady pressure of the wind, not a sound was heard. The nocturnal wanderers seemed to have withdrawn to their haunts, and left nature to the undisputed reign of night. Chilled, and faint with fatigue and fasting, the lonely watcher could no longer preserve her wakefulness; she curled her shivering form close to the sleeping babes, and left the vigil to the faithful dog.

It was stupor rather than sleep that locked her faculties till the cry for food recalled them. The fire was diminishing, the sun was up, but he looked coldly through a mass of leaden vapour that was crowding up the south-eastern sky. The whole heavens were curtained with the still sullen mass which threatened every moment to descend in rain. A few hours before, she had thought her condition could scarcely be aggravated. But the impending storm was little less to be dreaded, in their feeble state, than the terrible foe which had exposed them to it. Her limbs were stiff and full of pain; her brain reeled, and her sight became dim, as she rose to her feet and prepared to search the grove once more for something to sustain life in her hungry children.

Her own desire for food was gone; she would have loathed the most tempting viands. But when the little ones hung upon her garments and begged for bread, she summoned her fainting limbs to one more effort; and taking a direction which had not been tried before, she found, after a long and painful search, a few stalks of the ground-nut, which her feeble hands with difficulty removed from their firm hold upon the soil. The roots of these afforded a morsel wherewith to still the cries that pierced her heart. And when there was no further hope, and her limbs tottered beneath her, and strange racking pains wrung her worn body, she hastened back to the spot which still seemed home, though nought of home was there, and felt, if her hour were come, it were better to lie down and perish by those consecrated ashes, than in the cheerless wood. A drizzling rain was falling when she reached the spot, and threatened to increase. It would be impossible to preserve the fire long; but pushing the brands together, she gathered her trembling little ones about her knees, and, between her periods of agony, sought to impress their memories with the terrible events that had befallen them. She endeavoured to make the eldest boy comprehend that he

might be the only narrator whom his father would find, should he ever return; and left many tender messages for him and for her first-born. With pallid, tearful face he promised to do as she desired; but urged her to tell him where she would be when his father came, and whether his little brothers were going with her, to leave him all alone.

The rain increased, and their drenched garments gave the chilling blast redoubled power. The embers hissed and blackened, and soon refused to warm the shaking group. Like the pangs of death grew the mother's agony!—as certain and relentless! And there, beside the reeking ruins of her home, the black earth beneath, and the pitiless storm above, there alone, her only attendants the helpless children and the dog, who sat at her head, and seemed almost to weep over her writhing form, the hapless woman gave birth to a little being, whose eyes never opened to the desolation of its natal hour.

Long did the mother lie unconscious alike of the terror-stricken cries of the children, and the moaning carresses of her dumb friend. The day was far advanced when her eyes opened on the dreadful scene. The cold rain was pouring steadily down, and twilight seemed to her faint eyes to be creeping over the earth. A pleasant sound was ringing in her ears, but it was either a dream, or its import had faded from her mind before it was fully grasped. She made an effort to rise, but fell senseless. Once again, her eyes opened, and this time it was no illusion. The eldest of her little watchers was shouting in her ear, "Mother, I see father's wagon;" and there indeed it was, close at hand before his untrained eye had discovered it. All day it had been toiling across the black prairie! The rain had softened the turf, and the wheels sank without cutting it, so that the last few miles had been inconceivably tedious. The mourning garb of the plain had struck the hearts of both father and son with indescribable terror. The former would have left his slow team and flown across it, but his son had charge of the cow, and this was impossible. More alarmed and excited as he advanced, he was still obliged to restrain his intense feelings, and accommodate his progress to the slow motion of the tired cattle. Night drew on before the desolation of his home was revealed to him. When within about a mile, he should have discovered the house, but all was a level waste! Unable longer to endure the torture, he sprang forward, leaving the animals to follow as they chose. He flew, he shouted, and the dog bounded to meet the well-known voice. When the boy saw the wagon, the father had just left it, so that even as he repeated the joyful tidings, the stricken man stood over them, half-stupified by the effort to comprehend the nature and extent of his calamities.

A group of perishing children, an infant corpse, a dying wife! and all, all gone, wherewith to minister even the decent ceremonies of such a period. Oh, how bitterly his heart cursed the day when he trusted the treacherous beauty that invited him there. He raised the dying woman in his arms; the seal was on

her glazing eye, and the faint fluttering at her wrist foretold the last and worst that could befall him! Slowly, word by word, she told her agonizing tale. He threw his garments over her, and wiped the rain-drops from her face, and drew her to his heart. But the cold dew returned, and told that storm or shelter would be soon the same to her! He prayed her forgiveness, and with wild, incoherent words, accused himself of her cruel murder. She vindicated him from these accusations with all her little strength, and with many messages for her absent son, and many prayers for her dear children and their father, she resigned her breath, just as the last light was fading from the western sky.

She had begged that her tomb might be made on the site of the burned cabin. And there, when he had watched two days and nights by her unsheltered corpse, and hewn a rough coffin to receive her and her untimely babe, she was deposited. The grave was a rude hollow, scooped with sticks and the hands of the widowed husband and his sons. The preparations were completed and the dead lowered on the afternoon of the second day. At midnight a troop of famished wolves attacked the holy spot, and but for the rifle of the husband, would have torn its sacred contents from their rude repose. The next day he felled the nearest trees, and laid them in the form of a vault on the spot. And this it is which greets the traveller's eye so many miles away on the untenanted prairie.

(To be continued.)

THE FLOWERS OF SPRING.

"WHAT is this place, my mother,
This quiet piece of ground!
And why does the long grass wave uncut,
When the hay lies all around?"

"My child, it is the old kirkyard,
And here they lay the dead;
And they sleep in silence underground,
While the grass waves overhead.

And the yew-trees bend above them,
While sunbeams come and go,
And glide between the dewy leaves,
And shake on the turf below.

And here the long grass never
Before the mower falls,
For we seem to know and love each blade
That grows within these walls."

"When I lie here, my mother,
Will you come and plant above,
The primrose and the violet,
And all the flowers I love?"

"My child, my child, may Heaven
Preserve you many a year,
To live with me in memory
When I am sleeping here!

If we are to be parted,
Not you must go, but I;
And as I've taught you how to live,
I'll teach you how to die."

The winter's come: the flowers are dead;
The bare tree tops swing rattling in the gale;
With mist the sky is overspread;
The earth looks sadly forth from out her snowy veil.

With sudden clang, a sullen sound
Comes slowly swinging through the gloom :
The passing bell proclaims around,
One more inhabitant of earth is journeying toward
the tomb.

The sound has ceased ; the passing knell is toll'd—
All silent stands the belfry grey ;
But still in fancy peals its deep tone o'er the wold,
Rings loud its summons to the mind, then slowly
dies away.

The soft winds blow ; the streamlets flow
From every laughing hill ;
The flowers awake, and from their sleep
Glow forth bright primroses, while still
With scarce half open'd eyes the timid violets peep.
To fairy cars the hyacinths are ringing,
In every shady wood ;
The harebell on its slender stalk is swinging,
In lonely solitude.

The daisies stud the verdant lea,
In mossy dingles waves the cowslip's sheen ;
Round opening rosebuds hums the hovering bee,
And golden buttercups gleam o'er the enamell'd green.
But where the tall old church-yard trees extend their
quivering shade,
And to the softly breathing winds the rustling
grasses wave,
There all the flowers that deck the spring in twilight's
hour are laid :
For there a mother's love adorns a little new-made
grave. D. T.

THE WEATHER-WISE.

A TALE ILLUSTRATIVE OF FARMING A CENTURY AGO.

JOHN BUZZHEAD cultivated a small farm of not quite fifty acres, and, being an utterly uneducated man, (for in his youth, so far from there being any theories of national education, even Sunday-schools were not invented,) with nothing to divert him from his agricultural labours, he was one of the most successful cultivators of the soil thereabout or anywhere else. In fact, John was comfortable, seemed always to do the thing in the right season, and had better crops than the great farmer Leibigging, though he understood to a spoonful of salt, to a pennyweight of potash, not to mention a wheelbarrow of guano, what was exactly best for a twenty-acre field. All the neighbours round about held that John was very lucky ; yet it was not chance, but observation and experience that helped him so continuously. The son of a peasant who had never stirred ten miles from the place of his nativity, nurtured amid the same scenes of rural labour and quietude, and acquainted with the soil as if he were an earthworm, Buzzhead simply followed the old example, and flourished like a green bay-tree, as his father and grandfather had done, in his memory, but rather improving on their condition, as,

"Lo, two puddings smoked upon the board !"

His grand secret and forte, however, lay in Weather Wisdom, for, as it is truly said—"Some are wise, and some otherwise." On the gable end of his barn

stood a venerable weathercock, the indications of which he studied from daybreak till dark, and read off as diligently as the Astronomer Royal, Airy, reads off his lessons on nebulae, double stars, and new planets, in Greenwich-park. As the cock veered John reasoned. If from north towards south, or east towards west, or *vice versa*, more or less in a given time, John was clear, as if he were possessed with the highlander's second sight, of coming rain, or drought, or heat, or cold, or calm, or tempest, or indeed of whatever the weather might be which was about to issue from the skiey elements of Heaven's alchemy.

Thus had the world wagged with John Buzzhead to the age of fifty-five, and, indeed, to the precise date of one stormy night, which befel on the 9th of November : a night more celebrated for change in the city of London than in the country, with the exception at which our tale has now arrived. In the one case a lord mayor had sunk and another risen, or at least been lifted from the table at which he had too freely toasted, in loving cups, the joyous and uproarious citizens who filled the Guildhall, and upon whom the ancient barbarians, Gog and Magog, looked down fasting and contemptuously,¹ bequeathing to the majority the heart-burnings and head-aches of the morning.

On that morning, the 10th, John had neither headache nor ailment. His night's rest undisturbed by the tempest, he was out, as usual, soon after the break of day, and as usual consulted his oracle for a meteorological premonition. "A little to the southward of west," said he, "and excessively cold and chilly for the wind in that quarter. It is veering round to the south : there can be no doubt of a renewal of the storm ; it is of no use going a-field to-day, or till it blows over. The turnips won't hurt ; but as for sowing winter wheat, *that* would be madness." And so he walked in to breakfast, as if he preferred a rasher to being rash on the farm. Day after day passed, and though the wind did not vary a point, no bad weather ensued. The turnips were not refreshed by rain, nor was the fallow, prepared for the wheat seed, inundated with wet. John was still puzzled, and still expecting, till the month of November, the gloomy, abused, and suicidal month, had, in this instance, worn itself out in extraordinary clearness and sunshine. The time was lost, and John resolved to sow, though rather late, and in spite of the false weathercock.

Friday and Saturday, December 1st and 2d, there were preparations for Goosegreen Fair to be made. Sunday was the 3d, the fair was on Monday, the 4th, and the worst that had been for seven years. Tuesday, the 5th, was occupied with arranging what had been brought back unsold, and what had been purchased ;

(1) Agreeably to a song, which for its facetiousness deserves to be popular in the city, though the singer, viz. Gog, it must be confessed, is rather timber-tused :—

"I really think these city lords

Must be a shabby set ;

We have stood here since King Charles's days,
And had no dinner yet !

"Chorus.—Are we to dine to-day ?" &c.

and therefore the sowing was happily fixed for Wednesday the 6th, the Cock having auspiciously gone round and pointed to the promising north-west, which had never failed to bring weather the most favourable for agricultural operations. "All is right at last," said John, and retired to bed, wrapped first in measureless content, and next in a sound sonorous sleep, out of which he did not wake till past six o'clock! Could he believe his eyes? Were they open, or did he dream? Dream he did not. The ground, far and wide, had during the night been covered, half a foot in depth, with a fall of snow, even thus early in the season. John was astounded. John was perplexed. John did not know what to make of it; but he knew that he could not do a bit of any kind of work till the white mantle was removed from the earth. It was unlucky and vexatious:—even in-doors there was little or nothing to be done; and idleness is the farmer's abhorrence. The snow lasted a good while, and, melting, laid the country-side under a deep solution of slush. The fields were morasses, the roads ditches. The Cock veered at last to the south, and Buzzhead's hopes turned to the same gentle aspect for pleasant airs to expel the moisture, and permit him, like Noah from the ark, to set his foot on dry land. Vain hopes; fallacious index. January set in with a hard frost; and, except the boys sliding, and the women-folks slipping, there was not a semblance of busy life on or about the premises. The turnips were with difficulty extracted from the hard-bound ground to feed a score and a half of sheep; one of which John thought proper to kill for family provision before it lost flesh in consequence of insufficient nutriment. This was, at least, something to do; and the work was increased by saving the blood, and applying it, by means of pickaxe and spade, to the roots of the fruit-trees in the orchard, which had seemed last autumn most in need of recruiting. The Buzzheads for a hundred years had employed this as a sovereign remedy; and, sooth to say, their pippins were as abundant as any, and inferior to none. Other venerated recipes and customs were not quite so certain, but upon the average they served to perform their offices about as well as the more improved systems, partially or entirely adopted by the neighbours, as they happened to be of the slow, lethargic, or vehement go-a-head agricultural breeds. Thus, for example, in his last brewage of October beer, John had found that the buck-bean of his ancestry was not in fact so good as the hop of more universal use in modern times; and although he had since infused the roots of avens from the hedge-rows to prevent the malt from growing sour, they had given it so spicy a flavour that it needed an acquired taste to relish it even among the hinds.

February, with the compass direct to the dry north, turned out uncommonly wet. Things seemed determined to go wrong. The severity and changeableness of the weather had told upon the poultry yard, and turkey cock, dunghill cock, and bantam cock, together with their several seragios and rising families of

various ages, appeared like the weathercock, inconsistent with themselves, and quite contrary to the management which had hitherto been found sufficient to ensure health and eggs, at the commencement of spring. Mrs. Buzzhead tried the old infallible remedy of one-third damaged rice, and two-thirds of buckwheat, and fed them as well as they would feed; but many of them pined and died.

John, meanwhile, thought it, at any rate, wet enough to do his utmost for his wheat when postponed so late in March, and only to be trusted under favourable aspects for the likelihood of producing a tolerable crop, and so he made his compost of pond mud, pigeon's dung, and coal soot, and sowed it, *a priori*, in the field destined for the last experiment with the seed now kept back from November—above three months. The rain fell propitiously, and soaked the manure into the ground, (for if dry it was deemed of no utility,) and the unfortunate wheat was soon after committed to its additional stimulus in the maternal earth.

It will have been gathered from these primitive notions and practices, such as they existed in the middle of last century, that Buzzhead, with all his success, was very ignorant of agricultural chemistry. As his great grandsire had done, he did, and he would tell you that in the time of his progenitor and model, England was more prolific than now; that vineyards were cultivated and Burgundy made, and that the people wanted no Humphry Davys or Professor Johnstons to teach them how to manure, how to plough, how to harrow, how to reap, and how to save. He despised theories. He knew that brimstone was injurious, and Epsom salts beneficial in the soil. He knew that chopped woollen rags and rabbit clippings were almost beyond anything else for promoting enormous returns of grain. But they were only requisite where the pure earth could not be had; and this pure earth was the ideal of his worship. He could tell it by its smell, and was well convinced it was so salutary, that physicians prescribed to their patients to walk behind the plough, and by this means effected cures far more wonderful than ever were achieved by dry bread, or cold water, or homœopathic doses, or mesmeric passes. The breathing from the chest of the common mother, as the famous improved wheel plough beautifully traced furrows upon her breast, was the alpha and omega of agriculture and medicine, and the fruits and herbs that sprung from this source and culture were tenfold sweeter than where the soil was polluted with filthy dung. Yet was there, as already acknowledged, much virtue in old rags; only care must be taken that they were not dry and tindery. These were good old farming practical rules, and if the weathercock had done its duty rightly, the Buzzheads would have reaped the full benefit of them, especially as they did a good deal by spade husbandry in the arable portions of the land.

Pity it was that so much intelligence, skill, and industry should have been thrown away during the period of which we have been writing, and all owing

to Mr. Buzzhead's miscalculations about the weathercock, and its indications of approaching atmospheric phenomena. Wonderful to relate, a west wind set in to begin a dry April, and all the turnips that were left were devoured by the fly, John having neglected to soak the seed in water impregnated with flour of brimstone, which would have prevented that misfortune. The same plague attacked his wheat a little later, and did infinite harm, in spite of labourers being despatched along the furrows with cords reaching from furrow to furrow, and while wet with dew brushing them off whilst they crawled upon the shooting ears, and had not had time to lay their eggs, and hatch their maggots, in the body of the corn.

In May the hay-cutting was equally unfortunate. In defiance of the lying and deceitful weathercock, when it declared for fair it was sure to rain, and equally certain to be fair when it persisted in sticking to an invariably rainy quarter. The mowing, accomplishing by taking a bright day, was followed by a perfect deluge, and the hay rotted where it lay, without even being cocked in its own natural method. Bur reed was obliged to be gathered for pasture, and the herbage of ladies' mantles had to be sought to feed the cattle. To obtain these substitutes was very expensive; and in consequence of similar mistakes and losses in everything else, the hogs were reduced to the wild club-headed rush, and viper's hugloss had to be scattered about to feed the bees, and induce the making of honey.

Thus was July spent in a fever of crosses and disappointments, and the cost of expedients, however highly warranted in the school of 1752, had eaten mortally into the economic savings of poor John Buzzhead. His personal mortifications were also great, and it was almost disgusting to see his neighbours, over whom he had, perhaps, crowed a little when boasting of his own management in the good old style, and its superiority over their modern fashions,—it was almost disgusting, we repeat, to see how they chuckled at his failures.

In August he cut his corn a little before it was ripe, as was the rule of his house, and the weather came on so contrary to the weathercock promise, that it shrank and shrivelled up instead of filling and ripening. This was the climax of a thoroughly bad year. The whole farm had gotten into a state of desolation and ruin. There was no success in any one produce to counterbalance the grievous destruction of the rest. Only the orchard did something in a small way, and its fruits were gathered in the early morning, agreeably to the ancient adage, that apples, pears, and plums were, like human beings, all the better for the night's rest and recruiting, and ought to be plucked by sunrise to make the best account of them.

And John, let us record it to his praise, was of a contented and Christian disposition. Even for this small mercy he gratefully thanked Providence, and another blessing attended him. His potatoes did not take the disease which committed ravages around;

and if he could but regain confidence in himself, he felt as if all might yet be well. But this was the puzzle. He gazed disconsolately at the no longer safe-guiding weathercock. It persevered in its caprices and errors, and at last one day in a rage the master called Robin Softone, the half-witted Jack-of-all-work, to climb upon the thatch and pull it down.

"Whoa, ees, sir!" answered Robin, "I sall doo that, for I ha'n't seen no use on't since the storm blew it round about and fixed it all the wrong way last winter!"

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed John Buzzhead, "here is the secret from a fool after all: all right. Down with newfangled doctrines, and success to the farming of the good old times; the Buzzheads will thrive again, in spite of the misleading of weathercocks!"

W. J.

THE GREEK MOTHER.

To the classic scholar and the student of ancient history, Greece is ever associated with everything that is great in arms and noble in the arts. It is pleasant to sit down and indulge in a sort of reverie concerning all one has read of those mighty names that shed glory on their own country, and bequeathed to other lands the brightness of their rising. At one time we are hemmed in, (though, fortunately, in imagination only,) with Leonidas, at Thermopylæ, or encamped on the plains of Attica with Miltiades at Marathon, or waiting with Themistocles in the Bay of Salamis for the fleets of Xerxes, or retreating with Xenophon and his "ten thousand" from the plains of Cunaxa. The din of the battle-field has passed away, and instead of the noise of contending armies, we hear the voice of Demosthenes haranguing the Athenian citizens, and of Socrates inculcating lessons of wisdom, and of Plato in the groves of Academus conversing with his disciples on the most sublime speculations, human and divine. But thought, which so frequently carries the mind from one extreme to another, has now borne us from the schools of philosophy to those of wit and pleasure, and we are enjoying the cool of the evening in the fragrant gardens, where the later followers of Epicurus, freed from the constraint of the austere creeds taught by others, are indulging in the luxuries of what they conceive to be the only real good; for here alone was to be gathered the true Attic honey that left no bitterness behind it. Another "change has come o'er the spirit of our dream," and we are standing by the statue of Jupiter Olympius, in the studio of Phidias, from which we turn to enter that of Apollodorus, who has just finished his picture of "Ajax struck by lightning," while Zeuxis invites us to a "private view" of his beautiful "Helen."

There is a marvellous pleasantness in such fancied communion with the mighty dead,



"Who through the mists of ages rear their heads
In brave defiance of the storms of time;
For haply, from those distant regions came
A power that shed a light on man; and as
The sun draws from the earth rich fruits, drew forth
Bright thoughts and patriot feeling, and did give
To Greece its fame unparallel'd."

BARRY CORNWALL.

It seems almost impossible to disconnect the country, in imagination, even in its present comparatively humiliating position, from its former power and magnificence; its name acted as a talisman on Byron, who sacrificed his life in the attempt to revive some small portion of its original glory; and the sight of the little engraving of Mr. Corbould's "Greek Mother" involuntarily recalled to our recollection the Spartan matron, who, when her son was going out to battle, dismisses him with the injunction,—"Return with thy shield, or on it." Possibly this incident would not have recurred to us, had we not fancied there was at work in the mind of our "Greek Mother" feelings somewhat akin to those of her warlike ancestor. There is undoubtedly a wide line of demarcation to be drawn between the Greek of modern times, whatever the sex, and him who assisted to dash down to earth the plume of the Persian:—

"Lost land! where Genius made his reign,
And rear'd his golden arch on high;
Where Science raised her sacred fane,
Its summit peering to the sky;
Upon thy clime the midnight deep
Of ignorance hath brooded long,
And in the tomb, forgotten, sleep
The sons of science and of song."

Still the present century has shown that the spirit of the old Hellenic race has not quite deserted their descendants; the attempts made during a space of ten years, from about 1820 to 1830, to shake off the hated yoke of the Turks, were almost worthy of their great ancestors, and it was not till the Ottoman power, unable single-handed to subdue the revolt, called to their aid the well-disciplined forces of the Pacha of Egypt, that any progress towards subjugation was made. The islands of the Ægean witnessed many a heroic encounter; Scio was laid in ruins, like a second Moscow, by the hands of its own inhabitants, rather than they would allow it to be a stronghold for their enemies; and the young Botzaris, a chieftain worthy of his race, perished like another Leonidas, with a handful of brave followers, in the gorgo of Thermopylæ. The result of such and similar acts of heroism, aided by the intervention of the great European powers, was the independence of the country under the monarchical government of Otho, of the house of Bavaria.

In the absence of any authorized clue to the interpretation of Mr. Corbould's picture, it may fairly be presumed to have some reference to the events just alluded to. The mother and her two young children are assembled in an apartment overlooking the sea, upon whose waters they perceive something that excites their deepest apprehension, for terror and dismay

are strongly depicted on their countenances; the lute is thrown aside, as, possibly, music of a more fearful nature is ringing in their ears, though neither sight nor sound of woe comes up to us through that open casement from the deep blue sea, out of which the moon is gloriously rising. And again, the sword and shield hang not where they should be found when danger threatens the domestic altar. But a truce to conjecture, we must leave the reader to give the subject his own explanation, provided ours be not sufficiently conclusive.

'NELLY NOWLAN'S EXPERIENCE.'

COMMUNICATED BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"I BROKE off in my last without an ending, which I could not help; I am not a bit more mistress of my own time than if I was a born lady, and oh, Aunt dear, but I *do* pity them ladies—you'd never believe how hard they work—not with their heads or their hands, but in a way twice as bad. You think it hard enough to put on your things of a Sunday. Oh! if you knew the dressing and undressing, the shopping, the driving round and round and round in a place they call a park—where there's no sign of a mountain or anything to raise the spirits—the visiting! not having a bit of friendly talk with those they like, but wearing the life and liveries off their servants, posting from house to house, and just leaving little squares of pasteboard at the doors.

"Has Lady Jane Vivian never inquired how I am?" asked my poor mistress.

"Never, Ma'am," I said.

"Well, she had a puzzled look on her face, and there it ended for a while."

"Ellen," she said again, a few days after, "Mrs. Brett tells me, Lady Jane Vivian called every day, and left cards."

"Well, I was fairly bothered about the cards."

"Sure Ma'am," I said, "what would make her leave the cards here, we're no gamblers;" this was when first I was own maid to my mistress—so she smiled again, and said how it was I did not understand that ladies left their names printed on pasteboard squares; and that was the same thing as a visit. Well! I had my own thought of what a cold unnatural thing it was to send a square of pasteboard up to a poor sick lady, instead of comforting her, with a bright smile and kind words, and all sorts of cheerful discourse. But I supposed it was manners, and every people have their own; and then she asked for the cards. Now, the mistress of the house we lodged in, scrambled up every bit of them pasteboards with a tittle, and stuck them round the looking glass, in her little dingy back parlour, for a nobility show. So I had to go, and ask her to pick out all the Lady Jane Vivians, which she did, and gave them with a toss of her head, saying, "She did not want such a scrap of an ould

maid's title for the matter of that, she had Lords and Dukes! calling on her, before now; it was on the tip of my tongue to say, 'Calling on your lodgers, you mean, Ma'am,' but I held my peace. Well! would you believe it? My own mistress was as proud of them five bits of pasteboard, as I'd be of five shillings! And she bade me bring her fine chaney dish with a small tea-party painted on it, up in the air and down on the earth, beside a little railway, and little tufty houses one atop of the other, and bells at the corners—a fine ancient dish it is, like nothing on the earth or in the sea, which she says shows its imagination; well, she takes every one of the cards up in her poor thin trembling fingers, and then she rubs them clean and puts them right; the Misters and Mistresses, and the young Misses all down below, and the Sirs and Lords and Ladies on the top; mighty neat entirely to look at; and all the time, the darling! she was railing at the vanity of the lodging-house woman who wanted to show off the fine names, and never seemed to think that she was doing the same thing; to be sure, she had a right to them, and right is right; but the vanity, to my thinking, was all one. I had a deal more to tell you about that church—but *one who knows* said, it was fitter for me to hold my tongue; the reason is this, that it's better for us, you understand, to keep on never heeding them, and not to put them in mind of what they are doing, and they will all walk, as easy as anything, back to the fine, true, old, ancient church of Rome: they call it *High Church* now, but if they're let alone, *one who knows* says, they'll soon be higher, on the highest pinnacle of St. Peter's! so all we have to say, Aunt dear, is just good luck to every poor traveller on the *right road*!

"Do you mind Mary Considine, who you used to call the blue bell of the Shaunon? She was the beauty of the place, I have heard, when she married her own first cousin, Ned Considine? don't you also mind telling me how cruel hard she was to be pleased; and how, after she had married him, she said she intended taking a house, but changed her mind and took Ned, and was greatly disappointed in taking him, for he was very deaf?

"Well, who should I chance to find out but this very Mr. and Mrs. Considine; and indeed it's little remains of beauty she has now; the country, or rather the town life, does not agree any how with beauty, living, as they do, at the back of 'God speed,' in a small court; though, as you will see by'n bye, they have lashings¹ of money: they've one son and a daughter. I met the young girl,—(she was born to them, I may say, in their old age, a last rose of their summer),—at mass, and I think we knew each other by nature: my mistress gave me leave to run over and see her, and when she came to me took great delight in her smiling innocent face, and the sweet voice I told her she had; and she sung some of the Irish melodies like an angel, if you can think of an angel singing anything but holy psalms. And this young Mary is

well brought up, quite above the common; reading and writing is nothing to her; and as to other accomplishments she's wonderful; and can tell every fortune out of a book, except her own! Now, among the many prides her mother has gathered, the one that bothers Mary the most, is that she does not like anybody to think she is Irish; she thinks she *turns her tongue* so purty on the English, and as my poor mistress says (for she heard her at it), with a brogue, a rare Cork brogue; not the same as our pretty delicate Leinster accent; but (as the mistress says) 'a brogue strong enough to carry St. Paul's to St. Peter's,' and so I thought, *particularly now, when it's on the road*. My mistress says it's quite absurd to look at her curtsy; and when you talk to her of her country, to hear her cry out—'Why then, how did you know I was Irish?' The Irish divert my poor mistress a great deal. She encourages me to tell all about my country, and she has been more like a mother than a lady to Mary Considine.

"But about poor Mary. She was overjoyed that her father and mother took so to me, and, indeed, so was I, for the music of home is in Mary's sweet voice; and it is the next best thing to being in my own land, to hear her sing 'The Exile of Erin'; and then, while the tears are wet on my cheek, she tunes up 'Shiclan-a-guira,' with a heart and a-half; her eyes are so beaming with light, that you wonder where the dark place is in them, and yet it's all the time a light in darkness. I can't discourse you now her features one by one, but altogether: the poor Irish never pass her in the street without a blessing, or the English without a stare—still I saw that Mary was far from happy. I have not much time to watch or inquire, but I could not sleep for thinking of her—Mrs. Considine's mouth was full of the titles of the great quality she'd see in the Park; and she travelled about with a book she called a *Pecrage*, in her pocket, while poor Mary would show me the bits of flowers she'd pick out of the grass, or bring my mistress a bunch of violets from Covent Garden Market. As to her father, he hardly ever stirs out, except to watch that his son, who has a situation at Blackwall, does not spend his pence on an omnibus,—he makes a fair God of his money; how the priest gets over it I don't know, for he's the greatest miser I ever heard of—a fair neager²—not like his countrymen.

"Well, Aunt; at last poor little Mary let me into the very heart of her trouble. She was in love—; in love with maybe you think some delicate dandy chap of an Englishman; for Mary is very little—a fairy of a thing, (God bless us) that might pass for a real 'fairy' in her own country,—as thin as a willow-wand, as straight as a bullrush, but small, you understand. I wanted her to tell me who it was, and she used to hide her face and cry, and then look up, blushing like a rose among the dew-drops. At last, she said she'd *show* him to me next evening; she was going to confession, and he would do the

(1) Plenty.

(2) Neager, i. e. miser.

same, and meet her at the door. So away they went. There were three or four young men at the door, one with a sky-blue tie and a fine waistcoat. I was so sure *that was him*, that I never looked at any one else; but she passed on, tossing her head disdainfully at the blue tie. 'He's not here,' she whispered; and the little creature trembled on my arm. She soon made a clean breast; and I waited, as I had leave to do: the sky-blue tie waited also, but Mary was too quick for him; she darted round the corner while he was admiring his own shadow, thrown by the full moon on the wall, and I after her. 'Come on,' she said, almost breathlessly; 'come on; that's the man my father wants me to marry, but *I'll die first!*'—We walked fast, but she took, as I thought, the wrong turning—I told her so, but she looked up in my face, and smiled,—it was a narrow court, and at the far end, a smith's forge. I heard the bang of the hammer, and saw the light, all in a glow, and a thousand sparkles like falling stars! Mary got under the shadow of the houses,—she crept on, the hammer going, the fire glowing, the sparkles falling all the time, and the shadow as of a giant, forging the red bar, as if the hammer was a waud,—Well, she avoided the door, but drew me on to a slit in the window, still keeping in the shadow,—'that's him,' she whispered. Aunt, dear! the sweetheart that mite of a little beauty had set her love on, was just, there and then, a rale giant! he looked strong enough to sling a thunderbolt, and active enough to make a playfellow of the lightning. When he stopped and threw back his hair I thought I had never seen so noble a head, but his face looked pale in the flashing light. Mary never spoke but the one word, she never sighed, nor signed to him in any way, yet he wiped his brow, pulled down his sleeves, and came to the window.

"Mary, Mary," he whispered, and his voice was as soft as the coo of a wood-pigeon. 'Speak Mary, I know you are there, it's no use hiding from me, I know it as well as if my eyes were looking into yours, and as if you had told me so.'

"I am here, Philip," she said. 'My friend was with me, and as you were not at the Priest's, I thought you had something to do particular.'

"Yes, Mary," he answered; 'but *that* did not keep me. Your father came here to-night; he gave me clearly to understand, and without civility, he did not wish me to continue to keep your company; he said, your mind, as well as his own, turned another way.'

"And you believed him?"

"Her voice was like the murmur of a young bird in its nest.

"I believed my own eyes," he answered, folding his great arms over his chest, his eyes glaring in his dusky face like coals of fire. 'I went to the Priest's door, and saw that clean done-up youth, with his blue tie round his throat, and his boyish hands, only fit to finger a yard measure, scenting the place with his white pocket-handkerchief. Oh, Mary, fancy my hands dangling a scented handkerchief!' and he

dashed them passionately forward. 'When you did change,' he added, 'you might have chosen a man—not a monkey.'

"And you misdoubted me," she said; standing firm and straight in her pride. 'Well then, Philip, I'll just say good bye at once;' and then she struggled and struggled to untwist something from her neck, and flung it right in through the window. The fire which had been flickering and flickering flamed up, and there, lying on the black floor, shone a little golden locket, and a broken velvet.

"To my dying day, I shall never forget the look that strong man cast from the locket to Mary, but I knew he could not see *her* face, it was in the darkness *to him*, though I saw, plain enough, her quivering lips and glowing cheeks,—he stamp on the locket, and I heard it scrunch beneath his foot. She flew like a rapid over a rock of the Shannon, and was away in a minute—I turned to follow her, but the strong grasp of the smith was on my shoulder.

"Why did she come here at all?" he said, and his voice was deep and husky. 'What brought her? why should she come to torture me? its all along of the old man's love of money, and her mother's mad love of fine names;—she told me my name, Philip Roche, was vulgar! Oh! to think of the love I bore her, slaving by day and night to make her a home, keeping to my pledge, and working (and well able to do it) on water.

"Mary, I told him, knew nothing of it, she had no hand in it: I wanted to tell him how she took me to the door to see *him*, and not finding him there, drew me to the forge—her innocent heart full of love for him and for him alone: the thoughts came fast enough into my head, but I could not speak them—I was bewildered, the despair written in his face haunted me,—the look he gave, and the iron hand on my shoulder stupefied me altogether, and though we walked on fast—fast after her—I trembled in every limb, and lost all power of speech.

"Words he certainly spoke betimes, and they hissed off his lips, as water hisses off a smoothing iron. We tramped faster and faster, past the houses, and under the light of the lamps, and through the people, until we came to the court where they lived—*there* he stopped in sight of the door, and such a sight it was to him!—for there, on the very step, waiting to have it opened, stood Mary Considine, and the blue neck tie! I cannot tell you, Aunt dear, how it was that I felt so interested for that strange strong smith Philip Roche, whom I had never, to say rightly seen. No wonder the people stopped and stared after him for he was without a hat, and his long hair *tossicated* about his head: I looked up to him, and maybe it was best that I could not see his features, I only heard him mutter—"Do you see, do you see!"—*has she no hand in it now?*"—he staggered forward, but I caught him.

"Have patience," I said; 'have patience, it will all come right, she has no hand in it.' He threw me off as if I had been a child, and the last I saw of him,

was his head above the people that had gathered round the court. I walked quietly on, and when I entered the house, there stood Mary, white as a sheet, while Mr. and Mrs. Considine were doing all manner of civilities to the young man, who was acting the gentleman, smiling and bowing and twisting a seal, (set the likes of him up with a seal!) at the end of his watch chain, a seal which was big enough for the rapper of a hall-door! and dangling a ring he had on his starved crooked little finger, right in the foolish old man's eyes. And won't you sit down, Mr. Henry Highley,' said one, 'and won't you stop for *tay*,' says the other. And seeing me staring at him, Mrs. Considine adds:—

" 'A young lady-friend of my daughter's, who stops mostly with a friend of her own at the West-end.'

" Now Aunt, I didn't care about her culling me a lady, but I couldn't bear being put on a level with my mistress, a rale lady born!

" And I said, 'My mistress lives at the West end, sure enough.' Mrs. Considine frowned at me, and Mary left the little room.

" 'Come back, Mary,' called her father, 'bring her back,' whispered her mother. It was well I followed her—she had fainted; I laid her on the bed, and did all I could for her; when she was coming to herself, she put up her hand—I thought, maybe, to feel for the locket, but that might be my fancy. It was long before I could make her deaf father understand that she was too ill to return, but her mother saw it at once, and after we put her to bed, and she drank a cup of tea, and said she thought to go to sleep, we left her,—I staid a few minutes below, though I saw the old man wished me gone. And now, Aunt, don't be angry, but I think I could have found it in my heart to give that *Cub-teen* of a fellow, a glass of poison: his face was not only vicious, sharp, and thin, and active, like a rat's—but he had his eyes everywhere—I saw him weigh the teaspoon on his forefinger in a balancing sort of fashion, and then look at the mark to be sure it was silver; he drew the old people on in such a way, getting more out of Mr. Considine than ever was got out of him before, as to his property and means—getting him to talk of interest and bankers, and the like; and the old man cursed the savings banks, and said money was never so safe as in one's own house, and that the best of all banks for him was his leather bag;—the more I looked at Mr. Henry Highley, the more I hated him, and sorry enough I was to know that young Considine had gone a journey for his employer, and was not to the fore, when most wanted.

" 'I stole up for another look at Mary. She was, or *partended* to be, asleep; but it was put into my heart to kneel down and pray for her. The words were not many, but the Lord knew their meaning. I dipped my finger in the holy-water cup, that hung at the head of her bed, and signed the blessed sign over her forehead, without touching her. She looked so helpless and so lonely there—her young innocent face, still wet with tears, turned up to the heavens;—

the moonlight was hindered from shining on her by the fog that hangs about the London streets by day and night; and maybe so best, for moonlight lays heavy on a throbbing brow, and is not over lucky, particularly (as you know) when it's full moon. So I did not go into the little room again, but hurried home, for I had overstaid my time by more than an hour. I was near my own street, when who came up to my side but Mr. Henry Highley? and he said it was dull walking my lone,' and he'd see me home; and I told him I had the sight of my eyes, and could see myself and him too. And he said I was very witty, and I said, I was sorry I could not return the compliment. Then he thought to fish out about my mistress:—she must be a rich lady to keep the likes of me. And I answered riches had nothing to do with that; I did not want to sell myself, or buy any one, and that I should be happier to serve for love than for money; but he stuck to the question—Had she plate and jewels? So, turning sharp on him, I said that any one would think he was a housebreaker, and I laughed; this was at the door; and there was a policeman passing, who stopped. Well, Aunt, Mr. Henry Highley, without another word—with your leave or by your leave—whisked off.

" 'What do you know of that young man?' inquired the blue-coat.

" 'Nothing pleasant,' I said.

" 'Where did you meet him?'

" 'You are neither judge or jury, to be questioning me,' I answered; for it isn't in the nature of an Irish girl to put up with a policeman.

" 'I mark you,' he said, very stiff, (but they are all that), 'and when the time comes, young woman, I'll find a way to make you tell—' and he walked off.

" Now Aunt, dear, sure I had enough of walking on and off that night! My mistress was angry; but I did as you told me often enough—instead of making excuses, and inventions, which come mighty pleasant and natural, I just told the plain truth—quiet and easy—all except the last, for I did not wish to make her uneasy as I was myself, having a cruel bad opinion of Mr. Henry Highley.

" 'It's mighty *quare* how, in this wonderful city of business and bother, how your little peaceful sayings, darling Aunt! and the songs you sung to the wheel of a winter's evening, with none but the pusheen-cat and myself and a cricket or two to the fore, come into my head, or one of Watts's hymns, in the very bustle of the town; I often dust the room to 'Aileen Mavournceen,' and brush my lady's hair to 'Eveleen's bower,' played on the chords of my heart. Sometimes, when I draw back the curtain, and shade the light of the pale night-lamp, with my hand, for fear it might wake her, (the mistress I mean,) for I never lay down until she is asleep;—often, when I watch her features worn with pain, yet so still, and gentle-looking, and see her pale pink lips, half open, and such a sweet smile on them, I think, the sleeping face differs so from the waking one, that angels must be whispering

(1) "My lone," alone.

the joys that will come. When the last dull sleep is ended, Aunt, I am sure I should go mad if I thought that dear innocent woman, so tortured in this world, yet so meek in herself, so thoughtful and generous to the poor, so kind in her judgments, so fond to take the sorrows of all who have sorrow into her bosom, and turn them to blessings—I should indeed break my heart, if I believed that, for reading the one book another way, we should never meet in the world that's to come! I can't believe it, so there's enough about it. As I looked at her, the song of "The Angels' Whisper" came for a second time into my head that night, and then I *crooned* over that "Savourneen delish" you are so fond of; and that brought poor Tom and his motherless children before me! Aunt, dear!—Maybe I didn't use Tom well! I couldn't help it; though you often told me I should not cast out dirty water until I could get clean, (not a grate compliment to Tom either!) yet to be obliged, after a few words, to be a mother all out to three sharp children; and if *he* was cold and weary, and didn't smile and talk every day the same, to have the creeping chill steal over me like the shake,* that he was thinking of his first wife, and may be comparing us in his own mind—that would drive me as wild as the other thing I told you of a while ago; and yet, I own to you, I have thought more of poor Tom since I left home than ever I did while I was there.

"The next day, and the next day, and the next passed, and no word from Mary, and my mistress was ill. Once I ran as far as the turn to the lane, and looked down at the forge. The fire was burning low, and there was no sound of the hammer on the anvil. At last Mrs. Considine herself called; she was very full of prate; she had the dirty red book, as usual, half sticking out of her black bag; she said, that indeed Mary had demeaned herself by taking up with nothing but a smith, a great friend of her brother's, and one she would not deny who had done him more than one good turn, and would be right well to do in the world if he had a little capital to push him on, which neither her nor her husband would give to a man of the name of Roche. Roche, indeed! Roches were as plentiful as blackberries and as common, where she came from! set her Mary before the priest with a Roche! no, no; Mr. Henry Highley was the man for their money, so nice a gentleman; for every sovereign her husband laid down as Mary's fortune, he would lay down another, or could two! and such *jewellery* as he had! rings for every finger, and fine watches, one set with precious stones, (which had belonged to his grandmother,) a Talbot itself! There was all about the family printed in the peerage, and sure it wouldn't be *there* if it wasn't true—but indeed she couldn't tell what was come over Mary; she had no pride, no spirit in her; her husband would weigh the watches in his hand, and look at the rings all day, and ask what they were

worth over and over again, and take them to bed with him, if he was let, he had such delight in them. But they might be so much *pinchback*, for anything Mary cared; they would have the wedding at once, and when it was over, she'd know better. Mr. Highley was so fond of her, he wouldn't hear of delay, not even until her brother came home! She let on that Mary, when married, would be too grand company for the likes of me, but that *she* would not be proud. I might look in sometimes, she'd be glad to see my mistress when they got into a new lodging, which Mr. Highley said they must after the wedding—for *his* sake, dear, sweet, well-born, well-bred young gentleman!

"Like her impudence it was; *My mistress itself!* MY MISTRESS! visit with her; oh hone! What would the cards on the fine china dish say to it, if they could but speak? But, Aunt dear, what do you think I did, when she, and her bag, and her book were cleared out of the house? I told my mistress every word she had said. Now it was a mercy that she was quite herself that morning, and sure enough she has a head almost as clear for business as our dear QUEEN'S! God bless it for ever, for a right royal noble head! (the Queen's, I mean.) She did not ponder long, but laying her spectacles in her Bible for a mark, she set it beside the china dish.

"Ellen," she said; "have you ever seen the policeman who spoke to you since that night?" And I said I had: that very morning he was on our beat.

"Bring him to me, Ellen."

"My heart was *leping*,—leping up into my mouth. 'Bring him into the house,' I repeated!

"Yes," she said; "into the house."

"Have I done anything wrong, Ma'am?"

"So she smiled. 'Nothing, but very right; do as I tell you.'

"That 'Do as I tell you,' is the same thing as 'Hold your tongue.' So, Aunt dear, if you please, you must just fancy me looking for a real living policeman, and for a wonder, I found him when he was wanted! he soon stood like a *statute* before my mistress.

"She told him word for word what I have told you; he noted it all down in a bit of a book, and was mighty particular over the number of rings and the Talbot watch; he then looked at me, and my mistress nodded for me to leave the room. Now, wasn't that too bad?

"I never felt more hard set to put up with anything in my born days, but I went!—and, only my mistress has nerves, wouldn't I have banged the door! When the bell rang he was gone; she told me I was to go over in the evening and see Mary. When I got there Mrs. Considine was watching for the postman, who was coming down the court. She took a letter from him, which I saw was directed to Mary; she read it hastily, and tossed it into the fire. 'My relations,' she said, with a toss of a different kind, 'hearing of the fine match Mary is going to make, write constantly to get them situations.' A double

1) "Shake," ague.

story—I was so ashamed for her.—Aunt dear, God bless you for teaching me that there is no such thing as an ‘innocent lie.’ The old miser of a man was in a little inner room they have, divided by a passage from the one we were in, where they sleep themselves; the windows open into a lane, dark as dungeon by day or night. He was fumbling at his leather-bag, and came out talking to himself, muttering such things as these, ‘At first he said it should be guinea for guinea, but now its two guineas for one—two guineas for one! Ah, Nelly Nowlan, a fine match! the smith had nothing but his four bones, and would have wanted my hard-earned little savings, and no guinea for guinea, or one to two;’ and his eyes, so dim and glassy, rolled within their scamed lids, and he rubbed his skinny, bloodless hands together, as if joy and gold were all one. ‘Money makes the man,’ he continued, ‘all England owns that; they are a wise people, the English, they never ask *what you are*, but *what you have*. When my pretty daughter sits on her own ear, won’t every one bow to her and I? Oh, if I was back in my own place, instead of poor ould Ned Considine, wouldn’t I be Mr. Edward, Sir! with a squire to it. Ah, ah, I know the world, but the world does not know me.’

“‘Has there been no letter?’ I heard the low trembling voice of Mary inquire, as she entered the house.

“‘The girl’s foolish to be asking after letters. One from Ireland from our people, wanting places,’ was her mother’s reply.

“When Mary saw me she burst into tears, and hung about my neck like a child. She whispered that she was not long for this world, that Philip had forgotten her, that she should never be happy more—She would obey her parents and die—my mistress had warned me to hear all and say nothing. I comforted poor Mary as well as I could, and was asked to the wedding the next day—I told my mistress, and again she saw the policeman. Oh Aunt, wasn’t it cruel of the mistress not to trust me? I didn’t care what she had to say, but I did want to be trusted. She said she did not fear my zeal, only my discretion. Wasn’t it hard?

“I went to the wedding—there was the Priest, a fine ould ancient Clargy, of the right sort; there was the bridegroom, looking pale and wicked, with as much finery on him as would set up a jeweller’s shop. There was the father and mother, all excited; there were a couple of bridesmaids, newfangled acquaintances, and two or three strangers, friends of the bridegroom’s, that Mr. and Mrs. Considine made a great fuss over, and called by the finest of names; there was a dinner, half-laid out in an upper room, that no one on the banks of the Shannon ever saw the like of; little puff things, all ornamented out by a real confectioner, in a white apron, such a sight of folly and nonsense. I was quite set on one side, and looked on anything but kindly by the whole of them, except the old man, who kept on talking about his money. They seemed all unnatural to me, as if they

only wanted the bride as a part of the ceremony, while all over the world, if a woman is ever as a queen, its from the morning till the evening of her wedding day, what she is after that depends upon another. The bridesmaids kept going in and out, and at last, one had the manners to tell me, the bride wanted me. I knew that long ago.

“She was standing like a spirit, all in white, in the middle of her little room. She seemed turned into stone, stiff and stark as a corpse in its shroud; her mother was wringing her hands by her side, her face like scarlet, and if ever she spoke with a brogue she did then.

“‘Och Mary a lanna Machree!—Sure it isn’t disgracing us you’d be, going back of your word, Mary, my own darlin’ child. Sure, darlin’, I hated the very ground ye’r father walked on, even after I had married him a good while. I was disappointed in him, dear; but when I got over thinking of love, and all that sort of nonsense, when my heart dried up, and I was all head, I knew what a fine savin’ man I had got, who understood the value, even of a brass farthing; he was *ould* enough to be my father—let alone yours; but what does that signify, he helped me to grow ould before my time; and look at the money he’s able to give you, and win you, Mary *macourneen*—what’s come to you, child? sure you consented all out; and what ails you now?’

“I pressed her cold hands within mine: they felt turned into bone, cold and hard and dry.

“‘You’re murderin’ your own child, Mrs. Considine,’ I said; ‘you are killing her as surely as if you put a pistol to her head, or poison to her lips.’

“The wicked old man called to Mary from the bottom of the stairs to go down,—and added a curse on her delay; the bridesmaids, one in particular, who who was as hard as the rest at first, had kept on saying (God forgive her,) that love on one side was like a fire, and would soon catch the other,—now looked terrified, and pity-struck.

“Again the call and the curse were repeated; Mary started as if from a dream; she drank off a glass of water from her mother’s hand, who kept repeating, ‘That’s a jewel,’ ‘there’s a darlin’,’ ‘*corra machree* was she,’ and such like nonsense; to which the poor girl made no reply, but pressed her hands on her temples, and whispered to me, ‘Pray to God for me.’ She walked straight into the room; the bridegroom met her with ‘Sweet Love,’ and a flourish of his pocket-handkerchief, a smile on his lips,—but such oak sticks between his eyes. She put him on one side with her little hand, and advancing to the priest, knelt down reverently before him; there was a hush in the room, nothing heard but the clink of the gold in the leather bag the old man was shaking out of pride.

“Oh it would have melted a heart of stone to look at that young creature; tears overflowing her face, so that she could not speak, and her hands wrung together.

"The bridegroom whispered something to her mother about her being nervous, but it would soon go off; I could have killed him! he then handed round the ring for us to look at; aye, while she was weeping and trembling at the priest's feet. When he held it to me, I struck it down—Aunt, I could not help it! What a look he gave! it rolled along the floor; but his attention was drawn to Mary's words.

"'Father,' she sobbed, to the priest, 'save me,—save me from my own people; save me, a young helpless girl; save me from marrying him I hate. Oh, do not let them put the sin of a false oath upon my young head,—I cannot love him. Father, you know I owned to you in holy confession but ten days past that I loved another,—that I love him still. I will never, never speak to him, or write to him, or ask to set eyes on him again; I will quit the world, and go into a holy house if you think me fit for it,—but oh, save me, save me from perjuring my soul—save me,' she repeatedly wildly, 'or I shall go mad!' To see the holy priest raise her up; to see him place her in his own chair; to see him put his hands upon her head, and hear his words of comfort! 'Trust in me, my dear child; I will never join a willing to an unwilling hand; be calm, my child; and you,' he said, turning to the bridegroom, 'and you, have *you* the feelings of a man, to stand by and see this, and wish to keep her to her promise?'

"'I never promised him—I never promised him,' sobbed Mary,—'the most I ever said, and that was in anger and agony—was—that I would do my parents' bidding. Father! Mother!—you cannot be so cruel at the last.'

Mr. Considine edged up to his reverence,—'Talk to her, holy father,' he muttered, 'talk to her: he's so rich—rings, and watches and *golden* guineas two to one, holy father, think of that? two to one! her mother married me for my good, and we've been happy;—two to one, holy father!'

"'Begone!' said the priest sternly, in such grand English, 'and do not dare to stain this holy sacrament by the money loving spirit, that crushes your soul to destruction. If this dear child persists in her refusal, I myself forbid the marriage.'

"Oh, Aunt dear, the lep I gave, and found myself at his holy feet as if he was the Pope of Rome! and surely no Pope could have looked more like a guardian angel than he did at that minute.

"'I must speak with you in private,' said the bridegroom to his intended father-in-law as meek as a lamb, 'just one word;' and he laid his hand so gently on the old man's arm: 'this can be arranged.' They went out of the room together, Mrs. Considine exclaiming, while clapping her hands so vulgarly! '*Och-e-yah!* the poor dear young man! Ah, then! Och Mary, my *gra* girl, how could you have the heart to refuse such a match? and he, after promising you a car—a cab, I mean, of your own. Och Mary, darlin', be friends with him, Mary *Machree!* *Och yah!* poor broken-hearted crayther that I am!'

"She kept on that way for some time, until a fall, which shook the house, and the dull hoarse scream of murder startled us into silence. The priest and myself rushed to the door; but the two groomsmen came between us, exclaiming, 'It was in the court.' I saw the whole thing then, like a flash of lightning, bright and clear. Again the cry. We cleared the way somehow; the window of their bed-room was open, and the poor old man, blinded by the blood which gushed from a wound in his head, was grovelling on the floor.

"We lifted him up: his fingers kept on grasping the air, while his cries of 'Murder!' and 'Help!' were broken by such words as, 'My money! my bag! my hard-earned money! catch him! two to one indeed! Oh let me after him!'

"It was an awful sight—the roars of the old man for his money, the shrieks of Mrs. Considine, the still more terrible calmness of Mary, who, while hindling up her father's head, said 'This is my doing.'

"There was a scuffling at the outward door. 'Keep a brave heart, Mary Considine,' said the priest, 'he's not hurt to signify.'

"'A hundred and fifty in the bag, not a farthing less, the murdering young villain; oh, I can't live—I won't live.'

"'Shame upon you,' said the silver voice of the fine old priest. 'Give God thanks for your deliverance, first from the man, next from your money.'

"'They are both here,' said my policeman, who came upon us unawares; 'it would be strange if we were not up to Bill Soames. We caught him on the bound, but I managed badly this time; I ought to have saved you that tap on the head, old gentleman; though I must say it serves you right, to want to give that poor girl to a fellow once tried for bigamy, and a house-breaker to boot!'

"Aunt, I tore a silk handkerchief to ribbands, trying to keep my hands off the blue tie, who stood as if nothing had happened, between two other policemen.

"'It's but a step to the court, and the magistrate is sitting,' continued the superintendent; 'half an hour will send my old acquaintance to his quarters.' Of course there was plenty of people outside; and in the midst of it all the two groomsmen had cleared the table of every spoon, and Mr. Considine's own watch, during the time we were with the old man. Oh, what a deliverance for poor Mary!

"My heart flew into my mouth—I was as light as a lark leaving the cornfield for the sky in the early morning, and from the same cause, both thankful for the new light!

"Oh I was so happy!—'He's of a *high family*, Ma'am,' said the policeman, with a knowing look at Mrs. Considine; 'all that I heard of, travelled at the expense of government, while some,—you understand me?—'

"He made a sign round his throat, not pleasant to look at, while Mrs. Considine's grief took a new turn, and she bemoaned the disgrace to her family, and the

loss of the family plate! It was delightful how brisk the old man grew when he knew that his money was found:—he called the cut a scratch, and said 'his head would be all the better for a taste of the old times,' and away they went, the whole party—barring¹ his reverence, and Mary, Mrs. Considine, (who declared nothing should force her to enter a police-court,) and myself—were cleared out of the house, and I had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Henry Highley in the grasp of two policemen; Mary came wonderful to herself, considerin', and went to her room. I peeped through a crack, and saw her on her knees before the image of the blessed Virgin. Mrs. Considine continued sobbing, and exclaiming all the time she wandered about the house—I was just going to see how they were getting on in the court, when the Priest called me back.

"'Nelly,' he says; I made my curtsy;—'Nelly,' he says again,—'it is a beautiful dinner.'

"'Indeed, your reverence,' I answered, 'it would be *that* certainly when the solid things come on the table; there was to be a roast turkey, and a ham, and such a lovely piece of boiled beef—poor Mrs. Considine was bemoaning it all to me not a minutes ago.'

"'A ham, a roast turkey, and a fine piece of boiled beef,' repeated his reverence slowly, 'besides all the kickshaws,—and wine?'

"'The finest of port, thick, (round the bottles with age), and champagne, that the villain of a bridegroom brought,' I answered.

"'Say nothing about who brought it, Nelly, if it's *there*, and he's not,' said his Reverence,—he paused awhile, but I knew by the twinkle of his eyes, he was thinking of something past the common,—

"'It's a mighty fine dinner, Nelly!'

"'It is, your reverence.'

"'Nelly, it's a sin and a shame to have such a dinner as that in the house, and no wedding.'

"'True, for your reverence.'

"'Nelly, we must have a wedding!' and he looked me through and through.

"'Your reverence,' I said,—hardly knowing how to answer, 'knows best; but I don't see how at this present time; it's my ignorance, your reverence.' He shook his head and smiled.

"'I know the secrets of more hearts than one; and, instead of going down to the court, just step away to Philip Roche, and tell him what happened and how Mary kept true to her old love, and let him dress himself at once—we're not tied to canonical hours like our neighbours,—and tell him from me, to come here, and before the evening's out, Nelly, we'll have a wedding, and a dinner, and a dance!'

"Oh, how I flew! There was Philip in the thick of cold iron, reading a paper about emigration. I never saw a man so altered: he was but the ghost of himself, bent and bowed and broken-hearted he seemed, and his voice as changed as himself; he knew me at once, and knew that it was *her* wedding day.

(1) Except, putting aside.

"'It's all over by this time, I know,' he said, with a ghastly smile; 'and I suppose you have brought me the bride-cake tied with green riband.'

"'Here was the place,' he continued, going across a little yard, 'where I thought she might live quiet and content; a pretty bright room for London, and two others inside it—she could sit in that window at her sewing, and sing; and, if she raised her head, see me at work at the forge—she never even answered my letters—for I was too hasty that evening; but it's over now. She never can be anything more to me; yet this day's post brought me a letter, telling of an uncle's death in New York, who has left a good thousand English pounds, to be divided between my brother and myself; so I'll just sell off, and go after it.—Old Considine might have kept his money; it was not *that* I wanted; but it's all over!' Such a wail as there was in the voice of the strong broken down man, like the *sough* of the winter's wind, I could keep silent no longer. I believe he thought me wild—mad; I could hardly begin my tale for joy,—joy throbbing in my heart,—joy beating in my throat, and keeping back my words. I got it out at last, all that passed in one little hour, on which depended so much happiness or misery; oh, Aunt, he is such a great darling! Not a bit of exultation over Mr. and Mrs. Considine; only bitter reproaches to himself for not having understood Mary better; wondering if she could ever forgive him!—and so glad her father was not badly hurt. Oh, how my heart warmed to him! And when, at last, I bid him trust all to his reverence, to see how quickly he dressed! and maybe *he* didn't look like an O'Brian, or an O'Sullivan, or some of the great grand O's—so plenty about Killarney in the ancient times. I didn't know my own shadow on the wall, sidebeside his; and yet he was so overcome, that at times he stopped from downright weakness.

"'The priest opened the door with his own blessed hands: they had returned from the police-court, and his reverence had both the old people crying. I don't think Mr. Considine heard all he said; but, indeed, his heart was softened; he was ashamed of having been imposed on by a well-known London thief; and who can say that he was not grateful for his deliverance? for, next to his money, he loved his child.

"'Come in, Philip Roche,' said the priest; 'there has been a bit of a misunderstanding here, which we are sorry for; but it's well to forget and forgive. Mrs. Considine says, she never believed Mary thought so much about you, or she would not have put between you: if you can make friends with the little girl up-stairs, we'll have the wedding! and—the dinner!—and now, Nelly Nowlan, I trust to you to bring Mary Considine down, without telling her why. Leave that to me.'

"Oh, then, isn't that priest a rale minister? The delight he took in his little innocent plot, and all to make those young people happy! He hid away Philip in the back room, and Mary came with me, easy

enough, when I told her her father and mother were crying.

"Now, Mary, my child," says the priest, "you'll obey me, won't you?—that's right. I must give you a penance, Mary: I saved you from one husband, my darling—I have found you another!"

"The life that had come slowly back to the poor girl seemed leaving her altogether, but Philip could not bear it,—he rushed forward, and caught her in his arms.

"I can't tell you what he said Aunt, or what any one said; but in less than five minutes the priest had opened his book.

"What will be done for a ring?" sobbed Mrs. Considine.

"I had picked up the one I struck from the hand of that wicked man, and said so.

"Use *his* ring!" exclaimed Philip; and he flung it into the fire.

"Oh, the sinful waste!" screamed old Considine; "it was pure gold."

"He would have raked the fire out to find it, but the priest commanded him to be still. Oh, but he's a fine man; only terrible in anger. Aunt, I'll tell you the truth; if I had a very heavy sin, it's not to him I'd go.

"The key of the door will do as well," he said; "it's the *sign* of the Eternal Union we want, nothing more." No one gainsaid him, and in another five minutes they were bound together in the sight of God and man.

"And now for her fortune, Mr. Considine," said the good Priest, so considerate.

"The young smith stood straighter than ever on the floor; straight and firm. With one arm he drew his little bride to his heart, the other he held out.

"It would all feel to me like a dream," he said; "but for this." He pressed her more closely to him, bent down and kissed her.

"Keep your money, Mr. Considine; cross or coin of yours, sir, I'll never touch. Mary was all I ever cared for, and only this blessed morning did I learn that it has pleased God to give me what you think so much of. Mary, your husband has five hundred good pounds of his own: keep your money, Mr. Considine, I never cared for it; but I must say,—"

"No more," interrupted the priest. "Let us have in some of our good friends and neighbours; and, Nelly Nowlan, sure it's a comfort that the beautiful dinner won't be wasted."

"And so, Aunt darling, there's an end of Mary Considine; for in all the books I read my mistress, there seems an end of a woman when she marries,—a wife and a mother go for nothing! And maybe, I hav'n't something to tell you about *that*, for sure enough, the women (some of them) want to change places; now who do you think with, Aunt? I am sure your simple head would never find out. Shall I tell you next time?"

ADVANCE!

In the volume¹ from which we extract this poem, there are many others which equal it in worth: compositions of exceeding vigour, and of gentle and touching beauty. The writer is one of those young Irishmen, who, to the proverbially rich fancy inherent in his countrymen, adds the scholastic learning which circumstances have placed so abundantly within the reach of his countrymen. His book is full of "fine things;" marred, it may be, occasionally, by that misdirected judgment which imagines or creates a wrong, in order that poetry may protest against it. This is neither the place nor the occasion either to maintain or to question Irish grievances: be they real or not, now-a-days, that they have been many and terrible in old times, is beyond question; and the bard may be excused for perpetuating themes too apt for sorrow. Mr. McCarthy may be ranked foremost among the great poets of whom his country has been so productive in all ages of her history.

God bade the Sun with golden step sublime
Advance!

He whisper'd in the listening ear of Time,
Advance!

He bade the guiding Spirit of the Stars,
With lightning speed, in silver shining cars,
Along the bright floor of his azure hall
Advance!

Sun, Stars, and Time obey the voice, and all
Advance.

The river at its bubbling fountain cries,
Advance!

The clouds proclaim, like heralds, through the skies,
Advance!

Throughout the world, the mighty Master's laws
Allow not one brief moment's idle pause.
The earth is full of life, the swelling seeds
Advance!

And summer hours, like flowery harness'd steeds,
Advance!

To man's most wondrous hand, the same voice cried,
Advance!

Go clear the woods, and o'er the bounding tide
Advance!

Go draw the marble from its secret bed,
And make the cedar bend its giant head;
Let domes and columns through the wandering air
Advance!

The world, O man! is thine But wouldst thou share,
Advance!

Unto the soul of man the same voice spoke,
Advance!

From out the chaos, thunder-like, it broke,
Advance!

Go track the comet in its wheeling race,
And drag the lightning from its hiding-place;
From out the night of ignorance and fears,
Advance!

For Love and Hope, borne by the coming years,
Advance!"

All heard, and some obey'd the great command,
Advance!

It pass'd along from listening land to land,
Advance!

The strong grew stronger, and the weak grew strong,
As pass'd the war-cry of the world along—

(1) "Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics, Original and Translated." By Denis Florence McCarthy. James McGlashan, Dublin.

Awake, ye nations, know your powers and rights.

Advance!

Through Hope and Work, to Freedom's new delights,

Advance!

Knowledge came down, and waved her steady torch,

Advance!

Sages proclaim'd 'neath many a marble porch,

Advance!

As rapid lightning leaps from peak to peak,
The Gaul, the Goth, the Roman, and the Greek,
The painted Briton, caught the winged word,

Advance!

And earth grew young, and caroll'd as a bird,

Advance!

Oh! Ireland—oh! my country, wilt thou not

Advance?

Wilt thou not share the world's progressive lot?

Advance!

Must seasons change, and countless years roll on,

And thou remain a darksome Ajalon?

And never see the crescent moon of Hope

Advance?

'Tis time, thine heart and eye had wider scope—

Advance!

Dear brothers, wake! look up! be firm! be strong!

Advance!

From out the starless night of fraud and wrong

Advance!

The chains have fall'n from off thy wasted hands,
And every man, a seeming freedman stands;

But ah! 'tis in the soul that freedom dwells,—

Advance!

Proclaim that *then* thou wear'st no manacles,

Advance!

Advance! thou must advance or perish now,—

Advance!

Advance! Why live with wasted heart and brow!

Advance!

Advance! Or sink at once into the grave;

Be bravely free or artfully a slave!

Why fret thy master, if thou must have one?

Advance!

"Advance three steps, the glorious work is done,"

Advance!

The first is COURAGE—'tis a giant stride!

Advance!

With bounding step up Freedom's rugged side

Advance!

KNOWLEDGE will lead ye to the dazzling heights,

TOLERANCE will teach and guard your brother's rights.

Faint not! for thee a pitying Future waits—

Advance!

Be wise, be just, with will as fix'd as Fate's,

Advance!

THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN.¹

BY JANE M. WINNARD.

CHAPTER XVI.

DAVID'S FIRST BOOK.

MIRIAM GREY made no comment on the concluding passage of the letter reported in the last chapter. She sat silently, with her face turned towards the distant ocean-line. Great tears collected slowly in those melancholy eyes, and she made no effort to conceal them. She even forgot Mr. Shepherd's presence, as her mind worked painfully on the reali-

zation of all the strange and (to her) wonderful intelligence she had just received. The kind clergyman thought that she was praying or composing her spirit to endurance, when she was only endeavouring to understand all that she had heard. She had lived so shut out from the world that this first rude contact with it was bewildering.

"Shall I put the rest of these letters away, Miriam, and come and read them in the evening?" asked Mr. Shepherd, gently.

"I would much rather hear them now, if you can spare the time;" she said.

"I can spare the time, my dear. I will do what is most likely to set your mind at ease. Perhaps you had better know all without further delay."

"Yes, yes;" she replied. "Read all the letters which are addressed to me. Do not think I cannot bear them; I can bear anything, now. Then, divining Mr. Shepherd's anxiety on her account, she added, gravely,—*"Do not fear that I shall not forgive David, as he asks. Dear Mr. Shepherd, I am not so foolish as to think of him now as of an old lover: I left that off long ago. In the boy-and-girl world of tinsel romance, forgiveness may be asked and granted; in the present world of far stronger and truer life, as it begins to shape itself before me, we must not use the word—Forgive! To forgive, there must be condemnation. What have I to do with condemning David,—I, who cannot understand or measure his temptation? If I presume to judge him in this matter, surely it is I who would stand in need of forgiveness from him, as he may stand in need of forgiveness from God. Never, until now, did I comprehend the full force of the words—'Who art thou that judgest another? To his own master he standeth or falleth.'*"

"Miriam, my child, I never felt so clearly as I do now, the full meaning of the words,—*'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'*"

He then adjusted his spectacles once more, and after turning over the open letters, selected the following, and read it aloud, pausing occasionally to observe its effect upon his auditor."

"Dear Miriam—"

"What is the date?" interrupted Miriam.

"It is dated from Florence, August 19,—a year after the one I have already read."

"DEAR MIRIAM,—I begin now to give up all hope of receiving a letter from you. I suppose my father's anger against me still endures, and he forbids you to write to me; perhaps he has not given you my former letters. What a world this is! How ingeniously we contrive to make ourselves and others miserable, when, by very much less trouble we might contrive the reverse! If it were not for the solemn promise I made to my dying mother not to seek you or address you except through my father, I would make sure that this letter should reach your hands; at all events, I will write as if I were certain it would reach them.

"In any of the great changes of life, whether of out-

(1) Continued from p. 187.

ward condition or of the inward mind, my thoughts revert naturally to some of my early friends at Milford,—to you, dear Miss Grey, more than to any other. I think within myself,—‘I must tell Miriam this;’ ‘Miriam Grey will like to hear that.’ Mr. Shepherd is kind and good; but there are times when we would seek sympathy from a young woman rather than from an old man. It is that time with me now, dear Miriam, for I have done what we used to talk about when we were children. I have written a book, at last; you must read it for the sake of those happy childish talks. The memory of your young smile steals sweetly to my mind as I write, and prompts me to tell you all that troubles and perplexes, yet gladdens me and makes me grateful at this moment; to wit, this my first book. I will tell you how I wrote it. To do so, I must mention a few facts connected with my external life of late years.

“You know that I had determined to devote myself to medicine as a profession, when Admiral Underwood first found me idling about town. I told you he is wealthy; and that he is a person to whom I am proud to be obliged, for I love and esteem him as he does me. He advanced the necessary money for my medical studies, which I have since refunded,—I should be sorry if it were possible for me to repay the real debt of love, gratitude, and respect, I owe to that good man. I would rather owe him that as long as I have being. It is an obligation ‘at once indebted and discharged. What burden then?’”

“I took my degree of M. D. in London two years ago. Very soon afterwards, as you may have seen by the newspapers, I was, by accident, called upon to attend one of the royal dukes, in a sudden and dangerous attack of illness, during the absence of his official attendant. My treatment was perfectly successful; and since that time there has been no danger of my starving for want of fees, as is the case, alas! with many better physicians and better fellows than myself. Indeed, I had much more practice than I desired; for it has always been my fixed resolve to become a literary man. It was this resolve which influenced my choice of a profession. You may remember my opinion on this subject as a boy. It is not altered now. I still believe that the education and consequent frame of mind of the thorough physician, is, in nine cases out of ten, more calculated to produce what I call a *thorough man* than the education of lawyers, clergymen, soldiers, or sailors. And it is only from your *thorough men* that authors of real greatness are ever produced.

“But to return: finding that fashion was making my fortune before my education was half completed, I determined to deal honestly with myself and the world. I gave up my London practice, and came here with Admiral Underwood and his family in the capacity of medical guardian of his only son, a delicate lad of sixteen, to whom I am much attached, and whose life I hope to be the means of preserving. Great part of my time is spent in study,—scientific, philosophic, and (as you may suppose from the coun-

try in which I am) artistic. It is scarcely necessary to say that my little Leonora is with me. If it were not my greatest pleasure to keep her always near me—it would be a sacred duty. I can never make amends to her, poor injured darling, for the disgrace of her birth! When I am dead, or away from her, others will make her feel it; but while I live, and can, at any sacrifice of convenience to myself, have her with me, she shall never know the want of a father’s love and protecting care.

“But there is no kind of love and protection that my beautiful child wants now. All the household conspire to make her infancy a round of delights. Her beauty is something remarkable, even in this land of beauty; and at least a dozen painters and sculptors have asked me to lend them my *bellissima figliuolina* as a model. I have, of course, refused. I will not have an unnatural and unhealthy consciousness developed in her, by such means. Besides being beautiful, she is a child of remarkable intelligence, and so full of winning ways, that it is no wonder we all love her and spoil her (such *spoiling* I would wish all children to have) from Admiral Underwood down to little Amy.

“And now I must say a few words about these Underwoods—so different from us of the old stock at the Grange. The admiral, without being a Nelson or a Jarvis, is a fine fellow, and well worthy his rank. He commanded at ———, and at ———; both actions highly creditable to him. But these did not make his fortune; it was what is called a mere trifle that did. He was for a long time a messmate of the present king, when they were lads; and the king has never lost an opportunity of showing his esteem for him since. Hence his frequent presence at court, and my own accidental introduction there. The admiral is about the age of my father, and not altogether unlike him. Distant as the relationship is, they have blood enough in common to make an unmistakable family likeness, physical and mental. The admiral is just what my father would have been if circumstances had made him a sailor, a courtier, and a man of the world. His attachment to me from the first moment of our meeting was, undoubtedly, an ‘elective affinity,’ not to be explained on any ground, open and subject to the mere reason. The admiral himself explains it by saying, ‘Blood is thicker than water,’ and that every Underwood must feel himself drawn towards me, because I unite in my single person all the peculiarities of the family. For myself, I love the admiral with a sort of blind, instinctive feeling—such as we all feel towards the nearest blood-relations—and over and above this filial feeling I love and honour him as a man. He is the source and centre of happiness in his home. He has been twice married. By his first wife (a woman of rank and large fortune) he had two children—a son and a daughter. After her death he devoted himself to his profession for many years, being inconsolable for her loss. During that time his wife’s family took charge of the children, who were to inherit a large property. The boy was heir-presumptive

to a title; but he died in childhood, to the deep regret of his father and all connected with him, for he was a child of great promise. He had been christened *David*:—this may partly account for the admiral's attraction to myself. The girl, Edith, was so fond of her brother, that she almost killed herself with grief for his loss. This intensity of feeling in a child of nine years old was very uncommon, and caused all those with whom she was domesticated to look for the development of a nature somewhat different from the average. As these worthy aristocratic persons were in nothing above the average themselves, except in their amount of self-satisfaction, they naturally dreaded and disliked all exhibition of character that was not akin to their own, and looked upon young Edith Underwood much as the owls looked upon the eaglet they had hatched by mistake. They did their best to chain her spirit and train her up in the way in which *they* thought she should go. In vain; she could not be made to walk in that way. You know the old story of the Martyrdom of Genius by Mediocrity. That was the fate of Edith Underwood's youth. The converse of that old story, the 'Martyrdom of Mediocrity by Genius,' is not so often talked of. Miss Underwood bears witness to it generously, now that she is free; and is of opinion that her stately grandmother, and fine-lady aunts, must have suffered more from her 'vagaries,' as they called them, than ever she did from their miserable, meaningless conventionality, and utter deadness to all true virtue and enthusiasm—making a certain something, which they called *propriety*, do duty instead; and which, to her clear-sighted pious young soul, was generally a very improper director of thought or action. I have seen real tears in her eyes when she has spoken of the stupid blindness, the serene self-righteousness, with which these naturally kind-hearted and intelligent ladies were in the habit of prostrating their souls every day before the car of their absurd idol, Propriety. The more they were crushed by it, the better they were pleased; so that a keen tormenting sense of propriety was the most active principle within them at all times, and in all places. This sense of propriety she herself outraged every day, by her own account, and with every wish to avoid doing so, for she loved these ladies. However, as she grew older, life with them became impossible. It was being crushed out of her, when her father came home, saw how matters were, and organized a change. Edith was sent to visit one of his married sisters, and accompanied the family to Italy; where she remained until the admiral's second marriage. She then went home to his house in —shire, to meet her stepmother.

"Edith was sixteen—her stepmother ten years older. They were both predisposed to like each other. Mrs. Underwood was, (and I may add is still,) a great beauty—soft, gentle, indolent, and full of admiration for what is called *cleverness*; by which is meant, I find, any sort of intellectual activity, however small;—not one particle of which Mrs. Underwood possesses herself,—and she has 'the gift to know it,'

and the still rarer gift of being unenvious of those who do possess it. I never once heard her regret not being clever—or Edith regret not being beautiful—though, I dare say, before I knew them, when they were both younger, and had not yet learned to accept the inevitable without a murmur, as God's best gift, they may each have mourned heartily the want of that glorious gift which shone forth so conspicuously in the other. I have never heard one woman speak of another with more sincere affection than Edith speaks of Mrs. Underwood; or have I often seen one woman take more genuine pride in another woman's beauty, than she does in that of her stepmother. From the time of her father's second marriage Edith began to be happy.

"I wish I could convey a just idea of my friend Edith. Let me try;—for I am anxious that you should take an interest in all my friends. You will not fall into the error of supposing there is anything like *love* between us. 'The love of woman, in *that* sense,' is over for me; my little Leonora, and the memory of my first pure passion, are effectual safeguards against all other loves;—these, and my constant intellectual employment. An active brain is ever the best guardian of an empty heart. But my heart is not empty;—on the contrary, within this household it finds almost as many objects of affection as it can hold. Next to my child, Edith Underwood is the being who sheds most light on my life. Dear, noble, generous Edith! happy am I to be able to love her as a friend only; most unfortunate should I be if it were otherwise; for Edith owns great wealth, and is far above me in station. We are equals only in this household, and in our love of literature and art;—and there is no thought of any other love between us.

"Did I tell you it was she who first found me out and induced her father to seek me? She had remarked some poems signed D. U. in one of the leading Magazines, and made inquiries about the author. My name being that of her darling brother, excited a double interest. She contrived to send me a sum of money anonymously, and unknown to any one. (I have told you she was rich.) This money came, like all gifts which God sends by angels' hands, at a moment when that special gift was the one thing needed. It saved me from some of the worst degradations of poverty; and I blessed the unknown giver. Soon after that, I was struck by the vigour and beauty of a certain prose article, in a miscellaneous volume,—it touched upon a subject which I was meditating for my first book. I wrote to the author, anonymously, expressing the real admiration I felt for his work, and requesting to know whether the book I purposed writing, (the one I have just written,) trenching upon ground which he had any intention of occupying. You may imagine my surprise when I received an answer in the very noticeable handwriting which had accompanied the money gift. Edith Underwood was the author of the article in question, and had no suspicion that her new correspondent was the D. U. to whom she had sent the

money. Her letter was charming—too charming, and graceful to be the production of a man. I had been mistaken in the sex of the author of the article, I could not be mistaken as to the sex of the letter-writer, although it was signed only with initials. I contrived to keep up a correspondence with this unknown lady, for there was a mysterious fascination about it. During the dread days of my bondage,—my blindness; when I thought myself so blessed,—I neglected my unknown correspondent, as well as every other thing not connected with one whose name I now breathe only in my prayers. When the storm was past, and I remained helpless and wretched, with nought but a frail infant's life to bind me to the earth, my gentle unknown correspondent sent yet another letter, full of wisdom and womanly sweetness. At the close she bade me expect a visitor, a relation—on the morrow. I was far too miserable to try to avoid this visitor. I forgot him and the letter. He came. It was Admiral Underwood. In five minutes we were speaking like father and son. That interview knit me to him for ever. The next day he carried me off—me and the poor babe to his house. Then I first saw Edith. She met me with the straightforward simplicity of her nature—so like a grown-up child, with a woman's tenderness super-added. I wish you could know her. Your passive and her active nature would combine readily, and form a perfect friendship. You are both ideal women—*i. e.* women whose specific individuality approaches nearly to the two abstract ideas of perfect womanhood.—for there are *two*.

"From that day we have been friends, she and I—neither of us being disappointed, I believe, in our anonymous correspondent. She is of a sunny, bright nature—like a summer lake. I have observed that women who, after the first youth has passed, appear glad and cheerful at all times, or at most times, are often those of the greatest depth and breadth of nature: they have learned to subdue selfish sorrow—they take care to keep the fresh current of the upper life pure and sparkling; while down in the depths below, lie the precious relics of shipwrecked hopes and affections. Women, on the contrary, who are given to the display of melancholy, and are constantly putting both mind and body into picturesque positions of grief, are for the most part intensely selfish, and often very shallow in feeling as well as intellect. Until I knew Edith I was not in a condition to make these observations. Among men I had noticed that those who retain a continual sparkle and cork-like buoyancy of nature, after the season of early youth, never have much depth of character. They are very pleasant people, but they do not grapple with the burden of life, they let it slip from them; they are the Celts of the moral world.

"With woman it is otherwise, as I said. Probably, it has been so ordained to enable her to perform well her task of comforter and consoler to man. The gravest wisdom, the loftiest reasoning, are far less efficacious in *that* task than a sunny gladness in the

face, and a heart-music ringing in the voice. Cheerfulness and good temper are not the most dazzling or poetic, but they are among the never-failing charms with which woman holds dominion over man.

"Edith Underwood is almost always cheerful, and her temper is one of the best I know. It is tried enough by every one of us; and most by my Leonora, to whom she acts as mother, governess, nurse, and constant slave. I, myself, must frequently give her annoyance, for I am subject to fits of obstinate moodiness and despondency. She has been mainly instrumental in rousing and bracing my mind to work, by working with me and for me. If it had not been for her, I doubt whether the volume would ever have been written, which you will receive from Mr. Shepherd about the time you ought to get this letter. It is, as I said before, my first book—the first production to which I have prefixed my name. You will read it with interest, Miriam, as a piece of the mental life of your old friend."

"Ah!" murmured Miriam, "how well I remember when you brought me '*The Trail of the Serpent*.' It was before I became blind. That is the only one of David's books which I was able to read for myself. I recollect that simple dedication, '*To my best friend, and brightest example in the art of overcoming evil by good*.' And that was Edith Underwood! She, indeed, was a helpmeet for him. Tell me, Mr. Shepherd, is she his wife, now?"

"I think she must be, my dear; for it was a daughter of Admiral Underwood that he married. Let me finish the letter, it is nearly ended."

"You will easily understand that I do not send you and Mr. Shepherd this trifle because I am contented with it. It is far otherwise. But my thoughts reverted naturally to my native valley when I first saw this child of my brain in a completed form. 'Who is there,' I asked myself, 'to whom I can send a copy with a certainty of giving pleasure? Only Miriam and my old tutor.' So to Miriam and my old tutor I present copies, praying them to remember sometimes, in their quiet talks, the new author and their ever affectionate friend,

"DAVID UNDERWOOD."

CHAPTER XVII.

DAVID'S MARRIAGE.

"I do not think I can listen to the rest of the letters now, dear Mr. Shepherd," said Miriam, "only read me the one in which he tells me of his marriage. I want to hear that."

Mr. Shepherd took up another letter, and read as follows:—

"DEAR MIRIAM,—In my last letter I told you of my agony when the news of the supposed loss of Leonora and the rest of the children was brought to the house;—of their wonderful escape from the burning vessel, owing to the courage and extraordinary presence of mind of Edith; of the overwhelming joy of their return,

two days after we had given up all hope of seeing them on earth again. I told you hurriedly, then, that poor Edith had been the only severe sufferer, and that the injury she had sustained had been caused solely by her efforts (thank God, *successful* efforts!) to rescue my poor insensible child from that terrible death.

"It is not of death I am going to tell you now, Miriam; nor of sorrow or suffering; but of a solemn chastened joy. At length it has pleased God to make me happy in the enjoyment of a woman's love. You, in your saint-like seclusion in the old tower, in your oblivion of the past, will smile sweetly, I think, to hear that the wild, world-stained David Underwood, is going to be married at last; married to a woman whom *you* would honour from the bottom of that gentle heart of yours.

"Let me tell you how it happened. Even now I cannot understand how I lived so long in daily communion with her—the warmth of her loving soul circling all round me and permeating my being, and yet I loved her not. But that is false; I loved her and knew it not. Noble, generous Edith! Strong, soft-hearted woman!

"How could I, the fallen one, think of loving her? She—a very angel of love and good works. How could I, the half-taught, dimly-thinking man, aspire to the love of the one woman I have known, who to every charm of her own sex adds the knowledge, and moral strength, and intellectual vigour of the best men?

"How could I, the poor physician, with no fortune but his brain, think of loving a woman who has been sought in marriage by half the peerage, for her large property and her noble connexions?

"On the other hand,—how could I live with Edith Underwood, and not love her otherwise than as I did? The materials for kindling an enduring flame lay for a long time in my heart; there needed only the touch of one living spark to set it ablaze. The spark descended there at last, and the kindled flame needs no fanning now, and will expire but with my life. Edith will be my wife in one little week. Rejoice with me, my early friend.

"Shall I tell you of my blindness and insensibility? Dolt that I was! Edith loved me, and became conscious of her love long ago. Then, fearing that I or some one might discover it, she determined to avoid me, and return to England. This unaccountable determination induced her father to alter his plans. He thought it best to send the whole household back with her. Mrs. Underwood, Edith, the children, governesses and servants were to sail directly to England from Malta; I, and his son, William, were to remain with him there six months longer, as I wished William to avoid a winter in England.

"No sooner had I lost sight of Edith than I began to feel a strange yearning within me. It was not for Leonora, who had gone with her, it was for a sight of Edith herself I longed.

"When the awful news reached us, that the vessel on which they were embarked had caught fire, within

sight of the Italian coast, and that all on board had perished; with the speechless horror that crept through my veins at the thought of my lovely child, was added a new feeling—the woman who had slowly and unconsciously won all the love of my mature life, was gone from me for ever. I cannot attempt to describe how I passed the next forty-eight hours. Again, for the third time, life had become a burden almost too heavy for me to bear. But now, through Edith's influence, I knew how to wait patiently for help from above. My stricken soul was arousing itself. The words, 'Thy will be done,' were on my lips, when some one stood beside me, shook me gently, and said, 'They are all saved! Up! up! you are wanted, Dr. Underwood. Mamma says you must come and attend to Edith directly, or she will die.'

"I must pass over that meeting. Leonora was there—they were all there! safe! safe! All but Edith! I unclasped my arms from Leonora, and walked mechanically after Mrs. Underwood to a chamber above. I understood but dimly. I was a physician. Edith was ill; dying,—in consequence of her exertions on board the burning vessel. I must attend her; cure her, if possible; at all events, alleviate her pain. Seeing me apparently indifferent or stupid, Mrs. Underwood added, by way of incentive to my activity, 'It was in saving Leonora that she risked her life at the time, and will perhaps lose it, even now.' Can you guess the feelings with which I stood by Edith's bedside?

"In all my professional experience I have never seen more physical suffering, or more patience and fortitude. It would be incredible to all who were not witnesses of that triumph of the soul over physical agony. Yet it is good for us to repeat,—to try to credit such stories of the virtue of our race. Oh! it is a glorious thing to be a human being! How touching in its union of weakness and strength must humanity be in the sight of God's angels! Ever since *that* day I have thanked the Creator, from my inmost heart, for having made me a man, and not a being of a higher order. I am of the same race with Edith Underwood, and a thousand more who have shown in their lives 'how divine a thing it is to suffer and be strong.'

"She did suffer! Suffered horribly!—for my child's sake.

"They told me all, afterwards.

"In less than a quarter of an hour from the first alarming cry of 'Fire! fire!' on board the vessel, it was in flames from stem to stern. Edith, always rapid and clear in thought as one of the cherubim, had organized in her mind, and carried into execution a plan for the salvation of our precious group, as soon as she saw that the flames mastered the crew, and that the officers who should have commanded all on board, had lost their presence of mind. She called two of her own men-servants, and ordered them to seize, and lower into the sea, a life-boat, which she was taking as a present from the Admiral to some naval friend in England. It was on a new principle.

Edith and I had taken great interest in its construction, and used to go day after day, with the Admiral, to the English builder's in Valetta, to watch its progress, little dreaming of the not far-distant time when that little boat would be the means of preserving so many precious lives. Edith understood how to manage this boat as well as a sailor. The men were roused to hope by her words, as she explained it to them, and while the rest of the passengers were hurrying purposeless and despairing about the vessel, uttering wild cries, prayers, and imprecations, the two men-servants set to work, silently and energetically, in the corner of the vessel where the boat had been packed away, while Edith flew back to the cabins to collect her flock. Her calm authoritative voice stilled all impotent noise; every one obeyed her instinctively. Mrs. Underwood, in her simple fashion, has told us fifty times how Edith stood in the midst of the terrified women and children like a creature of another world. 'There was not a bit of fear about her. She was only paler, quicker, stronger in the voice, and stronger in the arms than usual. She made us all hear and understand in the midst of the dreadful uproar. She lifted me and poor Mademoiselle B——, for we were so overcome with terror that we could not stand. She put two bottles of wine in a basket, and made little Amy, the bravest among us, carry it. She helped us all on deck, and we stood trembling by (all but Miss D——, who was inspired by Edith, she says), while she got a rope, and, with Miss D——'s help, lowered us all down into the boat, where Jackson and William were waiting. We should have had it taken from us by a stronger party, as Edith feared every moment, but that the flames were being blown over that part of the vessel. The dear girl had made us all wrap ourselves in blankets, without waiting to dress—blankets, or coarse woollen shawls—they would keep off the flames, she said. We should have been burned severely but for this precaution; for the flames came licking their huge tongues all over the edge of the deck where we were, as if greedy for our lives. We all felt them, and were half suffocated. Ah! it was very awful!' And then Mrs. Underwood would pause from over-excitement, and wipe her gentle eyes, and then go on again.

"I cannot understand how Edith could do what she did that night: she did not seem to feel the heat of the flames, or the cold wind; she had nothing on but a woollen shawl over her night-dress, which she had steeped in water on purpose to prevent its catching fire. When we were all in the boat but herself, I remember seeing her look down as if she were counting us all. 'Come! come, Edith,' I cried; 'do not wait there to be burned alive.' 'Make haste, Miss Underwood,' cried Jackson;—'the poor creatures are clinging round our boat,—we shall be swamped.' 'Where is Leonora?' cried Edith, 'where is the child?' That was the first moment she showed terror. Through the roar of the waves and the hissing of flaming timbers as they fell, I heard Edith's words, and I knew that no persuasions

would induce her to save her own life till she had rescued Leonora. The poor child, it seems, had fallen into a swoon in her berth in the cabin, and had been forgotten. Jackson's voice shouted the information up to Edith. I could see her face upturned a moment, as if seeking counsel from above; then she leant down again over the edge of the deck, and strove to make Jackson hear, but he could not or would not hear—for he loves his mistress, and would not have been disposed to save us all and leave her. Edith tells us that she said,—'Cut the rope and row for the shore. It will not be safe to wait longer. I will follow with the child if possible.'—In a moment she seemed to disappear in flames. We swayed to and fro in the boat, more dead than alive, while the men and Miss D—— had hard work to keep off the poor frantic wretches who were swimming round it.

"'There she is, God bless her!' shouted Jackson. I looked up, and there stood Edith with one foot on a burning plank, the only footing now remaining on that side of the ship, and holding in her arms the senseless Leonora.' (I must explain to you, Miriam, that Leonora is a large child of eight years old.) 'The rope with which the others had been lowered into the boat was burned. 'Throw her down,' cried Jackson, 'it will be quite safe.' Edith hesitated, she was carefully holding out the child away from the flames, holding her in a most painful position, thrown over one hip and leg, which she kept suspended over the water, while she maintained her balance with the other arm and leg, the first grasping a fallen 'yard,' and the last actually planted in the flames. Presently she made a sign to Jackson, and then slid the child gently down her own side, and so into the boat. As soon as she saw Leonora was safe, she complied with our earnest entreaties and sprang down herself. There! I can't talk about it any more.' And thus usually ends Mrs. Underwood's account.

"It was many hours before they reached land;—and longer still before Edith could have the medical attendance she required. Even if she had been treated immediately after the accident, I do not think it would have been possible to save that poor burned limb. Fortunately, the rest of her body, though much scorched, and giving her for weeks afterwards acute pain, was not seriously hurt. Only that left leg on which she had stood so bravely, that she might keep my little Leonora scatheless. I cannot think of it even now, months afterwards, and familiar as I am with the picture of that noble woman braving the elements and risking her life for a little child, not her own, nor of her kin,—I cannot think of it without a suffocating feeling in the throat, as if all the blood of my heart had rushed there.

"But if you are moved, as I know you will be, Miriam, by this poor account of Edith's heroic conduct on board the burning ship, what will you feel, when I tell you of her fortitude and gentle patience in the sick room!

"When I was first taken to her by Mrs. Under-

wood, I was still half stupefied by the sudden news of their safe return; but a few moments served to restore my presence of mind, and I acted with the promptitude and energy which I saw the case required.

'Go and fetch the Admiral,' said I, addressing Mrs. Underwood, 'and send for Mr. H—— and Mr. C——,' (the two best surgeons then in Valetta.)

"I was left alone with Edith a moment. We looked at each other. I could not speak. She, pale as a corpse from suffering and exhaustion, the moment before, flushed a deep crimson as if from some strong agony, but her deep clear eyes turned not from mine as she said,—'I see, my friend, I see! You think the leg must come off.'

I made an assenting motion with my head—to speak was impossible. The sound of that sweet voice, the sight of those beloved eyes were fast unnerving me. For, have I not told you, Miriam, there was a strong, full-grown love for that suffering woman, in my heart? She made a motion as if she would give me her hand, I stooped down and kissed it many times, and shed tears,—such 'tears as flow but once a life.' The anguish was unbearable. She spoke soothing words.

"Nay! It is not so much. Do you think I cannot bear to lose a limb for those I love? You shall see. What is it moves you thus?"

"Then I stood up and told her I loved her. It was a moment of strong excitement—genuine untrammelled life. The whole household was on an equality; for Death had been very near, and placed us all side by side. Every feeling was over-wrought, and Love burst its way, regardless of conventional drawbacks.

"Oh, Miriam! How often the strong pain and the acute pleasure seem to make but one pulsation in the heart; but the pleasure throbs most powerfully at last and beats down the pain! There was no need of many words between us. Ere I could believe in my own changed existence, she was folded in my arms, and my trembling lips were pressed to her poor scorched cheek,—to me, more beautiful than that of Hebe.'

"It is not for Leonora's sake?" she asked timidly.

"No! No! No! For your own.—Edith, if this terrible journey had never been—Ah! I don't know how long I have loved you. Always, I think."

"Then now thank God with me," she said; "I can hear all things. Your love is all I ask for on earth. I am very happy."

"We were interrupted; but an immense change appeared in Edith from that moment. She seemed to have subdued all sense of suffering; indeed, the old joyousness, mingled with a brightness never seen there before, sparkled in her eyes. Well might Leonora ask:—

"What makes Edith look so pretty, now she is very ill?"

"The surgeons came. They agreed with me. The leg must come off immediately. The poor father! Brave old man! He wept like a child. Mrs. Underwood fainted when she heard the news. The children

were taken away by their tearful governesses, and I remained with the servants and the two surgeons beside the Admiral in Edith's room. She spoke to us both cheerfully, then asked us to leave the room for a short time. She wished to speak in private to the surgeons, she said. It was a kind fraud to save us pain; but a suspicion of the truth flashed across me, and leaving the Admiral overcome by his emotion, at the thought of what he must so soon witness, I stole back into the chamber. My suspicion was well founded. The operation was being performed. I could scarcely believe my eyes. Edith sat up; not only watched the operator, but actually helped to hold the leg which was being amputated. The surgeons were afterwards loud in praise of her fortitude; but she told me it would have required infinitely more fortitude to bear the operation if they had bandaged her eyes as they at first proposed to do. She was right. Imagination is always active with her, and at that time, stimulated and disordered as her nervous system had been, she would have imagined the thing to be far worse than it really was. Seeing the preparations, and actually taking a part in the operation, employed her mind without allowing the imagination to run riot in horrors.

"I will not lengthen this letter by attempting any account of Edith's subsequent weakness and long protracted recovery. Thank God, she is now restored to health, and bears the loss of that precious limb as if it were a matter of course. This lameness is a source of genuine sorrow to her father; but I believe it is looked upon as a sort of charm by all other persons who are capable of appreciating the best beauty, when they see it.

I once heard two officers here talking about Edith. 'What a pity she is so lame,' said one; 'she would be a remarkably fine woman if she were not.' 'I beg your pardon,' said the other; 'she would not be half so fine a woman. She lost her leg in saving a child from a burning ship. I would give my two legs to have saved her little foot.' The common people here, and all the English sailors, take off their hats and say, 'God bless you!' as she passes. The uneducated often know the true hero when they get sight of him.

"In another week Edith will become my wife,—the mother of my Leonora;—and in a month from that time we shall return to England. On my arrival there, I shall write once more to my father for permission to see him and all dear ones at Milford. You will show this letter to him and to Mr. Shepherd. You have, I trust, received from the publisher copies of my books as they have come out. I am now engaged on a fourth, which promises to be better than the others; at all events it will not be spoken so well of by the generality of critics, Edith says, and adds kindly, 'that is no little thing to say in its favour.' As I am of her way of thinking in that matter, I am doing my best to escape the favourable reviews of the—and—and—at *hoc genus omne*.' But if the Milford Observers think well of my new bantling, it will give me much pleasure. Let Mr. Shepherd know this,

and he will, as before, write me your opinion and his own.

"I am,

"Your affectionate friend,

"DAVID UNDERWOOD."

When Mr. Shepherd looked up after concluding this letter, he found that Miriam had lost all consciousness, and had sunk into a corner of the window-seat. He raised her gently, and carried her without much difficulty to the bed. She was but a slight creature. Then, hastily putting the letters together, he thrust them into a drawer, and went down stairs to find Dame Barnard. Nanny Post was still in the kitchen, though it was more than two hours since she first came.

"Nanny," said the good clergyman; "take your donkey and ride as fast as you can to the Grange, and tell Mr. and Miss Underwood, that Miss Grey is seriously ill, and that they had better send for a medical man directly."

"Lord ha' mercy! My poor dear child!" cried Dame Barnard. "And I forgot her, minding the riddle-bread. Away with you, Nanny, and just ask Miss Martha to come to us, for Mrs. Ward ain't much of a help in sickness. Mercy on us! here she comes, in her fine white bonnet and parasol, and a grand gentleman with her. Maybe you're right, Nanny, after all, and it's a wedding she's been to this morning. Who is it with her, do you say? Mr. Mark Underwood! Lord save us! What a work there'll be with his father." And the Dame's observations were brought to a conclusion by the entrance of Mrs. Ward and Mr. Mark, each attired in festal garments. The latter took Mrs. Ward by the hand, and leading her up to Mr. Shepherd, introduced her to him as his wife.

Mr. Shepherd was sorry not to be able to give them a gladder greeting; but he was taken by surprise, and his heart was anxious about Miriam, and after a few words of congratulation, he explained briefly to Mrs. Ward, that he believed Miriam was attacked by the fever prevalent in the district at the time, and begged her to be particularly attentive to her sister.

"I?" And Mrs. Ward looked perplexed. "I believe Mark—"

"We are going off directly, sir," said Mark; "the post-chaise is waiting below. We merely called to tell Miss Grey of our marriage, and to say good-bye. It is not surely necessary that my wife, on her wedding day, should stay to nurse her sister, who may happen to be a little feverish, or out of sorts. Will you like to go up and see her? Or stay,—I would rather you did not, in case of infection. I will call at the Grange, and tell my sisters. Martha will come readily, I am sure; or, perhaps, Miss Shepherd—she is so active and benevolent."

They were about to turn from the door, after saying "Good morning,"—to the amazement of Mr. Shepherd and the old Dame, when they, in their turn, were surprised by the appearance of four persons coming slowly across the fell near the Tower. They were old Mr. Underwood, his daughter Martha, with David and his wife.

(To be continued.)

A WEEK IN JAMAICA IN THE YEAR 1841.

FROM THE DIARY OF AN OFFICER.

Monday morning.—Started, when the rosy-fingered Aurora was opening the gates of light, with four brother officers, on an excursion to the Blue Mountain Peak, with a black guide, who carried a basket of prog on his head. When we left Portland Gap, it wanted twenty minutes of six, A.M. and at eight A.M. we stood on the Peak, which is the highest point of land in the West Indies. A more intricate path than that by which we ascended, it would be hard to find. In some places we climbed as if up a ladder, where, but for the aid afforded us by the trees, we could not have mounted. But by swinging with the whole strength of our arms from their boughs, we raised ourselves. At other times we descended abruptly, and landed more than once on a narrow ledge, commanding a magnificent view to the N. and S. of the island. At last we reached the summit, hungry and exhausted. To dry our clothes, which heavy mists had saturated with moisture, we split into fire-wood the decayed materials of a hut, the scene of former festivities, and heaping them to a considerable height, set fire to them. To appease our appetites, we opened our provision store, still enveloped in mist. Gleams of sunshine struggling through the thick vapour tempted me to climb a tree. When I had accomplished this feat, as if to reward me for my exertions, the clouds rolled up, and opening right and left afforded me a view more like enchantment than reality. From the elevation of 8,000 feet, I looked down on the lower ranges of hills, and beyond them to the plains which skirt the base. Before me, at more than the distance of thirty miles, yet apparently at my feet, the palisades stretched to Port Royal; to the right lay Portland Point, to the left Morant, with all the intermediate "filling in," as painters would say, and all beautiful. The scene was constantly changing, as the restless clouds obscured what had before been visible, or disclosed some bay, village, hill, or valley which had not before been observed. Rivers like silver threads, and innumerable coffee plantations dotted the hills like tiny white spangles on a dark ground.

But how give a perfect idea of the variety of scenery spread beneath and around us, and the still more endless variations of light and shade which pervaded the panorama!—how express in language the richness not only in foliage but in commercial value of the vegetable productions! or how breathe into words a sensation of the light refreshing mountain atmosphere which we there and then inhaled!

In front lay the extensive plain of the south-east portion of the island stretching towards Clarendon and Manchester, until lost in the dimness of the horizon. Kingston lay as in a map, beneath us. Turning to the left, the picturesque valley of the Yallah carried the view to the western seas, while an extreme clearness of vision prevailed.

But in less time than it has occupied me in writing

this description, all would be again concealed by a curtain of mist. The clouds would pack together, and the tops of the highest hills alone would remain visible, like islands peeping above them. Here, for the first time, I heard thunder roar and saw lightning flash below me. Watching and hoping for clearer weather we passed some hours. Col R—— and I established ourselves on some yacca-trees, where by using a cutlass we formed a small bower of branches which screened the whole party. About noon we commenced our descent.

On the way down, our sable conductor led us by a precipice and chasm, which until 1815 had formed a gentle slope on the side of a mountain, where stood a dwelling-house and coffee plantation. During the storms which scourged Jamaica in that year, this entire piece of land slipped from the mountain and rolled into the valley, carrying with it fifteen Negroes who were never heard of afterwards. It is supposed that the shock of an earthquake, so frequent here, had opened the mountain in that part, and that torrents of rain pouring into the chasm, had, by acting as a wedge, caused the catastrophe.

The descent cost us less time by forty minutes than the ascent; but scarcely less exertion. We, gave C—— a race for it, as we had heard him boast of his agility. On the way we were met by the overseer of a neighbouring estate, who had been sent by his hospitable mistress to offer us refreshment at her house, delightfully situated among acacias and aromatic shrubs in a gorge surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains. The dwelling itself is comfortable, constructed, like all Jamaica country seats, to admit the greatest quantity of fresh air. As we proceeded, in willing compliance with so polite an invitation, we encountered a Negro carrying a tray on his head.

"What have you there, friend," I inquired.

"Wedding cake, massa."

"For whom?"

"For myself, massa."

We might have had share of the cake and participated in the nuptial festivities, I have no doubt, if time had permitted us to do so.

We had scarcely parted from him when a Negress at the door of a cottage, and surrounded by a progeny of various hues, attracted our attention. She welcomed us with, "How do, massas?" and after a few words, I said, as we turned away, in Spanish, *Vayamos*; instantly her ear caught the sound, and addressing me in the same language, she told me it was her native tongue. She had come from Carthagená. I did not lose the opportunity of a little practice with a language which had been familiar to me at Gibraltar; before we left, she made me promise to return; and raising her hands, which she clasped together, her eyes suffused with tears, exclaimed with deep feeling, "*Mi patria, viva mi patria*;" so strong even with this poor Negress was the love of home.

The lady, at whose "pen" we now arrived, proved to be an antique, roughly carved, and, as she soon told

us, was married to her fourth husband, whom she had chosen from a bevy of wooing attorneys, as a protector against the others; "however," she added, "he has given himself up to drink, and is worse than nobody."

We did much credit to her luxurious luncheon, and enjoyed her bottled porter and sangaree.

Pushed on to another "pen," where we were expected to dine and sleep. After a bath, great feasting on turtle soup, stewed eels, corimba, the salmon of Jamaica, with every conceivable luscious fruit, fresh and preserved, and iced champagne in copious libations, we rambled through the coffee ground. The coffee-plaut, which is a shrub, is kept carefully pruned so that it shall not exceed four or five feet in height; the leaves are of a dark green, and the berries look at first like small buds, but as they grow larger, resemble in appearance Siberian crabs on a reduced scale, on one side yellowish, on the other rose-coloured. Shaddockes, bananas, grape fruit, mangoes, akki, avocado pears, jack-fruit and bread-fruit and mountain cabbage are among the productions of this place.

When we returned to the house, we were summoned to the hall to see a Negress perform the *Fetish* dance, which is evidently of savage origin. The dancer works herself into frantic excitement, gesticulating violently and screaming discordantly until she appears a perfect maniac; then comes the spirit of divination upon her, and she reveals some of the secrets of every individual present, a part of the performance which affords much scope for ready wit, in which this black woman was not deficient. She had evidently during our short stay seized on some of our individual peculiarities, which she turned to full account.

The entertainment then changed; she appeared in the dress of a Negro, in which character her imitation of a black man's style of dancing was perfect. This scene ended, she reappeared in *proppid personá*, and received a contribution of nearly five dollars.

We all then set to at waltzes and reels, and here again the *Fetish* woman shone. I never saw better waltzers, untiring and untired, with the thermometer at 85°, the whole household—never small in a Jamaica country-house—partaking in common of the evening's amusement at this bachelor establishment.

It was midnight when we retired, after partaking freely of that insinuating mixture, called planters' punch. It was altogether a glorious day. I was prevented from sleeping by the assaults of mosquitos, which had succeeded in pushing through the gauze curtains intended for my protection.

At higher elevations than the plantation from which I am recording a notice on these magnificent mountains, the temperature is never too high for comfort, and were it not for terrific thunder-storms, such localities would be pleasant at all seasons. One of the guests, whose dwelling is 5,700 feet above the level of the sea, mentioned, that the mercury seldom rises above 75°, and ranges from this to 61°. European

fruits and vegetables thrive well here. It is, in short, at this high elevation, an English climate in its brightest and most enjoyable mood, while the people below are broiling or melting.

Towards morning I felt chilly, and enjoyed my blanket, in sympathy, as to quick sensibility of atmospheric changes, with a ring-tailed monkey who occupied a corner of my room. He was dozing, and had his head between his legs as if to keep his nose and ears warm. I counted every stroke of the clock until four A.M.

Tuesday.—Rising at that hour, and leaving our friendly host in his dressing-gown in the verandah, smoking a cigar, we rode at a smart pace in order to be in time for drill and regimental inspection. A delicious plunge into our tank, (which is 50 feet square and 4 deep, and is fed by cool mountain streams conveyed to it by pipes,) before half-past six A.M. when the relieved guard bathed in it, refreshed me. Commenced the duties of the day;—found several new cases of fever among the men;—reported offences in the defaulters' book;—buried poor D—, and read the funeral service, the Chaplain being at Fort Augusta. Heard for the second time a complaint from Serjeant L—, respecting the unmanageableness of his wife;—told him that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," but, at the same time, thought within myself that a supple-jack would be good for such a virago as she undoubtedly is;—attended doctor's inspection at 10 A.M.;—received many letters on regimental matters, and private ones, from England by the Packet;—wrote my reports;—ordered a pipe of Madeira for mess, and had a hogshead of porter bottled;—examined mess accounts, and thought seriously of resigning the management of it. It is not always advantageous to have a character for steadiness and talent in business of this nature; I will not have greatness thrust upon me in this way. As I was contemplating the luxury of a lounge on my sofa and a bowl of sangaree—Creole fashion—S— and G— came in to settle the programme of private theatricals for the next week, to be followed by a bachelors' ball. Asked them to second breakfast (lunch) of course, and thereby lost the siesta which the great heat and my fatigue would have rendered so agreeable. What could have induced the blockheads to come from Lucca in such a glare of sunshine? Received an order from the Deputy Adjutant General to fire a *feu-de-joie* to-morrow, news having arrived of the birth of a Prince of Wales;—dined at mess;—multitudinous bumpers in honour of our future monarch;—had a quiet musical party, and a dance at the Adjutant's;—nice girls—sang well, danced better, and looked charming;—devilish lobsters for supper. When we separated, the night was clear and lovely;—went to bed wearied and sleepy, but alas! no sleep for me.

I had hardly been shrouded within my mosquito curtains, when my servant came to tell me that Lieutenant M— wished to see me on particular business. Now M— was an active sound-limbed

young fellow, rather scampish and always in scrapes. By reason of my unfortunate character for steadiness, he had come to me for advice on an annoying affair. With other officers he had been drinking too freely in the exuberance of their loyalty, and afterwards engaged with some civilians at *écarté* for high stakes, in violation of the General's recent letter against gambling. One of the party, the overseer of a mountain farm, insulted the *militaire*. The party broke up in great excitement. M— came to consult me as to the possibility of arranging a hostile meeting before the matter became blown, or of extracting an apology from the offender. There was nothing for it, but to gallop to the plantation, which was many miles distant, and see the person who had occasioned all this fuss. Not a soul did we meet on our way thither, except the sentries on starting, therefore the affair in which we were engaged ran no risk of premature discovery.

The overseer had just preceded us. After a long *palaver*, in which M— and I talked big, the gentleman acknowledged that he had been wrong and hasty, a common effect of the climate, (had champagne nothing to do with it?) and consented to apologise *selon les règles*.

We lighted cigars, and wishing him *bon repos*, retraced our steps as quickly as possible.

Morning had not yet made its threatening inroad on the empire of night, but the figures of some sleeping black fellows, who may be seen towards morning stretched at almost every gateway, (their little stores of yams and vegetables of many sorts, with which they had started from the mountains, laid carefully beside them, and generally their donkeys fastened to some fence and browsing on buds and branches, unconscious of the injury they inflict, and Blacky caring as little about the mischief done to Buckra), indicated that we should barely have time to reach the barracks before *veille*: this, however, we accomplished.

Wednesday.—Sir W. G— appeared on parade at half-past five A.M. The men turned out beautifully clean, and marched past the General very well. The manœuvring was not so good, but he professed his satisfaction. He then inspected barracks, hospital, and kits. Whilst we were at breakfast, a shot was fired from one of the barrack rooms, and a soldier rushed in, saying, that Serjeant S— had shot himself. This he effected by putting the muzzle of a firelock into his mouth and pulling the trigger with his toe. The unfortunate man had been under a cloud for having defrauded an officer of part of his company's money. A letter was found in his pocket, addressed to his uncle, who is possessed of property in England, stating that he had been leading a very dissolute life since his arrival in the island, and was so cast down by a sense of shame that he had resolved to follow the example of his father, (who had destroyed himself on hearing of another disgraceful act of this young man, who had been flogged for it at Edinburgh Castle). Visited one of my men in the last stage of

yellow fever;—saw him die;—the hospital is a melancholy place;—went to a christening;—C— and I acted as sponsors for the child of a brother officer, and had a funous lunch. While we were there, the colour-sergeant's wife was reported to have produced twins,—sharp practice this;—sent a party after two deserters; one of them had decamped because his whiskers had been shaved off as a punishment; we thought it a mild though *barberous* one;—dressed and dined with the General;—great fuss,—some black fellows having stolen some wine, which had been left out to be cooled; no uncommon occurrence among these dingy sons of freedom.

It would have been a delightful evening to me but for the great heat, which put me into too "melting a mood" to be agreeable and able to offer those *petits soins* which I wished to perform towards the elegant and fashionable ladies at table. We all afterwards went to a great ball in the assembly rooms. Our band played their new quadrilles;—danced till nearly five o'clock in the morning. I never before witnessed such a profusion of wines and other luxuries, and notwithstanding the prodigious crowd, there was scarcely a perceptible impression made on the good things of the supper table. Iced champagne flowed as plentifully as water. Owing to its influence, two native gentlemen became very bellicose towards each other; a benevolent comet, who sat between them, with affected *naïveté* offered them the use of his Mantons. This put an end to that altercation. Though there were nearly 1000 persons, the room was cooler than an English one in similar circumstances. There were several browns, and a great many shades of blacks, not only mixtures of colours, but of callings; many of the *Shopocracy* were there, intermingled with the great functionaries, and one tipsy gentleman with whom I had been dealing in the morning begged to introduce me to his daughter, but as I had the honour of being engaged to a lady of the General's family I escaped a dilemma without giving offence.

Thursday.—The suicide was interred at daybreak without military honours. One of his comrades read the funeral service. I attended the remains of little Coleman, the drummer, to his grave; and such a resting-place! it had nearly a foot of water in it—as miserable a receptacle as the swampy land of New Orleans. Inspected the kits of eight of our lately fine healthy grenadiers, and gave directions for the disposal of them. Such sights sicken me. Will not these deaths speak trumpet-tongued to the dissolute?—No—familiarity with them deadens their impression. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," is the language of our sensualists.—Went through my whole routine of morning duties—Hospital inspection, reports and accounts, &c.—had the satisfaction of finding that the deserters were brought back. One of them, Pat Casey, when overtaken on the mountains, said he had walked so far, that he must be near Dublin.

Set off for a pic-nic, with two of the least romantic of our corps, to the Port Royal mountains, a pretty considerable distance.

The road, which winds through a narrow pass into the heart of the mountains, is rather difficult and very zig-zag, and presents no remarkable features; yet the *total ensemble* of the scenery is very interesting. I have heard these mountains compared, by a lady of course, to a piece of crumpled green satin, and not inaptly; for there is a peculiar richness in the verdure which spreads over their summits, and clothes the sides of their innumerable projections and indentations, and which is varied by the deeper shade of the shrubs and fruit-trees which abound there. I saw of mangoes alone sufficient to support an army for a month. Several of the Negro huts are picturesquely situated on the tops of smaller hills, whose slopes, studded with plantations of bananas, show that the Negro is not altogether idle, or at least that he labours—by deputy, through his womankind; met several groups of Negresses toiling along the road. Passed a horrid sight, a black man who had died the night before of spasms. The body, already dreadfully swollen, was surrounded by black and brown women waiting for the coroner. A very intelligent white-headed Negro told me that the deceased had been a great drunkard, that he himself was a native of Angola. Though kidnapped and brought to Jamaica at a very early age, he has a vivid recollection of his native land, to which he expressed his desire to return. Met old blind Haffo, a privileged pauper Negro, who had obtained leave from the House of Correction to wander into the country for fresh air. This poor fellow had been landed in the Island blind from the small-pox, which had been fatal to many of the live African cargo of which he was a unit. Though half idiotic, he finds his way, and always carries a wallet, the contents of which are known only to himself, so jealously does he guard it.

Our way lay through a mountain pass, where the river, which supplies a waterfall, forces its way to the lowlands, after crossing and recrossing the stream in many places, under the shade of a grove of acacias, whose delightful perfume embalmed the air. We approached the gorge of the mountain, and were sheltered from the sun by its precipitous sides, which towered hundreds of feet above us, barely leaving room for the torrent to flow through. I felt amazed at the brilliancy of the wild flowers, among which were many specimens of the *Epidendrum nutans*, some pendant from the forks of the trees like the parasite mistletoe, its thick spikes guarding the tree to which it clung for support; rose-coloured and purple flowers also, whose names I know not, shed their fragrance around. Further up the pass nature appeared in a sterner garb. Pent up within its narrow bed, the noisy stream bounded from rock to rock; how different from the sluggishness with which it terminated its boisterous career in the pool of the lowland, where the pernicious influence of the tropical sun renders it a Dead Sea in miniature! Over our heads stupendous masses of rocks seemed held together solely by ligatures of rope-like creepers, which wound their network round them. From every crevice, apparently even from the bare surface of the rock itself, burst forth thousands

of shrubs and plants, the seeds of which, supplied by the prodigality of nature, are wafted from spot to spot by every breath of air. Overtook our party of explorers, interchanged greetings, fagged slowly on through the pass, congratulating ourselves on being sheltered from the sun's glare, and enjoying the various vistas which opened to us as we went along; while the grand luminary, gleaming on the mountains' summits seen at intervals, made the landscape, by contrast with the shade below, more interesting. The water-fall was pleasing. Having dismounted from our horses and mules, we all rambled and scrambled as much as the heat would permit. At this time I met a very annoying mishap. While I was carrying a lady's basket, filled with wild strawberries of the finest flavour, which I had culled for her—dear little Scotch lassie,—as a fit offering to a daughter of the land of mountain and flood, so famous for this fruit, as I was piloting the way before her in very slippery places, my evil genius tripped me. Fortunately, I had let go her hand before I fell: but alas! my fall was attended with a sad disaster: the stretching of my tight trowsers, as ill adapted to the Jamaica climate as is the European constitution, gave way. The anxiety of my fair companion to know if I were hurt furnished me with a hint to leave her to the escort of another gentleman, while I crept, pretending to be very lame, behind a shrub, where, pulling out a pocket handkerchief, I covered the breach and limped on; but that villain J—betrayed me, to the suppressed amusement of the ladies and the hearty merriment of the gentlemen. Feasted under the grateful shade of a Spanish chestnut,—lighted on our way home by myriads of fire-flies in the hedges.

Lay down to sleep, hot and jaded, at midnight;—drum beat at 2 A.M.—fire broken out at Kingston;—marched off with two companies to assist in getting it under; remained actively at work until nearly four A.M. when it was subdued;—damage considerable, notwithstanding our efforts; got into bed at four A.M. to rise at half-past five for parade!

Friday.—After little more than an hour's sleep, up again.—The Colonel harangued the men and read the articles of war—three more deaths! The General has ordered us to leave Up-Camp Fort and go to Fort Augusta, leaving this unhealthy station to the black regiments. 4 officers and 149 non-commissioned officers and privates dead!—Had a fine sight in Kingston of the pride and pomp of war—a grand muster of the militia in the Barrack Square,—band playing Rory O'More, men jostling each other most ludicrously, marching to the tune; some had uniforms, some had none—some wore caps, others hats, and six stands of arms was the whole of their armament. The officers mustered strong.—There was a Negro festival too,—a few petty cotton flags all the display made;—heard a preacher murder the English language in the market-place, while at a corner of the square some drunken Negroes were deafening the community (communication, his Reverence called it) with a tom-tom. Some handsome Jewesses, who like myself

were drawn there by curiosity, had more attraction for me than the affair of the festival. During four mortal hours sat on a Court-martial to try delinquents; afterwards rode to Fort Augusta (seventeen miles off) by the Ferry road, to see if quarters were preparing for our detachment,—dined at the Ferry tavern on stewed eels and calipida,—passed for the twentieth time by the famous cocoa-tree whose shade people say covers an acre of ground. It is the fashion to call this road uninteresting, though the luxuriant vegetation on both sides, and groves of cocoa-nut-trees, give it an air of beauty in my opinion.

Though it was late when I reached Fort Augusta and completed my regimental duties there, I consented, as the night was fine, to pull out with some friends in a boat, who were engaged to sup with an extraordinary character in the mercantile navy, who invited them on board his brig. In the course of the evening he told us that four years ago he risked all his capital in a voyage to Africa, for slaves. His escapes from all our cruisers were marvellous. He came to Jamaica with his cargo of Africans, and sailed close to Port Royal. He reached Trinidad and Cuba, though an English frigate sailed almost in his wake, and a war schooner had sailed out the day previously, both of which had been for a month on the look-out for him, the appearance of his vessel and the object of his voyage having been made known to the Commodore at Port Royal, soon after he had sailed for Africa. He seemed quite excited as he described his escape. Had he been taken, he would have been poor for life. He concluded by saying that if England were to send a thousand cruisers to sea, there would still be a trade in slaves. Strange to say, his expression of countenance is benevolent, though he considers the slave-trade in no other light than that of legitimate traffic. Slept this night.

Saturday.—Having provided for my military duties at Fort Camp, I went in the early part of the morning, fishing—caught several mullet, a snook, and a shark, measuring five feet ten inches, and weighing forty-nine pounds. At one time, seeing a Negro apparently lifeless in his canoe at some distance, we pulled off to him. The lazy rascal had been dozing in the hot sunshine as he reclined luxuriously; his feet reposed on the gunwale, and to each great toe was fastened a line; when the baited hooks were caught by a fish, the jerk on his toe aroused him. Sometimes, no doubt, he was humbugged by a nibble. Amused, and yet angry with the fellow for having occasioned us a long and unnecessary row, we pulled ashore, but on landing, our canoe was capsized by the awkwardness of my companion, and all our fish went to the bottom. We were thoroughly drenched, and I had to dress in borrowed raiment; and having equipped and armed ourselves to the teeth, a party of us went off to hunt an alligator. The scene of our sport was a stagnant pool, fringed with mangoes. We embarked on it in a small boat, having for bait a young pig fastened to a double hook, chain and rope. Poor piggy, however, was carried to the bottom by the weight of his chain,

and thus the chance of enticing our scaly foe was diminished. We then rigged a float, and making the end of the chain fast to it, and belaying the end of our line, left that part of the lagoon for another, where we had capital sport, shooting galdins, a kind of wader of black and white plumage, considered a delicacy for the table. As the alligator did not show, and we were obliged to go to a race that afternoon, we returned to the fort for an early dinner. The race was capital, and evening was far advanced when I mounted the roan again, and returned to Fort Camp with the agreeable prospect of leaving that pestiferous place finally on the Monday following.

A NAPOLEONIC PICTURE-GALLERY AT BOLOGNA.

THE following sketch of a "Napoleonic Picture-Gallery at Bologna," is from the pen of an accomplished German writer; and in addition to its own graphic merit, derives peculiar interest at the present moment from the description it contains of one of those family portraits in which the painter, by a happy instinct, seems to have foreshadowed at a very early period the future success of Louis Napoleon, at present the absolute ruler of the French Republic:—

Far from the busy market-place of Bologna, through long and silent streets, where only a few foot-passengers are seen walking along beneath the arcades of the houses, and where the young grass is springing up between the stones of the pavement, one enters upon an open square, ornamented in the mediæval style; and there presents itself to our view a palace, erected by the creative genius of Palladio. No restless fiery steeds, no busy retinue of servants, no sound of joyous life beneath the noble porticos,—upon the light and airy staircase,—within the splendid saloons!

At the porter's lodge we requested admission into the Palazzo Camerata, belonging to the Countess Camerata of Ancona, the daughter of Eliza Baciocchi, the niece of the Emperor. The grey-haired domestic led us up a flight of stairs, and opened the door of a princely saloon. It was five o'clock in the afternoon. The variegated light of a September setting sun fell in glowing rays through the lofty windows, whose curtains had been drawn back by our aged guide. A solemn stillness reigned throughout the apartment. We stood before the pictures and statues of the Napoleon family; like the Medici, a true race of kings. Here they are gathered together; and the whole poetry of their appearance, the marvellous uprising of their splendour from out of the wild chaos of the revolution, which the emperor, with Titania might, reduced into form and order, all penetrates the soul of the beholder, as he gazes around him in this apartment. On the wall at the left-hand side of the entrance, hangs a portrait of the Emperor in his coronation robes, resembling the portrait in the Dresden gallery, only that the head here is drawn

with more spirit than it is there. The moment of the coronation is not, however, that in Napoleon's life which one desires most to see preserved, for it is not his greatest deed. He readily presents himself to our imagination as a young hero, mounted upon a fiery steed and climbing the Alps, while he points onwards with his uplifted sword to the path of undying fame. One beholds him in spirit, within the plague-hospital of Egypt, before the pyramids, at the bridge of Arcola, or in any of those places where he, a conquering genius, rushed onward in all the fiery confidence of victory, comet-like, throughout the world. One thinks upon him only as the born monarch, on whom Nature in her bounteous mood had conferred the diadem; not as the prince who receives his crown with solemn ceremonial, and surrounded by all that empty pomp which so often stamps a hollow grandeur upon official dignity.

On the right hand of the Emperor is seen Pauline Borghese, upon a crimson velvet seat of antique form, placed before a dark green velvet hanging. She bears a strong resemblance to the Emperor. Her white satin dress, embroidered with gold, is confined around the waist with a golden girdle. Her arms and bust are very beautiful. Beneath the diadem of the princess flows a long veil, and around her fair brow are waving locks of a dark glossy hue. From her full, drooping, almond-shaped eye, she looks forth languishingly upon the beholder, kindling and yet cold, as if she would command as well as beseech the homage of the heart, in the full consciousness that hers was a sovereign beauty. Upon the other side is Joseph, in the uniform of a French general. He is standing in the open air with a decree in his right hand.

Next to him is Caroline Bonaparte, the wife of Murat, who stands upon the terrace of a garden. She wears a flame-coloured robe over a white undergarment, a gold embroidered scarf, and scarlet flowers in her hair. She is less of a brunette than Pauline, looks much less oriental, and has far less physiognomy than her sister; a soft smooth skin, a very fresh complexion, with blue eyes and rich dark hair, the fitting queen of gay and life-loving Naples. Jerome is represented in white uniform with long military boots, leaning against a tree, beneath whose shadow sits his spouse, a Princess of Wirtemberg. She is very beautiful, and with her German physiognomy, looks like a stranger among all the Italian faces around her. This royal lady is very like Queen Louisa of Prussia. She wears a white satin dress, with pearl ornaments and scarlet roses beneath her veil. Jerome, the only one of Napoleon's family who has small, insignificant, contracted features, looks as if he were her attendant.

Louis Bonaparte holds his son,¹ whose age may be about twelve years, by the hand. He has a thorough Bonaparte countenance. He points with his left hand upwards to a rook which he is beginning to ascend, while he turns a fond gaze upon the boy, whom, with his right hand, he is drawing after him. Both

(1) The President of the French Republic.

are in military costume. The boy has a sort of Hussar dress, red trowsers, blue spencer, and holds in his hand the *calpac* with the heron's feather in it. Louis resembles the Emperor only in a few of his features, but the boy is altogether extremely like him.

Then comes Letitia, in crimson gold-embroidered velvet, a diadem of brilliants upon her brow, a true Roman woman; the mother of a world-ruler. She has rich black hair, clear bright eyes, strongly defined features and form; in the lower part of the cheek may be observed that soft fulness which is so often seen among the older Italian women, but no traces of those minute wrinkles which are the silent tell-tales of declining years. Her whole countenance is frank, full and proud. Letitia is conscious of the strength of her own character. It seems natural to her that Napoleon, who was born of her blood, who first drew his breath from beneath her proud heart, should be the ruler of the world. It seems to her quite in the order of things that all her children should be kings, because she and Napoleon had imparted to them so many rays of their own light, that the planets shone as if they themselves were fixed stars. She has assuredly never thought within herself: "My son has heaped honours upon my head!" Letitia has never received a favour. She has born her son into the world, whose business therefore it is to thank her for this favour. She has given life to Napoleon; consequently he remains her debtor, even though he were to lay the sovereignty of the world at her feet. The expression of this peculiar, tranquil self-consciousness of supremacy, which confers upon itself the crown, pervades her whole aspect. A wonderful woman!

On the opposite wall hangs a large picture, descriptive of the Court of Lucca. Eliza Baciocchi, the Duchess of Lucca, is seated with her daughter on a throne-like seat. Her husband, in full uniform, stands on one side, contemplating Gerard and Canova, who are engaged in painting and modelling his wife and daughter. Gerard, in a black frock coat, wears the Order of the Legion of Honour. Young and pretty court ladies, young military men, diplomatists and artists, all of them portraits, fill up the sides and background. This picture is full of vivid and animated expression. All the faces and forms are youthfully fresh; there are no old, worn-out physiognomies—a true symbol of the age and race of Napoleon. They seem to reach onward into the spring-time of a new order of things, breathing a glowing life, bearing rich fruit of many a sort, and disappearing from the midst of us, without ever having faded away. Besides the well-known statue of the Emperor by David, and a lovely group by Canova,—Eliza with her infant daughters in her arms, who are clinging to their mother,—and a charming statuette of the same children by Bartolini, there are several busts in the collection, among which are the Emperor's sisters and wives; Murat, Hortense, and Eugene; not forgetting the Emperor's father, who is represented in the prime of life, and bears the aspect of a youthful Nero. I had, however, the conviction that this head was an ideal

one, and placed there by way of completing the collection. It had only a typical, but no personal truth.

The sisters of Napoleon resemble him far more than do his brothers. Among the latter, Lucien is the most like him. He has a prominent nose and a good profile, and there is much manly beauty in the expression of his head. Jerome's features are, as has been already said, very insignificant; but as for the sisters, their heads are like those of finely chiselled antique statues.

Josephine is uncommonly lovely, without, however, any real beauty. A short, delicately formed nose, and the sweetest expression about her mouth and eyes. Hortense is almost German in her form, and has much more decision and seriousness of aspect than her mother. Eugene's bust conveys the same agreeable impression that one receives on meeting with a worthy good man. While gazing upon his noble features, his clear open brow and the calm bearing of his carriage, one exclaims involuntarily, "That was a noble man!" Murat presents a perfect contrast to him—the true model of a handsome but rude Italian peasant: thick curly hair, a full beard, a coarse, broad nose, a wide thick-lipped mouth, such as is not uncommon among the people at Naples. Murat might have made a good Massaniello, and so also might a hundred of the Neapolitan *Marinari*. Spirited, daring and imperious, indeed, but at the same time rude and commonplace in feature and aspect. Far other blood flows in his veins than in those of Napoleon's family. Even the distinguished appearance of Jerome's wife, the Princess of Wirtemberg, does not reach in some sort the noble expression conveyed to us by Letitia, Lucien and Napoleon. It is the inborn nobility of intelligence and genius, contrasted with that which has descended from a long line of distinguished ancestors, and which at its spring-head gushed from the same source,—the people.

Nearest to the door stands the bust of Maria Louisa. She is not worthy of a place in this apartment. All of those who are destined to live on here in their portraits, were great either through their own souls or at least through the love which they cherished alike in adversity as in success. Maria Louisa is the only traitress in this circle. I know nothing more unworthy than a woman, so placed that she must either prove an angel or a wretch, proving mean and unworthy of the lofty fate which had been assigned to her. To be worthy of the love of a Napoleon was no common vocation. When Napoleon married Maria Louisa, it was with the hope of obtaining an heir to his name and empire; and yet when informed by Corvisart that either the mother or the child must be sacrificed, he exclaimed, "Save the mother!" Surely, from that moment forward, he had the fullest claim upon his wife's devoted love; he, to whom an heir was everything, and a woman's love of so little value. Maria Louisa ought to have abandoned neither her husband nor her child in the hour of need. By the side of the dethroned Emperor, and with her

son in her arms,—that was her fitting place; the barren rock of St. Helena, the loftiest throne she could have ascended, from whence her name would have gone down to futurity with imperishable glory, instead of sinking, as it has done, into forgetfulness and contempt.

I did not perceive any picture of the Duke of Reichstadt in this collection.

GLENGARIFF.

No one who sees the engraving from Mr. Creswick's picture of Glengarriff, and is ignorant of the locality, but would suppose the place thus represented to be situated in some far inland territory, almost inaccessible by the feet of the adventurous traveller. How nobly those lofty and rugged hills sweep down to the bosom of the water; and how calm is the surface of the latter, as if the winds of heaven never dared to visit it too roughly! The little castle that crowns that low jutting-out promontory covered with thick masses of foliage, seems rather the abode of the genius of the place than the dwelling of common humanity, while the white sails of those distant pleasure-boats suggest the idea of—

"Spectres that haunt our midnight dreams."

And though the artist has thought fit to connect the place with the living world by the introduction of a group of modern mortals into the foreground of the picture, it seems clear they have only come thither as wanderers passing on to some city of habitation.

Yet Glengarriff is neither out of humanity's reach nor altogether untenanted. On the southernmost part of Ireland, in the county of Cork, where the coast is broken up into numerous long slips or promontories, stretching miles in length out into the Irish channel, and guarded by a multitude of small islands, will be found this truly romantic spot, one of the loveliest which even this beautiful country can offer to the eye. It lies not very far from Bantry Bay, made memorable in the Revolutionary war at the close of the last century, from the threatened invasion of a considerable body of French troops to assist the "United Irishmen," a society whose object was to throw off their allegiance to the British crown. The attempt, however, failed, chiefly owing to the destruction of many of the foreign vessels in a gale of wind, and the loss of large bodies of their troops by the same disaster: notwithstanding all the efforts made by the survivors, the French forces could not succeed in effecting a landing.

Glengarriff, literally the "Rough Glen," is a deep alpine valley about three miles in length, and seldom exceeding a quarter of a mile in breadth, enclosed by precipitous hills. The traveller who wanders through this magnificent valley, encounters majestic trees, oddly-shaped rocks, and gurgling rivulets, the latter every now and then rushing by huge masses of stone,

which divide them into a number of silvery threads, as it were, till they meet again in a broader channel, and push onwards till lost in the blue Atlantic. The mountains are of all heights, forms, and varieties of outline. The most prominent among them being the "Sugar-loaf," *Steve-na-goil*, "the mountain of the wild people," with its conical head soaring into the clouds; and at a considerable distance in the rear of this, is "Hungry Hill," naked and barren, down which runs a stream from the lake upon its summit. This stream, gathering from other sources as it sweeps down the long declivity, breaks at last into a tremendous cataract, eight hundred feet in depth, expanding in its fall, and flinging from its broad sides a spray that seems to enwrap a large portion of the hill with its thick white mists.

From whatever point the eye traverses the glen, it is sure to discern some picturesque and attractive scene; the best view, however, is to be obtained from a comparatively low hill in the immediate vicinity of a chapel that lies to the west of the small village of Glengarriff. But it is from the road to Kennmare that the exceeding loveliness of the valley, and the full glory of the bay, with its numerous islands beyond it, will be most advantageously seen. For three or four miles the way winds round the side of a mountain, dull and altogether void of interest; suddenly the traveller finds himself on the brow of the hill, and then he sees that he is over the glen, some thousand feet above the ocean stretching out far away into space, with the islands on the coast looking mere spots upon the bosom of the waters. The river running through the valley has dwindled into a narrow white line, the trees have assumed broad indefinite masses of dark foliage, and the height on which he stood an hour or two ago has become scarcely larger than an ant-hillock. Midway down are a few scattered cottages, scarcely distinguishable but for the smoke that creeps lazily from them. The silence and solitude of the scene are almost appalling, for there is no song of the mountain-bird to break the hush of nature, unless the scream

"Of the wild eagle from its eyry gazing,"

may be so designated.

With what varied feelings does the mind of the thinking man contemplate the union of beauty and sublimity in creation! Its grandeur and loveliness inspire him with admiration and gratitude for such glorious gifts; but with these thoughts come the recollection of his own insignificance, the workings of his restless and ever-dissatisfied spirit, the craving after other incentives to enjoyment, and, more than all, the evil that lies within and around him, chastening and subduing all that should make life happy. Nowhere does this last feeling rise up with such overwhelming power to crush every felicitous emotion as when one stands amid some of the magnificent scenery of Ireland.



THE SCENERY OF AMERICA.

NOTWITHSTANDING that steam, the comparative annihilator of time and space, offers every inducement and facility for travellers to explore other regions than those usually selected by Europeans in general, but especially by Englishmen, America has not yet become a favourite resort with us. A month or so consumed in going thither and returning is a long time for one to be so occupied who can perhaps afford but a very few weeks during the year away from his profession or his business; and even when a man has little else to do but play the idler and "take his ease at his inn," a voyage across the blue waters of the Atlantic, with its disquietudes and possible dangers, is sufficient to deter him from attempting the passage: the remark applies generally, yet there are some exceptions, from whom, as well as from American writers themselves, we have learned all that we know of the physical and geographical phenomena of the country, and of the rapid strides it is making in the great march of human civilization.

And how vast and wonderful has her march been!—how almost instantaneous, as if touched by a magician's wand, has been her transformation from a wilderness to a fruitful field! It is but yesterday, measuring time from the first dawns of creation, that her mountains were solitary places, her interminable forests echoed only the roar of savage beasts and the more welcome sound of singing birds, and her plains were trodden by the foot of the wild red man: her rivers flowed on, century after century, yet conveyed to the inhabitants of the western world no tidings that there existed another hemisphere, richer in natural wealth, and scarcely less extensive than their own. How startling, then, must have been the intelligence that reached Europe of the discovery of America! It would almost seem as if this continent had been purposely intended by Providence to remain hidden till the necessities of the Old World required a new and a wider field for the operations of the great family of mankind, which had grown too large for the restless and expansive spirit of its various members. There then was "ample room, and verge enough," for it to expatiate; a prize for the ambitious, a path for the gold-lover to wander in, a theme for the speculations of the philosopher, and a page, fresh from the hands of its Divine Author, for him who seeks after knowledge. And thither each and all of these respective classes hastened in process of time, many of them bringing back, like the spies sent out into Canaan, "goodly fruits of the land," as incentives to future adventurers; others remained there to possess themselves of its treasures, and abiding by them, handed down the inheritance to their children's children.

Whatever disinclination an Englishman may feel towards the political institutions and some of the habits and customs of the Americans, he must glory in having given to them a language, thoughts, and

aspirations, akin to his own. The blood of the Saxon circulates almost wherever human foot has trodden; his voice is heard giving laws and inculcating religion over vast tracts of the inhabited earth; and from his loins are springing up great and powerful nations, destined hereafter to hold the reins of unbounded empire, when those now existing shall be known only through their past histories. With all their nationality, the Americans feel, and are justly proud of this. They look back and associate themselves with the glories England has won in art, science, literature, and philanthropy; and they look forward to what our and their own future success may be in the promotion of universal happiness. Our task now, however, refers less to the social condition of the western hemisphere, than to its present aspect, as built by the great Architect of the universe, and as the transforming hand of man has made it.

The book of nature is a volume none can profitably study who have not feelings in harmony with the subject; the faculty of perception and the sense of enjoyment are essential to a full comprehension of its beauties. Education of the mind and of the heart, if not of the vision, is also necessary to a right understanding of what it places before us. The peasant returning homewards from his daily toil, may, not unreasonably, fancy he

"Sees God in clouds, and hears Him in the wind;"

for the whispers of the one and the far-off beauty of the other are audible and thought-giving things, capable of making themselves heard and felt. But his mind has not been tutored to linger over the less exciting objects of creation: the seasons roll on unnoticed, except as they vary his round of occupation; his eye wanders over the broad expanse of meadow, yet he sees not how one blade of grass differs from another blade in symmetry of form and in delicacy of texture; he looks upon the woods skirting the yellow cornfields, whose ripe sheaves are gathered beneath his sickle, but his soul cannot penetrate into their recesses and draw forth happiness from their shadowy depths; nor does the gurgling of the brook, over which he treads on that solitary plank, allure him to contemplation by the ripple of its shallow waters. Mind and feeling must be brought to bear upon the visible works of the Deity, ere that voice can be understood which speaks of their grandeur and their glory. Burns listened to it when he "followed the plough upon the mountain side," and Bloomfield, as he kept watch o'er the sheep-fold, and they answered it in their songs of joy; ay, and hundreds beside these, to whom the gift of words has not been afforded, echo in the silence of the heart the music of their minstrelsy. There is a natural science which neither schools nor systems can teach, but the number is small to whom it is revealed.

All great minds untainted by the world's ambition have revelled in the charms and majesty of nature; while even they whose very names were watchwords of terror to their fellow-men, have been awed into a

(1) "The Home Book of the Picturesque." Published by G. F. Putnam, New York.

spirit of meekness by the overwhelming power of the physical universe; and others engrossed,

"From morn to eve, from eve to dewy morn,"

by the din and turmoil of life, not unfrequently rejoice to exchange its pomps and its frettings for the haunts of the turtle-dove, not as dull anchorites, disgusted with the world's follies, but as living men, who would, for a time, hold other and more holy communion. It is a privilege allowed by God to man, when he is permitted to escape from the burdens that weigh down both mind and body, into the sanctuary erected by the hands of Deity himself. "Nature," says Sydney Smith, "speaks to the mind of man *immediately* in beautiful and sublime language; she astonishes him with magnitude, appals him with darkness, cheers him with splendour, soothes him with harmony, captivates him with emotion, enchants him with fame; she never intended man should walk among her flowers, and her fields, and along her streams unmoved; nor did she rear the strength of her hills in vain, or mean that we should look with a stupid heart on the wild glory of the torrent, bursting from the darkness of the forest, and dashing over the crumbling rock. I would as soon deny hardness, or softness, or figure, to be qualities of matter, as I would deny beauty or sublimity to belong to its qualities." It is the triumph of matter over mind, when the beauty or the sublimity of nature brings our wayward thoughts into subjection.

Pictures are mute teachers, and however great has been the skill of the artist in portraying the varied scenery of the universe, we feel that his works are, after all, nought but painted deceptions; while the world around is a living eloquent reality. We weary of the former; for if it represent a noonday scene, one would not always dwell in perpetual sunshine; and if the locality be pictured in the soft rays of twilight, we long to see it in the brightness of day. But the landscape over which the clouds roll with ever varied motion, changing form and colour with each breath that blows,—alternating light and shadow as they move onward,—never tires, simply because it is always new, always infinite in its peculiarities. The superiority of nature over art, as a source of mental pleasure and profit, cannot be questioned; but we welcome the latter with gladness, when the former is beyond our reach; and thus the elegant volume which has given rise to the foregoing observations comes, with its delicately executed vignettes of American scenery, a most agreeable and pleasant visitor from the distant continent to our sea-girt isle.

In an introductory essay to the book entitled "Scenery and Mind," written by E. L. Magoon with much descriptive power and philosophical reflection, we find the following remarks on the effects which striking scenery produces on the mind.

"We proceed to show that, in the physical universe, what is most abundant, is most ennobling—what is most exalted, is most influential on the best minds; and that, for these reasons, national intellect receives a

prevailing tone from the peculiar scenery that most abounds.

"First, in the kingdoms of matter around us, what is most abundant in amount, is most ennobling in use. The mighty magician, Nature, produces the greatest variety of striking effects with the fewest means. There is only a sun, soil, rocks, trees, flowers, water, and an observing soul. Every thing in use depends upon this last, whether to the contemplator 'love lends a precious seeing to the eye.' Deep in the concave of heaven is the luminary revealing all; and deep in the soul of the illumined is a chord tenderly vibrating to the charms of all. The voices of every order of moving things, the silvery tones of flowing streams, the trembling tongues of leaves, the inarticulate melody of flowers, the vibrations of mighty hills, and the dread music of the spheres, all sublunary blending with all celestial notes, are not for a moment lost to the heart that listens. The harp of Memnon is not fabulous, properly interpreted. The devout lover of nature, seated on the mountain, or by the ocean, bathed in the golden sheen of opening day, will have his soul often stirred by melody divine as ever resounded from the mysterious harmonicon by the waters of the Nile.

"Every rational inhabitant of earth is a focal point in the universe, a profoundly deep centre around which everything beautiful and sublime is arranged, and towards which, through the exercise of admiration, every refining influence is drawn. Wonderful, indeed, is the radiant thread that runs through every realm of outward creation, and enlinks all their diversified influences with the innermost fibres of the soul. This is the vital nerve by virtue of which the individual is related to the universe, and the universe is equally related to the individual. Through this, all physical powers combine to relieve spiritual wants. Earth contributes her fulness of wealth and majesty; air ministers in all the Protean aspects of beauty and sublimity; fire, permeating everything graceful and fair, gleams before the scrutinizing eye with a light more vivid than the lightning's blaze; and water is not only 'queen of a thousand rills that fall in silver from the dewy stone,' diffusing a 'dulcet and harmonious breath' from the most sylvan haunts of man to his most crowded home; but from continent to continent 'pours the deep, eternal bass of nature's anthem, making music such as charms the ear of God.'"

We must, however, record our dissent from the concluding observation in this extract, which, as it is placed between inverted commas, we presume not to be Mr. Magoon's; for, not even allowing the licence of poetical allusion, can we admit that any "music" swelling upwards from earth,

"Save the soft notes of charity and love,"

can "charm the ear of God." It might have done so when the universe stood in its purity as He first created it; but the primeval curse is yet upon the ground, and its echoes are slung back from hill and torrent, telling of man's disobedience and his fall.

The magnificence of Nature! How truly does this term apply to the scenery of America! We speak of the picturesque beauty of our own favoured land; of the elegance, if such an expression may be permitted, of classic Italy and Greece; of the Alpine grandeur of Switzerland, and of the savage gloominess of the North: but in America all is grand, colossal, and sublime. It would seem that since the first dawning of time her rivers had not ceased to widen their banks, and her mountains to grow, and the trees of her forests

to rise higher and higher; in no other country are we so awed into reverence by the majesty of terrestrial objects—not grouped pictorially, as they are throughout Europe, but isolated and wild in their patriarchal solitudes. Yet, inasmuch as civilized man requires for his true enjoyment something that will remind him when he roams, that he is not quite out of the reach of humanity, so he will feel less pleasure in the contemplation of the glorious images spread out before him in the prairie and the wilderness, than in the more restricted landscapes surrounding him at home. It is the vastness of American scenery that astonishes an Englishman especially; it strikes sensibly but unsatisfactorily, for there is a limit to human vision, beyond which neither eye nor thought can penetrate with any degree of certainty. But more than all, perhaps, is the absence of those ancient edifices, which speak of the past history of mankind, and are associated with so many proud and interesting recollections;—the ruined castles, the venerable abbeys, the fine old baronial mansions embosomed in verdant woods, or seated beside clear and rapid streams, or standing in ancestral parks, amid the shadow of whose trees whole generations of noble and powerful families have lived and died: Nowhere do such objects appeal so strongly as in our own land; and they are scarcely less influential on the mind of the foreign visitor who finds his way to Ragland, Chepstow, and Kenilworth, Tintern or Kirkstall, Crewe-Hall and Knole.

Walter Scott and Fenimore Cooper are the two greatest descriptive painters of their respective countries; each of them has written like a poet, and immortalized the scenery of his native land. In the volume now lying before us the latter writer makes some very truthful remarks on the comparative beauties of Europe and America. We place our own quarter of the earth first, only because it is regarded as the "mother" of the other, and as such is entitled to precedence. After expatiating upon the rich "bits" of landscape that greet the eye of the traveller on all sides throughout the more picturesque parts of populated Europe;—the graceful winding curvatures of the old highways, the acclivities and declivities, the copses, meadows and woods, the half-hidden church, nestling among the leaves of its elms and yews, the neat and secluded hamlet, the farm-house, with all its comforts and sober arrangements; he goes on to say:—

"The Old World enjoys an advantage as regards the picturesque and pleasing, in connexion with its towns, that is wholly unknown, unless it may be in the way of exception, among ourselves. The necessity, in the middle ages, of building for defence, and the want of artillery before the invention of gunpowder, contributed to the construction of military works for the protection of the towns of Europe, that still remain, owing to their durable materials, often producing some of the finest effects that the imagination could invent to embellish a picture. Nothing of the sort, of course, is to be met with here, for we have no castles, have never felt the necessity of fortified towns, and had no existence at the period when works of this nature came within the ordinary appliances of society. On the contrary, the utilitarian spirit of the day labours to erase every inequality

from the surface of the American town, substituting convenience for appearance. It is probable there is no one who, in the end, would not give a preference to these new improvements for a permanent residence; but it is not to be denied that, so far as the landscape is concerned, the customs of the middle ages constructed much the most picturesque and striking collections of human habitations. Indeed, it is scarcely possible for the mind to conceive of objects of this nature, that are thrown together with finer effects, than are to be met with among the mountainous regions, in particular, of Europe. We illustrate one or two that are to be met with in the Apennines, and the Alps, and even in Germany, as proofs of what we say. The eye, of itself, will teach the reader that Richmond and Boston, and Washington and Baltimore, and half-a-dozen other American towns that do possess more or less of an unequal surface, must yield the palm to those gloriously beautiful objects of the Old World. When it is remembered, too, how much time has multiplied these last, it can be seen that there are large districts in the mountain regions of the other hemisphere that enjoy this superiority over us, if superiority it can be called, to possess the picturesque at the expense of the convenient. The imagination can scarcely equal the pictures of this nature that often meet the eye in the southern countries of Europe. Villages, with the chiselled outlines of castles, grey, sombre, but distinct, are often seen perched on the summits of rocky heights, or adhering, as it might be, to their sides, in situations that are frequently even appalling, and which invariably lend a character of peculiar beauty to the view. There are parts of Europe in which the traveller encounters these objects in great numbers, and if an American, they never fail to attract his attention, as the wigwam and the bark canoe, and the prairie with lines of bison, would catch the eye of a wayfarer from the Old World. To these humbler mountain pictures must be added many a castle and stronghold of royal or semi-royal origin, that are met with on the summits of abrupt and rocky eminences further north. Germany has many of these strongholds, which are kept up to the present day, and which are found to be useful as places of security, as they are certainly peculiar and interesting in the landscape."

But it is time our attention was directed to some of the exquisite little plates that embellish Mr. Putnam's book, and we open it on a charming rural sketch made by Huntington, near the village of Rondout, not far from the mighty Hudson, and about ninety miles from New York. The view represents one of the tributary streams of the mighty river flowing between low banks; in its waters are reflected the scarlet leaves of the maple, the silvery lining of the willow, the vivid emerald of the oak, the white blossom of the locust-tree, the orange-berries of the ash, and the deep dark green of a few pines whose heads have been lopped by the storms of many winters. In the centre of the mass of foliage stands a tiny cottage, with the smoke from its low chimney curling up amid the umbrageous shadows of the trees; a group of cattle are quenching their thirst in the water that flows amid large stones into the foreground of the composition, and a flock of water-fowl rests on its surface. It is a picture our own Creswick or Lee might have painted.

The neighbourhood of the Catskill Mountains seems to be a favourite place of resort with the artists of America: a view of a scene in their vicinity, from the pencil of J. F. Kennedy, introduces us to

one of the numerous cascades which form so prominent and picturesque a feature in the scenery of the country. The peculiarities of this portion of America, and its effect upon the mind of Washington Irving, when a boy, are graphically described by him in the volume before us.

"The Catskills form an advanced post, or lateral spur, of the great Alleghanian or Appalachian system of mountains which sweeps through the interior of our continent, from South-west to North-east, from Alabama to the extremity of Maine, for nearly fourteen hundred miles, belting the whole of our original confederacy, and rivalling our great system of lakes in extent and grandeur. Its vast ramifications comprise a number of parallel chains and lateral groups; such as the Cumberland Mountains, the Blue Ridge, the Alleghanies, the Delaware and Lehigh, the Highlands of the Hudson, the Green Mountains of Vermont, and the White Mountains of New Hampshire. In many of these vast ranges or sierras, nature still reigns in indomitable wildness; their rocky ridges, their rugged clefts and defiles, team with magnificent vegetation. Here are locked up mighty forests that have never been invaded by the axe; deep umbrageous valleys where the virgin soil has never been outraged by the plough; bright streams flowing in untasked idleness, unburthened by commerce, unchecked by the mill-dam. This mountain zone is in fact the great poetical region of our country; revisiting, like the tribes which once inhabited it, the taming hand of cultivation, and maintaining a hallowed ground for fancy and the muses. It is a magnificent and all-pervading feature that might have given our country a name, and a poetical one, had not the all-controlling powers of common-place determined otherwise.

"The Catskill Mountains, as I have observed, maintain all the internal wildness of the labyrinth of mountains with which they are connected. Their detached position, overlooking a wide lowland region, with the majestic Hudson rolling through it, has given them a distinct character, and rendered them at all times a rallying point for romance and fable. Much of the fanciful associations with which they have been clothed may be owing to their being peculiarly subject to those beautiful atmospheric effects which constitute one of the great charms of Hudson River scenery. To me they have ever been the fairy region of the Hudson. I speak, however, from early impressions, made in the happy days of boyhood, when all the world had a tinge of fairy land. I shall never forget my first view of those mountains. It was in the course of a voyage up the Hudson in the good old times before steamboats and railroads had driven all poetry and romance out of travel. A voyage up the Hudson in those days was equal to a voyage to Europe at present, and cost almost as much time: but we enjoyed the river then; we relished it as we did our wine, sip by sip, not, as at present, gulping all down at a draught without tasting it. My whole voyage up the Hudson was full of wonder and romance. I was a lively boy, somewhat imaginative, of easy faith, and prone to relish everything which partook of the marvellous. Among the passengers on board of the sloop was a veteran Indian trader, on his way to the lakes to traffic with the natives. He had discovered my propensity, and amused himself throughout the voyage by telling me Indian legends and grotesque stories about every noted place on the river, such as Spuyten Devil Creek, the Tappan Sea, the Devil's Dans-Kammer, and other hobgoblin places. The Catskill Mountains especially called forth a host of fanciful traditions. We were all day slowly tiding along in sight of them, so that he had full time to weave his whimsical narratives. In these mountains he told me, according to Indian belief, was kept the great treasury of storm and sunshine for the region of the

Hudson. An old squaw spirit had charge of it, who dwelt on the highest peak of the mountain. Here she kept Day and Night shut up in her wigwam, letting out only one of them at a time. She made new moons every month, and hung them up in the sky, cutting up the old ones into stars. The great Manitou, or master spirit, employing her to manufacture clouds; sometimes she wove them out of cobwebs, gossamers, and morning dew, and sent them off flake after flake, to float in the air and give light summer showers—sometimes she would brew up black thunder-storms, and send down drenching rains, to swell the streams and sweep everything away. He had many stories, also, about mischievous spirits who infested the mountains in the shape of animals, and played all kinds of pranks upon Indian hunters, decoying them into quagmires and morasses, or to the brink of torrents and precipices. All these were doled out to me as I lay on the deck throughout a long summer's day, gazing upon these mountains, the ever-changing shapes and hues of which appeared to realize the magical influences in question—sometimes they seemed to approach; at others to recede; during the heat of the day, they almost melted into a sultry haze; as the day declined, they deepened in tone; their summits were brightened by the last rays of the sun, and later in the evening their whole outline was printed in deep purple against an amber sky. As I beheld them thus continually shifting before my eye, and listened to the marvellous legends of the trader, a host of fanciful notions concerning them was conjured into my brain, which have haunted it ever since."

A picture by the President of the New York Academy of Arts places before us a noble specimen of these Catskill Mountains, and another, by T. A. Richards, delineates a noble group of the same range beside Coweta Creek, in North Carolina. We could linger over these scenes, for we love the mountains, and could write a homily about the "everlasting hills," up which the thoughts climb as if they would penetrate the clouds that settle on their summits. We would speak of Ararat, rearing its lofty head amid the waste of waters when the dove brought back the olive-branch to the ark; of Sinai, terrible with the thunders and lightning of Divine power; of Nebo, on whose summit Moses saw the "goodly land" he was forbidden to enter—and died; of Carmel, whose mysterious fire consumed the sacrifice of Elijah; of Lebanon, with its giant cedars; and of Olivet, that witnessed more than human agony; besides the long list of those made memorable by other facts than sacred history narrates, where patriotic heroism triumphed over tyranny, and religious faith fled before persecution. But instead of giving the reader our own ideas of the thoughts that rise within us in the contemplation of such material phenomena, we prefer extracting the description of a Transatlantic autumn, written with much elegance by an American lady, Miss Cooper, to elucidate one of the pictures we have just referred to.

"There is always something of uncertainty, of caprice, if you will, connected with our American autumn, which fixes the attention anew, every succeeding year, and adds to the fanciful character of the season. The beauty of spring is of a more assured nature; the same tints rise year after year in her verdure and in her blossoms; but autumn is what our friends in France call '*une beauté journalière*,' variable, changeable, not alike twice in

succession, gay and brilliant yesterday, more languid and pale to-day. The hill-sides, the different groves, the single trees, vary from year to year under the combined influences of clouds and sunshine, the soft haze, or the clear frost: the maple or oak, which last October was glorious crimson, may choose this season to wear the golden tint of the chestnut, or the pale yellow of duller trees; the ash, which was straw-colour, may become dark purple. One never knows beforehand exactly what to expect; there is always some variation, occasionally a strange contrast. It is like awaiting the sunset of a brilliant day; we feel confident that the evening sky will be beautiful; but what gorgeous clouds or what pearly stars appear to delight the eye, no one can foretell.

"It was a soft evening, early in October. The distant hills, with their rounded, dome-like heights, rising in every direction, had assumed on the surface of their crowning woods a rich tint of bronze, as though the swelling summits, gleaming in the sunlight, were wrought in fretted ornaments of that metal. Here and there a scarlet maple stood in full coloured beauty, amid surrounding groves of green. A group of young oaks close at hand had also felt the influence of the frosty autumnal dews; their foliage, generally, was a lively green, worthy of June, wholly unlike decay, and yet each tree was touched here and there with vivid snatches of the brightest red; the smaller twigs close to the trunk forming brilliant crimson tufts, like knots of ribbon. One might have fancied them a band of young knights, wearing their ladies' colours over their hearts. A pretty flowering dogwood close at hand, with delicate shaft and airy branches, flushed with its own peculiar tint of richest lake, was perchance the lady of the grove, the beauty whose colours were fluttering on the breasts of the knightly oaks on either side. The tiny seedling maples, with their delicate leaflets, were also in colour, in choice shades of scarlet, crimson, and pink, like a new race of flowers blooming about the roots of the autumnal forest.

"We were sitting upon the trunk of a fallen pine, near a projecting cliff which overlooked the country for some fifteen miles or more; the lake, the rural town, and the farms in the valley beyond, lying at our feet like a beautiful map. A noisy flock of blue jays were chattering among the oaks whose branches overshadowed our seat, and a busy squirrel was dropping his winter store of chestnuts from another tree close at hand. A gentle breeze from the south came rustling through the coloured woods, and already there was an autumnal sound in their murmurs. There is a difference in the music of the woods as the seasons change. In winter, when the waving limbs are bare, there is more of unity in the deep wail of the winds as they sweep through the forests; in summer, the rustling foliage gives some higher and more cheerful notes to the general harmony; and there is also a change of key from the softer murmurs of the fresh foliage of early summer to the sharp tones of the dry and withering leaves in October."

But there is a gem of an engraving, after a picture by R. W. Weir, that instinctively brings us back to the "old country." That church with its low, square tower, its long sloping roofs, and its ivied walls, must have been transported to the west banks of the Hudson, from one of the southern counties of England: it stands upon rising ground that descends gently into a green, narrow valley studded with oaks, elms, and other stately trees, mingled with shrubs, and in which flocks of sheep are quietly grazing; at the back is a range of lofty bold hills, looking barren and bleak. We can fancy we are listening to the sound of the bells chiming along the valley, as we

used to hear it, on some calm Sabbath morning, carried down the stream hard by the home of our boyhood, and gathering into the house of prayer rich and poor, the unlettered and the man of understanding. The scene is one that might dictate an "elegy" to another Gray, so beautiful is it, so unostentatious, so suggestive. The church in question is the "Church of the Holy Innocents," situated, as before remarked, on the west bank of the Hudson, about a mile south of the Military Academy at West Point; it is somewhat more than a century old. There is an affecting incident related of the building of this edifice.

"While two or three persons at West Point were contemplating a plan for the erection of a church, somewhere near the spot on which the one in question now stands, for the benefit of the neighbouring population, and as a centre of missionary operations in the surrounding country, embracing a large section of the Highlands, one of their number—Prof. R. W. Weir—moved by an afflative dispensation of God's providence, in the death of a child, made an offering of that child's portion to God, as the beginning of a fund for the building of a church, to be called 'The Church of the Holy Innocents.' He subsequently added to this sum other offerings of his own, and of a few other persons at West Point and elsewhere, who felt an interest in the undertaking. The simple, but chaste and beautiful sanctuary, erected to 'the honour and glory of God,' is the fruit of these offerings."

"The whole interior, marked by unity of design, by perfect simplicity, and by a quiet solemnity, cannot fail to shed its hallowing, subduing influence over the soul of every worshipper who enters there, in sincerity and truth, to worship God; while the exterior of the sacred temple, with its grey, unheaven walls, its very irregular outline, its simple rural aspect, harmonizes most strikingly with the rough, wild mountain scenery in the midst of which it seems to have sprung up, itself a work of nature. And its tower, pointing heavenward, its cruciform outline, its cross-crowned peak, tell unmistakably its holy character, and serve to remind all who enter or behold it both of the end and of the faith to which God is calling them."

Our time precludes us from extending our tour with the artists and authors of the "Home Book of the Picturesque," willing as we are to prolong such pleasant, variable, and instructive company: we would gladly sail with them up some of those noble rivers and broad lakes they have sketched and talked about, and to which we have scarcely made reference; and we should also like to tell something more of those wild legends and historical facts, associated with the places here portrayed; but we have space for neither.

The traveller visits the East that he may linger over the scenes of sacred and classic history; he would see all that is left of Thebes and Nineveh, the sites of Babylon and Palmyra, the relics of Athenian grandeur, still beautiful in their decay, and of ancient Jerusalem, "trodden of the Gentiles." He traverses northern Europe, where the tower and castle carry him back to feudal times. He crosses the Alps and stands amid the broken tombs and dilapidated aqueducts of the Roman Campagna, or before the art-treasures of Naples and Florence: all these are the pride of nations that have gone or are passing away. But he crosses the Atlantic only to find himself in a new

world—new in its physical appearance, new in its ideas and institutions, young and vigorous in energy and action. What its hereafter destiny may be, none can tell; that America will play no laggard's part in the future history of the world, it were unreasonable to doubt, when her broad valleys shall be filled with a numerous and intellectual peasantry, and the banks of her majestic rivers lined still more than now with thriving towns and cities. And although power and nobility of character are not always linked together, we may affirm, remembering from whose loins her people have sprung, and that the elements of true greatness have grown with her growth, that those gifts of intelligence and of natural advantages which have been lavishly bestowed upon her, will be used generously and wisely for the good of others.

SHORT NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Two Families. By the Author of *Rose Douglas*. 2 vols. Smith, Elder & Co: Cornhill.

THE story of this simple, but powerful tale, is an illustration of the motto which is stamped upon the title-page—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

The incidents flow, rather than arise, one from out the other; the origin of the hero of the first "family" is well conceived—working his way, stealthily and steadily, with a very, *very* little leaven, to leaven the selfishness and cunning which is part and parcel of himself, and yet cherishing one humanizing influence in his heart. The author reads human nature keenly, and correctly, and with a kindly spirit; sorry for his flaws, its mistakes, its corruptions; while for the sake of that truth *she* (?) never violates, tracing them with unerring fidelity; but her heart expands, and her style improves, when she displays the workings, the strength, the truth, the purity, of the Christian struggling with adversity and sorrow, and triumphing in the end—as only Christians can triumph.

The author's great forte lies in the delineation of character, and a power in scenic description we have rarely, if ever, known surpassed; there are many pages which are as fine highland landscapes as Creswick or Landseer could place upon their canvas. We never unravel a plot in a review, (though, indeed, there is, properly speaking, no plot in this tale of contrast;) if it destroys the interest we hope our readers would feel in its perusal; but we regret, in this instance, that we have no room for extracts. The heroine of the second "family" is as pure from world-stain as the hero of the first is marred by the desire for accumulating whatever gives influence or its semblance; and the development of the characters which dwell among those everlasting heath-clad hills, is truly artistic; but the volumes have the highest claim on the gratitude of the mothers of the rising generation. The lesson on the importance of "training a child in the way he should go" is most wisely and beautifully developed, and the death-bed of the pampered daugh-

ter of wealth and indulgence is as real as anything that we know of in the world of fiction; it is a fearful showing of a great truth, and mothers should take it to heart.

We cannot close this too brief notice of "*The Two Families*" without directing attention to one other scene, of a very different nature—a vigil, kept among the heath-clad mountains of the Scottish highlands, by a wife beside the body of a beloved husband, who has been killed by the accidental discharge of his fowling-piece, and whom, guided by his dog, she has found, far—far away from any habitation. The scene is depicted with the strength and tenderness of a master-hand, and is deeply pathetic without one extravagant word or overstrained sentence.

Home and its Pleasures. Simple Stories for Young People. By MRS. HARRIETTE MYRTLE. With eight Illustrations, by HABIOT K. BROWNE.

The Village Queen. By THOMAS MILLER.

Child's Play. With Seventeen Drawings, by E. V. B. Addey & Co. 21, Old Bond Street.

WE hope in a little time to organize a system of brief yet comprehensive reviewing, which will be acceptable to our readers. We have looked out from Mr. Addey's beautifully illustrated publications three of different styles and degrees of merit.

HOME AND ITS PLEASURES consists of simple stories for the young, the *very* young, by a very good friend to children—Mrs. Harriette Myrtle; the illustrations are printed in colours—and those who remember the illustrations to the books of our youth, will be more disposed to admire the taste and beauty which distinguished Mr. Candell's "getting up" of the "picture books" he produced.

Mr. Addey is following his example with spirit and success. We are disposed to play the censor with "children's books," for we know their importance, and their influence on the ductile minds of the young; and we also know the advantage arising from correct forms, and forms of beauty, being placed before children. This pretty and pleasant book is quite a nursery treasure.

THE VILLAGE QUEEN, is a pastoral story by Thomas Miller, another established favourite, and one whom it is pleasant to meet in the green lanes or green fields he loves so well. This volume is worthy a place in every drawing-room: for in addition to its simple unaffected tale, it is richly adorned by water-coloured drawings by Edward Wehnert, John Absolon, William Lee, and Harrison Weir. Mr. Miller relates the criticism of a pretty gipsy girl who, upon being shown an engraving, said it was all wrong, because "the trees were black instead of green." Certainly, sunshine is upon the illustrations of this brilliant volume—sunshine enough to satisfy the gipsy girl; and the cattle by Harrison Weir are almost worth the price of the volume.

CHILD'S PLAY, is another exquisite drawing-room book, of which we could say much, had we space.

BLIND ROSA.

BY HENRIK CONSCIENCE.

(TRANSLATED BY MRS. HOWITT.)

On a splendid summer day in 1846 the diligence was rolling along the great highway from Antwerp to Turnhout at the regular hour. The horses trotted, the wheels rattled, the carriage creaked, the driver clucked incessantly with his tongue in order to quicken the speed of his cattle, dogs barked in the distance, birds soared up from the fields high into the air, the shadow sped alongside of the diligence, and danced along with its peculiar motion amongst the trees and bushes.

Suddenly the conductor pulled up not far from a solitary inn. He leaped down from his seat, opened the door of the diligence without saying a word, slapped down the step, and put out his hand to a traveller, who with a knapsack in his hand descended to the road. In the same silence the conductor again put up the step, closed the door, sprang again into his seat, and whistled gently to intimate to the horses that they must move. The horses trotted on; the heavy vehicle pursued its monotonous career.

In the mean time the traveller had entered the inn, and seated himself at a table with a glass of ale before him. He was a man of more than ordinary size, and appeared to be about fifty. You might at the same time have supposed him to be sixty, if his vigorous carriage, his quick glance, and a certain youthful smile about his lips, had not testified that his soul and senses were much younger than his appearance. His hair was grey, his forehead and cheeks covered with wrinkles, and his complexion bore the stamp of early age which excessive exertion and long-continued care impress on the countenance. Yet, at the same time, his breast heaved with vigour, he bore his head upright, and his eyes still gleamed with the fire of manhood. By his dress you would take him for a wealthy citizen; it had nothing peculiar, except that the frock-coat buttoned to the throat, and the large meerschaum pipe which hung at his breast, bespoke a Flemish or a German officer.

The people of the house, having attended to his demands, again returned to their occupations, without taking further notice of him. He saw the two daughters go to and fro, the father renew the fire with wood and turf, and the mother fill the kettle with water; but not one of them addressed to him a single word, though his eyes followed earnestly every member of the family, and although in his friendly glance might have been read the question—"Do you not recognise me?"

At this moment his attention was caught by the striking of a clock which hung upon the wall. As if the sound had painfully affected him, an expression of disagreeable surprise appeared in his countenance, and chased the smile from his lips. He stood up and contemplated the unlucky clock while it went sounding stroke after stroke, to the number of nine. The

mother observed the singular emotion of the stranger, and placed herself in wonder at his side; she too looked at the clock, as if to discover what he found so remarkable in it.

"The clock has a pleasant sound—has it not?" said she. "It has now gone for twenty years without the hand of the clockmaker touching it."

"Twenty years!" sighed the traveller. "And where, then, is the clock which hung there before? What has become of the image of the Virgin which stood here upon the mantelpiece. They are both probably broken and gone."

The woman looked in astonishment at the stranger, and replied:—"The figure of the Virgin, Zaana broke as she played with it as a child. But it was really so pitiful, that the priest himself had advised us to buy another. Here stands the new one, and it is much handsomer."

The traveller shook his head dissentingly. "And the clock," continued the hostess, "you will soon hear. The wretched old thing is always too late, and has hung from time immemorial in the lumber-room. There! now it is just beginning to buzz."

And in truth, there came from the adjoining room a peculiar, croaking noise. It was like the hoarse note of a bird which slowly wheezed out "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" But this extraordinary sound called into the traveller's countenance a beaming smile; accompanied by the hostess, he hastened into the lumber-room, and there with glistening eyes gazed on the old clock, which still had not got to the end of its "Cuckoo! cuckoo!"

Both daughters approached the stranger with curiosity, and stared with wonder at him, their large eyes turning from him to their mother full of inquiry. The looks of the damsels awoke the stranger to consciousness, and he returned to the room, followed by the three women. His heart clearly felt very happy, for his features glowed with so attractive an expression of pleasure and good-will, and his eyes bedewed with tears glanced so brightly, that the two young girls with evident sympathy approached him. He seized their hands and said:—

"You think my conduct strange, eh, children? You cannot conceive why the voice of the old cuckoo delights me so much. Ah! I too have been a child, and at that time, my father, when he had done his work, used to come and drink here his glass of ale. When I had behaved well, I was allowed to accompany him. For whole hours have I stood and waited for the cuckoo opening its little door; I have danced and leaped to the measure of her song, and admired in my childish simplicity the poor bird as a masterpiece. And the sacred image of the Virgin, which one of you has broken, I loved it for its beautiful blue mantle, and because the little Jesus-child stretched its arms towards me, and smiled as I smiled. Now is the child—myself—almost sixty years old, with grey hair and furrowed countenance. Four-and-thirty years have I passed in the steppes of Russia, and yet I remember the sacred image of

Mary, and the cuckoo, as if I had only been brought hither by my father yesterday."

"You are from our village, then?" said Zanna.

"Yes, certainly," answered the stranger with a joyous precipitance. But this announcement had not the anticipated effect; the girls only smiled familiarly; that was all; the intelligence seemed to give them neither pleasure nor pain. The traveller turned to the mother:—

"Well," said he, "what is become of Baes Joostens?"

"You mean Baas Jan," answered the hostess; "he died about twenty years ago."

"And his wife, the good stout Petrouella?"

"Dead too," was the answer.

"Dead! dead!" sighed the stranger; "and the young herdsman, Andries, who made such handsome baskets?"

"Also dead," replied the hostess.

The traveller dropped his head and gave himself up to gloomy thoughts. In the mean time the hostess went out into the barn to relate to her husband what had passed with the unknown guest. The host entered the room carelessly, and awoke by his noisy wooden shoes the stranger out of his reverie. He sprang up, and with an exclamation of delight, rushed with outstretched arms towards the host, who coldly took his hand, and almost with indifference looked at him.

"Don't you either know me again, Peter Joostens?" cried the stranger, quite confounded.

"No, I do not recollect ever to have seen you," replied the host.

"No! Don't you know who it was that ventured his life under the ice to rescue you from an otherwise inevitable death?"

The host shrugged his shoulders. Deeply wounded, the traveller continued, almost moved to tears:—

"Have you actually forgotten the youth who defended you against your bigger comrades, and supplied you with so many birds'-eggs, that you might make a beautiful garland for the may-pole? He who taught you to make so many pipes of reeds, and who so often took you with him when he went with the tile-burner's cart to market?"

"Something of the kind floats dimly in my memory," answered the host; "my late father used to tell me that when I was about six years old I was very near perishing under the ice; but that tall Jan drew me out, and that he went away with the rest in the emperor's time to serve for cannon fodder. Who knows now where his bones lie in unconsecrated earth? God be merciful to his poor soul!"

"Ah! now at length you know me!" exclaimed the stranger joyously; "I am tall Jan, or rather, Jan Slaets."

As he did not receive an immediate answer, he added in surprise:—

"You recollect the good shot at the bird-shooting, who for four miles round was reckoned the best sportsman, who every time carried off the prize, and

who was envied by the young men because the girls showed him the preference? I am he, Jan Slaets of the hill."

"Very possibly," said the host, incredulously; "at the same time, do not take it amiss, my good Sir, if I do not remember you. Our village has no longer a bird-shooting; the shooting-ground is converted into private property, and for a year past has been unoccupied, owing to the death of the possessor."

Deterred by the cold reception of the host, the traveller gave up the attempt to make himself known; but as he prepared to go further, he said calmly:—

"In the village here there live a good many of my friends who cannot have forgotten me. You, Peter Joostens, were very young at that time. I am persuaded that the brick-maker, Paul, will rush to my arms the moment that he sees me. Does he yet live in the clay dale?"

"The brick-yard became, many years ago, a prey to the flames; the clay-field is cultivated, and bears now the finest hay. The meadow now belongs to the rich Mr. Tirt."

"And what has become of Paul?"

"After their misfortunes, the whole family went away. . . I do not know certainly, perhaps he too is dead. But I observe that you talk of our grandfathers' time, and it will be difficult to get answers to all your questions unless you go to the grave-digger. He can reckon up for you on his fingers what has happened for a hundred years past, or more."

"I can believe that; Peter Jan must have reached his ninetieth year."

"Peter Jan? That is not the name of the grave-digger; his name is Lauw Stevens."

A glad smile illumined the countenance of the traveller.

"God be praised," he exclaimed, "that he has at least left one of my comrades still in life!"

"Indeed! was Lauw your friend, Sir?"

"Not exactly my friend," replied the traveller, shaking his head: "we were always at loggerheads. Once, in the heat of our strife, I flung him from the little bridge into the brook, so that he ran great risk of drowning; but above thirty years are flown since then. Lauw will be glad to see me again. Give me now your hand, good Joostens; I shall often come to drink a glass of ale with you here."

He paid, took his knapsack under his arm and went out. Behind the inn he took his way through a young pine-wood. His interview with the host, although not very animating, had, nevertheless infused comfort into the heart of the traveller. Memories from his childhood transported him; memories at every step crowded upon him, and gave him new life. True, the young wood could say nothing to him; in its place stood formerly a tall pine-wood, whose trees had concealed so many birds'-nests, under whose shade the refreshing bilberries had ripened. It had faded with the wood as with the inhabitants of the village,—the old trees had fallen, or were cut down, and a new

generation, who were strange and indifferent to him, had taken their places. But the songs of the birds which resounded on all sides were still the same; the wind murmured complainingly as before through the branches; the cricket sang as it used to do, and the fresh aroma of the wood still filled the air. All objects had changed, but the work of eternal nature had continued in its principal features the same. Thoughts like these arose in the traveller's soul, and now glad and inspirited he continued his way without looking up from the ground till he came out of the wood.

Here opened before his eyes the wide extent of fields and meadows, amongst which the brook's silvery thread coursed playfully its way. In the background, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, the pointed spire of the church lifted aloft its gilded vane, which gleamed in the sunshine like a morning-star; and still beyond it the windmill whirled its red wings.

Overcome by an unspeakable emotion, the traveller stood still—his eyes filled with tears, he let his knapsack fall, and stretched out his arms, while his countenance glowed with love and rapture. At the same moment the bells rang for Angelus. The traveller fell on his knees, sunk his head deep upon his bosom, and continued thus for a considerable time, immovable though trembling. A prayer streamed up from his heart and lips; this was evident as he cast his eyes full of inward thankfulness towards heaven, and lifted his clasped hands to God. He then took up again his knapsack, and said, with his gaze riveted on the church-tower:—"Thou at least hast not become changed, thou little church, in which I was baptized, in which I celebrated my first communion, in which all looked to me so wonderful and so holy. Yes, I shall see them again, the Sacred Virgin in her garments of gold, and her silver diadem; St. Anthony with the little friendly swine; St. Ursula and the devil with the red tongue, of which I so often dreamed! and the organ, upon which the sexton played so beautifully, while we sung with all our hearts—

"Ave Maria
Gratia plena!"

The last words the traveller sung aloud, while a tear trickled down his cheek. Silent and dreaming he went on till he came to a little bridge, which led over a brook into a meadow. There his countenance brightened, and he said with emotion:—"Here I first pressed Rosa's hand! Here our eyes confessed for the first time that there is a happiness on earth which seizes irresistibly our hearts, and opens heaven to the young! As now, so then shone the yellow iris flower in the sunshine; the frogs croaked full of the enjoyment of life, and the larks sang above our heads."

He went over the bridge, and said aloud to himself:—"The frogs which witnessed our love are dead; the flowers are dead; the larks are dead!—Their children now greet the old man, who like a spectre returns home from the past times. And Rosa, my beloved Rosa! livest thou still? Perhaps . . . pro-

bably married and surrounded by children. Those who stay at home forget so soon the unhappy brother who wanders over distant lands in sorrow and care." . . . His lips moved as if he were smiling:—"Poor pilgrim!" he sighed, "there wells up again in my heart the old jealousy, as if my heart yet remained in its first spring. The time of love is long gone by! . . . But so be it; if she only knows me, and remembers our former relation, I shall not repent the long journey of eighteen hundred miles, and will then willingly lie down in my grave, and sleep by the side of my ancestors and friends!"

A little further, and near the village, he went into a public-house, on whose sign there was a plough, and bade the hostess bring him a glass of ale. In the corner by the fire sat a very old man, who stared into the fire as immovably as a stone. Before the hostess had returned from the cellar, the traveller had recognised the old man. He drew his chair close to him, seized his hand, and said gladly:—

"Thank God, who has let us live so long, Baes Joos! We yet remain from the good old time. Don't you know me again? No? The audacious lad that so often crept through your hedge, and stole your apples before they were ripe?"

"Six-and-ninety years!" muttered the old man, without moving.

"Very likely, but tell me, Baes Joos, is the wainwright's Rosa living yet?"

"Six-and-ninety years!" repeated the old man with a hollow voice.

The hostess came with the ale, and said:—"He is blind and deaf, Sir, don't give yourself the trouble to talk with him; he cannot understand you."

"Blind and deaf!" exclaimed the stranger, disconcerted. "What irreparable devastations time commits in the space of thirty years! I walk here in the midst of the ruins of a whole race of men."

"You were asking after the wainwright's Rosa?" continued the hostess; "our wainwright has four daughters, but amongst them is no Rosa. The eldest is called Lisbeth, and is married to the footman; the second is named Goude, and makes caps; the third is Nell; and the youngest Anna: the poor thing is short-sighted."

"I am not speaking of these people," exclaimed the stranger with impatience; "I mean the family of Kobe Meulinck."

"Ah, they are all dead long ago, dear Sir!" was the hostess's reply.

Deeply agitated, the traveller paid for his ale, and left the public-house with a feverish impetuosity. Out of doors he pressed his hand upon his eyes, and exclaimed in despair:—"God! even she! my poor Rosa—dead! Always, always the inevitable word—dead! dead! Then shall no one on earth recognise me! Not one kind eye shall greet me!"

With a staggering step, as if he were drunk, he plunged into the wood, and pressed his throbbing head against a tree, that he thus might by degrees recover himself. He then directed his course towards

the village. His way led him across the solitary churchyard, where he remained standing with bare head at the foot of a crucifix, and said:—"Here, before the image of the Crucified One, Rosa gave me her word that she would remain true to me, and wait for my return. Sorrow overwhelmed us; upon this bench fell our tears; in deep grief she received the gold cross, my dearly purchased pledge of love. Poor beloved one! perhaps now I stand by thy grave!"

With this sorrowful observation he sank motionless upon the bench, where he long continued sitting, as if unconscious. His eye wandered over the churchyard, and the small mounds of earth which covered the freshest graves. It grieved him to see how many of the wooden crosses were fallen with age, without the hand of a child troubling itself to raise again these memorials on a father's or a mother's place of rest. His parents, too, slept here under the earth, but who could show him the spot which their graves occupied?

In this manner he sat long, sunk in gloomy reverie; the unfathomable eternity weighed heavily on his soul, when a human step awoke him out of his dreams. It was the old grave-digger, who, with his spade on his shoulder, came along by the churchyard wall. Misery and indigence might be read in his whole exterior: his back was bent, and through his constant labour with the spade had become crooked; his hair was white, and wrinkles ploughed his brow; though strength and spirit still spoke in his eye.

The traveller recognised at the first glance Lauw—his rival, and would have willingly sprung towards him; but the bitterly disappointed hopes which he had already experienced held him back, and inspired him with a resolve to say nothing, but to see whether Lauw would know him again.

The grave-digger remained standing some paces from him, contemplated him awhile with common curiosity, and then began to mark out a long square with his spade, and to prepare a new grave. From time to time, however, he continued to cast stolen glances at the man who sat before him on the bench, and a secret melancholy joy gleamed in his eyes. The traveller, who deceived himself as to the expression in the grave-digger's countenance, felt his heart begin to beat, and expected that Lauw would come forward and name his name.

But the grave-digger still continued to look him sharply in the face, and then put his hand into his coat pocket. He drew out a little old book, bound in dirty parchment, to which was attached a strap with a lead pencil. He turned round and appeared to write something in the book.

This action, accompanied by a triumphant glance, astonished the stranger so much that he stood up, advanced to the grave-digger, and asked him in surprise, "What do you write in your book?"

"That is my affair," answered Lauw Stevens; "for a confounded long time there has stood a vacant place in my list: I make a cross by your name."

"You know me, then?" exclaimed the traveller, with the liveliest joy.

"Know you?" answered the grave-digger, jeeringly; "that I cannot exactly say; I only remember, as if it were yesterday, that a jealous fellow flung me into the brook, and nearly drowned me, because the wainwright's Rosa loved me. Since that time many an Easter taper has burnt—"

"You did wainwright's Rosa love?" said the stranger, interrupting him; "that is not true, let me tell you."

"You know that well enough, you jealous fool. Did not she wear for a whole year the blessed ring of silver that I brought with me from Scherpenhevel, till you yourself took the ring by force, and cast it into the brook?"

The traveller's countenance brightened into a melancholy smile.

"Lauw! Lauw! the recollection of the old times makes children of us again. Believe me, Rosa never loved you as you fancy. She took your ring out of friendship, and because it had been blessed. In my youth I was rude and harsh, and did not always act in the best manner towards my comrades; but should not the four-and-thirty years which have operated so annihilatingly on men and things, have calmed down our evil passions? Shall I, in the only man who has recollected me, find an irreconcilable enemy? Come, give me your hand; let us be friends; I will make you comfortable for your whole life."

But the grave-digger drew angrily his hand back, and answered in a caustic tone,—

"It is too late to forget. You have embittered my life, and there passes no day but I think of you. Is that, think you, to bless your name? You, who contributed so much to my misfortune, may easily guess."

The traveller struck his trembling hands together, and lifting his eyes towards heaven, exclaimed,—

"God! hatred alone recognises me! hate only never forgets!"

"You have done well," continued the grave-digger, "to come back to rest amongst your departed ancestors. I have kept a good grave for you. When the headstrong long Jan lies under the earth, the rain will wash misery from his corpse."

The traveller trembled in every limb at this rude jest. Anger and displeasure kindled in his eyes. But this hasty emotion quickly vanished; dejection and pity took their place.

"You refuse," he said, "to extend your hand to a brother who returns after four-and-thirty years; the first greeting which you give to an old comrade is bitter mockery? That is not well of you, Lauw. But let it be so; we will speak no more of this. Tell me only where my late parents are laid."

"That I don't know," said the grave-digger; "it is full five-and-twenty years since, and since that time the same spot has certainly been thrice used for new graves."

These words made the traveller so sorrowful, that

his head sank on his bosom, and with an immovable look he continued lost in his melancholy thoughts.

The grave-digger proceeded with his labour, but he also seemed to linger over it, as if a gloomy thought had taken possession of him. He saw the deep suffering of the traveller, and was terrified at that thirst of revenge which had caused him thus to torture a fellow-mortal. This change of mood showed itself even upon his countenance; the bitter mockery disappeared from his lips, he contemplated for a moment with increasing sympathy his afflicted comrade, advanced slowly towards him, seized his hand, and said in a low but still heart-touching voice,—

"Jan, my dear friend, pardon me what I have said and done. I have behaved cruelly and wickedly to thee: but thou must remember, Jan, that I have suffered so much through thee."

"Lauw!" exclaimed the stranger with emotion, and shaking his hand, "that was the violence of our youth. See how little I thought of thy enmity, for I felt myself infinitely happy when I heard thee name my name. And for that I am grateful to thee, though thy bitterness has gone to my heart. But tell me, Lauw, where is Rosa buried? She will rejoice in heaven when she sees us thus as reconciled brothers stand upon her last resting-place."

"How! Rosa buried?" exclaimed the grave-digger; "would to God that she were buried, poor thing!"

"What mean'st thou?" cried the traveller; "does Rosa yet live?"

"Yes, she lives," was the answer, "if that terrible fate that she has to endure can be called life."

"Thou terrifiest me. For God's sake tell me what calamity has happened to her."

"She is blind!"

"Blind! Rosa blind! without eyes to see me;—woe! woe is me!"

Overwhelmed by anguish he advanced with uncertain steps to the bench, and sank down upon it. The grave-digger placed himself before him, and said,—

"For ten years has she been blind . . . and begs her daily bread . . . I give her every week two stivers, and when we bake we always remember her with a little cake."

The traveller sprang up, shook powerfully the grave-digger's hand, and said,—

"A thousand thanks! God bless thee for thy love to Rosa! I pledge myself in His name to reward thee for it. I am rich, very rich. By evening we will see one another again. But tell me now, at once, where Rosa is to be found: every moment is to me a hundred years of suffering."

With these words he drew the grave-digger along with him, and directed his steps toward the churchyard gate. Arrived there, the grave-digger pointed with his finger, and said,—

"See there, by the side of the wood, there rises a smoke from a low chimney. That is the house of besom-binder Nelis Oom; she lives there."

Without waiting for further explanation the tra-

veller hastened through the village towards the indicated spot. He was soon at the dwelling. It was a low hut, built of willow wands and clay, but on the outside neatly whitewashed. Some paces from the door four little children were playing and amusing themselves in the bright sunshine with planting in circles blue corn-flowers and red poppies. They were bare-foot and half-naked; the eldest, a boy of about six years old, had nothing whatever on but a linen shirt. While his little brother and sisters looked at the stranger with fear and shyness, the boy let his eyes rest steadily on the unknown one, full of curiosity and wonder.

The stranger smiled at the children, but advanced without delay into the hut, in one corner of which a man was busy making besoms, while a woman sat with her spinning-wheel by the hearth. These people could not be more than thirty years of age, and at the first glance might be perceived their contentment with their lot. For the rest, all around them looked as clean as country life within such narrow space will allow. The stranger's entrance obviously surprised them, although they received him with kindness and offered him their services. They were clearly of opinion that he wanted to inquire his way, for the husband put himself in readiness to go and show it him. But he asked with evident emotion whether Rosa lived there? and the husband and wife cast astonished looks at each other, and could scarcely find words to answer him.

"Yes, good Sir!" said the man at length; "Rosa lives here, but at present she is gone out a-begging. Do you wish to speak with her?"

"God! God!" exclaimed the traveller. "Cannot you quickly find her?"

"That would be difficult to do, Sir; she has gone out with Trientje, to make her round for the week, but we expect her in an hour's time; she never stays out."

"Can I wait for her here, good friends?"

Scarcely had he uttered the words, before the man hastened into the next room, and fetched thence an easy-chair; which, although of rude workmanship, appeared more inviting than the still ruder chairs which stood in the outer room. Not satisfied with this, the wife took out of a chest a white cushion which she laid in the chair, and requested the stranger to sit down. He was astonished at the simple but well-meant attention, and returned the cushion with many thanks. He then sat down in silence, and let his eyes glance round the room, as if to discover something which might speak of Rosa. As his head was thus turned aside, he felt a small hand gently thrust into his, and his fingers stroked. He looked round curiously to discover who bestowed on him this mark of friendliness, and he met the blue eyes of the boy, who with heavenly innocence looked up to him, as if he had been his father or brother.

"Come here, Peterken!" said the mother; "thou shouldst not be so forward, dear child."

But Peterken did not seem to hear this warning,

and continued to hold the hand of the stranger, and look at him. The stranger found the friendship of the child unaccountable, and said,—

"Dear child, thy blue eyes penetrate deep into my soul. As thou art so friendly, I will give thee something."

He put his hand into his pocket and took out a little purse with silver clasp and pearls that changed colour in the light, and gave it to him, after he had dropped into it some pieces of money. The boy gazed on the purse with great delight, but did not let go the stranger's hand. The mother approached, and desired the child to go away.

"Peterken," said she, "thou wilt not be rude; thank the gentleman, and kiss his hand."

The boy kissed his hand, stooped his head towards him, and said in a clear voice, "Many thanks, tall Jan!"

A clap of thunder could not have so startled the traveller as his own name thus pronounced by the innocent child. Tears started involuntarily from his eyes; he lifted the boy upon his knee, and now gazed deeply into his face.

"So! dost thou know me, thou blessed angel?—me, whom thou never saw'st before! Who taught thee my name?"

"Blind Rosa," was the answer.

"But how is it possible that thou hast known me? It must be God himself who has enlightened thy childish mind."

"O, I know you very well," said Peterken; "when I lead Rosa about to beg, she always talks of you. She says that you are tall, and have dark fiery eyes; and that you will come back again, and bring us all such beautiful things. And so I was not afraid of you, good Sir, for Rosa had bade me to love you; and you are to give me a bow and arrow."

The child's simple confidence made the traveller perfectly happy. He kissed him hastily and with tenderness, and said in a solemn tone:—

"Father! mother! this child is rich? I will bring him up and educate him, and richly endow him. It shall be a blessing to him to have recognised me."

Joy and amazement overwhelmed the parents. The man stammered forth,—

"Ah! you are too good. We ourselves thought that we knew you, but we were not so certain of it, because Rosa told us that you were not so rich a gentleman."

"And you too knew me, you good people!" exclaimed the traveller. "I find myself amongst friends. Here I have relations and a family . . . while hitherto I have only found death and forgetfulness!"

The wife pointed to a smoky image of the Virgin which stood upon the chimney-piece, and said:—
"Here every Saturday evening burns a light for the return of Jan Slaets, or for the repose of his soul!"

The traveller directed his eyes in devotion towards heaven, and with a voice full of emotion, said,—

"Thanks be to thee, O God, rich in love, that thou hast made affection more powerful than hate! My

enemy has shut my name within his heart, with the dark feeling of his spite, but my friend has lived in memory of me, has inspired all around her with her love, has kept me here present, and made me the favourite of this child, while eighteen hundred miles separated me from her. O God be praised, I am rewarded to the full!"

A long silence followed before Jan Slaets could subdue his emotion, which inspired the people of the house with respect. The husband returned to his work, but held himself ready to hasten to the service of his guest. He, with little Peterken still upon his knee, asked quite calmly,—

"Good mother, has Rosa lived long with you?"

The wife, as if preparing herself for a long explanation, took her wheel, set it by his side, and began:—

"I will tell you, good Sir, how it has gone on. You should know that when the old Meulinok died, he divided his property amongst his children. Rosa, whom nothing in the world could induce to marry—I need not tell you the reason—gave her share wholly up to her brother, and only asked in return to live with him during her life-time. At the same time she employed herself in making ornamental articles, and by this means acquired a great deal of money. There was no need to leave this to her brother, and she employed all her gains in doing good. She attended the sick, and paid for a doctor when it was necessary. She had always a pleasant word to encourage the suffering, and some delicacy to offer the sickly. We had scarcely been married six months, when my husband came home one day dreadfully ill of inflammation on the lungs; the cough which you now hear is the consequence of it. We have to thank our merciful God and the good Rosa, that our poor Nelis is not now lying in the churchyard. If you could but have seen, dear Sir, what she wholly and solely out of love did for us! She brought us additional bed-clothes, for it was cold, and we were wretchedly poor. She sent for two physicians from the next parish, and had them to consult with the doctor here on my husband's condition. She watched by him, alleviated his sufferings and my trouble by her affectionate conversation, and she paid all that was necessary for food and medicine; for Rosa was esteemed by everybody, and when she requested the ladies of the estate or the peasantry to assist the poor, she was never refused. Six whole weeks was our Nelis confined to his bed, and Rosa protected and assisted us till he, by degrees, could resume his work again."

"How I long to see the poor blind one!" sighed the traveller.

The husband raised his head from his work; tears glanced in his eyes, and he said with emotion,—

"If my blood could give her her sight again, I would freely spend the last drop of it."

This exclamation powerfully affected Jan Slaets; the wife observed it, and with her hand gave a sign to her husband to be silent. She then continued:—

"Three months after God gave us a child, the same that sits upon your knee. Rosa, who bore it to

the font, desired that it might be christened Johan, but Peter, my husband's brother, who was godfather, a good man, but somewhat self-willed, insisted that it should be called Peter, after him. After a long discussion, the boy received the name of Johan Peter. We call him Peterken after his godfather, who still insists on its being so, and who would be angry if it were otherwise: but Rosa will not hear him called so; she calls him constantly Janneken. The boy is proud of it, and knows that she calls him Janneken because it is your name, good Sir."

The traveller pressed the boy with transport to his breast, and kissed him passionately. With silent admiration he gazed into the boy's friendly eyes, and his heart was deeply moved. The wife went on:—

"Rosa's brother had engaged with people in Antwerp to collect provisions in the country round, and ship them to England. Trade was to make him rich, it was said; for every week he sent two carts to Antwerp. In the beginning all went well; but a bankrupt in Antwerp reduced all the gain to nothing for poor Tirt Meulinck, who was bound for him; scarcely could he pay half his debts. Through grief on this account he is dead. God be merciful to his soul!"

"Rosa, after this, lived at Nand Flink's, the shopkeeper, in a little room. The same year the son Karl, who had been away as a recruit, came home with bad eyes, and fourteen days after the poor young man became blind. Rosa, who was sorry for him, and only listened to her own heart's suggestions, attended him during his illness, and led him by the hand in order to amuse him a little. Alas! she herself took the same complaint, and from that time she has never seen the light of day. Nand Flink is dead, and his children are scattered about. Blind Karl lives at a farm-house near Lierre. Then came Rosa to live with us, and we told her how gladly we saw her with us, and how willingly we would work all our lives for her. She accepted our invitation. Six years are now flown, and God knows that she has never received from us a cross word; for she is herself all affection and kindness. If it be a question of doing something for her, the children are ready to fight which shall get to do it first."

"And yet she begs," said the traveller.

"Yes, good Sir," said the wife, with a certain pride; "but that is her own fault. Do not imagine that we have forgotten what Rosa has done for us; and had we suffered hunger, and must have taken the yoke upon us, we would never have obliged her to beg. What think you then of us? Six months we kept her back from it; but beyond that point we could not prevail. As our family was increasing, Rosa, the good soul, thought she would become a burden to us, and wished, on the contrary, to help us. It was impossible to hinder her from it; she became sick of sorrow. When we saw that, after the half year we gave way to her desire. For a poor blind person it is, nevertheless, no shame. At the same time, though we are poor, we do not make a gain of what she earns by begging. She will, ever and anon,

compel us to take part with her; we cannot always be at strife with her, poor thing! but we give it her double back again. Without her knowing it she is better clad than we are, and the food we set before her is better than our own. There always stands at the fire a separate little pan for her. See here; to her potatoes she has a couple of eggs and melted butter. Of the remainder of her gains, I believe, from what I can learn by her words, that she is laying up a little hoard till our children are grown up. Her love deserves our gratitude, but we cannot oppose her will."

The traveller had listened in silence to the whole relation, but a happy smile upon his lips, and a mild lustre in his moistened eye, showed how much his heart was moved. The wife had ceased to speak, and occupied herself again with her wheel. The traveller remained awhile sunk in deep thought, when, setting the boy hastily down, he advanced towards the husband, and said in a commanding tone:—

"Have done with your work."

The besom-maker did not comprehend his meaning, and was startled at his unusual tone.

"Give over your work, and give me your hand, farmer Nelis."

"Farmer P?" said the besom-maker, astonished.

"Yes," exclaimed the traveller; "fling the besoms out of the door; I will give you a farm, four milch cows, a calf, two horses, and all that is necessary for housekeeping. You do not believe me," continued he, and showed the besom-maker a handful of money. "I tell you the truth. I could at once give you the necessary sum; but I respect and esteem you too much to offer you money. But I will make you the proprietor of a farm, and protect your children both before and after my death."

The good people looked at each other with the tears streaming from their eyes, and did not seem rightly to comprehend what was passing. While the traveller was about to make them fresh promises, Peterken pulled him by the hand as if he had something to communicate.

"What wilt thou, dear child?"

"Herr Jan," answered the boy, "see, the peasants are coming home from the field; I know now where I shall find Rosa. Shall I run and tell her that you are come?"

The traveller seized Peterken's hand, and drew him with impatience towards the door, as he said, "Come, come, lead me to her!" And while he made his adieu to the people of the house with his hand, he followed the child, who went with rapid pace through the midst of the village. So soon as they came to the first house, the people ran in wonder from shop and yard to look after them, as if there were something extraordinary. And truly, they presented a singular spectacle; the child with his little shirt and bare feet, who laughing and playful skipped along holding by the hand of the unknown one. The astonished people could not comprehend what the rich gentleman, who at least seemed to be a baron, had to do with the

besom-binder's Peterken. Their astonishment still increased as they saw the stranger sloop down and kiss the child. The only thought which occurred to some of them, and over which they now gossiped at every door, was that the rich gentleman had purchased the child of his parents to bring him up as his own son. People from the city who have no child of their own are often wont to do so; and the besom-maker's Peterken was the handsomest child in the village, with his large blue eyes and his light curly hair. At the same time it was extraordinary that the rich gentleman took the child with him in his bare shirt.

The traveller strode rapidly forward. The whole village seemed to him to be magically illuminated; the leafy trees shone in their clear verdure, the low huts smiled at him, the birds sung with a transporting harmony, the air was filled with a balsamic odour and the warmth of life.

He had turned his attention from the child, to enjoy this new happiness. During this time, he had fixed his eye on the distance to transpire the dark wood which, at the other end of the village, seemed to close up the way.

Hastily, the child pulled him by the hand with all his power, and cried:—

"See there!—there comes Rosa with our Trientje!"

And actually there came forward, by a house upon a great by-road, an elderly blind woman led by a child of five years old.

Instead of rapidly accompanying the child, the traveller remained standing and contemplated with pain and sorrow the poor blind one, who, at a distance, approached with unsteady steps. Was that his Rosa, the handsome, amiable girl, whose image still lived so young and fresh in his heart? But this contemplation lasted only a moment: he drew the child along with him, and hastened towards his friend. When he had arrived at about fifty paces from her, he could no longer command himself, but cried out in the highest transport,—"Rosa! Rosa!"

The instant that this sound reached the blind one's ear, she drew her arm from that of her leader, and began to tremble as if she were seized with a fit of the ague. She extended her arms, and with the cry,—"Jan! Oh, Jan!" sprang forward to meet him. At the same time she drew up a ribbon which hung round her neck, and exhibited with an agitated mien a golden cross.

The next instant she fell into Jan Slaets's arms, who, amid unintelligible words, attempted to kiss her. But the blind one prevented him gently with her hands, and as this wounded his feelings, she seized his hand and said:—

"Oh, Jan! Jan! I swoon with delight . . . but I am bound by an oath . . . come with me—we will go together to the churchyard."

Jan Slaets did not comprehend Rosa's meaning, but in the tone of her voice lay something so solemn, and at the same time sacred, that without opposition he complied with the wish of his friend. Without taking heed of the people of the village who surrounded them,

he led her to the churchyard. Here she directed her course to the seat beside the cross, and obliged him to kneel by her side while she said,—"Pray with me; I have vowed it to God."

She, at the same time, elevated her clasped hands, breathed forth a warm prayer, and then flinging her arms round her friend's neck, she kissed him, and sank exhausted but smiling on his breast.

During this time, Peterken skipped about amongst the villagers, who stood in wonder around, clapping his hands, and crying one time after another; "That is tall Jan! That is tall Jan!"

On a fine autumn day of the year 1846, the diligence rolled along the great highway from Antwerp to Turnhout, at the regular hour. In haste the conductor drew up not far from a solitary inn, and opened the door of the carriage. Two young travellers sprang laughing and exulting out upon the road, and stretched their arms like escaped birds who again in full freedom try their wings. They gazed around them on the trees, in the beautiful blue autumn air, with a joy which we experience when we have left the city, and with every breath can enjoy free nature. At the same instant, the younger traveller turned his eyes upon the fields, and exclaimed with transport:—"Listen! listen!"

And in truth, there came through the wood the indistinct tones of a distant music. The air was quick and lively, you might almost fancy that you heard the accompanying dance. While the younger one in silence pointed with his finger, his companion said in an almost ironical tone:—

"In the shade of the lindens, to the trumpet's joyous note,
In the dance a gay crowd doth exultingly float;
And amid all the throng, like ocean waves flying,
There is no one who thinketh of suffering and dying."

"Come, come, dear Jan, don't rejoice thyself so beforehand. Probably, they are celebrating the election of a new burgomaster."

"Nay, nay, that is no official joy. Let us too go there and see the peasant girls dance—that is so charming."

"Let us first drink a glass of ale with Peter Joostens, and ask him what is going on in the village."

"And give ourselves up to the unexpected jollification, eh? So be it."

The two travellers entered the inn, and thought they should die of laughter the moment they put their heads into the room. Peter Joostens stood erect and stiff beside the fire. His long blue holiday coat hung in rich folds almost down to his heels. He greeted the well-known guests with a heavy smile, in which a certain feeling of shame manifested itself, and he dared not move himself, for at every motion his stiff shirt collar cut his ears.

At the entry of the travellers, he exclaimed with impatience, but without turning his head:—"Zanna! Zanna! hasten thee: I hear the music, and I have already told thee that we shall come too late."

Zanna came running in with a basket full of flowers.

She looked so charming with her crimped lace cap, her woollen gown, her rose-coloured bodice, the large golden heart at her breast, and her earrings. Her face was flushed with the bloom of the most joyous anticipation, and resembled a rose which opens its closed bud.

"A beautiful peony which blows on a fine summer day," observed the younger companion.

Zanna had fetched the two desired glasses of ale, and now hastened out of the door with her flowers, singing and laughing. Still more impatiently shouted Peter Joostens with all his might:—

"Lisbeth! if thou dost not come directly, I will go away without thee, as sure as I stand here."

An old clock which hung by the wall pointed at the same instant to nine, and struck with a hoarse tone, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

"What wretched taste is that!" said one of the travellers; "have you sold the handsome clock, and hung this up to plague yourselves the whole year through with its death-note?"

"Yes, yes," said the host, smiling; "make yourself merry, at your pleasure, over this bird; it brings me in yearly fifty Dutch guilders—a good crop that needs no tillage."

Four cannon shots were heard at the same moment.

"O heavens!" shrieked Peter Joostens; "the feast has begun. The women take my life with their hunting here and there."

"But, Peter Joostens," asked one of the travellers, "what is this that is going on in the village? Is it the wake?—that would be odd on a Thursday—or is the king coming to the village?"

"It is a very extraordinary thing," replied the host; "it is an unheard-of thing. If you knew the story, you might fill a whole book with it, without any invention. And the old cuckoo here has its place in Blind Rosa's story."

"Blind Rosa!" said the younger traveller, astonished; "what a charming title! That would make a fine counterpart to 'The Sick Youth.'"

"Nay, that won't do!" said the elder; "if we go out together to collect material for stories, we must honourably divide the spoil."

"Well, we can hereafter draw lots for it," said the younger, half regretfully.

"In the meantime," observed the elder, "we actually know nothing. Pull down your detestable shirt collar from your ears, Peter Joostens, and begin and regularly tell us all; and for your reward you shall have a book as soon as it is printed."

"Now I have no time for it," answered the host; "I hear my wife coming down stairs; but come along with us to the village, and on the way I will tell you why the cannon are fired and the music plays."

The hostess entered the room, and dazzled the travellers' eyes by her dress, so did it blaze in all the colours of the rainbow. She rushed up to her husband, pulled up his shirt collar again higher than ever, took his arm, and issued out of doors with him. The two travellers accompanied them, and Peter Joostens

related on the way to his attentive hearers the whole story of Tall Jan and Blind Rosa; and though he had almost talked himself out of breath, he became besieged with all sorts of questions.

They learned of him, however, that Herr Snaets bought of him the old cuckoo clock, that it might hang in its former place in the inn; that tall Jan had been four-and-thirty years in Russia, and in the fur trade had become a very rich man. That he had bought an estate, and meant to live upon it with Blind Rosa and the besom-maker Nelis's family, whose children he had already adopted. That he had given the grave-digger a considerable sum of money; and, finally, that this evening there was to be held a grand folks-feast on the estate, for which occasion a whole calf was to be roasted, and two whole copper-fuls of rice furmety to be boiled.

Peter Joostens ceased as they came behind a house upon a great by-road. And now the travellers listened no longer, for they were resolved to be present, and see all the gaiety which offered itself to their gaze.

All the houses in the village were adorned with green boughs, bound together with garlands of white and many-coloured flowers, and between these, over the heads of the spectators, hung everywhere festoons, with small lamps and with large red letters. Here and there stood a stately may-pole, with hundreds of little flags glittering with tinsel, and adorned with garlands of birds'-eggs and pieces of glass. Along the sides of the way the boys and girls had laid wreaths of flowers upon silver-white sand, and bound them together at regular distances, showing the alternating initials J. and R. for Jan and Rosa, the invention of the schoolmaster.

Amongst all this ornament swarmed a throng of spectators from the neighbouring villages to witness this extraordinary wedding. The young travellers went from one group to another, and listened to what the people said. But before the procession, which came over the fields, arrived at the village, they hastened to the church, and placed themselves in front of it on a mound so that they might overlook the whole.

They beheld the procession with a feeling almost bordering on veneration . . . and it really was so beautiful and touching that the heart of the younger one beat with poetic rapture. More than sixty young girls from five to ten years of age came, clad in white, and with childhood's enchanting smile, like little bright clouds floating through the azure heaven. Upon their free locks, hanging around their fresh countenances, rested garlands of monthly roses, which seemed to contend in beauty with the vermeil lips of the children.

"It is like a saga of Andersen's," said the younger of the companions; "the sylphs have quitted the bosoms of the flowers. Innocence and simplicity, youth and joy . . . what an enchanting picture!"

"Ah, ah!" said the other, "there come the peonies! and Zanna Joostens goes first."

But the younger one was too much affected to notice this unpoetic speech. He gazed with delight

on the taller maidens, who in full splendour, beaming with life and health, followed the lesser ones. What a train of full-grown young women in snow-white lace caps! How their blushes added to the sweetness of their countenances! How enchanting was the modest smile about their lips, resembling the gentle curling of the waters which the zephyr on a summer's evening produces on the surface of an inland lake.

Ah! there comes Blind Rosa with Herr Slets, her bridegroom! How happy she must be! She has suffered so much! She has been reduced even to the beggar's staff. For four-and-thirty years she has succoured and nourished her soul with a hope that she herself regarded as vain . . . and now he is there, the friend of her childhood, of her youth. Led by his hand, she now approaches the altar of that God who has heard her prayers. Now shall the vow made by the cross in the churchyard be accomplished, and she shall become Jan Slets's wife. On her breast glitters the simple gold cross which Tall Jan gave her. Now she listens to the joyful congratulations, to the song and music which celebrate his return. She trembles with emotion, and presses his arm closer to her side, as if she doubted whether her happiness was real.

After them came Nelis with his wife and his children; they are all clad as wealthy peasantry. The parents go forward with bowed heads, and wipe the tears of wonder and thankfulness from their eyes, so often as they look upon their blind benefactress. Peterken bears his head proudly erect, and shakes his light locks, which play about his neck. He leads his sister by the hand.

But what troop is that? The remnant of the camp which the power of time has laid waste. About twenty men followed the children of Nelis. They really present a singular spectacle; they are all grey-haired men or bald. Most of them support themselves on their staves; two go on crutches, one is blind and deaf, and all are so worn out and exhausted by long years of weary labour, that one might imagine that death had by force brought them again from their graves.

Lauw Stevens went first, and stooped so that his hands nearly touched the ground; blind Baes from Plogen supported himself on the miller's grandfather. These old men constituted the remains of the generation which lived when tall Jan flourished in the village, and by his youthful courage always asserted for himself the first place. After them came the people of the village, men and women, who were invited to the wedding.

The train entered the church . . . the organ was heard accompanying the solemn hymn. The younger traveller drew his companion aside in the churchyard. He stooped down, turned round, and presented to the other his closed hand, out of which the ends of two benches of grass protruded.

"In such haste? why so?" asked the other.

"Proceed," said the younger; "the subject pleases me, and I would willingly know whether it will fall to me or not."

The elder one drew a bent; the younger let his fall upon the ground, and sighed, "I have lost!"

This is the reason, good reader, why the elder of the travellers has told you the story of Blind Rosa. It is a pity; for otherwise you would have read in beautiful poetry, what you have now read in prose. But fortune another time may be more auspicious to you.

THE SCOTTISH SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

THE character of the mercenary soldier is not, perhaps, one of the most estimable under any circumstances. Yet it has been generally assumed only by brave men. The Scotch and the Swiss have gained themselves a name for valour and fidelity in the wars of Europe, though literally selling their services to the highest bidder. The distinctions gained by the former, probably from bringing into the field, besides their swords, some share of education, or, as an illustrious representative of the order has been made to phrase it, "the learning acquired at the Marischal College of Aberdeen, gentle bluid and designation," would really seem to redeem to a considerable extent the odium of having adopted as a trade what the men of other nations affected to select only as a career of honour. And although in the character of Dugald Dalgetty Sir Walter Scott has adhered to the low vices of the mercenary, mingling, with irresistible comicality, his pride, pedantry, and respect for pay and rations, in one ludicrous compound, it is well known that the love of military service was inspired into the Scottish youth of the seventeenth century by purer motives, and cultivated by them to better purpose. This was fully shown in a work published in 1714, entitled, "The Scots Nation Vindicated from Reflections cast on them in an Infamous Libel, &c." Sir Walter Scott has certainly chosen the proper description of personage to evoke the whole humour of the character; but the lists of gallant Scots, and the records of their warlike actions still preserved in foreign archives to some extent accessible to the mere English reader, destroy entirely the historical truth of his too celebrated picture. In humour, too, Dalgetty is nothing to his prototype Lesmahago: of this Scott himself appears to have been aware, since he acknowledges that the existence of that doughty captain alone must deprive him of all claim to originality. The *Edinburgh Review* seems to have overlooked this fact in describing Scott's ludicrous combination of the *soldado* with the divinity-student as entirely original. But Lesmahago is the very man: his absurd descent from his rosinante at the Durham inn door, which excited the screams of Aunt Tabitha and her hand-maidens; the very coat he wore, the cloth of which had once been scarlet trimmed with Brandenburgs, now totally deprived of their metal, and the holster caps and housings of the same stuff and antiquity; but, above all, the sunmeret and display of his patched head-piece, which the mob mistook for either

a scold or a broken head, both equally opprobrious, but which the lieutenant afterwards solemnly explained away; his stiff civility, self-conceit, pedantry, awkwardness, rudeness, and disputatiousness, all mark him out as the real original on which Dalgetty was moulded.

We have to thank Mr. Grant, the author of several chivalrous and military memoirs and romances, for renewing attention to the class whence these caricatures are drawn, and, by selecting as an illustration one of the most illustrious of their order, contributing a tardy meed of justice to men of great military talent and renown, whom it would really be outrageous to laugh into oblivion with the Dalgettys and Lesmahagos of fiction.

The cavalier whose memoirs have been chosen to illustrate the lives of these military adventurers is Sir John Hepburn—of the Hepburns of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian—"whose conduct and bravery," says his biographer, "won for him the preeminence of being esteemed the best of that warlike age next to the great Swedish leader," namely,—Gustavus Adolphus. Though in the Swedish service Hepburn never attained higher rank than that of colonel, the estimation in which he must have been held is attested by the command of nearly 40,000 infantry having been confided to him in the entrenched camp of Nuremberg, when there were many field-marsals and generals in the army. His Swedish Brigade became afterwards the famous *Regiment d'Ilebrun* in the service of France; and—what renders its exploits still more interesting—is now the Scots Royals, or first regiment of the British line. So that in this instance the military laurels earned in foreign service were ultimately transplanted to our native soil.

The house in which this military hero was born is still shown in his native village of Athelstaneford. The causes which tempted him to leave it for fields of foreign strife are readily traced; namely,—the union of the crowns in this country, and the scarcity of military employment as contrasted with the wars for religious supremacy which were then convulsing the continent of Europe.

Sir Walter Scott has referred more especially to two military memoirs of the period in question, in his Introduction to the Legend of Montrose, from both of which he furnishes characteristic extracts, besides the extraordinary title *ad longum* of "Munro his Expedition with the worthy Scots Regiment called Mackeyes, levied in August 1626." Munro, whose work Sir Walter affects to treat as written in a great measure in the humour of Captain Dugald Dalgetty, was the friend and companion in arms of Sir John Hepburn, and figures conspicuously throughout his memoirs! Sir James Turner, the other military authority consulted by the great novelist in his construction of the character of a Scottish soldier of fortune, though regarded as a person of superior pretensions to Lieut.-Col. Munro, from having written a treatise on the pike exercise, called "Pallas Armatæ," stands confessedly—from the extract of his "Memoirs" printed by the Bannatyne Club, and

quoted by Sir Walter himself as a passage which Captain Dalgetty, had he kept a journal, might have penned—the true original. "It is such," says he, "as the genius of De Foe would have devised, to give the minute and distinguishing features of truth to a fictitious narrative." Probably the author had in his eye the "Military Memoirs," since commonly ascribed to De Foe, of which Mr. Grant speaks in Hepburn's Memoirs, as "that somewhat apocryphal work, the '*Memoirs of a Cavalier*,'" quoting, however, one of the many and remarkable conversations in which Hepburn, Gustavus, and others illustrious in these wars, are made to participate, by the adroit *crassement* of the author of the "*Robinson Crusoe*" and the "*History of the Plague in London*."

The hero of De Foe's "Memoirs" is an Englishman, but on his first appearance in France is made to state that when inquired of "who they were?" they called themselves Scots, "for as the English were very much out of favour in France at this time, the peace having been made not many months, and not supposed to be very durable, because particularly displeasing to the people of England, so the Scots were on the other extreme with the French. Nothing was so much caressed as the Scots, and a man had no more to do in France, if he would be well received there, than to say he was a Scotsman." By this process De Foe's Memoirs also became those of a *Scottish* cavalier.

From the long list of Scottish officers in chief, appended amongst the notes and illustrations to his book, by Mr. Grant, we are led to entertain, however, a higher estimate of the character and position of the military adventurers of the seventeenth century than we should be warranted in adopting, even from the distinguished career of Hepburn. Of these officers no fewer than three were Field-Marsals, viz. Sir Alexander Leslie, of Balgonie, famous in our own religious wars of the period, as Earl of Leven; Sir Patrick Ruthven, afterwards Earl of Forth; and Sir Robert Douglas of Whittinghame. Four Generals likewise figure on the list, viz. James Marquis of Hamilton, beheaded by Cromwell; Andrew Ruthven, afterwards Earl of Teviot; Sir James Spence of Wormiston, afterwards Chancellor of Sweden; and George Earl of Crauford-Lindsay, Colonel of a Dutch regiment, whose end was tragical, having been slain by one of his own phlegmatic lieutenants, whom he had struck with a baton. The lieutenant was acquitted by a court-martial, but "General Lealy," says "The Scots Nation Vindicated," "being the Governor of Staten, where the earl was buried, caused him (the lieutenant) to be immediately apprehended, and shot at a post," one instance out of many of the extraordinary power and authority wielded by these Scots commanders. The Master of Forbes was also Lieutenant-General; and Lord Hugh Hamilton, Sir David Drummond, Sir James King (Lord Ythan), Sir James Ramsay, Sir John Ruthven, &c. Major-Generals: Sir John Hepburn stands at the head of a long array of Colonels and Lieutenant-Colonels, second of whom stands Robert Munro, already noticed, afterwards

Major-General of the Scots army in Ireland; and in succession such men as Sir James Lumsden, afterwards Major-General in Scotland, Sir James Hepburn of Waughton, Sir Donald Mackay, (Lord Reny,) Sir James Ramsay the Fair, Sir David Leslie, (Lord Newark,) Ludovic Leslie, and many other Leslies, Hamiltons and Munros, Forbesses, Sinclairs (of the Caithness family), Lindsays, Cunninghames, Ramsays and Stewarts. The swarm of captains and subalterns of course was innumerable; for Burnet asserts that nearly the whole Swedish army was at one time officered by Scottish cavaliers.

Fifteen hundred men embarked at Leith, for the Bohemian wars, under Sir Andrew Gray, who had been recruiting in Scotland in the spring of 1620, and had formed a camp on the property of Monkrig, belonging to the Hepburns, in East Lothian, and situated near Athelstaneford. Hepburn joined this expedition, to which it seems there was added a deportation of 120 moss-troopers taken on the border *flagrante delicto*, and given to Sir Andrew Gray for soldiers by the lords of the Privy Council. The inducements held out to the adventurous volunteers in these Scottish bands, Mr. Grant well illustrates in the case of one Edmond, the son of a Stirling burghess, whose elevation to fame and fortune was the well-earned reward of personal valour and prowess. Edmond on one occasion swam the deep and rapid Danube, without armour and his sword between his teeth, in front of the Austrian lines, slipped past the sentinel, and, favoured by the gloom of night, penetrated to the very heart of the Imperial camp, where by a daring union of stratagem, strength and courage, he contrived to gag, bind, and carry off the great Count de Bucquoi, their general, recross the river, and present his prisoner to the Prince of Orange. Great wealth and the rank of Colonel were conferred on Edmond for this exploit. It is recorded to his honour that he liberally shared his affluence with his poor and humble relatives at home. Mr. Grant relates of him an incident not less spirited than praiseworthy. "None," he says, "stood higher in the favour of Prince Maurice, than Colonel Edmond; and it is related that when standing one day in a public parade, surrounded by a number of glittering cavaliers and officers of high military rank, he was accosted by a stranger, who, to win his favourable notice, professed to have come recently from Scotland, where he had left his relations well, and concluded by naming several persons of high rank. 'Begone, Sir,' replied Edmond indignantly, as he turned from him to the gay group around, 'I know not this person who comes to flatter my vanity; for, I must inform you, Sirs, if you know it not already, that I have the honour (and I shall ever be proud of it) to be the only son of an honest baker and freeman, in the ancient borough town of Stirling.'" Such then are we fairly warranted in believing was the gallantry that animated the humblest, as well as the highest, of the Scottish cavaliers.

Bohemia then owned a Scottish queen, Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of James VI.; and the Scottish

bands, who had repaired to the German wars in her cause, engaged themselves in the interval betwixt the overthrow of the Elector and the appearance of the Great Gustavus in the field, in the service of the States of Holland, then sorely pressed by the Spaniards under Spinola. At the sanguinary battle of Fleura, 30th August, 1622, Hepburn, Hume and Sir James Ramsay were the captains who led the Scottish bands, that evinced the greatest bravery. Leaving his bands under Hepburn's guidance, Sir Andrew Gray returned to Scotland. Hepburn led the Scottish remnant into Sweden, and tendered their services to Gustavus Adolphus. The court and camp of Adolphus were then the great military school of Europe. The cavaliers of rank were usually apparelled in the richest stuffs, and wore the most beautiful armour that the forges of Parma and Milan could produce. And Mr. Grant tells us that Hepburn, in the splendour of his arms and attire, outshone his comrades so far as to draw upon himself the reprehension of Gustavus. The Swede, however, in 1625, appointed him Colonel of one of his auxiliary regiments, that of which the First or Royal Scotch Regiment of the British line is now the direct representative. Burning for distinction, Hepburn acquitted himself with equal valour and ability. Gustavus is said to have ascribed his great victory at Leipzig to Hepburn's Scottish brigade alone. The Scots, in fact, first introduced military discipline into Sweden. Even the Dutch regiments in the service of Gustavus were many times glad to beat "the old Scots March," when they designed to intimidate the foe. Recruiting extended throughout all parts of Scotland during most of the Thirty Years' War; and "until the era of the Covenant," says Grant, "the drums of the Scots-Swedes rang in every glen from Caithness to the Cheviots." A song circulated by the Sergeant Kites of these times says:—

"Germani, Sweden, Denmark are smoking
With a crew of brave lads others provoking;
All in their armour bright
Dazzling great Caesar's sight,
Summoning you to a fight. *Tan-lara-ra-ra.*
Oh, viva, viva Gustavus we cry!
Heir we shall either win honor or dye!"

The consequence of all this was that many families of Scottish extraction were founded in Sweden, and that Leslies, Montgomeries, Gordons, Duffs, Hamiltons and Murrays are in that country familiar names of families flowing from the honourable Scottish cadets of the wars of Gustavus.

Accompanying Gustavus to the Vistula, Hepburn, in an attack upon the town of Mewe, defended himself for two whole days, on a rock that was defensible, against the whole force of the Polish army, whilst Gustavus achieved the relief of the town by supplying it with men and ammunition. When the Poles at length abandoned their trenches, it was computed that each of Hepburn's soldiers had killed his man. They had lost only a seventh of their own number.

Hepburn, knighted for his eminent services, next

attended Gustavus in his invasion of Germany, with more than a thousand officers, and twelve thousand soldiers, all Scotsmen. Hepburn, on arriving in Pomerania, was placed under the chancellor Oxenstierna, who, being apprised that by a daring midnight attack, Munro, with a few Scottish Highlanders, driven by shipwreck on the Isle of Rugen, had re-won that fertile spot for Gustavus, despatched Munro's old friend and fellow-student, Sir John Hepburn, with his "invincibles" to his succour, as the Austrians were closing in on all sides. Hepburn here assumed the command under a commission as governor of Rugenwalde, and mustering, arming and disciplining 8,000 among the gentlemen and boors of the island, soon cleared all Further Pomerania of the Imperialists.

In the second campaign of Gustavus against the empire, Hepburn, in his 30th year, without any increase of rank, received command of a brigade, denominated Hepburn's Scots Brigade, or the Green Brigade (as other divisions of the army were designated Yellow, Blue and White Brigades). It seems that the colour of the soldiers' doublets, scarfs, feathers and standards was green. Instigated by Gustavus to revenge the slaughter of the Scots at New Brandenburg, Hepburn and Munro side by side led on the Green Brigade to the Gueben Gate of Frankfort on the Oder, hung their petards and stormed the quarter. One Scottish pikeman slew eighteen Imperialists with his own hand; and Lumsden's regiment alone captured nine pair of colours, for which Gustavus told the brave cavalier of Fife to ask whatever he wished that a king could bestow, and he should have it. And in the assault Hepburn was wounded by a shot "above the knee that he was lame of before."

The most dashing of the Scots expeditions to the German wars was, perhaps, that of 6,200 led by the gallant Marquis of Hamilton from Leith in July 1630, after much groundless detention upon a charge preferred against the Marquis by James Stewart, Lord Ochiltree, who accused him of aiming at the Scottish crown. The accusation was proved to be unfounded by a trial, and Lord Ochiltree for his pains remained in durance in Blackness Castle for twenty years, having only been liberated by Oliver Cromwell. Landing by mistake at Wolgast, the Scots on their long march suffered from the consumption of German bread, new honey and German beer, which did not "agree with their constitutions." But they were all completely armed; and the brightness of their unsullied mail, glittering from the armourer's hands, contrasted strongly with the rusty harness of the Scots veterans in the camp of Gustavus. Their leader, too, outshone the Swedish monarch, and rivalled the princes of the empire in the magnificence of his table, his equipage and liveries. Forty volunteers composed his train of pages. Two hundred chosen yeomen in complete steel were his body-guard. And on arriving in the camp at Werben, Gustavus made many apologies for the poor quarters he could afford him.

After many incidental services of merit and im-

portance, Hepburn was with the King of Sweden on the plain of Leipzig. The Saxons were lost, and Count Tilly in person was preparing to charge the Swedes and Lvonians at the head of his main body, when Gustavus selected 3,000 Scottish musketeers, with 2,000 horse posted on their flanks, to interrupt their triumphant career. By an oblique movement Hepburn then threw his brigade into the ground deserted by the Saxons, where the Imperialists, led by the savage John of Tsercla, conspicuous in his conical hat and red feather, were already within pistol-shot. The Scottish regiments here amazed the Imperialists by for the first time firing in platoons. Hepburn led them in person in full military trappings which outshone all in the army, the laurel in his helmet, and sword in his hand. The pikemen in front—three ranks stooping, and three erect, six volleys at once were poured from the faces of their squares—the pikemen charged, the musketeers clubbed their muskets, and the columns of Tilly were broken and driven back with frightful slaughter by the regiments of Hepburn, Lumsden and Keay.

After many more brilliant services on the Rhine and in the march on Bavaria, amongst others capturing a castle and leading the van on the Lech, Hepburn was made Governor of Munich. Confronted with Wallenstein at Nuremberg, Gustavus unhappily had high words with Hepburn, whose fire and spirit could not brook such even from a king. He instantly threw up his commission and withdrew, declaring that he would never more unsheath his sword in the quarrels of Sweden, although Gustavus loved him well, placed more confidence in him than in any other officer, and had just appointed him to command half the infantry of his vast army of 70,000 men. Gustavus was also considered to have treated ungenerously the Marquis of Hamilton, who, with Hepburn, remained within the beleaguered walls of Nuremberg, an idle spectator of the warlike scene. Munro succeeded to the command of the Green Brigade. Yet when Gustavus, entrusting his strong camp to the militia of Nuremberg, crossed the Rednitz with his whole army in order of battle, on the eve of St. Bartholomew, 1632, Hepburn, destitute of any command, rode near the king, mounted on his charger, and in his complete suit of inlaid armour, a close casque with gorget, breast and back pieces, pauldrons, vambraces and gauntlets, with pistols at his saddle, as if going on service. At one part of the conflict, finding no able officer near him who could hasten to examine the ground for a proposed attack, Gustavus requested this service of Hepburn, who complied and reported the attempt practicable. And again, when it became necessary to draw off the Swedish regiments which had advanced too far, Gustavus addressed himself to Hepburn, to order these regiments to retreat; and accepting the service because it was a hazardous one, the cavalier executed the task with daring and decision, and marched the troops, which must otherwise have been cut off, back to the king's post.

Hepburn, attaching himself to the Marquis of

Hamilton, quitted Gustavus at Neustadt, and returned to London by way of France. One month after Hepburn quitted his standard, the great Gustavus was slain on the plain of Lutzen, November 6, 1632. His large rowelled spurs, richly ornamented and gilt, taken off his heels when he was killed on the field of battle, by Colonel Hugh Somerville, his aide-de-camp, are now preserved in the Museum of Scottish Antiquaries, at Edinburgh.

Hepburn, on his arrival at the Court of St. James, was knighted. The *Swedish Intelligence*, the chief source of Mr. Grant's information, was at this time written down from conversations held by the editor with Sir John Hepburn, Lord Reay, and other Swedish officers. Hepburn could have remained but a few months in Britain, as early in the succeeding year he obtained from Louis XIII. the command of a regiment composed of various old Scottish companies, serving in the army of France. Sir Andrew Gray, Sir John Seaton, and numerous Scottish officers and soldiers were then in the French army. The cuirassiers and archers of the Scottish Guard, in their white surcoats and gorgeous half-armour of the brightest steel, were all gentlemen of the first Scottish families. Hepburn gained in France the friendship of the Cardinal Dukes of Richelieu and La Valette. The eight hundred years' league with Scotland was cordially remembered by Frenchmen. But the pride and bearing of the haughty soldiers of fortune gave rise to the popular expression, "proud as a Scotsman"—"*fier comme un Ecossais*."

One of those who first trailed a pike under Sir John Hepburn in Alsace and Lorraine, was John Middleton, a poor private soldier, who afterwards became Earl of Middleton. Hepburn bore the baton of Marshal-de-camp in the invasion of Lorraine, at the age of thirty-six.

Forming a junction with the Swedish army of Duke Bernard at Landau, the latter was taken into the French service with four thousand horse and seven thousand foot: these last almost entirely Scotsmen, the remnants of the gallant Scots veterans so long led by Gustavus—all that survived of the Green Brigade. The whole were incorporated into the Corps styled the *Régiment d'Hebron*—a regiment ordered by Louis XIII. to take the right of all others then being embodied.

Having somewhat rashly ventured to examine the principal breach at the siege of Saverne, the brave Hepburn fell, struck by a shot from the ramparts, in the joint of his gorget, where it failed to protect him. Thus the glitter of the rich armour in which he so much delighted, was probably the cause of his death. He was borne away by a party of faithful Scottish soldiers, as the gallant Turenne, sword in hand, stormed the same breach, at the head of a strong French and Scottish column. He was buried in the old church of Toul in French Lorraine, where Louis XIV. erected a monument to his memory, which bears record of his having been "the best soldier in Christendom, and consequently in the world."

Chronicle of Ethelfeld.

BOOK FIFTH.

ALFRED the king sent a company of spearmen into the north, to demand of the monks of Lindisfarne (who had found refuge in the monastery of Crayke) the loan of the Durham Book. And in pledge thereof, he sent his holy ring and golden circlet with gems ysette, for the said monks to have and hold until that he the book should restore. Were the time and place convenient, I would now relate the dangers these spears met by the way, and the number of days their journey lasted; howbeit, they wonne back at length unto the royal vill, and with them brought the book, which the monks humbly prayed that the king of his mercy would neither dog's-ear nor deface. Now the king, being advertised that the book was at hand, did instantly remit and set aside the matters he was then engaged in. And sending for the queen, and for me Ethelfeld, that we his pleasure might partake, he spent the entirety of that afternoon, and much of sundry afternoons following, in contemplating with us the delineations and devices which had taken the good bishop of Lindisfarne twenty and two years to execute.

Now, when I saw what good limning might in very deed amount to, I apprised my own craftless attempts as meanly as the king himself could do—(howbeit, he had never made merry with them again;) and with much zeal and application I set myself to copy as many of the borderings and initial letters in the Durham Book as time would allow, in colours of azure, and green, and violet, and yellow, and scarlet, and gold. For Werewrith the chaplain had learned the art of preparing gold for the illumination of manuscripts; and the way he did it was this. He filed the gold very finely, brayed it in a mortar with the sharpest vinegar¹ he could get, (which proved to be some home-made wine my loved mother had made of her own grapes, and sent to the king; but we never did her to wit of what it came to,) and whenas it turned black, he poured it forth. Then he added unto it some salt or nitre, which dissolved it and made it fit for use.

Also, for he was clever in little things, he wist how to prepare parchment much better than I had done; and also vellum. His method with the first was this: he let it lie, by the space of three days, under lime; then stretched it, scraped it well on either side, then dried it, and stained it of what colour it liked him best. It pleaseth me to wit how all things should be done, albeit some things it pleaseth me not to do.

About this time, my father brought to Winchester our royal lady Ethelswitha, queen of Mercia; and then returned after a while to his duty on king Buhred, who was purposed he should accompany him to Rome. His royal spouse was meantime to remain in the safeguard of her brother, king Alfred. Thus we

(1) Continued from p. 219.

(2) Ecet: i. e. acetum.

had two queens, Ethelswitha, at court; which some people peradventure thought one too many. Howbeit Alfred the king was always very kind unto his own cyth and cunn; and thus it fell that Ethelswitha his sister lived upon him many a day; and when the troubles of the country increased, became no small burthen unto him. For this queen was one of those, who, while for ever giving out that they are nobody, are yet always expecting to be treated like somebody. Howbeit, the king at length persuaded her to go into a monastery; and I am thankful to say it was not mine.

Ethelswitha, that is to say my sister, had no need to fear the comparisons that could not fail to be made between her and the queen of Mercia, there being as much difference between them as between fescue and cord-grass.¹ For whereas my sister had always been of excellent beauty, there was now no woman equal unto her for fairness, in or about the court. And whereas the queen of Mercia's hair was of reddish yellow, and rather harsh, Ethelswitha's was of the palest brown, silky, and a marvel for length. And sometimes, for the greater state, she let it down to its full length, confined only by a circle of pearls: but more commonly she put it up in shining coils, like Judith of Bethulia in the song; whence the king would call her "the woman of the twisted locks." And whereas the queen of Mercia's eyes were of a cold grey colour, and somewhat too prominent, Ethelswitha's were blue, with soft shadowings round about. And whereas the queen of Mercia did nothing from morn to night but exact service and talk like the foolish, Ethelswitha was ever caring for others. And whereas the queen of Mercia always loved to be helped to the best, Ethelswitha always helped her to the best. And whereas the queen of Mercia was full troublesome unto her brother, and Ethelswitha loved him as her own soul, it came to pass that the king wearied a little of his sister, and loved his wife exceedingly.

Now, by reason of this queen's coming into Winchester and taking so much upon her, it naturally befel that I lost my place a little; not only as second woman at court, but in the thoughts of the king and of the queen: and thus my approaching profession ceased to be the chief thing talked of. Alfred the king was minded to build and endow a noble monastery for randlike virgins at Shaftesbury, and to make me the mitred abbess thereof; but the house, which was to be of solid stone, would take long to raise; and moreover he was rather short of money; wherefore he and my father thought it good that I should become postulante at Wareham Abbey in Dorsetshire, which is dedicated to St. Etheldreda, or, as we say in the vulgar tongue, St. Audrey. The mothers and sisters amounted but to twenty; and were had in reputation, as well for the simplicity of their rule and their sanctity, as for their deft handling of the needle, and their skill in making sweetmeats. Wherefore, I was taken thither by my

good father, to do the abbess to wit of my intentions. We were three days on the road, and slept one night at Winborne. The holy mother received us right kindly: she was pleased at the honour and wealth about to be conferred on her house; add to which, as I have since learned, the arrival of a new face in a religious house is as that of an angel. We saw nought of the nuns, save in the chapel. The abbey, which stood aloof from the town and castle, on a little peninsula formed by the confluence of two rivers, was getymbrade² on piles of oak and alder, by reason that the marshy ground would not bear the weight of stone, and was surrounded by many willows and rushes. The chapel had, till of late, been thatched instead of leaded; and, for lack of glazing to the windows, the swallows and sparrows had been used to fly in and out, chirping and screaming, and to build their nests within the roof.

I returned with my father to Winchester, to await some needful forms. I saw a couple of treow-whirtas by the road side, a-making of a gate, the posts whereof lay on the ground; and I noted that as much of the wood was prepared to lie under the ground as above it, for the greater strength. Then remembered I Eadwulf's homely saying; and was a little troubled that I had indeed seen but the outside of a nunnery. At the king's palace gate were gathered many men and horses; and one of our own freedmen, stepping up unto my father, said, "The lady Eadburga hath arrived." Then my heart rejoiced, for that my blessed mother, who had made the journey by short stages, had reached the royal vill. And when I saw her loved face, with the deep lined marks of her late pains on it, that were no pains now, I felt gladlike that heaven had restored her dear life and listened unto my vow, and I was ready to yield myself up, a willing ransom. Alfred the king looked grave but yet kind, when he saw me; and, saith he, "Thou hast taken the first step now, and wilt not, I think, fall back." I saw he would not think highly of me if I did.

Then, or ever my father returned unto king Buhred, which he very shortly did, we had a little snatch of family happiness, before we parted for ever: for I saw his face no more. Very bitter-sweet was our communing together; but my mother was a very conscientious woman,³ and would on no account put a stumbling-block in my path by her lamentations. I wonder, even now, that they opposed not my vocation a little earlier, nor bemoaned it a little more than, it seems to me, they did. After all, I was very young and tender. . .

Howbeit, Alfred the king had other burthens on his mind. It fell one day, that I was illuminating a capital G with gold and with scarlet and with purple, when he came and stood beside me, overlooking me. I thought that peradventure he was again making merry at my expense; and was about to ask him what fault he was now finding, when I heard him give

(1) Cord-grass is remarkably stiff and strait; fescue affords excellent pasturage.

(2) Built of timber; like Croyland monastery.

(3) She was living in the time of Aseu, who speaks of her in terms of high praise.

“a deep sigh; and, looking up, saw he was not thinking of my work in any wise, but of something afar off. And seeing me look up, he saith, “Woe is me, my sister! . . . I wis not if to any good I have as yet been born. The land is full of foemen:—what have I done? nothing. The land also is full of misery,—what have I done? nothing. The land also is full of ignorance, and so is its king, and what have I done? nothing. Woe is me!”—I said, “All men love you, my king.” He said, “But I despise myself. For I know something should be done, and I know not how to do it, nor what it is. . . . Ho! the happy man that ever had a sword hanging over his head by a single hair! And yet so it always is with me!” And he groaned in himself and turned away.

Another time, we were riding at a breathing pace, through the green shaw, when we heard a countryman behind the bushes say to his fellow, “Thou didst not vail thy cap unto the king.” And the other made answer, “Na, I wunna. For, as comely as he is, wi’s blue eyen an’ white teeth, he’s as cruel as a viking, an’ strings up poor knaves an’ they do but say bent-grass is fox-tail. I’se none of such vikings.” Then the king said to me under his breath, bitterly, “So, all men love me! . . . I am a viking! sorrow is mine, my sister! I did but seek to keep them from notorious lying and violence and taking of bribes by a few examples: and they say I hang men for mistaking one grass for another!” Then considered I, and saw that of all men kings are born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward; and I pitied him in my heart. Also I saw that nothing mundane, including worldly pomp, royal estate, beauty of person, conjugal felicity, can give entire peace; which cannot be found out of ourselves, nor yet in ourselves, but only in God. Howbeit, I did not yet apprehend this perfectly.

As about this time, Alfred the king returned the Durham Book to the monks of Lindisfarne; offering them twenty hides of land, with men and horses thereto belonging, if they would part with it. But they would not; forasmuch as they alleged its value to be above rubies: therefore they returned him his circlet and holy ring.”

Also about this season began the doctrine of transubstantiation, newly brought over from France, to be much spoken about and spoken against among us. To me Æthelfled it seemeth the people of that land must needs, like the Athenians of old, be ever running after some new thing: inasmuch as, not many years back, they took up the religious worship of graven images, and thought to bring us unto it; albeit, we would not hearken unto them. Also, there are those among them that fable a place cleped purgatory, where the souls of them that were neither bad nor good (as though Christ spake of any but the

sheep and goats!) are to be kept until that the prayers of the living set them free. I can only say that it will be a bad day for England when these corruptions are allowed to creep in and establish themselves among us: peradventure they will, for that we are too wanting in suspicion and too fond of imitating our neighbours; howbeit, I hope it will not be in the time of me Æthelfled: they shall not be countenanced in this house if I can help it.

Now, the time of my admission as postulante drawing nigh, my women were busied in making me the given number of white tunics; and I divided among them as impartially as I could, my pale and dark tunics, and all the rest of the gay coloured raiment I no longer should want. For simplicity and uniformity of attire is the first rule of the religious life. Natheless, my white tunics cost double the price of the coloured, and were more trouble to make. For there were certain folds in the wide sleeves I was minded to have fitted with much nicety, for the greater grace; which cost my maidens much trouble and some tears: whereupon Urfried, my mother’s woman, was heard to say there was less trouble in fitting a bride than a nun. Urfried would fain have all the credit to herself; and when the younger women tried the fitting and missed it, she was heard to say, “Young people are wonder’ wise now a-days; and yet I have been thought to know a cricket from a grasshopper.”

Now Æthelswitha’s mind was that I should enjoy as much world’s-pleasure as possible in the little time me remained: whereas, I desired, and my mother me upbore in it, that I should thenceforth partake of nothing that should interfere with my vocation.

Nevertheless, there was a pleasure, the only one in store, and a full brief one, the which my heart fastened on as greedily as it could have done on any pleasure of the world. This was my looked-for journey to St. Audrey’s in company of the king and the queen, who were minded to see me to the last, and who, I thought, would afford me even pleasanter and dearer companionship than even my father had done; and I wis that the imaginings of this journey, its halts and short stages, and my naturally being foremost in my companions’ thoughts, blinded me no little to the obscure darkness beyond. But mark how mundane things turn out! My mother was too feeble for the journey: Alfred the king was detained at court by pressing business; and he behoved to allot the conduct of the progress to the last person I could have wished to go with me. I ventured to name this slightly unto the king. He said, “Why?” . . . Alas! how hard a matter it sometimes is, when “Why” is asked, to give a straightforward answer! . . . I did not, and the matter stood as it was.

Now Æthelswitha was purposed in her heart to go with me, at least one day’s journey: nothing could shake her. So a company of spears was appointed; and the Mercian queen, thinking it promised fair to be a pleasing party, and being no ways minded to keep house with my mother, spake of going and returning with Æthelswitha. Truly this would have

(1) See Alfred’s Boethius.

(2) This narration rests on no better authority than that of Æthelfled, which, we need not repeat, is none at all. Some late literary frauds have made us tender on this subject. The Durham Book is one of the most interesting relics in the MSS. Department of the British Museum.

spoiled all; and if she had had the least ribblike feeling, she would not have thought to thrust herself between the parting embraces of two dear sisters. Happily, she gave it up; partly because Alfred the king went not, partly, methinketh, because that her hair always roughened much, riding in the wind, let her smear it ever so much with honey. And thus, my loved sister and I had not the trouble of her company.

I will not say much of my parting with my mother: it could not fail that we should weep sore; howbeit, I dried mine eyes as soon as I could. Whoever you are, now a-reading this book, you cannot need to be told that great stir was occasioned at St. Audrey's by the arrival of the queen, who thought fit to go with me the whole way. All that day there was bustle and festivity; the day following commenced my three days' retreat, which I bore better than I had looked for; that is, more brave-like, but I think, not much to my spiritual good, for my thoughts were all in tumult. Then I confessed, and we all went to mass, (the queen had received the king's concurrence by a special messenger;) then I, in white yclad, stood outside the chapel door, and knocked. The priest and holy mother asked what I wanted. I made answer that I desired to be admitted as postulant into the community. They let me in, and led me up unto the altar. Then the priest cut off a small lock of my hair, and blessed me, and gave me a rosary. I arose, and went away, quite self-collected. At noon Ethelswitha departed.

In going up unto the altar, I had heard some one whisper unto my sister, "What a beautiful postulant!" which I tried not to attend to, nor remember. But how weak and wrong a thing to let me hear such an ejaculation at such a moment! For, doth not a single dead fly taint the box of precious ointment? And my self-devotion was at that moment as ointment poured forth at my Saviour's feet. Thus we add to one another's sins and to one another's burthens.

When Ethelswitha had departed, the holy mother summoned me into her chamber, and told me in detail the rule of the house.¹ While she was yet speaking, some one tapped at the door; and she said, "Come in," and proceeded with her discourse. A nun entered, who straightway kneeled down within the chamber, and continued in that posture until the holy mother had brought her speech to a close, which she did not hasten, but rather drew out. Now I Ethelfled had continually seen persons kneel unto the king and to the queen, and unto mine own father and mother, but had never known them thus left long together without being bidden to arise; and the newness of the sight was accompanied by commiseration for the nun, who appeared feeble in body, and frequently changed colour. Howbeit, the holy mother at length said composedly, "Thou mayst arise, daughter;" whereupon, the nun gat from off her knees, approached the holy mother, kneeled again, kissed the hem of her

garment, and then delivered some trifling message. This little occurrence went much to the heart of me Ethelfled: I wist somewhat of the authority and dignity of the *matres monasterii* without doots, as, how that a mitred abbess was exempt from the jurisdiction of the diocesan, having in herself episcopal authority within her precincts, and also taking her seat in the great council of the nation; but I had neither beheld nor conceived the extent of her rule over her house, nor the amount of subjection of body, will, and thought, exacted of every soul within it. For albeit I had been bred up by an aunt who was an abbess, or, as we say in Saxon, *abudine*, yet the children in a monastic school see nought of the nuns' interior lives, wherefore my introduction to it was new and somewhat revolting to me.

The holy mother had scarce concluded her speaking, when the last Angelus rang us to the chapel, where I was ware of twenty pair of round eyes furtively gazing at me. After prayers came supper; and I found that my admission was to be kept as a kind of festival: though there was but a humble feast, after all. The sisters had treen' platters; and only the holy mother and I had silver spoons. Indeed, mortification was their rule; but they seemed willing to depart therefrom, too, all they could. As saith Tieme, "He helped him to the best, though it were but a marrow-bone." My seat was next the holy mother, which I took for a pleasing recognition of my rank; howbeit, I shortly learned it was only because I happened to be the only postulant. Recreation being permitted, there ensued some attempt at general discourse; but it proved so dull that I was glad when the bell tolled for complines. Then we all formed in solemn procession; and, with slow step and heads abased, proceeded to night-prayer. A novice read the prayers and we made response; while candles were lighted before different shrines. Then we remained awhile in silent meditation, very hushed and still: then one of the sisters read a discourse: then the holy mother blessed us: the portress brought in the house keys and laid them on the altar, saying, "O holy Father! preserve us this night from all evil!" Then we each kissed the floor; and proceeded orderly, silently, and in the dark, each to our own cell. There, having knelt in prayer, each again kissed the ground, saying "Dust I am, and to dust shall I return:" then crossed herself and lay down, saying, "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to you I commend my spirit."

I Ethelfled could neither sleep nor weep, nor even think. A tight cord seemed tied across my heart: spiritually speaking *there was one*. Wherefore I lay awake and still: and, at dead of night, I heard stealthful footsteps along the gallery. Two nuns and two novices were on their way to the chapel, to spend the consecrated hour.

At four in the morning we arose. We went in procession to the chapel. We spent an half-hour on

(1) It is a disputed point whether the Anglo-Saxon monasteries were not under a simpler and more primitive rule than the Benedictine.

our knees, in silent meditation. The bell rang the first Angelus.

After this, we brake our fast. Milk, bread, and a white ill-made cheese, were placed on a table without a cloth. Each had a treen cup and platter. Each maintained silence. One read aloud. After breakfast, I was about to go and wash my hands, but was rebuked, and told I must first ask leave of a professed nun. Thereat I Æthelfled was moved in spirit: howbeit I gave no token thereof. Many a stone lies under the smooth water.

Then we went to our appointed duties: some to their needles, some to their books, some to their psalmody, some to ministering unto the poor. My business lay in the scriptorium. It was the pleasure of Alfred the king that I should obtain a competent knowledge of Latin; it being, indeed, very much against his rightwise will that the church prayers should not be in the vulgar tongue; since he would have had all men pray not only with the lips, but with the understanding also. Therefore it was that I Æthelfled, with his and the holy mother's concurrence, applied myself diligently unto the study thereof. And albeit I lamentably missed the aid of the king's chaplains, whose place my new teachers very poorly supplied, yet by uncommon application on mine own part, I progressed fast if not well: inasmuch as, though I never attained unto writing Latin with purity, yet my readiness in it exceeds that of any woman I know, to say nothing of many a priest, of that sort whom the king is wont to call abbey-lubbers.

Now in this respect, I soon found, and have continued to find all my life, that the labour brings its own reward. As saith the wise King, "If thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart unto understanding, yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding, if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord and find the knowledge of God." And this heartiness of application brought it to pass that the hours I spent in the scriptorium soon became the happiest of my day: and I even learned to love the death-like stillness, only broken by the twittering of the sparrows outside the window,¹ and the security from any more importunate interruption. Howbeit, just in the middle, it might be, of a difficult sentence, the second Angelus would ring; and after prayers came dinner; and after dinner, the hour of recreation, when it was singular to note after what various and child-like fashions the sisters would relax themselves . . . all under the holy mother's eye; and in her hearing, too!—and if she heard a word she thought amiss, (and they were many,) the recreation was suspended; which, save for the punishment of the rest, I should never have been sorry for, for it was no recreation to me. At the hour's end, the bell tolled twice; then each nun crossed herself, knelt down, repeated *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria*, and returned to her

allotted duty; and then my real recreation began. For, if I returned not unto the scriptorium, I applied myself, still at the will of the king and of the holy mother, to the study of church music; which, as understood and practised in this abbey, was, I must say for it, exceeding bad. In king Alfred's royal chapel, I had been used, aforetime, to have my soul lifted as unto heaven, while listening, as Aldhelm saith, "to the great organ with a thousand blasts, the car being soothed by the windy bellows, while the rest shone in the gilt chests." Also the sweet singers had transported me much with their holy hymning after the fashion of John the priest, who first brought the Roman method of singing into our island; and I learned many of their sacred chants by ear, and could finger them on the organ; and oft-times I regretted that there was no better method of marking the time apportioned to the square characters that signified the notes than that derived from the quantity of syllables inscribed over them. For some syllables should be uttered shortly, and some long drawn out, even as long as the breath will last without making the singer red in the visage or constraining to an abrupt conclusion: and, to facilitate this, I e'en invented a way for mine own use, which Alfred the king laughed at and yet said had good in it: to wit, setting the words beneath instead of above the notes, and placing above each note a numeral to signify how long the singer should hold his breath, whether while one might deliberately count one, two, three, or four. And this invention I was fully persuaded in mine own mind would greatly improve the practice of psalmody; and whensoever I should be abbatisse, I resolved to impart it to my nuns; but meanwhile it was necessary that I should study it a little more myself; wherefore I took every occasion afforded me by the holy mother, which was chiefly of an afternoon, to pursue the study of music all I could. And it commonly fell, that just as I was beginning to lose remembrance of things terrene and restraints conventional, and was upsoaring to heaven's gate like a lark, the last Angelus would ring. Then the rest of the round went on: in describing one day I describe a hundred.

Now the second night of my postulant's life, though I could not sleep, I could weep. Methought I saw Æthelswitha with her little child in her arms upstretching its tiny hands and pulling her hair over her face; and my pale mother, grave-like, sitting by and looking on as if she noted them not, but were thinking of me. Then I wept and wept, and thought of Æthelswitha's last whisper, 'Remember thou hast taken no vows as yet, thou hast only desired to enter the community,' and I was sore bested. Then, while as I lay weeping, I minded me of Eadwulf's bringing the news of my mother's illness, and of my going into the king's chapel what time as rang the second Angelus, and vowing a vow to dedicate myself a willing servant unto the Lord, if so be my mother's life might be spared. And as soon as I bethought me of this, my soul was no more tost, but I yielded to

(1) *Æthelr.* literally, eye-hole.

a quiet peace, and crossed my hands on my breast, and presently fell on sleep.

Next day, I was summoned into the presence of the holy mother. She bade me give up any little trinkets and keepsakes I might have about me that might still keep up some remembrance of the world without. Reluctantly, I gave up one or two little love-tokens, I had hoped, from their simplicity, I might retain; but there was one, I affirm and declare by whatever is solemn, that I remembered not at the time, nor indeed, had on my person: to wit, that lock of king Alfred's hair which was cut off the first time of all that ever he came unto our house; and which I had since crypted with one of Ethelwitha's, and now was using as a book-mark. I declare I remembered it not: *afterwards*, I thought it was too late, the time was gone by, it would seem so silly and shameful to produce it; the holy mother would think I had kept it back of purpose, which I had not,—I had clean forgotten. Besides, that word 'whatever thou hast about thee' . . . and I had it not about me. So there could be no sin. Howbeit, methought I would confess it to the priest next time, and do as he bade me. Yet, as it fell, I in very deed forgot it that time; only to remember it again afterwards; so that it became a burthen unto me. Then I hid away the book-mark; but I wist where it was; had I had access to fire or candle, I would have consumed it. And so I fretted and was sorry for my sin; and at last told of it with tears, and said truly, I had forgotten it at first, and should I keep it now or give it up? To my great surprise and relief, the priest (he was very old and indulgent, though not very clever,) seemed to take little heed about it, and said I might keep it. Oh the joy of that permission! It was not that I cared so much, in very deed, about the book-mark, (albe it was the last token of those I loved,) as that it had been the occasion of sin unto me; and I thought that the holy mother had been the first cause of that sin, by exacting something of me that God would not have required.

Bearing this occurrence in mind, I have ever been very lenient with the young persons committed to my keeping; quick to detect deceit even about trifles, but gentle with them, and not exacting. For why should we increase each other's burthens? Are they not already heavy enough?

There were a few curiously illuminated missals and manuscripts in our library, to which I was allowed access; and a sister named Paula was proficient in this art, and gave me much instruction: so that I became skilful in the execution of delicate borderings and ornamental letters. When I had prosecuted this art some months, I happened to obtain a view of the Psalter I had illuminated for king Alfred, which he had lent unto the holy mother; and, alone as I was in the scriptorium, my cheeks were warmly suffused, when I beheld what miserable performances I in my folly and ignorance had set before the king. "What could he and must he have thought of them? and how was it he laughed no more?" were questions that troubled me greatly. At last, methought I was

grieving more heartily for having been guilty of a laughable folly, than I might peradventure do for a serious sin. Whereat I took heart, and resolved to be a good artist even yet. He that stumbleth and falleth not, bettereth his pace.

Albeit the first week of my new course seemed as though it never would end, my neck grew used to the collar at last; and the zeal with which I applied myself unto my studies took off for the season all sense of wearifulness and mood-sourceness. Howbeit, my sedentary life and overmuch labour of the brain presently disordered my health. Thereat, the holy mother took grief; for, if I died before my profession, what would become of the goodly hereditaments that were to be alienated to the monastery? Moreover, she was well affected towards me: none the less so for my being the queen's sister, though she lost no occasion of showing that worldly distinctions were made no account of within abbey precincts. Nevertheless, seeing me fall sick, albeit I needed not to be sent into the infirmary, she somewhat abated the rigidity of the rule in my case, and caused me to exchange the too diligent employment of my pen for a certain measure of exercise in her garden. Even this was little enough for one that had been used aforetime to so much exercise in the open air; and whilens I paced the narrow walks amid the flower-beds, I mused in my mind whether women served God more rightlike for being mewed up like birds in cages; and whether, when I came to be abbess, I might not, in this respect, any wise remit the rule.

Now, while I was at my pen, the sisters were mostly at their needles: their embroidery was a very miracle for delicateness; and as it was much in request in the world without, and brought no small gain unto the abbey, they were habituated to work garments of empty pride in diversified colours, which I Ethelfled secretly thought inconsistent with their profession. For had they not by their own examples borne testimony against the wimples and the tunics of this world, the cyrcles, the mentels, and the fine linen? And had they not adopted, instead of a stomacher a sackcloth, and instead of well-set hair baldness, and I was nigh to saying, instead of much washing and bathing, a great indifference to the application of fresh water? Sorry am I to say it, but so it was: never have I yet been able to understand why, to present the cleaver heart unto God, we should go with unwashed hands: never could I see the peculiar sanctitude of St. Cuthbert's practice of wearing his leathern boots day and night for months together till they dropped off his feet; nor was there anything I less admired in Queen Etheldreda, abbess of Ely, and our patron saint, than her wearing none but woollen under-garments, and rarely using a hot bath. Howbeit, these things must of course be approached with reverence; and there may be something very improving in dirt, though I Ethelfled have never been able to find it, but on the contrary have always endeavoured to inculcate among the poor that resorted unto me for an alms, that cleanliness was next to godliness.

To a certain extent, it was indispensable to the sisters who broidered fine linen, or they would have marred their work. A new pattern was to them a thing of infinite moment. Discovering this, I recreated myself by inventing¹ and tracing for them figures of saints, angels, men and women hunting and hawking, greyhounds, eagles, peacocks, &c., the which they with their minute stitches ywrought in the perfectest manner. I think the Babylonish garment that made Achan to sin could scarce have been rarer than some of the robes which they worked; but they were too stupid to be able to depart from what was set down for them in any wise, without involving themselves in difficulty. Alas for the poor sisters! they were more like grown children than I had wist that women might be. The second evening that I abode among them, I had a moving instance of the slavish degradations to which they were subject. During supper-time, a sister was constrained to prostrate herself on the floor, and trace thereon the form of the cross with her tongue, for having betrayed some signals of impatience when one of the mothers chode her for having disfigured her work by pricking her finger. And while I was sorry at heart, and could not forbear casting wistful glances at the holy mother, who immovable sat, the others only smiled among themselves, and had no touch of compassion for her, the poor sister.

When I thus noted, day by day, how foolish and unspiritual were these my allotted companions, to cast my lot amongst whom I had absented myself from the angelical discourses of holy Neot, the deep reasonings of our Mercian Werewulf, and the heavenward aspirations of Alfred the king, I was dismayed within myself at the thought of becoming like these my associates, who only served to deaden my devotion. My walk with God became spiritless and languid: I confessed it with tears unto the priest: he prescribed the usual penances and remedies; and, after all, concluded with bidding me look forward to my new abbey. The first stone had, indeed, not yet been laid; but an assured hope, however distant, gives the soul a stay; and in my mind I saw it already getymbrade and gefrætwan,¹ leaded and glazed, with loud bells and deep-sounding organ, and beheld myself the mitred abbess, taking precedence of the abbess of Wimborne in the great council, and ruling a community of holy and high-born sisters, all spiritual, all intellectual, all meek-spirited, and all profoundly attached unto myself. Then considered I and bethought me, how we would relieve the poor, nurse the sick, instruct the ignorant, entertain noble travellers, illuminate manuscripts, send alms to foreign parts, and be well reported of all Christendom. Then mused I in my mind that at the present time my practice in sundry of these acts of mercy was but small; I wist not the properties of

herbs like Gunfrid, nor to dress wounds like Urfried, nor to use the vein-knife like my blessed mother, nor to infuse cooling drinks like Ethelswitha. Wherefore I made prayer unto the holy mother that I might take my turn in the infirmary, which she readily granted. Herein I found two or three trifling cases, and one that was like to be protracted of long time, to the great trial of patient and nurse. . . . to wit, an afflicted sister called Mildred, who I think was as great a sufferer as the nun Tortgith of Barking, that was bound in the bonds of excruciating disease nine years, till at length her bones would hardly hold together. Is it not in Bede?

The skin of this poor nun was as colourless as parchment, and her frame so attenuated as that I could lift her with ease; and such were her patience and sweetness that I clave unto her in love, and found no greater pleasure than in ministering unto her night and day. And whereas her former nurses were well-nigh wearied out, and had grown somewhat fretful at being incessantly hindered of their sleep, they were thankful to be quit of their charge. And she, exchanging help that was begrudged for help that was proffered in love, conceived for me a deep and grateful affection, and seemed to take a new lease of life; albe it proved to be but a blaze of the expiring taper in the socket. Now, of this poor nun, I wist no more than that she was a thegn's daughter; for it was our rule to hold no discourse with each other concerning our forepast lives; wherefore she in like manner knew no more of me than that I was sister to the qucen. However, she made out, as was no hard matter, that I was sorry of cheer, and took to the cloister unkindlike. Wherefore, at those seasons her pains intermitted and gave her a little rest, she spake angel-like of the cares and temptations of this sorry world, and its short duration; and the long duration of the glory-bright heaven, and how little it would matter when once we had attained unto it, and saw our Lord in the face, through what tribulations we had passed to reach it, except indeed, that every tear shed would be another pearl in our crown. And she told me that when she found herself pining for a sight of the green fields, she thought how gay and enamelled would be the fields of glory, and when for the blue sky, she thought how blue would be the sky of heaven, and when for dear faces and old friends, how she should there have them for ever and ever, besides many new ones, as well or better worth knowing. Hearing her thus discourse, I became insensible or indifferent to my late afflictions; and she just lived to see me take the white veil, and then departed in peace, without need of the rosary expressly blessed by the Pope to procure her a happy death, for which the holy mother had sent to Rome. I looked out of window as her happy spirit fled, to see was there a trail of glory, but there was nothing of the sort, nor yet any audible sound of celestial singing; and yet I believe she went straight to heaven, for all that.

Now, as touching the white veil, which, had it not

(1) In later times, we find Dunstan designing patterns for a lady's dress.

(2) Adorned with tooth-like ornaments or zig-zags. The word getymbrade, though strictly applicable only to wooden buildings, was in common use even to express stonemasonry.

been for Mildred, I might never have taken at all, in spite of the contumely, so disappointed was I of what I had looked for in a convent life. . . The holy mother sent for me one day, while Mildred was still in the body and hard wrestling with her last enemy, and my mind was so pre-occupied with her, and mine eyes so accustomed to the darkened room, that the light of the gallery seemed strange to me. . . The holy mother did me to wit that the king and the queen had heard of my tender ministrations to the afflicted sister, and were marvelously moved thereat: that they esteemed and revered me beyond what they had ever done before I entered the cloister, and were purposed to show their uncommon sense of my deservings by coming to see me take the white veil: that I was a light set upon an hill that could not be hid; and othermuch to the same purport, which with earthly pride and human vanity elated the mind that, on entering the holy mother's chamber, had been set on far better things. The end was, that at that moment I felt no averseness to engage for all that was expected of me; and the preparations which thereupon immediately ensued for the approaching festivity, filled the whole abbey with jocundity, and made me see smiling faces wherever I went. Every one now was so kindly affectioned towards me that it seemed as if hitherto a cloud had been between me and them which had prevented me from discerning their merit: whereas, I believe, a transitory gleam of sunshine, a lighting of a dull landscape, would have been the better image. Even the nun Mildred, reviving a little ere she sped away into the realms of light, took an innocent pleasure in the richness of my dress, and the tiring of my hair, which she would smooth down with her thin hand: and, to please her, I would smile in her face whenever our eyes met; so that I seemed, even to myself, to be more light of heart. But then came my nine days' retreat, in silence, solitude, and fasting, which brought my soul more acquainted with itself than ever it had been yet. I think, if it had been protracted ever so little more, I should have gone mad, the pressure was so heavy. As it was, I had dreams and visions, sleeping and waking, of good and bad angels and many unutterable things, so that sometimes I could scarce forbear shrieking aloud. At length came a dull apathetic fit of waiting, and counting the days and the hours that divided me from Ethelswitha; and then a heavy, dreamless sleep. Therefrom I was awakened by the holy mother in her blindest voice; she told me the king and the queen had arrived, and the bishop was ready to confess me, and then I should dress, and sup in the parlour.

Oh, it was no simulated joy with which I greeted my sister! Saith the king, "So, Ethelfleda, you hold on to the end!" and I knew from his look and tone that he trusted I should do so in very deed, and would have been sore amazed and troubled had I given any signal of wavering. From that moment I took my part and played it. Oh, how gay was our supper! how sleepless the night that followed it! Awake I had been dreaming, and, when I might as

well have dreamed, I could not sleep. The holy mother, on supervising my attire before I entered the royal presence, had said, "Thou wilt sadden the queen's heart, dear daughter, if she seeth how pale thy cheeks have waxen with nursing thy poor sister;" and would have touched them with a little stibium, a thing I looked not for in a nunnery; howbeit, though I dared not gainsay her with my lips, mine eyes did so in silence so plainly that she, smiling, said, "Thou art red enow, now. . . we will let nature hold her own"—and stayed her hand.

That night, methinks the king told me more of the current affairs of the realm during the foregone year than the holy mother would have recommended my hearing; but who shall say unto a king what doest thou? Wherefore I had matters to stay my mind upon for many a day: and persuaded I am that the cognizance of moving transactions takes our thoughts from too intent self-scrutiny and too harassing afflictions about petty troubles. The sisters being all so jocund without any simulation, Ethelswitha was advised to say, "How happy you all seem here! Were I not a queen, I would fain be a nun." And the king, eating our placentas, which, indeed, were very delicate, said, "If you holy ladies are always eating these good things, no marvel you are so fat and well-liking". . . If, indeed!—I have often since thought of their sayings.

There were certain law-deeds and parchments, abalienating certain of the portion of lands allotted to me, unto the abbey; but the most part was kept back till I should take the black veil. After the king and the queen had retired unto the guest-chamber, I remained kneeling before the host, until the first nocturn. At day-break, I received the holy communion. Then I was dressed as a bride, and the queen herself adorned me with jewels and sleeked my hair with the silver comb she had used in my childhood. When she saw mine eyelids quiver, she kissed me and said, "Thou art quite worn out, dear child, by thy tending of that poor nun." Then my bride-maidens led me to the steps of the altar. Then we sang "Domine, non sum dignus." Then the bishop blessed my novice's dress, and cut off a large tress of my hair. Then I retired into the house, carrying my consecrated habit, and I was clad in it, and my hair cut short round. Then I returned, carrying my late garments, which, after answering the appointed questions, I trampled on before the altar. Then the bishop blessed me and gave me a crucifix and a rosary.

The rest of the day was given to recreation. Mine was taking Ethelswitha to the bed-side of the poor Mildred, who looked on her with great reverence and affection, and spake certain words which the queen said in after-time she never forgot. When the king, the queen, the bishop, and all the gay train had departed, I in my new habit returned to the infirmary, where the poor Mildred now lay in one of

her paroxysms. Feeling my hot tears drop on her face, she openeth her eyes, and gazing on me with an intense-like love and gratitude, saith "Sweet angel!" But I for myself was a-weeping.

But this was my best place. I held unto her till she died: and thereon returned to the scriptorium, and completed for king Alfred a copy of the Gospel of St. John, the reading whereof for the first time was to my soul's immortal good. Howbeit, I marvelled to find therein no word of abbeyes nor monasteries, nor of the celibate life, and spake thereof unto the confessor: but he said St. John's was a supplementary gospel, very good and profitable as far as it went; but wanting in many particulars I should find in the other gospels. So I took his word for it, having no help for it, and learned of St. John all I could till I attained unto the perusal of the other gospels, which occurred not until I had taken the black veil; and then, though I found therein no warrant for the celibate state, I had no help for it, and was forced to hope that though they sanctioned it not, they would not have forbidden it.

Now this my manuscript, being of a far different execution from the Psalter formerly mentioned, gave the king great contentation, and he caused it to be enclosed in a golden case, with precious stones beset, which, he said, was, after all, but a poor husk for so rich a kernel. The first page was in gold capitals on a pale lilac ground; the second in gold capitals on a dark blue ground.' This labour occupied nearly the entirety of my year's novitiate, and, there being then no question whether or no I should profess, I took the vows with all the privacy and solemnity thereto belonging. My nine days' retreat found me in a quieter and more solemnized state of mind than when I was wavering between one course and another. I confessed, as before death, unto the bishop, and received pontifical absolution. The day was ushered in by the tolling of the great bell muffled, as if I were in very deed dead; then ensued high mass, the celebrants and altar all in black. While the requiem was singing, the mothers and sisters drew nigh the sanctuary, each bearing a lighted taper. I prostrated myself on a black cloth, mine arms extended as if on a cross, during the litany for the dead. Then the bishop removed my white veil, and I retired into the sacristy, where my head was shaven. Then my head was covered, and I returned unto the bishop, who blessed my black veil and my cof. The holy mother produced the parchment inscribed with my vows, which I repeated in a low voice only to be heard by the bishop and herself, he holding the host before me, to represent the very person of Christ, to Whom I was now giving myself for ever. Then I signed the parchment on my knees; and the holy mother signed it; and then the bishop covered me with the black veil, and gave me the host; and I kissed the holy mother's feet, and we sang, "Domine, non sum dignus." Thenceforth I was called mother.

This was another step, and a very awful one in my life. I was not yet nineteen years of age, but I seemed to have left the world many years. Sometimes that appeared a dream, sometimes this; but I clave to Christ all I could, only that what were meant for my helps sometimes proved my hindrances. And now and then the question arose, Do we love Christ the more for seeing the world *through a black veil*? However, while we continue in the body, the veil must in many things remain on our hearts. Questionless, the world will look small enough, anyway, when we come to leave it.

My experiences, searching as they were, were presently exchanged for those of another sort, by the unexpected demise of the holy mother. She was of middle age, hale and hearty; but, one fast day, she ate too freely of a raw sallet, which she wist full well her stomach could not bear. Well-a-day! we all have our temptations, and we know we are not to abide here for ever; and she had the use of the blessed crucifix that came from Rome, too late for Mildred; nevertheless, it saved her not from strong spasms and convulsions. Wherefore, I, setting no great store by the same when it came into my possession, made a present of it to one who thought more of it, and who, on any wise, is the happier for it while she liveth, whatever case it may give her at her death.

In some measure unto my surprise, I found myself unanimously elected abbatiassa in the late holy mother's place. There was, indeed, none other nun among the sisterhood so well born, so well endowed with goods, nor so generally beloved; and I had always supposed I should eventually be Abbess of Shaftesbury; but there were so many elder women than I, who had been long time in the convent, that I was taken at unawares, and much startled at my new position. Though desiring free action and authority, I found myself unprepared, and gave myself much unto prayer. Five abbesses were present at my consecration, which was very imposing; and in private they favoured me with the results of their own experiences on many matters, some of which I found profitable, others not. The nuns offered me their homage with a heartiness that was genuine enough, for they concluded, from my youth and inexperience, they should enjoy some abatements to their rule. Howbeit, I passed the entirety of sundry days and nights in retreat, fasting, praying, and reflecting; and having at length made out my future course, I proceeded to work it out, in the manner I shall record in my next book, which I am stedfastly purposed shall be my last, and wherein I shall have something moving to relate, touching our salvation from great danger by Alfred the king.

(To be continued.)

(1) Vile Cott. MSS. Tit. A. 2: a copy of the Gospels that belonged to Athelstan.

FEMALE SERVANTS IN THE BUSH.

BY MRS. TRAILL.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, their destiny obscure."

I HAVE often heard families complain of the difficulty of obtaining and retaining good female servants, especially when they first come to this country, and dwell with much bitterness on the insolent freedom of manner they experience. That, while the rate of wages is nearly doubled, they are worse served than by even indifferent servants at home.

In Canada the demand for labour has hitherto exceeded the supply, and will do so for many years to come, excepting in places where a strong tide of emigrants has poured in on account of some tempting advantage offered them,—such as the carrying on of public works on an extensive scale. The servant knows her own value, and is not unnaturally disposed to take advantage of the necessities of her employer; she is in point of fact less dependent on her mistress than her mistress upon her. Such being the state of things, it is impolitic to commence your acquaintance with your newly hired female servant by assuming an air of haughty superiority over her,—assuming an attitude of defence before attack is meditated.

In a new country like this the same order of things does not prevail as in England, and something of dignity must inevitably be ceded if you wish to live peaceably with all men. Even servants fresh from the comforts and conveniences of good service at home, find much cause for discontent and unhappiness when they come to Canada. The change is not less felt by them than by ourselves: they also have to learn to conform to the ways of a strange country; they also feel the bitter pains of expatriating themselves, though they have more to gain and less ultimately to lose, by the exchange than we have; but their regrets for a season are often as acute. Let us, then, think of these things,—let us learn to treat them as human creatures, as fellow-creatures, subject to like feelings of joy and sorrow as ourselves, and let them see that we do so not because it is our worldly interest but because we are their Christian mistresses. Begin, then, by treating them with kindness and consideration. Servitude at best is a hard portion to bear; let us endeavour by judicious kindness to lighten the yoke of bondage. Take an interest in their happiness—their general welfare; lend a patient and not unwilling ear to their little histories; for they have all something to tell of their former trials that drove them to this country, their early wanderings and troubles in the first settlement they made, the hardships, sorrows and sickness they have met with. Believe me that much interesting matter may thus be obtained, some useful knowledge acquired, some valuable lesson of patience learned, by which your own heart may be benefitted and improved, and what is equally valuable, a feeling of confidence established between yourself and your

household servants, who feel by these little acts of sympathy, that you do not despise them.

Truly do I subscribe to the fine sentiments of the poet whose truth must have been felt and experienced by every one capable of feeling aright,—

"Where is the heart of iron mould,
Stern, inaccessible and cold,
That melts not when its proud distress
Is balm'd by pity's gentleness?"

Irish servants are more plentiful than English or Scotch, and you will find a marked difference between those that come from the Catholic, and those that come from the Protestant counties; the former are generally less neat in their persons, and less perfect in their household work, but they are easily contented, more cheerful, good humoured, and respectful, quick to take offence where their country or religion is sneered at, and I might add, less trustworthy in word; they smile and joke, and yet have a latent feeling of jealousy in their hearts if you have offended them, which is only suffered to break forth when occasion suits. The Irish Protestants are clean, active, full of expedients and energy, more truthful and upright in their dealings, approaching nearer to the Scotch in many of their characteristics, than to their Catholic brethren; or to the English. Indeed it is often hard to distinguish, but for their tongue, the emigrants from the North of Ireland and the West of Scotland, the complexion often fair and ruddy, and the family names also assimilate. We have Gordons, and Hamiltons, Dunbars, Campbells, Macdonalds, and a host more of Irish Scotch names.

Though our best servants are from among the Protestant Irish, your pleasantest are found among the Catholic families. The most violent prejudices exist, the fiercest animosities are to be found between the Catholics and Protestants of this ill-fated portion of the British dominions, often ending in deadly quarrel; the party spirit is not extinguished by emigration, and as long as an Orange lodge exists in Canada, never will. They seem in some respects a distinct race, but in some points are brothers and sisters—in revenge and in pride, in that broad humour and smartness of repartee which seem common to them all, high and low, rich and poor, Catholic and Protestant, and a spirit of hospitality that makes you welcome to the homeliest or the richest fare. This virtue (and it is a great one) belongs peculiarly to the Irish; what they have is set before you with a heartiness and warmth of manner that is beyond all praise.

Irish pride is proverbial; and though I have sometimes been almost provoked into a smile at its absurdity on some occasions, still I regard it as a national trait that would if *cannily guided* lead to better things.

An Irish servant (the poorer and more destitute she is, the prouder) will never acknowledge poverty to have been the cause of her parents' coming out to Canada; she will voluntarily attribute emigration to any other motive than necessity. Nay, none of them will confess that they knew anything of hard labour

till they came to Canada,—their fathers were farmers, and they had servants themselves, and only put their hand to work when absolutely inclined, to amuse themselves in that way. This you may believe if you are sufficiently credulous; but as it does no good to contradict them I seldom do so, unless by cross questioning to draw them out a little, and notice the variety of character, and their curious subterfuges, when hard pressed with a home question that was difficult to parry.

I have generally found myself most efficiently served by choosing my female servants when I could among the daughters of small farmers; young persons who have been brought up and almost bred in the country. These are generally speaking industrious, active and useful, well versed in all the various household labours of a Canadian settler's farm, proud of displaying their skill in the work of the house, and will often render valuable service on the farm in hay-making and harvest time. Ask this as a favour, however, but never demand it as a right, for they are tenacious of their dignity; though accustomed to work like labourers in the fields at home, they know they are not compelled to do so when hired in the capacity of household servants, unless some specific bargain be made to that purpose.

At home the young women often are compelled to assist in the clearing of the land, piling brush, heaping logs, hoeing and planting corn and potatoes, reaping, binding, anything and everything that they can lay their hands to; nay, I have even known instances of their chopping firewood, and helping to underbrush a fallow, previous to its being cleared of the larger timbers.

It is often to escape the wear and tear of this out-of-door toil that a farmer's daughter leaves her home to hire out for some months,—to *rust* herself, she will tell you, and to earn a little pocket-money to be laid out in finery which she dare not ask at her father's hands;—not that real and actual necessity impels them, for of the substantial comforts of life they often see more at their father's table, than at that of their master or mistress.

There is frequently among girls thus brought up a degree of familiarity of manner that savours a little too much of Yankee independence to be quite agreeable to persons accustomed to the obliging and obsequious manners of servants in Britain, and many of my fair countrywomen are disgusted at this trait in country servants: at first I was inclined to run restive myself, and openly to express my dislike to it, causing an immediate feeling of hostility amounting to insolence in return; but as I found it awkward to be left at a minute's notice, at an inconvenient time possibly, with a large wash of half-dried and un-ironed linen, or expecting friends, or worse, ill, and unable to do the work of the house myself, or to procure another to do it in the place of the departed one, I adopted a more politic line of conduct, which, perhaps, may by some be thought to savour too much of the wisdom of the serpent. But as I avoided

rousing angry and resentful feelings, and the end was gained without offence, I think I may say it leaned also to the harmlessness of the dove.

As an instance of my ruse, I had hired a fine clever industrious girl, daughter to one of the small farmers in an adjacent township, one unaccustomed, however, to the restraints of servitude, and associating on equal terms with all her neighbours, men of substance, who had hewed for themselves an independence out of the thick forest. When Anne first came to live with me, she annoyed me by lingering in the parlour when I had guests, and not unfrequently putting in some remark of her own on a subject under discussion. Once or twice she seated herself in the same room with me, and caressingly laid her hand upon my arm while examining my needle-work. Now she was so clever, so useful, and so obliging, that I did not like to say anything harsh to wound her feelings; but one day, having occasion to speak of a former servant, I said I liked her but for one thing, she was apt to forget herself at times, and once actually laid her hand upon my shoulder, and even took a seat on the sofa at my side. "And this you know, Anne," I added, "was not respectful, and gave strangers a very low opinion of her breeding; they thought she was so ignorant of proper manners, for you often see that even among my own friends, they frequently wait to be seated, till they are asked."

I never had occasion after this to give even the least hint about over familiarity; Anne had tact enough to comprehend the implied reproof, and I enjoyed the comfort of an excellent servant for a twelvemonth.

Another of my damsels used to annoy me by humming, or singing, while dusting the furniture, or laying the cloth. One day Mary asked me a question respecting her predecessor, who was a neighbouring settler's daughter.

"Pray, Ma'am, did you like Rose as a servant?"

"Rose had a bad temper, and often made herself very disagreeable, and there was one habit that she had, that was very annoying to me. She used to sing and hum tunes when in the parlour, and one day a lady said to me, 'Do you allow your servants to sing in the parlour?' (this was literally the case.) And this you know, Mary, was very mortifying to me, but I named it to Rose, and she had the good sense to leave off the practice." From that time Mary never troubled me with any specimen of her vocal powers, excepting in the kitchen, where I had no objection to them: "A word spoken in proper season, how good is it," saith the wise king of Israel, who certainly had studied human nature very closely.

I had a nice good-humoured rosy Saxon-looking English girl in my house for some months, full of practical usefulness, but with a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity in her manners that made me smile. I used to be amused by her remarks on this country, and often listened to her details of humble life. One day she told me the little history of the troubles that forced her father to leave his native country. He

bad by turns been a blanket weaver at Frome and Devizes, and when the trade became so bad that he could not live by his wages, he resumed his original occupation of labourer, and was one of the Marquess of Bath's numerous tenantry; but even here he found bread hard to earn, though Hannah, a lass of fourteen, and her mother, still worked at the loom or carled and spun at home in the cottage, and the boys kept sheep on the commons for the farmers. Still things did not go on well, and at last they fell into arrears with the landlord, and the furniture, loom, and wheel and all were sold for rent by the order of the steward; and so sorrow upon sorrow, and trial upon trial came, till their hearts were well-nigh broken. "Just then, wages were very low and work hard to be procured, and we could scarcely get food," said Hannah. "My father was suspected of snaring hares—and there were few that did not near us—and the overseer was savage when we came for our weekly allowance when father was sick and out of work. Uncle Henry had got a notion in his head some time before, and had gone off to Canada, and he found plenty to do, and plenty to eat and drink, and good wages, and wrote to my father to come out. Well, this was not easy, for we had no money to pay his passage, and he went to the overseer, and he told him to go about his business and work, and not leave his family chargeable to the parish. Well, I cannot just say how he picked up means to go, or who stood his friend, but go he did, unknown to the parish, who would not have let him off—and then came a hard time to us, for the parish folks were all angry when they found us all left on their hands, though mother and I did all we could, and so did the boys, and hard fare we had and hard times—and so a year wore over, a long hard year to us it was. At last we got a word in a letter sent to Devizes, that father was well and had got land and a bit of a shanty up, and we were to go to him as soon as we could find the means. Mother, she went off to the overseer and told him how she was wanting money to get us all out to Canada; but though the parish had to allow us something weekly to keep us alive, not one penny would they give her to get rid of us all, and he stormed and blustered and abused father; but then mother let him just know her mind, for her blood was up, and she said he was a fool, for the family would cost more in time than what she wanted for our passage money; but he only huffed her the more, and called us all vagabonds and poachers.

"Well, mother comes home in great distress—at last a neighbour came in, and when he heard what troubles we were in, says he, 'Why do not you go to my Lord Marquess's steward or to the Marquess himself?' So mother gets up and tidies herself, and says, 'Then I go to his honor's ownself;' and so she went and takes us all with her as clean as she could make us. Now the Marquess was at home, and he was so good as to speak to mother and to hear all her story, and when he had heard it he got quite savage-like with the overseers, and the Marquess said, 'Now don't tell it to I,' because he was riled like at them." This

speech, repeated with the most earnest simplicity, almost overcame my gravity—but the Marquess gave them an order on his steward for money to take them all out and something for sea-storers. Hannah's mother was a wise woman to tell her own tale and plead her own cause with the great man.

I forget now all the simple wonderings that filled the minds of Hannah and her brothers and sisters at everything they heard and saw in their voyage out, and up the great river, and right glad were they when they met their father at Coburg, for they had exhausted every morsel of provisions and had begged a few turnips at some place to keep them alive—and when they came up through the woods near forty miles, they had to journey on foot. How strange it seemed to persons accustomed to the wide open treeless downs that form so striking a feature of that portion of England from whence they had emigrated. "What a strange waste of wood, and sticks, and faggots, we thought it as we journeyed, and when we used to sit down to rest on our way, I used to gather up all the loose branches and pile them in little heaps on the path, and say, 'Oh, mother, do'ee look here, we will come and fetch these to make fires with one day,' and then father would laugh at me and say, 'Why, Naunty, I have burnt more wood in one day than we ever burnt in all our lives at home.' And how we did stare at the great log heaps that fall, and still, I would think what a pity to destroy what thousands of poor creatures would go miles to fetch to warm themselves with in England, and dare not pick a stick to light their fires out of the hedges or woods." Hedges, indeed, there are few or none, for the enclosures are all of stone, not like the bowery law-thorn fences of Norfolk and Suffolk and Essex. The old man had settled among some of his own country folks, and so they were soon visited by old familiar faces, and a short time reconciled them to the change of country, and though they had their privations and hardships at first, they laboured in hope, and are now surrounded by many comforts; my little maid is at this time a careful busy thrifty wife, well-to-do in the township, with cows, and pigs, and fowls, and flocks, and herds, around her homestead, and three or four rosy, fat, well-clothed children, as good-tempered and English-looking as their mother. I wish the Marquess of Bath could but see them!

THE RECLUSE.¹

A STORY OF THE COAST OF FRANCE.

IV.

On recovering consciousness Annette found herself at home, surrounded by neighbours who, under pretence of taking care of her, had hastened to her bedside to gain all the information they could. They were all eager to learn why the young girl had been in the grotto of Castelli with Lewis Marzon, and how it happened that the tide had surprised them.

(1) Continued from p. 211.

Annette could only escape their cross-questioning by feigning weakness, which prevented her answering. When they found they could learn nothing they retired one after another, after forming endless conjectures more or less distant from the truth. The poor girl heard enough to perceive that the real cause would soon be known, if indeed it were not already discovered, and she trembled at the thought of what might take place. On his return from Turbale the following day her father would hear everything, and, after what had passed between them that day, she could not hope to deceive him. He would think the meeting at the rocks of Castelli an appointment with the young man, and the audacity of this disobedience would inevitably lead him to take violent measures.

Tortured with anguish, knowing not on what course to decide, and, unable to endure the misery of uncertainty, the young peasant determined to rise and go to the rector's house in order to ask his advice. She found the venerable priest in his garden enjoying the evening breeze. It was one of those lovely summer evenings in which night appears unwilling to disturb the calm beauty of the scene by casting her shadows over the earth. Annette saw the rector walking in the large avenue formed by a double row of pear-trees, at the end of which appeared a sun-dial bearing the inscription, "*Et regit et regitur.*" He had just heard of Annette's adventure, and was very much surprised to see her.

"God be praised! I thought you more seriously unwell, my poor Annette," said he, tenderly; "and I am happy to find you already recovered from so terrible an accident. You are come, I trust, to render thanks to Him who has preserved you."

"For that and for something else besides, *Monsieur le Recteur*," replied the young girl, timidly; "for I am in great trouble, and you alone can aid me."

"Even if it were not my duty I should most willingly do all in my power to assist you," returned the old priest. "Let us hear what you have to say."

Annette looked down the dimly-lighted avenue as if she feared being overheard.

"Excuse me," said she, in a low voice, "but I would rather speak to you in another place."

"Where, my child?"

"At the confessional."

"At this hour the church is closed, you know," observed M. Lefort; "and if we return to the parsonage old Cattie will see you, and then she might talk about it; trust to me, therefore, my child, and stay here. God is everywhere present, and I promise you that none but He and myself shall hear you."

Thus saying he led the fisherman's daughter to an arbour situated in a corner of the garden. He placed himself in the darkest seat and pointed to a wooden stool, on which the young penitent knelt down. A few birds, startled by this unexpected visit, chirped as they fluttered about in the trees surrounding the arbour; then all was silent, a distant murmur alone being audible, borne by the summer breeze, which

was fragrant with the perfumes of the rose and clematis.

Annette then commenced, under the form of confession, a narration of all that had taken place since the morning. Having once conquered the first trepidation, she confessed everything without reserve and without omitting the smallest circumstance, for she unconsciously experienced pleasure in speaking of this attachment, which it would, of course, be necessary for her now to give up. The aged priest permitted her this last and melancholy joy; he listened patiently until she had finished her confession and was interrupted by her tears. He then spoke, not in a tone of reproach, but with compassionate gentleness; he showed her the danger of this attachment, disapproved alike by universal opinion and the wish of her father. He then proved to her the necessity of separation, which she herself had feared would be requisite for her own reputation and Marzon's safety. There now remained the difficulty of making the young man share this sentiment. M. Lefort undertook the task himself; he praised Goron's daughter for her conduct, urged her to bear the trial nobly, and sent her home, if not perfectly resigned, at least more tranquil.

On the following day, which was Sunday, she awaited her father's return with a mixture of fear and impatience; but the hour of service arrived, and neither Goron nor Lubert had made their appearance. Annette went to church with a sad heart. The people in their Sunday attire were arriving from the surrounding villages, and all were talking about the adventure at Castelli. She could only shield herself from the general curiosity by taking refuge near the altar. When there her first glance fell on Lewis Marzon. Annette knew not the result of his interview with M. Lefort, and feared to look on him. Kneeling before the altar, she kept her eyes fixed on her book, and endeavoured to think exclusively of the prayer, while, despite her utmost efforts, she found her thoughts constantly wandering. It was only in the middle of the service, when M. Lefort entered the pulpit, that she ventured to raise her head. The priest had selected for his text the following words—"Blessed are they that mourn!" and although the sermon was as simple and short as usual, the young girl could not listen to it without being deeply affected. It seemed as if the consolation spoken of by the aged man was intended especially for herself and Lewis; but when, at the conclusion of his sermon, he recommended to the prayers of his parishioners one of their number who was shortly to leave Piriac, Annette felt her courage fail. She turned suddenly towards Marzon; he was at his usual seat, so pale and so sad that she closed her eyes and covered her face with the book she held in order to conceal her tears. The service concluded before she had gained strength to conquer her emotion. She remained in the same position and buried in grief, whilst the church was being gradually deserted, and groups of gossips were forming in the cemetery and on the harbour.

Several boats had just returned in order to take

shelter from the violent wind that was rising. After having examined the horizon and made their remarks on the stormy weather that was in prospect, the fishermen and farmers who were assembled began to talk of the occurrences of the preceding day, with numerous versions of the matter and ill-natured comment thereon. Lubert, who had just disembarked, heard them at first without paying much attention; but when Peter arrived and explained how he had saved Annette and Marzon, he ran to Goron, who was superintending the arrangement of the boats, and related in his own style what he had just heard. The sailor guessed more than he heard; he left his boats quickly, joined the group, and inquired minutely what had happened. A few words sufficed to make him understand the whole affair. His first inquiry was for Marzon.

"He is saved. Did you not hear? Are you afraid your daughter is a widow already?" said Peter, laughing.

"Then he is in the town?" resumed Goron.

"I saw him just now at church."

The sailor drew his cap over his eyes and buttoned up his waistcoat.

"Long Mark!" exclaimed he, turning to his companion, "we must have that fellow dead or alive."

"I will run and bring him to you," replied Lubert, moving towards Marzon's cottage. At that moment the latter issued from it with Julius, carrying a stick with a small bundle at the end on his shoulder. Goron hastened towards him, seized him by the hand, and dragged him towards the group of fishermen.

"What do you want, M. Goron?" inquired the young man.

"I want you to tell me here before all these people why Annette was with you yesterday in the grotto," said Goron, with a look of ill-concealed hatred; "but I demand the truth, do you hear? Nothing but the truth; for, by heaven! if you do not tell it, this shall be your last falsehood."

"I have no reason to tell an untruth," answered Lewis, in a sad but perfectly calm tone. "You threatened, it appears, to do some injury to me; your daughter was afraid; and as she went to fetch '*la Rougeande*,' came down to the rocks of Castelli to warn me."

"And they talked so loudly that they did not hear the sea coming in," added Peter, with a boisterous laugh; "the devil take me if that needs any further explanation!"

Goron turned towards the fisherman with his clenched fists; but, reserving his rage for Marzon, he exclaimed fiercely—

"Do you hear that, vagabond! There! thanks to you, Annette's character is taken away."

"Do not think that, M. Goron," returned Lewis, eagerly, "a joke is not an opinion; those who have known your daughter from her childhood will not be so ready to condemn her; and Peter himself, who saved her body, would not wish to take away her good name."

"No, by my faith!" said the fisherman, touched by the youth's appeal to his benevolence; "may the crabs eat my eyes if I intended to injure Annette! What I said was merely for the sake of talking, and because everybody knows that you are fond of her."

"It is false!" exclaimed Goron, stamping with rage. "Thunder and lightning! tell him it is false; tell him that Annette is nothing to you, that you know she is too far above you in station; tell him that you never thought of her! Tell him directly."

"Pardon me, M. Goron, but I cannot tell an untruth," replied Lewis, mournfully, but firmly.

"Then you confess your insolence, bastard!" cried the now furious sailor. "Do you hear that, Lubert? This is the fellow who wanted to usurp your place."

"Very good!" replied "tall Mark," who had not hitherto taken part in the discussion, but who now seized the opportunity of putting in a word; "now we shall find out who is to be conqueror. Come, make haste—take off your jacket."

"It is useless," answered Lewis, quietly; "I know that you are stronger than I."

The spectators raised a murmur of surprise.

"Do you see that? He is afraid!" cried Lubert, triumphantly, turing up his sleeves and showing his muscular arm; "but nevertheless I should like to punish him all the same."

"No," observed Goron; "that is my business;" and, advancing to Marzon, he continued, with closed teeth:—"You are afraid of 'tall Mark,' miserable coward! Come, let us see if you will have more courage with another."

He had slowly raised his hand, and now struck the youth on the face. The latter started; the colour rushed to his cheeks, but he did not make the slightest movement.

"What!" exclaimed the captain, maddened by this calmness, "have you not even courage to defend yourself? Must I renew the attack?"

A second blow, then a third, reached Marzon, who still remained immovable. This time a cry rose from the fishermen. Insult and abuse were heaped upon the young man; without replying, he quietly wiped off the blood which covered his face.

At the first blow struck by the captain, Julius had darted to his brother's aid with a stone in each hand; but, on seeing that he attempted no defence, he remained at a little distance astounded and almost indignant. As to Goron, disarmed in spite of himself by the passive attitude of his adversary, he again had recourse to abuse, when he was interrupted by loud cries, in the midst of which his own name and that of Lubert were alone distinguishable. He turned round, and perceived several of the inhabitants of the village approaching and pointing to the sea.

"Well! What are they shouting for in that manner?" inquired Peter.

"There! Look at the isle of Mât!" answered the voices.

"At the isle of Mât? Well, what next? What's the matter?"

"The signal of distress!"

All eyes turned to the spot mentioned, and the flag was seen distinctly, although in the distance.

"The devil take me if it is not indeed a signal of distress!" observed Peter, "for the Béarnais does not sport his flag for a mere trifle."

"He is likely enough to need assistance, for when we were last at the island bringing home the cattle, he was very ill," added a farmer.

"Who, then, will go to his aid?" inquired a woman.

"That is Goron and Lubert's business," replied Peter.

Every one looked towards the two sailors; but Goron, who had been carefully examining the weather, shrugged his shoulders.

"Goron and Lubert are not sea-horses," observed he, quickly; "let the sailors, if there are any, look before them."

The sea, in truth, presented at that moment a most terrible and formidable aspect. The foam-topped waves heaved like enormous mountains; a north-west wind was blowing violently, and a deep roar was heard along the coast like an ominous warning. Near the horizon a few streaks of light were visible between the clouds, but the rest of the sky was enveloped in obscurity.

"To tell the truth, the weather looks bad," said Peter; "it is getting worse every minute, and those who leave the harbour have only to commend themselves to their patron saints, for neither oar nor sail can be of any use."

"You know very well," said Lubert, "that no Christian would think of going out as long as this gale is blowing."

"Ah! if I had a boat!" exclaimed Marzon, who from the first had been looking anxiously at both sea and sky.

"Long Mark" turned towards him.

"A boat!" repeated he, satirically, "and pray what would you do with one, coward?"

"What you dare not do," replied Lewis, whose eyes sparkled with animation; "I would go and assist him who has need of aid."

"You!" exclaimed Lubert, bursting into a rude laugh. "Ha! ha! bravo! well done! Do you hear that, eh? good people! The bastard has forgotten what happened just now."

"Just now," returned Marzon, "I told you that you were stronger than I; now prove that you have as much courage; take your boat and let us set out together for the island."

Lubert appeared embarrassed. He looked at those around him, and seeing all eyes fixed on him, raised his shoulders, and, addressing Goron, said, with a sheepish air,—

"What do you think of that, captain? The 'scallor gleaner' thinks himself braver than us!"

"If I am mistaken, come with me," said Lewis.

"Thank you," replied "Long Mark," with an expressive shrug, "I do not wish to furnish a meal for the sharks."

"Then you would leave a poor solitary man without assistance!" exclaimed Lewis, with animation, and looking on those around him. "Ah! God will now avenge me. Just now you deemed me a coward because I yielded to one stronger than myself; but it is chance that gives strength, whilst courage depends upon ourselves. Let those who laughed at seeing my blood flow now prove that they had a right to laugh. I defy them in my turn. Let them give me a boat and take one themselves; it will be a duel on sea with a good action or death at the end. Is there no one here but myself who has sufficient courage?"

"There is at least one besides," exclaimed Annette's father, who had been listening attentively to the young man's proposal; "if it were to hell itself, it should never be said that Goron refused to go. Take Lubert's boat; I will go with him in my own!"

"With me?" cried "all Mark," in alarm.

"Are you afraid?" asked the sailor quickly; "then stay where you are, I will go alone."

"It is not that, captain," stammered the giant, evidently hesitating between the dread of peril and that of contempt, "but the thing is impossible, seeing that Marzon cannot manage my boat alone . . ."

"Well, will there not be two of us, great coward?" exclaimed Julius. "Are you really going to stay behind at this time because the sea is stronger than you? Come, Lewis, let us leave him in his shame, since he dares not do as we do."

The child took his brother's hand, and both hastened to the boat, which they began instantly to prepare. Goron proceeded to do the same with the second boat, assisted by Lubert, whom terror had deprived of his naturally small amount of sense. In the meantime, the spectators assembled on the quay were freely expressing their fears, and unanimously condemning the rash enterprise. The women in particular, attracted by the announcement of this singular challenge, declared that it was a shame to let human beings rush on thus to certain death, and urged the men present not to permit them to leave the shore; but old Peter shook his head.

"The white caps know nothing about it," said he, seriously; "now it is a battle between them; their honour is at stake, and, as far as it concerns Marzon and Goron, it were better to perish than fold back at this time."

His companions assented in silence; but the women exclaimed that such a combat was offensive to God, and that they were thus exposing their souls as well as their bodies to destruction. Some one proposed telling the rector and Annette, and a messenger was despatched in search of them.

The two boats had just been launched, and the men were rowing to the entrance of the harbour; they arrived there at the same instant, and stopped to hoist the sails. It was a solemn moment to the spectators. They looked with feverish interest on the two boats, now sheltered by the harbour, but separated only by a few feet from the raging sea. When the sails were hoisted, there was a general

movement, and some cries of terror were heard. Marzon and Goron, who were at the helm, turned round and waved their hats. Almost at the same moment the boats, which had left the harbour and were entering upon the open sea, started like two race-horses, so much inclined that the lower part of their bulwarks were brought to the water's edge. They were approaching the great channel where the strong current augmented the danger, when Annette and the rector arrived on the quay. On perceiving the sails, the poor girl uttered a faint cry, clasped her hands, and felt her strength failing.

"Heavens! it is too late," murmured she, leaning against the cemetery wall.

The aged priest himself was unable to restrain an exclamation of grief; he eagerly inquired of the attendant fishermen the circumstances of the challenge, and when they had related everything, he asked in a low tone if the danger were really great. The fishermen looked at one another without answering, save by shrugging their shoulders. At length old Peter, who was diligently watching the barks, made an ominous gesture.

"Except the ebb tide, which is in their favour, everything is against them," said he; "the wind is due south, and they are obliged to keep in a current where every wave may dash over them. Without mentioning that, if they can manage to get near the island they will meet with a squall or two there, and then, woe betide them! Besides, your reverence himself can perceive that the sea does not look right; on all sides there are those short waves that dash a boat to pieces; the storm is under the water, and that is far the worst. Look how the sea heaves! One would think the devil were at work. But after all, one can never call men lost as long as they have a plank under their feet, and a sail over their head; however, if I were in their shoes, I must confess I should have no hope save in the mercy of God."

"Then let us apply to Him," said M. Lefort, devoutly, "and seek from Him what we cannot perform ourselves,—namely, a miracle!"

With these words he entered the cemetery, and stopping at the foot of the cross, commenced aloud the prayer appointed for sailors in distress. The women, kneeling on the graves, repeated the responses, whilst the men, who remained standing and bare-headed, looked alternately at the priest and the ocean. Annette remained in the midst of them, and although her hands were clasped, and her lips mechanically repeated the prayers, her eyes remained fixed on the sea on which all she loved was exposed. The two barks continued to tack about at a short distance from each other, but differently managed. Whilst that of the young man proceeded cautiously, tacking more frequently and avoiding the current, Goron's vessel, as if impatient of pursuit, sailed close up to the wind, notwithstanding the violence of the tide. Several times it appeared buried in the waves, whence it rose again with difficulty. The oldest of the fishermen expressed in low voices their disapprobation of the captain's conduct.

"He is trying to get there first from pride," said one; "may God forgive him! pride will ruin him."

"He is changing his tack already," said old Peter; "he is always too soon."

"He is just getting into the whirlwind," returned the first speaker; "by heaven! this is the time to pray for him, friends."

The boat was approaching a kind of cloud which played on the waves, and appeared in front of the sun like a dark mass. Beyond appeared the tale of *Mât*, illumined by the dull red light that always accompanies a storm. On approaching the whirlwind, Goron's boat appeared to rise out of the sea, and darted like an arrow into the dreadful cloud: that of Marzon, which arrived a few seconds later, entered obliquely and more quietly. The disappearance of the two barks created a sensation which was betrayed by a general silence. All the spectators were watching, with out-stretched necks and terror-stricken hearts; but minute succeeded minute, without witnessing any reappearance, and fear was changed to agony. The most experienced of the fishermen, who had calculated the time necessary to escape from the whirlwind, looked at one another and shook their heads mournfully.

"That is what I dreaded," said he who had formerly spoken, in an under tone. "When a boat gets into these whirlwinds, it is almost sure to be all over with it. Nothing can stand before them."

"Hold!" interrupted Peter, converting his hand into an imaginary telescope. "Cannot you see something down there, just coming out of the mist?—close by the island—waving about over sea—look!—above the wave! It looks like a white sail."

"It is a shattered vessel!" exclaimed a young fisherman of keener sight.

At this exclamation the prayer was interrupted; the women and M. Lefort himself hastened to the water's side. The object indicated by old Peter was now distinctly visible: it was indeed a boat, but dashed almost to pieces and filled with water. Annette, who like the rest of the group saw it but too plainly, fell on her knees and stretched out her hands towards the sea, sobbing violently, whilst the women around her testified their compassion in that loud, boisterous manner which far from allaying grief, tends only to aggravate and increase it. Suddenly another cry arose from those who were still watching, and all hands pointed to a spot on the horizon. A second vessel was issuing from the cloud, with its keel almost out of the water.

"Look! the red sail! it is Marzon!" exclaimed old Peter.

"He is going to the aid of Goron," added all the voices.

"Provided he arrives in time!"

"He has shaken out a reef!"

Marzon appeared in truth to have cast his prudence to the winds; he was hastening with full sail towards the shattered bark. On reaching it, the spectators saw him take down his sails, and they concluded that he was endeavouring to save his shipwrecked oppo-

nents; although, on account of the distance, they were unable to discover whether he was successful or not in his endeavours. Each one hazarded a conjecture almost instantly opposed; at length, after a long stay, variously interpreted by those on land, Marzon again put up his sails and turned towards the island, evidently with the intention of landing at the "*cote espagnole*." As soon as he was out of sight, M. Lefort went to Annette who was still on her knees, buried in despair.

"Rise, my daughter," said he in a tone of mild authority; "whether you have to thank God for his preserving care, or seek consolation from him, come and pray." And taking her hand, he led her into the church.

V.

WHILE the inhabitants of Piriac, assembled on the quay, were indulging in numberless conjectures, and Annette was still praying fervently before the altar of the Virgin, the objects of their solicitude and prayers were safely lodged in Leo Marillas' hut on the isle of Mët.

Near the hearth, on which a fire of dried sea-weeds was burning, appeared Goron and Lubert, who had been saved almost miraculously by young Marzon's courage. Their attitudes, which were characteristic, presented a striking contrast the one to the other. Goron, on recovering his consciousness, had resumed his usually stern and gloomy air, and humiliated rather than terrified by the shipwreck, was silently wringing the water from his sleeves. "Long Mark" on the contrary, with dilated nostrils, staring eyes and pallid lips, was trembling with fear, and muttering disjointed exclamations. The agony he had endured while clinging to the wreck before Marzon came to their rescue, had deprived him of all his strength, and his limbs failed with his courage. He might have been compared to an oak of healthy and robust appearance, but rotten inside, which the first tempest quickly fells.

At one end of the hut, Marillas lay motionless on a sailor's hammock, breathing in the short, quick manner which indicates approaching dissolution. Bending over him was Lewis, who, with intense anxiety, was watching the struggle between life and death, while at the foot of the bed knelt Julius, who was repeating the only prayer he had been taught by his mother.

After a tolerably long silence, Goron rose from his seat, shaking himself like a wolf on issuing from his den; he moved towards the narrow window which looked on the sea, and returning to the fire-place said quickly, and in a low voice to "Long Mark:"

"Come, get up! the wind is falling, it will be calm directly, we must take advantage of it to fish up the boat."

"Where? what boat?" stammered Lubert, turning towards the captain with a sheepish look.

"The one you caused to be dashed to pieces for want of getting the sheet-rope ready," replied Goron, angrily; "it must be close to the island; take your own boat, and we shall be able tow it in."

"What! do you want to set out again already," exclaimed Lubert, "when the sea is running as high as it is now? May I be drowned if I expose either my body or my boat at present!"

The sailor looked at him with contempt.

"Pray take care of your precious carcass," said he with a scornful laugh; "just because you have had a good soaking for a few minutes you are as terrified as a woman! The sea-water has drowned your courage."

"Be it so!" interrupted the giant, hastily, shuddering at the recollection of the past; "but I advise you not to talk about that, seeing you are the cause of it all."

"Then was it I, pray, who did not attend to the latching properly?" inquired Goron satirically.

"It was you who compelled me to follow you," returned Lubert, bitterly; "when the 'sea-shore gleaner' challenged us to embark, did I want to accept his proposal? I would willingly have made him hold his tongue with my fists; but you accepted his challenge from false shame. It was truly worth the trouble of coming here at the risk of one's life, to hear one's self abused!"

Marzon, who was still at the bed-side of his dying friend, turned round and motioned them to be silent.

"Not so loud, for Heaven's sake!" exclaimed he, "Marillas can hear you."

Lubert lowered his tone and said between his teeth: "Yes, yes, we have made a pretty mess of it, the captain has something to be proud of indeed! It will be lucky for him if he only loses his boat!"

"Well, I know where to find it," replied the sailor, putting on his jacket, "and since you have not courage enough to help me, I will go alone."

"Monsieur Goron will not, I hope, refuse to permit me to accompany him," said Lewis, advancing towards him; "but I should not like to leave poor Marillas at this crisis, and there is nothing to fear for the boat. I secured it by the two anchors, with the head to the wind; it cannot be injured; you would find it in the same situation if you left it for a week."

"That's not a bad idea!" observed the captain, evidently bestowing his praise on the youth with embarrassment and repugnance; "I did not think you such a good sailor."

"Monsieur Goron forgets that at one time he used often to take me out to assist him," said Marzon, "and in a good school it is easy to learn."

The captain glanced quickly at Marzon, as if doubting the sincerity of the compliment; but the manner was so unaffected and the face so truthful that he felt constrained to receive it in the same spirit in which it had been offered.

"Very good!" said he, "then we will wait, and when the sea is as calm as a pond, perhaps, 'Long Mark' will find courage to take an oar."

"Be quiet with this nonsense!" exclaimed Lubert, ashamed of his cowardice, but unable to subdue it, and at the same time irritated by being reminded of it; "really, captain, you are enough to make a lamb

savage! One would think you wanted me to be drowned!"

"You would have been so by this time, had it not been for Marzon," observed Goron, sarcastically, knowing by his own experience how humiliating this idea would be to "Long Mark."

The latter stamped on the ground angrily.

"Thunder and hail! I was not speaking about that!" returned he: "besides, it was a service he rendered you as well as me."

Marzon attempted to interfere, but Goron and Lubert would not permit him to interrupt their dispute.

"Thank the bastard for having taken your boat," said Goron, tauntingly; "if you had managed it, it would have been at the bottom of the sea by this time."

"I should at any rate have been able to buy another," replied Lubert, "seeing that I am not a beggar like some people!"

"Do you mean like me?" inquired his companion.

"Not you so much as others," returned Mark, with a rude laugh, "since my money is on the point of entering into your family."

Goron, who had resumed his seat by the fire, sprang up hastily.

"Neither you nor your money shall ever enter my family, detestable coward!" exclaimed he.

"Well done, captain," murmured a feeble but distinct voice.

Goron looked round: the face of the dying man was turned towards the fire; his respiration seemed more easy, and there was a singular lustre in his eye. Marzon hastened towards him with an exclamation of joy.

"God be praised! you are better, Marillas," said he, bending over him; "it was only a crisis, and now it is passed."

The Béarnais looked up at his young friend, and a faint smile played on his parched lips.

"Get the taper and the holy water ready, nevertheless," resumed he, in a slow voice, as if careful of using it; "but before dying, I shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing that Annette will not marry this Hottentot."

"I would rather see her carried to the cemetery with the white crown on her coffin!" said the captain, casting a look of anger and contempt on Lubert.

"It were better to lead her to church with the white bouquet," observed Marillas, "and that would be easily done, captain; for here is a young man deeply in love with Annette, and if I heard rightly, you were not sorry to find him so near you just now, on the water."

"I do not wish to deny the services that have been rendered me," replied the sailor with a gloomy air.

"That proves the commencement of a desire to reward them," continued the Béarnais, "and perhaps Annette might be prevailed upon to undertake the task without much difficulty."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Lubert, striking his hand on

his thigh with a contemptuous laugh, "there's a son-in-law who would decidedly be a credit to Goron! I should just like to know what he will say, when the mayor asks him whose son he is?"

"He will answer that he is the son of his own courage and abilities," said Marillas; "These are parents you have not had, 'Long Mark,' for if you had been left unprovided for, like Lewis, instead of gaining an honest livelihood by picking up what you find on the beach and the rocks, you would now be wandering about on the roads with thieves or beggars."

"As you please," said Lubert, not knowing what to answer; "I was not speaking to you, Béarnais; pay attention to your own affairs, and leave those in peace who have yet strength to live. Besides, it is no good for you to talk; Marzon will be no less a beggar or more able to keep a wife for all your fine speeches; besides, he does not know how to do anything."

"You have seen that I can manage a boat," observed Lewis.

"When you can find any one to lend you theirs," added "Long Mark;" "but pray tell us where your own is?"

"Here," interrupted Marillas quickly; "I will show it you," and motioning Lewis to assist him, he raised himself on his left elbow, slipped his right hand under the pillow, and after feeling about for a few moments, drew forth a leather case, which he opened. Louis-d'ors glittered on the counterpane. "There are nearly fifteen hundred francs here," continued he; "this is twice as much as will be necessary for purchasing a boat. If I live, Lewis will pay me by degrees as he is able; if I die, as you may be certain I shall, this is all for him. What can you say to that, 'Long Mark'?"

"Me! nothing, monsieur Leo," said the giant, who had never before seen so much gold, and who felt intimidated by the presence of the possessor of such a sum; "of course the captain will be sure to favour Marzon now; but, nevertheless, I cannot understand why you have taken such a dislike to me?"

The dying man slowly raised his hand and pointed to the wall at the foot of the bed; the "cobiau" killed by Lubert was hanging there with its half-opened beak and powerless wings. Lubert, disconcerted, bowed down his head.

"I warned you that an hour would come in which the feeble would avenge themselves," said Marillas, bitterly; "try to remember this lesson. And, you, Goron, do not sacrifice the happiness of your daughter to false shame; give your hand to this brave youth in token of your good-will."

The sailor hesitated. He looked first at the gold scattered on the bed, then at Lubert, who was twirling his cap round his finger with a sinister expression on his dark face, and lastly, at Marzon, whose countenance was radiant with hope, and suddenly coming to a determination, he exclaimed,—"I care not what they may say! After all, I did not know Lewis; he is a real sailor. Annette and he

may arrange the matter as they please, and the sharks devour me if I interfere with them."

He extended his hand to Marzon, who seized it with a cry of delight, and turned to the Béarnais. "Ah, now you will live to see the happiness which you have caused!" exclaimed he, falling on his knees by the bed-side in a transport of joy.

The dying man could not reply immediately. Giving one of his hands to the young man, who covered it with kisses, he placed the other on his head in silence; two little tears trickled down his livid cheeks. At length he made an effort, and murmured,—“God bless thee, my son! thanks to thee, I die with the happy thought, that some one will love me after my death.”

Marzon attempted to protest against the last clause, and began to enumerate the chances of recovery which still remained; but Leo motioned him to be silent and began to explain his last wishes. He desired to be buried in the island, and requested that the object of the first voyage made in Marzon's boat, should be a visit to his grave. He bequeathed to the young man and his future bride all the cattle he possessed, but, only on receiving a promise that it should never be given up to the knife of the butcher; then came the explanations relative to his affairs. Until evening, he was thus engaged with Marzon; at midnight he grew visibly worse, and at sunrise he died with his head resting on Lewis's shoulder.

All his wishes were fulfilled. Annette and young Marzon were, thanks to him, happily married, and came every year, on the anniversary of his death, to pray at the spot where he lay, until the erection of the fort in the centre of the island necessitated the removal of Leo Marillas' remains to the cemetery at Piriao, where a rudely carved stone indicates the place of his sepulture.

THE COAST OF GENOA.

It would be exceedingly difficult to point out a single tract of country throughout Italy that does not present some remarkable feature of individual or historic interest which distinguishes it from all others:—Rome, in her ancient renown, and even in her present aspect of venerable grandeur,—Venice, with her city of palaces, beautiful even in decay,—Florence and Milan, also rich in architecture, and holding the choicest treasures of art; and Genoa, presenting from the sea one of the most magnificent prospects that can charm the eye of the traveller; noble edifices extending more than two miles along the shore, palaces and gardens, churches and convents, rising behind, like an amphitheatre, on the steep sides of lofty hills, whose summits are crowned with formidable ramparts, batteries, and forts, grim and formidable protectors of the loveliness lying beneath them. Rogers has elegantly described the appearance of Genoa as he approached it from the waters of the Mediterranean:—

“’Twas where o’er the sea—
For we were now within a cable’s length,
Delicious gardens hung; green galleries
And marble terraces in many a flight,
And fairy arches flung from cliff to cliff
Wildering, enchanting; and, above them all,
A palace, such as somewhere in the East,
In Zenastan or Araby the blest,
Among its golden groves and fruits of gold,
And fountains scattering rainbows in the sky,
Rose, when Aladdin rubbed the wondrous lamp;
Such, if not fairer; and, when we shot by,
A scene of revelry, in long array
As with the radiance of a setting sun,
The windows blazing.”

We who have lived at a period when half the civilized world were leagued against each other, and who have known armies,—numbered only by tens of thousands, and fleets,—measured only by the enormous bulk of their vessels,—meeting in hostile conflict, may almost smile to read of the comparatively puny warfare once carried on by the little Italian republics. And yet for centuries, at intervals, Genoa fought with Pisa till she subdued her, and with Venice, which almost shared the same fate. Trained at an early period of her history to maritime warfare in defending herself from the attacks of Saracenic invaders, she seems, though deeply engaged in the peaceful occupation of commerce, to have imbibed a passion for that game which, as Bishop Porteus says:—

“Were their subjects wise, kings would not play at;”—
so that so long as she had any galleys of her own, she was always burning and sinking those of her adversaries, whether Christian or Infidel; and from that noble succession of bays which present themselves before us in the exquisite Turner-like engraving here introduced, sailed forth the fleets of Andrea Doria, to attack the armaments of Barbarossa, and of Filippino Doria, to vanquish those of the Imperialists.

We must say a word or two about Andrea Doria, for he was one of the most remarkable men in Genoese history, and one of the greatest characters that Italy produced during the middle ages. He was born of a noble family, in 1466, and having lost his parents at an early age, embraced the profession of arms, serving under several princes in Italy, till Francis I. appointed him commander of his fleet in the Mediterranean. The French were at this time in possession of Genoa, oppressing the citizens contrary to the promises they had voluntarily given. Doria remonstrated, but ineffectually, and a secret order for his arrest having arrived, of which he had received intimation, he retired from the city, and sending word to his nephew Filippino to join him with the galleys which he had fitted out at his own expense to aid the French cause, he tendered his services to Charles V. The offer was accepted, and Doria immediately proceeded to Genoa, and with the assistance of the inhabitants, who favoured his views, expelled the forces of Francis. Charles offered his ally the sovereignty of Genoa; but the latter chose rather to



re-organize the government of the republic, and place it on a surer foundation than before by uniting the various factions that had hitherto distracted the public councils. He established an executive, by whom he was appointed censor for life, with the proud title of "Father and Liberator of his country." Having thus secured peace at home, he resumed his naval career as admiral of Charles V., and highly distinguished himself against the Turks and the pirates of Barbary. When age had incapacitated him from active service against the enemy, he retired to Genoa, where he lived honoured and esteemed by his fellow-citizens till his death in 1660, at the age of ninety-four years. The house in which he resided before he had reached his highest dignity is still in existence.

Another individual whose name shines illustriously in the history of the republic was Marco Griffoni, the last of a race of merchant-princes, and at that time considered the richest citizen in Europe. His liberality seemed even to grow with his wealth, which he used to say he "held only in trust for others." He had long raised his voice against the constant wars in which his countrymen engaged, till he became weary with urging upon them the blessings of peace. At length his cheerfulness, his generosity, and his desire for the public good seemed entirely to leave him, and from that period, as we learn from a note in Rogers's "Italy," he was seen sitting, "like one of the founders of his house, at his desk among his money bags, in a narrow street near the Porto Franco, giving no longer to any, but lending to all—to the rich on their bonds, and the poor on their pledges; lending at the highest rate and exacting with the utmost rigour. No longer relieving the miserable, he sought only to enrich himself by their misery; and there he sat in his gown of frieze, till every finger was pointed at him in passing, and every tongue exclaimed, 'There sits the miser!'"

The hour of his triumph, however, came at length, for which he had endured the railing of scorn, and the pity of the tender-hearted. The city had long suffered under excessive taxation to carry on the wars, and had become depressed and turbulent, in consequence of the exaction. Peace was proclaimed; but Griffoni still thought that the lesson which war inflicts was as yet imperfectly known to his countrymen; so for some time longer he permitted them to bear the burdens imposed to fill the public exchequer, and satisfy the demands of the public creditor. But when he thought the "measure of their calamities was full, and the lesson was deeply engraven in their minds, though his hair had long grown grey," he resumed his former noble character, and generously came forward to redeem the debts of the nation out of the treasures his seeming parsimony and selfishness had accumulated. A statue was voted to his memory after death, but the wisdom he would have taught was buried with his ashes. Like the war-horse, Genoa "snuffed the battle from afar," and chafed restlessly till she had again mingled in the conflict.

MY CINCINNATI LANDLORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PICTURES OF LIFE IN MEXICO."

If you had been in the habit of passing the door of the "Double Revolver," in Cincinnati, at sunset, you would have had frequent opportunities of forming an idea of the volubility of Ebby Chaddock, the landlord. The guests of the little wooden "store,"—situated as it was in a rural outskirts of the town,—were seldom of the tamest; and Eb, in a passion, was deemed quite "onpossible." Loud and comical appellations as of "savagous wild-cats" and "bayboon screamers," would at times make the rafters ring, and the very hickory-sticks on the hearth tremble as they mouldered away; while threats exploded in the direction of "hotting," "routing," or "progressing," any "whole rilins, bilins, and dixins" which the four walls happened to contain. You might reasonably conclude, on such occasions, that a refractory frequenter had endeavoured to "fix" an imputation on my landlord's favourite "fixing"—the "mint-julep." For in the "Double Revolver's" mint-julep, Ebby Chaddock "consaited" his strength to lie; which was said by some, moreover, to be a fortunate circumstance, "considerin' what powerful little strength it had of its own."

How it came to pass that folks made such observations on the "Hoosier" I cannot imagine. Personally I never believed that the Witch of Endor had been, at any period, the originator of Ebby's recipes; though it was silyly whispered that, having her for a familiar, he was not familiar enough with the use of other spirits; and that his "strong waters," in consequence, were little better than "water bewitched." I was never guilty of believing that he could make she'y-cobblers out of "stirrup-ile," portsnob out of "burnt-birches," and gin-cocktail out of "pumpkin-sarce." I never inclined to the opinion that there was an intimate connexion between his sangaree and "oakum-ends;" that his timber-doodle could be distinctly traced to "pigeons'-milk;" or that his egg-nog had a great affinity to "parsley-foam." I scout such notions entirely. Take Ebenezer Chaddock apart from "the way of a trade," and he had many good points; he was neither a "loafer" nor a "rowdy," but a "genu-ine roarer," and "pretty much of a rual rasper."

My landlord's personal appearance was singular, yet characteristic. With a figure unusually tall and powerful, broad and wiry, his movements possessed all the elasticity of extreme youth; his face was large though sunken, and utterly devoid of beard or whisker, to counterbalance which, however, his forehead was covered with such rich dense masses of greyish-black hair—hanging straight over his face—that his eyes shone from behind them like two rays of light struggling through thick foliage. His features were good-natured, but keen; which last quality, he used to say, had been of great use to him in cutting his way through the world. He generally wore an old blue

jacket—much too small for him—consisting of a straight upturned collar, a short waist, and sundry radiant brass “scourers,” and looked—in his flapping striped pantaloons and star-like buttons—an apt emblem of his country, a huge, powerful, overgrown “boy human.”

Eb Chaddock, in his youth, had been a great traveller, and, now that he had reached middle age, had assumed the character of a great talker; loving to “progress” over his old haunts, in conversation, as much as he had done their “progress” in reality, and rarely better pleased than when he could “draw out” his customers to a treat of the “long-bow,” of which he made very “considerable” use. One of his favourite hobbies—resulting most likely from his bygone excursions—was the formation of a kind of rustic museum of curiosities, animal and vegetable; which collection gave rise to never-failing anecdotes and oft repeated witticisms; and tended, by its interest and attraction, to make the “free and independent” landlord still more “independent” of his guests.

In homely square boxes, of different sizes, and with glazed fronts, round three walls of the “Double Revolver’s” principal apartment, Ebby’s “specimens,” as he termed them, were arranged; and an odder assemblage of odd things, within such limited compass, it would have been difficult to find. In one corner was a case containing the harmless skin of a once formidable Bengal tiger, side by side with some examples of oriental sheep and kids, over the bones of which, when living, he would have delighted to luxuriate. Another box was devoted to the preservation of manifold, and many-folded, snakes of the most brilliant hues and varied markings; in what would once have been an alarmingly close vicinity to which beautiful parrots and cockatoos, birds of paradise and tiny humming-birds, were placed. Dried plants and leaves of different ramifications, and other curious vegetable productions, were also ranged around, together with a few minerals and fossils. One of the Hoosier’s especial pets was a stuffed English fighting-cock—valued perhaps for the number of battles he had won in the days of his flesh, ere his stomach had turned to straw; and this hero had been put into a proudly strutting attitude in his glass tomb, like a highly impertinent satiro on glory.

Dry jokes had been occasionally cut on a few of my landlord’s acquisitions; how he had at one period been in possession of a “raal, ondeniable, genu-ine” stuffed mermaid, and how, at another time, he had made great interest to obtain the fins and tail of the “great sea-serpent;” but these were sore subjects, on which it was dangerous to tempt Ebenezer too far. Perhaps the greatest and most genuine curiosity about the store, however, was a living and active Negro, drudge-ordinary to the establishment, its proprietor, and its frequenters. His colour was of two or three shades lighter than common, which circumstance had earned for him the facetious appellation of “Iceicle;” to which name, or its abbreviation of “Icy,” he inva-

riably answered. Though in other respects well-made and healthy, he had lost his right arm, which had been amputated, together with two fingers from the left, in consequence of the cruelties practised upon him by a former master. Yet, in spite of his crippled state, the poor fellow’s zeal, activity, good-humour, and energy, won the good-will of visitors, and were truly marvellous.

And now I will tell you how I found out that Ebby Chaddock—with all his smartness—had a very warm place somewhere in his heart.

A cosy group were one evening lounging over their favourite “moist weaknesses,” round the stove in Eb’s common room, and being equally chatty and thirsty, the services of the bustling “Iceicle” and a young assistant were in even unwonted request. There was the Hoosier host in an important attitude and the middle of a story, with his head raised, his back against the white-washed wall, and his large knees planted upon the log-table before him. A dissipated Pawnee Indian, dressed in a ragged blanket, was partaking of charity in the shape of whiskey, at the hands of a lively, patronising, little blade—a pleman—with red head and dirty hands, and yecept “Gambling Dawkins,” doubtless in allusion to his peculiar “tossing” and luck-tempting propensities. A strapping, weather-beaten sailor, a native of “old Virginny,”—his face a mass of seams and wrinkles, and his head adorned with that now nearly extinct ornament, a pig-tail—was exchanging solemn nods, and “Wals,” and “Darn its,” with my landlord. The story on the carpet, (if such a term may be allowed in connexion with a room where any *dry* floor-covering would have been a blessing,) appeared to interest the whole company, with the exception of a few very old stagers, not worth describing, who had obviously heard it a “guess few” times before.

“Wal, Cap’en!” said Eb to the Virginian, “trew as I’m sittin’ *hyer*, that air boey” (pointing to a huge stuffed boa-constrictor in his collection,) “arter causin’ ondue worrit and con-trivance, an’ arter dewin’ on-knowin’ mischief—bodily swallowin’ up thirteen hosses an’ four humans—was brought clar down by mey at last. An’ awsome progress it was tew get him tew kick the buckit, on any tarms whatsoever. But dio he did, arter all; we dissecciated his throat, an’ I got his skin and presarved it. Thar it is at this present mouthin’.”

“Gosh!” briefly and pithily remarked the pig-tailed listener, at this juncture.

“In a jungle in the Inglis that was, Cap’en,” resumed our host, “whar I picked up my Iceicle. Icy, yew may sence, had been tryin’ tew put the alope on his owner—a darned onconecionable varmint as had pretty nigh tortured the skin aff his bones. It was no go, howsoever, he was ketched agin, and for condign punishment they hung him up tow a tree in the wood by the pits of his fore-paws, for the vulture tew finish him right away. ‘Wal! I appeend tew pass thataway with the serpent’s skin, an’ thar the critter was hangin’, moanin’, and screechin’, like mad. As

as he sensed me, he set up a cry like a thousand and one enterwaulins, and sez, sez he —

"Evenin', Eb Chaddock! How air yew?" exclaimed a coarse man, entering the apartment at this instant. "Smart and slick, as usual, I 'pinionate? Eh! old screamer?"

I thought, at first, that it was the somewhat irreverent and unduly familiar epithet of "old screamer," which produced such a perceptible shade on my landlord's brow when this man appeared; but I soon found that there were other reasons for it. Ebby replied to his salutation by a growl and an uneasy writhing upon his chair. The story of "Icy's" discovery was stopped midway; marks of distlike exhibited themselves on the countenances of several of the guests, and the remainder glanced inquiringly at each other.

The new-comer was low in stature, but squarely and strongly built, and the length of his arms and fingers was peculiar. His complexion was swarthy, and clouded with bluish-coloured seams about the mouth, deepened in their effect by the long wiry ridges of uncombed black hair that hung upon his shoulders. His features were harsh and broad, his eyes small and piercing, his mouth perpetually drawn and puckered into meanness; the expression of his face, altogether, displaying a repulsive admixture of extreme cunning and brutal ferocity. Dressed in loose white pantaloons, heavy boots, coarsely-twisted broad straw-hat, and light grey blouse, he carried a pair of revolving pistols and a large-sized bowie-knife at his belt; besides a huge whip with a massive leaden handle and thick lash which he constantly boied, evidently from long habit, under his left arm. It scarcely needed a glance at this last formidable appendage to ascertain the profession of this person. He was a slave-dealer.

Jack Matthews—this was his name, though by a process peculiarly American it had been transmuted among his friends to "Major Matthas"—could scarcely have been unconscious of the very unwelcome reception he had met with from the host and guests of the "Double Revolver." If he had noticed the disgust his presence excited, however, (a disgust generally felt towards the slave-dealer even by those who profit by his transactions,) he evidently made up his mind to face it out and make himself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Swallowing half a tumbler-full of raw spirits—set before him by the junior "help" in waiting—without so much as winking or stopping to draw breath, he endeavoured, for the second time, to engage our host in conversation.

"How's business in yewr part ev the country, landlor'?" he said. "Lookin' up, I 'pound; eh now? Do tell!"

Eb Chaddock, however, responded not to this query; but pretended to be wholly occupied in a whispered "confab" with the Virginian.

"Wal, landlor'! Yew hain't rose so high as toe be above speakin' yet, I guess!" resumed Matthews. "How's business with yew, I say? Makin' yewr fortin', eh, Eb? How's the city? How's niggers?"

"Better ask them yew deals with," laconically replied my landlord.

"But about that air black o' yewra, though, Eb Chaddock," pursued the trader. "I tell yew that a 'supid deal o' work might be got out ev him yet, I do; an' yew war a 'tarnal rowdy not toe let me have him when I was up hyer afore! Wal! I won't be oncommon fractious and oncompromisin', if yew'll make him over toe me at this im-mediate speakin'. How many dollars win yew say? Now! Ex-pedite, dew! I'll hand out a goodish price considerin'. He'll dew smartly, I say, for one-handed pickin' or clearin', and —"

The conclusion of this magnanimous offer was interrupted by the entrance of the Negro in question. The poor fellow tripped into the room in his usual confiding and unsuspecting manner—a pleasant smile gleaming in the whites of his eyes and in his "double row of ivories," as he prepared to wait upon the guests, with whom, as I have already observed, he was a favourite. No sooner did his eye fall on the person and accoutrements of the trading "Major," however, than his demeanour underwent a significant change. His skin became of a perceptibly paler hue; his flesh began to creep and quiver with emotion; his eyes projected from their sockets in affright. His limbs seemed wholly unable to support his weight; and exclaiming in a half-fainting state, "Oh! Massa Chaddock, me no go! No let Icy go, massa!" he tottered to the wall of the apartment for support.

My landlord, at first, appeared inclined to resent the proposal of the dealer in a rather summary manner; but quickly taking a fresh thought as to his mode of proceeding, he coolly turned over the quid in his mouth as a preliminary, and glancing round upon the spectators as who should say, "See how I will draw him out," he thus addressed the "Major."

"Supposin', for the sake of argument, I wanted tew make a deal for Icy, as yew say, Jack Matthas, I calculate I'd not sense whar tew have yew. I'm far from shewer yew could tip speltro enough for him! The vallee on him is im-mense, I assart; so willin' and ondustrious, he is. The critter is a su-payrior help, I tell yew. What could yew say for him, jest supposing sich a sell now; for the pleasure of argiment?"

"Wal, landlor'!" eagerly rejoined the trader, "as I said toe yew afore, as blacks is skase, an' little business toe be worked at this nick ev time, I'll make yew a oncommon lib'ral offer. I could only dew it, mind, but as that air chap's fit for pickin' and sortin'. I'll fork over eighty dollars for that air black! Thar!"

"Tew little," briefly remarked our host.

"Tew little! Wal, Eb Chaddock, if that ain't a tarnal high kick o' yourn, then I don't know!" exclaimed the "Major." "What dew yew want for him, Eb? Let's be sensin' that."

"Oh! massa, massa! no sell Icy! no sell! Icy serve till him die. Oh! massa, no sell, Icy pray!"

Such were the piteous exclamations of the half-frantic Negro, as he sunk upon his knees at his master's feet; and it was an affecting sight, indeed, to note the hopeful and despairing alternations of his visage, as he furtively gazed from time to time, first on his beloved old master, and then on the enemy of his race.

"Easur now," said my host, looking down upon him kindly; "I rayther 'pinionate, Major, I shan't part with Icy, arter all; not at no price!"

"Iv he dew sell Icy, I shall keep a broad chalk atween mey and Eb Chaddock's store, to all etarnity, and longer, I guess!" put in the little picman, benevolently.

"He'll be sartain more use to you nor him, Eb," reasoned the owner of the pigtail.

"A hundred dollars, then!" the dealer instantly proposed. "Come now!"

"Tew little."

"An' twenty. Thar!"

"Tew little."

"Wal, landlor'! hyer's an offer then. As blacks is skase——"

"I say, Jack Matthas!" exclaimed my landlord, in an altered voice, "jest make *yewself* skase, afore I spile yew! What a fule yew air," he continued, rising from his chair, "not tew sence I've been only rilin' yew, all this time! Why, if I *ear* onder any onfort'nate necessity tew part with that air poor critter, which arn't likely, I'd rayther put a pair o' bullets in his breadbasket myself, than lot him tew sich a darned, onderhanded, black-hearted, blood-suckin', wallopin', cowardly loafer of a 'tarnal villaint, as you air, Jack Matthas, if yew stum'p'd all the speltre yew air worth on the 'hool airth!"

The effect of this totally unexpected speech upon the trader,—delivered as it was in a thundering voice, and with all my landlor's energy of manner,—was truly terrific. Springing to his feet, with flashing eyes, and the foam starting from his lips, he shrieked rather than shouted,—

"How daur yew, Eb Chaddock? Tarnation thunders! what in the name of all the darned fiends has possessed yew, to jabber like that toe me? Thar's not a human breathin' that can accuse Jack Matthas with onjustice in his dealin's! Thar's not a human daurs! or I'd shute him dead as saut salmon! Yaw! I'd shute him! I would—dead!"

In a transport of rage, he at this instant drew a pistol from his belt, and attempted to point it at Eb Chaddock; but ere he could succeed, the tall Virginian sailor had sprung upon him, seized his arms,—though the pistol exploded in the struggle,—and forced him down on a wooden bench in the room, where he lay struggling and biting at his adversary like a captured beast. Our host, however, speedily made an end of the matter by taking the prostrate ruffian by the shoulders, and, by a slight exertion of his tremendous strength, thrusting him in double-quick time through the outer room and out of the door, which he closed and fastened after him. The

report of a pistol was heard, quickly followed by another and another, and we were just rushing out of the apartment, apprehensive that some serious mischief had occurred, when we were met at the door by our host, flushed to the forehead with excitement, and a scornful smile playing about his puckered mouth.

"The outrageous varmint!" he said, "the screechin', roarin', barbarious, own-cousin tew a darned hyæna! He's wasted his lead on the roof and door-posts this time, praise the pigs; but it *has* rised my back, for this evenin', rayther! That's a fact!"

Oh! it was beautiful to behold the countenance of the Negro "Icicle" after the disappearance of his enemy; to witness the outpouring of his gratitude and attachment to his master:—to see the tears of joy springing from his eyes, and flowing down his dark cheeks, on his deliverance! I could not but believe, as the small assembly at the "Double Revolver" broke up that night, that my landlord, although the subject of his kindness and protection was *ONLY* a Negro-slave, had received a rich reward!

THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN.

BY JANE M. WINNARD.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GREAT THINGS AND SMALL.

"AND *this* is the Grey Tower!" said Mrs. David Underwood, half aloud, as she rode slowly up the Fell, while her husband walked beside her, holding the bridle of her pony. Mr. Underwood and his daughter Martha, who had accompanied them from the Grange, had fallen behind, out of hearing. They had been silent for some time; David, occupied with his own thoughts and memories, and Edith occupied with *them* too. At length she raised her eyes, which had been fixed with a mild gravity upon her husband's figure, and seeing the picturesque old building, standing a hundred yards or so above them, on a broad ledge of the Fell, she exclaimed—

"And *this* is the Grey Tower, David!"

He turned his face towards her quickly:

"Yes, Edith. Do you like the look of it?" And he watched her steadily as she replied, scanning the old tower from battlement to basement, as she spoke.

"Very much. Every human habitation has a peculiar physiognomy: the spirit of the bygone inhabitants seems to inform its aspect. This old tower is noble—venerable—beautiful. It does not frown. It may be but the effect of the summer sunshine, but I could almost fancy there was a smile upon its ancient front, and that the ivy-wreaths hanging from its broken battlements were waving a welcome to an old friend. Cavalier Lovelace sang truth:—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
This for a heritage."

(1) Continued from p. 243.

You never said enough in praise of this Grey Tower, David. No wonder! The whole scene is beyond all praise. It does not look as if it were part and parcel of the turbulent suffering world in which you and I have lived so long. I am glad you passed all your early years in this place. It is holy ground to boys such as you must have been. Its grandeur, its simplicity, its imperturbable repose, have helped to form your character more than your pastors and masters had any idea of. You are right when you say, 'There is no such thing as inanimate nature!' Why, this valley, these fells, and that noble old ruin, speak eloquently without discourse of reason. They have breathed their spirit into you. The very air that blows around us, now noiseless and scentless as it is, holding no commerce with trees or flowers, only with the broad earth and the fathomless sky, has a vigour, a fine freshness in it, which is very much like some things you have written."

"It seems to have excited your imagination at all events, and to have made you eloquent. Edith, you are very good to look on this place with such loving eyes." And David Underwood's hand stole up to hers. They stood still in silence, gazing around, waiting for his father and sister. Edith's eyes were again fixed on the tower, and something like a cloud passed over them.

"What are you thinking of, dear one?" asked her husband. She turned her look away from the tower to his face, and smiled with her eyes, but not with her lips—they were pale.

"Well, Edith! What was your thought?"

"A foolish one."

"Nay, I must have it, then, if only for its rarity. Speak, my Diotima—wisest of women!"

"Nay! thus invoked, I must hide my folly, for very shame."

"My darling, then!—dearest of women!"

They looked at each other with a half smile, which melted into a look of anxious affection. Edith, woman-like, was the quickest to carry off her anxiety a moment after, by words—those useful conductors of the electricity of overcharged souls;—half playful words, that carry off, but do not retain the perilous element, yet indicate the quarter where it has accumulated, and whence the desolating storm may come.

"I was thinking," she said, smoothing the pony's mane with the fingers of one hand, and slightly pressing the palm of the other against that of David's, in which it rested; "I was thinking that if it were among the rights of woman to choose where one would be born, and of what race, I would have been born in that old tower, and my name should have been—"

"Edith Underwood," interrupted her husband. "Nothing else; nothing else. I would not have you other than you are,—no, not if it were in my power to invest you with the soft rosy light that my boyish love lent to another. Edith, you must not harbour such thoughts; they are not, and they cannot come to good!"

She pressed his hand more firmly now, and looked into his face with a grave smile.

"I could not, if I would, harbour such thoughts."

Your love, like the strong mountain breeze we are inhaling now, has long ago whirled away all noxious vapours of that kind. It was but a passing mist, a mere fancy;—as I told you, a foolish thought! Here come your father and sister; and now, I think, you had better all go on and leave me and White Surrey to take our pleasure together in a canter over this glorious moorland." Then, as the other two came nearer, she spoke lower. "David, indeed, indeed, it will be better so. I am a woman, and *know* by intuition what you can only reason about with the dead certainty of arriving at a wrong conclusion. I will not be present at your first interview with Miss Grey. Trust me, dearest, it will be best—with her shrinking, delicate, gentle nature, you must not give her too much to bear at once. On no account must she be betrayed into any exhibition of extraordinary feeling on this occasion. No woman likes that. Give her time to control her feelings, and all will go right. I will come to the house presently. There!—Let me go!—'Thoughtful for others,' am I? Nay, *that* is my peculiar form of selfishness—when *the others* concern you. 'Thy people shall be my people.' Miriam Grey has long been one of *my* people; and it is a matter of some consequence to me that she should not hate me at first sight."

David could not speak. He felt reluctant to tell his wife that he had already met Miriam. The recollection of his own emotion in the early morning when he had been alone with her in the North Turret, and had inadvertently called forth the long buried love from Miriam's heart, now tongue-tied him;—that recollection, and many feelings connected with both these true hearted women. Edith saw that he was struggling with some strong inward pain. She had talked that he might not feel oppressed by the silence between them. Now, she would have been silent, that he might feel how thoroughly she desired to sympathize with him; but Mr. Underwood and Martha were beside them, and *she* must speak, to save David from speaking. She did so. She asked and answered questions about the scenery and the people of Milford, until they came very near the old gothic doorway which served for entrance to all comers to the Tower. Then, seeing a lady in a white bonnet stepping out, Mrs. David Underwood turned her horse slowly round.—"You must let me have a canter, now, I think, Miss Underwood, and I will join the party in half an hour. Good bye for the present." Then with a quick affectionate glance at her husband she was about to ride away. "Edith!" he said aloud. She held in the horse and glanced towards him again. "I will not detain you more than a minute; but I have a word to say." Mr. Underwood and Martha went forward to meet Mrs. Ward. David laid his hand on White Surrey's neck, and spoke in a low clear tone.

"For my sake, or for that of Miss Grey, Edith, you

need not stay away. We have met already this morning. I have much to say to you concerning that meeting at another time, in another place. Come in with me now."

"I cannot, David. Give me time. I am but a woman. I must get courage to face the one creature on earth who is formidable to me. I shall love her—be to her all that you can wish; but just now I would rather not come in her sight."

"You cannot come in her sight, Edith. Miriam has become blind."

"Blind! Ah!" And the noble mouth quivered with pain, and the affectionate eyes, after the first look of astonishment, were closed, as if to shut out the idea, or perhaps to realize it. "Blind! That is dreadful! The beautiful Miriam Grey! Yes, I will go with you." She dared not look at her husband; but she pressed his hand more firmly than before.

At that moment she saw an old gentleman, a clergyman, come quickly forward before a group of persons collected about the door of the Tower. He hurried up to the spot where they were, and laid a hand upon David's arm. She knew that it could be no one but Mr. Shepherd. He spoke in a low tone of alarm and sorrow, and she could not help bending down from the saddle to listen.

"Some one must be sent immediately to D—. Miriam Grey is seriously ill—she must have medical advice. It is this terrible fever, I fear. Can you hasten to Torrington, David Underwood, and send on a messenger without delay?"

David looked at the speaker as if he had not quite comprehended the words. His wife spoke to him—she had recovered herself.

"Will it not be better for me to ride over to Torrington, and send on a messenger, while you go at once and see Miss Grey?—Till her own medical attendant arrives," she added, turning politely towards Mr. Shepherd, "her friends could not perhaps do better than consult Dr. Underwood."

"True, true; I had quite forgotten. He is a better physician than any we can obtain here. Come, David, there is no time to be lost. I tell you she is dangerously ill. Some cases I have known end fatally in forty-eight hours. Come, David Underwood."

David's face had become pale and stern. But his voice was unbroken as he said,

"Are you certain that it is a case of the kind you described to me last night?"

Mr. Shepherd reiterated his opinion. Then, after a moment's reflection, David turned to his wife,

"You must not come with me now; you must not enter the Tower. Remember the children. Go back to Torrington—you will find the servant waiting down yonder. Ask Sir Ralph to send some one to D—— for —" he looked at Mr. Shepherd.

"Dr. Burns has always attended Miriam."

"—for Dr. Burns, then. Say that I will take charge of Miss Grey until he arrives,—I and Mr. Shepherd, who has had some experience in similar cases among his parishioners, and who has the neces-

sary medicines. Ride as fast as you can; I will be with you in the evening. I trust to you to lose no time in this matter. Now, Mr. Shepherd, I am ready."

And David, after another glance at Edith, turned away, and, without noticing any persons near, walked straight to the portal of the tower, and thence, scarcely pausing, he ascended the old stairs he knew so well with Mr. Shepherd and Dame Barnard, and entered the high chamber where lay Miriam Grey.

Mrs. David Underwood remained where they had left her, for a few moments after they had disappeared from her sight. She glanced rapidly over the venerable front of the tower searching for a certain window. High up in one of the turrets she saw one wide open—it was gothic-shaped and ivy-wreathed; it was the window of Miriam's bedroom, she felt sure. After looking at it earnestly for an instant she turned her horse's head, and rode down the fell side to the spot where the groom had been left to await their return from the visit which they had purposed paying to the ladies at the tower.

The man rode up at her signal, and she said,

"Go as fast as you can, Jackson, over to D—. Find a Dr. Burns who lives there, and request him to come without delay to attend Miss Grey of the Tower, who is dangerously ill. After that, return to Torrington Hall, and tell Sir Ralph Grey that your master has been detained here by Miss Grey's illness; that he is waiting till Dr. Burns arrives, and that I shall return with him—probably not until late this evening. I trust to you to lose no time. And, Jackson," she added, as the man was setting spurs to his horse, "ask to see Miss Leonora when you reach the Hall, and give her this ring."

She took a diamond ring from her hand, and gave it to Jackson, who stowed it away carefully in an inner pocket, and then galloped off.

Should any of my readers desire to know the meaning of this little transaction, which probably reminds them of similar ones related of "*a faire lady*," "*a golden ring*," and a "*little foot page*," in old ballads, I can satisfy their curiosity, though at the expense of the romantic effect of this incident in my story. It is simply this—Leonora was a proud little maiden of eleven; and often set her young sister and brother an example of naughtiness and disobedience to nurse and governess. Her mamma had discovered that by enlisting Leonora's pride on the side of her duty, the duty stood a very fair chance of being thoroughly performed. She had therefore been in the habit of sending to Leonora that particular ring whenever she expected to be detained away from the children longer than usual. Leonora was to wear it until her Mamma's return, and while she wore it, was bound by a grave promise to abstain from all voluntary acts of naughtiness, and to assist in keeping the little ones good. As Leonora very seldom wore this symbol of authority over herself, it produced a powerful effect on her conduct, and made her all that the authorities set over her could desire her to be.

Perhaps this trifle in Mrs. David Underwood's domestic policy may be a useful hint to those high and mighty powers, the professed good managers of families, and may induce them to regard her with a little less contempt and ridicule than they are wont to bestow upon geniuses and fine ladies who attempt to manage a household. They may also respect her for being able to think of small duties in the midst of great excitements, and for being, at least, a thoughtful step-mother. To speak truth, Leonora was seldom out of her thoughts.

Mrs. David Underwood watched Jackson until he was out of sight, and was about to turn back, when she observed an old post-chaise coming up the fell. The horses had white ribbons, and so had the postilion. The latter turned his head frequently towards the Tower, as if he were becoming impatient. Edith looked round also, and perceived two persons, evidently the bride and bridegroom, walking towards the chaise. They passed close to the place where she was, and looked curiously at her. She in return gazed at them. It was a look of mutual dissatisfaction, I fancy.

"Can that hard common-looking man be David's brother? Can that simpering wax-doll be Miriam Grey's pretty sister?" thought Mrs. David within herself.

"Dear me, Mark, what a very plain woman! Your brother *must* have married her for her money," exclaimed Mrs. Mark Underwood.

"Of course he did, my dear. She looks as if she had a will of her own."

Mrs. Mark Underwood, who certainly had none, took the last remark as an indirect compliment to herself, and stepped into the chaise, well pleased to think that she was better looking and more amiable than her sister-in-law. And thus she and her husband disappeared from Milford for awhile.

A short time after this, White Surrey was walking soberly along, apparently quite conscious that his mistress was not thinking of him nor of the way they were to go, and that it behoved him to take the direction of their course upon himself, when he pricked up his ears with astonishment, at the sight of a little old woman on a donkey, riding "fast and furious," just in front of them. His mistress, who rode with her head bent down as if in deep thought, started when White Surrey brought her up beside this singular group. Nor was it a thing to be taken by the most imperturbable people as a matter of course; for I assure you, Nanny Post, riding in "haste, haste, post haste," all alone, over a bare moor, had a very German witch-like look, as Mrs. David Underwood thought at a first glance. The wild way in which she occasionally balanced herself with both arms, while her cloak floated out behind, reminded a solitary traveller rather unpleasantly of the Brockenberg: and he would be apt to look around for other old women on goats and alligators and broomsticks, hastening to a *Wal-purgis Nacht*. At a second look, Edith was not less astonished by Nanny's bright, piercing black eyes, and the queer, inquisitive look she gave as she nodded

briskly at the new comer, and said, without pausing in her ride, jerking out the words after the manner of those who talk on a galloping donkey,

"Glad to see you in these parts, my lady. We've had a sad missing o' Master David, these many years. What a mercy he's come back—A great doctor. I'm going down to the Vicarage—physic. Miss Grey's took dangerous.—Back in half an hour. Maybe you are going to the Tower. The old Dame's crying like a child, and Miss Martha's up in Miss Grey's chamber. And that Mrs. Ward—*hughe!*—I've no patience with her!—*She* got such a sweet, dear young man for a son! God knows best—I think it's a good riddance of both. I never liked Mr. Mark's underhand ways—hard ways to poor folks, too. Good morning, glad to see you—and Master David—Good morning!"

And away went Nanny, never pausing to look behind her at the lady. Edith, however, though by no means in a merry mood, stopped awhile to laugh at the singular effect produced by Nanny and Bob, as seen from behind, going at a desperate pace down to the village. This last incident served to rouse Edith completely from her reverie, and gathering up the reins, she directed White Surrey's head towards the Tower again.

CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. DAVID UNDERWOOD'S UNCONVENTIONAL CONDUCT.

WHITE SURREY showed so much familiarity with the ground when they came close up to the building—now rounding a heap of fallen stones, now stepping carefully among scattered ones—that Mrs. David Underwood concluded he had often been there before. If White Surrey could have spoken, he would have told his present mistress that he had been for four years the property of Miss Grey, and therefore it was no wonder he was quite at home near the Tower. As to his stepping carefully and safely amid a wilderness of fallen stones and tangled briars, he would have told her that he had been purchased and trained by old Mr. Underwood, for the express purpose of carrying Miss Grey when she became blind; and that Mr. Underwood would not have been satisfied unless her steed could make his way up to the door in the ruined turret. As the stable was situated somewhere behind the said North Turret, White Surrey's movements in that direction were always surprisingly quick, considering the nature of the ground. Ponies, like other people, are the creatures of habit; and White Surrey, finding his head stable-wards on the present occasion, began threading the stony labyrinth of the ancient flower-garden, bent upon seeking repose in his old quarters. At first, Mrs. David tried to turn him away from the heaps of rubbish, among which he seemed to be wandering vaguely—but voice and hand were unavailing in the task; and, at length, the ruined turret itself riveted her attention so forcibly, that she ceased attempting to control the animal. She had

seen many finer ruins, larger, grander, and with far loftier architectural pretensions—ruins of temples, palaces, cathedrals, abbeys, baronial castles, replete with old world-famous associations. The Historic Muse had endowed them with the spoil of Time; they were all rich in national memories. But this little ruin—the fragment of an old house, unknown to fame, spreading its shattered semicircle of wall towards the sun—tapestried with ivy and moss and lichens, fascinated her by its quiet beauty. She had never seen anything like it. There was nothing grand or proud in its decay—it seemed neither to regret nor to struggle against its destiny, but to bear it contentedly. Like a conscious creature submitting to a higher power, the rifted turret had learned to make the best of its fate, and to brighten its downfall by a smile that was far more touching than the gloomiest frown. At least, so thought Edith as she approached nearer and nearer, and noted the gay flowers blooming high up in sheltered fractures of the wall—the ivy wreathes waving gently from the summit—the small birds fluttering to and fro within it, and the luxuriant wild roses that they scattered in a soft shower on the moss at each flight.

"Yes," she thought. "This place, so beautiful in decay, can have no stern memories connected with it—no deeds of blood—no vengeance; I had well nigh said, no sin—no sorrow; but it has been a human habitation, and where man has dwelt, death and sin and suffering must come."

Just at this point in her musings, White Surrey came to a stand-still, immediately in front of the opening into the area of the turret. As he could not be induced to stir, Mrs. Underwood dismounted, intending to fasten him to something while she inspected this singular place; but she had no sooner touched the ground, than he trotted off as he had been wont to do, and in less than a minute had disappeared on his way to the stable. Such behaviour in a poney that she had hitherto found perfectly tractable, somewhat astonished the lady; but as it was useless for her to think of recovering him, lame as she was, Edith dismissed him from her mind for the present, and began to examine every object around her with much curiosity. As she stood at the opening of the ruin, she faced the ancient flower-garden, and was not long in perceiving that it *had been* a garden, though now it seemed, at a first glance, little better than a wilderness strewn with the stones which had fallen from the building.

"That might be restored," she thought.

Just then the voice of a linnet close behind her poured forth a flood of song. It burst upon the silence so suddenly, that Edith was startled. Turning round, she saw the little brown bird with its bright eyes, perched on the topmost bough of the briar rose-tree, just as her husband had seen it in the early morning.

"It is a linnet," she exclaimed half aloud; "David's favourite bird; and singing, too, amid his favourite flowers—wild roses;" and she stretched forth a hand

to gather a spray. "Was it here that he learned to love linnets and briar-roses?"

The bird ceased his song and flew away as she moved across the soft turf to the grassy seat already described. She sat down where Miriam Grey had sat a few hours before, and looked long at the prospect. Through the breach in the wall by which she came in, she could see the village and the whole valley of Milford basking in the sunlight, hemmed in by lofty fells, rising peak behind peak, till they were lost in the distant clouds.

"Ah! *this* is the sketch he made from memory. Now I recognise Milford as he has so often described it. But why has he never spoken to me about this lovely ruin?"

Her bright eyes wandered curiously over the inner surface of the turret, over the moss-covered area and the couch on which she sat. These had been cared for—tended recently; it was a place that some one loved. She saw that it was connected with the Grey Tower—that it had formed one of its four circular turrets. Her eye fell on the sunken doorway, and she guessed that it led into the inhabited portion of the building. Again she examined the ruin, and gazed forth over the prospect. Presently her thoughts shaped themselves thus:—

"It must be so. This place is sacred in his mind. As a child, he played with Miriam Grey here; as a youth he learned to love her, here. What imaginative boy could see a beautiful girl in such a spot as this, day after day, and not love her, or fancy that he loved her?"

Edith was a very woman and had often wished to believe that her husband's first love was but a romantic fancy. Poor Edith! She was a great deal too clear-sighted to believe *that*, even when he more than half believed it himself; and *now*, as she felt the influence of Miriam's favourite haunt upon her own mind, she could not believe it at all.

"No! no!" she said to herself; "David was not a boy to indulge in baseless fancies; nor is this a flimsy fanciful place. It is instinct with reality—the reality that comes to us so rarely on the earth—the reality of beauty, love, peace, and happiness. It is a blessed place. A material ruin, useless to shelter a man's body; but a spiritual home—a stronghold for the soul, where it might grow wise and loving, and learn the true meaning of the word *life*. It was here that my David learned it first; I am sure of it. And this Miriam Grey was indeed his *first love*."

She looked pale as she thought of these things; pale, and a little sad; but not resentful, or bitter or angry. Edith Underwood had a clear religious spirit—a heart turned to God so trustfully, that the light of his countenance rested always upon it. Religion is very much an affair of temperament. The severe man will talk of living in the fear of the Lord, and the gentle one will talk of living in the love of God, as long as some men are constitutionally severe, and others are constitutionally gentle. Each one is religious or irreligious after his kind. Miriam Grey's

piety was chastened, sober, resigned and unwavering; Edith Underwood's was ardent, glad, hopeful, but sometimes swayed by earthly feelings. As she now sat thinking of all that her husband had told her about his early love, and imagining all that he had not told her,—probably imagining a great deal more than the truth,—the brave good heart within her was strongly moved; but never once did it rise in rebellion against God, or question the justice and wisdom of his dispensation.

"Only if I might have been this Miriam Grey!" her heart whispered mournfully. "If I had but been associated in his mind with all this secluded calm! If he had loved me as a little child—as a beautiful girl! If he had loved me only because I was lovely and gentle, and his own heart overflowed with the desire of loving! That is a first love—the pure spiritual instinct impelling the heart towards the good and beautiful. It thinks not, reasons not, and is nevertheless unerring."

"Nay, that is folly! A first love is often erring, and mistakes all that glitters for pure gold. With common natures first love is frequently a delusion—the offspring of vanity and frivolous excitement; but with my David it could not have been thus. The girl he loved at eighteen could never become unworthy of his love; what is more, can never cease to be loved. And I! what am I? Consider it well, Edith Underwood! Away with all paltry jealousies. Down!—down, thou selfish, exacting heart!" She pressed her two hands tightly over her forehead and eyes.

"Yes, yes, let there be no affectation of virtue. It is hard to feel that I am second where I have for so many sweet years believed myself to be first. I cannot give up that happiness with magnanimity. I am even ashamed at my own fond credulity in thinking I could ever supply the place of that early love. I am clever, cultivated, well placed in the world; I could understand and sympathize with his intellectual progress. I have been *very useful* to him." A slight shiver passed through her at the words. "Men do not *love* a woman for all that. It is beauty and not utility that creates love. I have been useful to him,—he esteems, respects, admires me, and I have the second place in his heart—perhaps the *third*—for Leonora— This is morbid unprofitable speculation. David has been a faithful, true husband to me, and I have no right to pry into his secret thoughts. I, who love him, and am his wife! I need not fear that he will forget what is due to me. His noble loyal nature will do right at any cost to his own feelings. While I am mourning selfishly over that early love of his, he, perhaps, is learning that it was not dead all those past years; that it was only sleeping; and he will reproach himself bitterly. At this very moment the life-blood in his heart wages war with the enforced calmness of the brain; while he counts the fever throbs of Miriam Grey's heart, he remembers that he is bound to suppress all love for her. My poor David! If she should love him still,—should in the sore trial of sickness allow him to perceive it!

—Alas! alas!—my truthful, generous husband! And I have been so selfish as to think first of myself! What, if I am *second* or *third* in his heart!—It is something to have a place there at all. With God's help, I will deserve it.

"It is now my first duty to support him in doing his. The sight of me, in these old familiar haunts, beside Miriam Grey, will be painful to him, but it will be salutary. I can bear the pain, and the humiliation of seeing how he feels the contrast; of being a source of annoyance. It will be salutary for me too. I have gloried too much in being the wife of David Underwood. Henceforth I shall be more humble."

She rose up, and after taking a few minutes to compose herself, advanced to the old door, and tried to open it. It gave way at her touch, and swinging back gently, disclosed a matted passage. She stepped into it, and the door closed again behind her. The passage was long and narrow; a dim light penetrated through it from a lattice at the further end. Edith proceeded towards it, and half way down she came to another and a broader passage, which conducted her into a square hall neatly paved with red tiles. There, in front of her, she saw the open door-way by which her husband and Mr. Shepherd had entered the house. Seeing no one about, and hearing no sounds, she advanced to the door of a room which opened into this hall near the entrance. It was a large old-fashioned kitchen. There was a pleasant smell of fresh-baked oat-cake, which hung on lines stretched across the ceiling in the north-country fashion, and a bright sunlight streamed over polished kettles and saucepans, through a wide Gothic window that commanded a view along the valley. It was a cheerful old place. Edith's attention was soon called from the room to poor Dame Barnard, who lay in a corner, sobbing bitterly.

"What is the matter, my good woman? are you hurt?" asked Edith, stooping down beside her.

The old woman turned her head in a little astonishment at the sound of an unknown voice, and looked hard at Edith.

"You are very kind, ma'am. I don't recollect you just now."

"Never mind that. Let me help you up. Did you fall down?"

"Yes, ma'am. To think of my falling down at such a time, and spraining my good-for-nothing old ankle! If I *was* to do it, why couldn't I do it before Nanny went, and then she might have sent some one up from the village. But everything is going wrong to-day. Ah! poor dear child! If it should turn out to be the real bad fever."

And the old woman, having been assisted by Edith into a chair, recommenced sobbing. Just then a bell was heard to ring violently.

"Ah! they want something; that cold water, I dare say."

And Dame Barnard looked towards a large cistern of water, and tried to get up. Edith pressed her gently back into the chair.

"If you have sprained your ankle, you cannot carry a can of water up-stairs. Sit still; tell me which way to go, and I will carry it."

And Edith immediately unfastened the skirt of her habit, and took it off, and laid aside her hat.

"Do you mean that, ma'am?" asked the old dame; "well, you've a kind heart, anyhow; and if you know my mistress, maybe you're proud to wait on her, now she's like to be very bad. Take care! it's heavy. Eh! deary me! but you're lame yourself! and you can't carry that weight of water with those little hands."

"You shall see," said Edith, smiling; "I'm very strong. There!" and she lifted the can with apparent ease; "which way am I to go? No! no! you must not get up; I'll come down and look at your foot presently. Which way?"

"Across the hall; there you'll see the stairs. Go up. It's a weary height. Keep on till you come to a broad landing at the top, and there's Miss Miriam's door right before you. What will they all think when they see you? Perhaps you'll tell Miss Martha what's the matter?"

"Yes; I've come to help Miss Martha. I'm a relation of hers;" and so saying Edith went out, carrying the water can.

"Oh! ay! that's it! I thought you had a *lottle* of the Underwood air," thought Dame Barnard to herself, "though you are such a grand-looking lady."

Edith had taken no easy task upon herself. To go up-stairs was always a trouble to her now; for the false leg was a poor substitute for the real one; and the water-can was heavy. Still she persisted, and had just reached the top of the stairs, when she saw her husband leaning against the balustrades above, with his handkerchief pressed to his eyes. He had left the room for a moment to control his emotion. Hearing some one on the stairs, he stood upright, and looking another way, said quickly,—

"Come! come! my good woman; you have been a long time. Have you brought the water?"

Then receiving no immediate reply, he turned to look at the person approaching, and seeing who it was, he exclaimed,—

"You? Edith!" Then darting forward he seized her burden, and looking grave and very much annoyed, said, "What is the meaning of this?"

"Don't be angry. I would not have carried it if it had not been necessary. The old servant has fallen down, and sprained her ankle. I happened to be with her when the bell rang. She said it was for this water, and—"

"And so you brought it. You are a strange creature, Edith."

"Not to you, David. Surely you understand that I am deeply anxious about this illness of Miss Grey's—that I would render any assistance in my power."

"The best assistance you can render is to go home to the children, and keep them and yourself away from infection. I thought I had requested you to do so." He spoke very constrainedly.

"You did," she replied gently; "I have attended

to your request in every particular but one. Jackson has gone for Dr. Burns, and will afterwards carry my orders to Leonora and the rest. I ventured to remain here."

"Why?"

"Because my first duty is here, David. You are in trouble, and I *will* not leave you."

She took his hand and kissed it.

He trembled slightly, and said, "You are very good, Edith, but I would rather be alone."

"But I will not leave you alone to watch the dangerous sickness of a dear friend. Give me my fair share of your sorrow, David. Believe me, I shall love Miriam Grey, and be but too happy to assist you in restoring her to health."

Her husband made no reply, but pressed his lips hastily on her head. She looked into his eyes, and shrank back from their expression for a moment; and then, winding her arm round his neck, she whispered, in a voice choked with tears,—

"Nay, dearest, we must *hope*. Do not think that yet. You are, perhaps, not calm enough. Dr. Burns will soon be here. Let me, David, I intreat you, let me go with you, and nurse Miriam Grey."

He folded her in his arms, and murmured, "God bless you; do as you will."

Then turning from her he walked a few paces apart to a small loop-hole window, and there stood gazing out upon the sky. Edith remained where he had left her, and with downcast eyes abstained from watching his emotion. Perhaps even David, much as he knew of the nature of the noble and good woman, could not have appreciated the generous love and sorrow that swelled her heart at that moment, or the delicate respect which forbore to look on his grief. Perhaps he thought, if indeed he thought about it at all at that instant,—he may have thought that this was an ebullition of romantic generosity on Edith's part,—a desire to perform an act of self-sacrifice by devoting herself to the service of a woman whom her husband had once loved. For David Underwood was well aware that some women like to admire their own virtue, much more than they care to have it admired by others; and that with them, as with one of Jean Paul's heroines, "an inclination to perform premeditated acts of kindness is the only littleness." I say, David Underwood may have thought this; but if he did think so, he was mistaken, and was speedily undeceived. Edith acted thus from no romantic generosity towards a person she had never seen, and whom as yet she had no special reason for liking, but from a principle of duty, and an instinct of love to her husband. Because she loved, she desired to comfort and assist him in his present suffering, and because she believed it to be her duty as a wife to keep in David's remembrance his true position as a husband and a father, she had determined to remain with him now, if he would permit it. She knew that he could not loosen the ties which bound him, even in thought, without enduring a bitter repentance; for his nature was a true and loyal one: and this repentance she wished to save him.

After a few moments David turned round. Something in her attitude touched him deeply. He approached and said—

"What is it you wish me to do, Edith?"

"To take me with you into that chamber, and to allow me to nurse your patient," she avoided repeating a name that he might not wish to hear.

"Be it so," he replied; "your assistance will be of great advantage. Her sister is—gone away, and my sister cannot be well spared; my father's health is much shaken. He must go home. If you remain, Mr. Shepherd need not send his sister as he proposed. She would be a terrible woman in a sick-room."

"You might be provoked to order her to begone before she had remained six hours, as you did that chattering lady at Leipzig."

And Edith was pleased to see her husband smile slightly at the recollection of his prompt and energetic measures on that occasion.

"I should be more likely to throw Miss Shepherd out of the window," he said.

"Then, my dear David," said his wife, assuming a funny little look of mock alarm, and stooping down once more to take up the water-can, (a female *ruse* to hide feelings remote from fun or alarm,) "pray let me be installed in office at once, to prevent any such *scandale*. Do not let us complicate our difficulties further by a trial for manslaughter. The physician is lord of the sick-room; but I don't think his power extends to throwing old ladies out of the window. However, if you will invest me with authority as nurse, I will take temptation from you. I mean, I will keep Miss Shepherd at bay. She shall not enter the room. I'll frighten her."

David understood his wife, and he could not help taking her head between his hands, and pressing a long kiss on her forehead.

"God bless you, my own Edith! What should I do without you?" His voice faltered.

"You would throw your tutor's sister out of the window, and you would have had to wait a long time for this water. Oh! I am a very useful woman." There was the least possible touch of bitterness in the last sentence.

David felt, without understanding it. He kissed her again, and then said, as he took the water-can from her hands, "Come to Miriam now. She is sleeping uneasily,—the fever affects the head. We must apply cloths steeped in cold water all over it immediately, before she wakes."

Edith stepped on to open the door, and in another minute was by Miriam Grey's bedside.

Mrs. David Underwood saw nothing in the chamber for several minutes except the face of Miriam Grey. It was disturbed frequently by convulsive twitches—there was a hot, hectic flush on the cheeks and forehead, and the blue-veined eyelids did not quite cover the glassy eyes. She did not see there the beauty she expected. The calmness, the angelic sweetness, were not there now. She could only see a face that

might once have been beautiful; but, with every feature distorted by pain, there was no beauty to be discovered there now, except by the eye of affection. Poor Miriam had been undressed by Martha and Dame Barnard, and now lay within the bed in a very uneasy slumber, muttering rapidly, moving her head from side to side, and tossing her arms to and fro. The only words that were distinctly audible,—and those recurred more often than any other, were—"David!" "His wife!" "They never told me!" When Edith heard these last words she looked in search of David. He was standing at a table near the bed, pouring water into a basin. Then, steeping a cloth in it, he advanced to the pillow, and laid it skilfully over the patient's head. A slight shudder ran through her frame, and she drew her breath suddenly, but she did not open her eyes. Edith saw that her husband turned pale, though every other sign of emotion was suppressed. She spoke no words, but, turning away from the bed, beckoned Martha aside. They went to the window, passing by Mr. Underwood, who sat at a table with his head resting on his hands, and his eyes fixed on the patient. Mr. Shepherd sat in a great chair, near the bed, with closed eyes and folded hands, as if in prayer.

"Dr. Underwood—David—wishes me to stay and nurse Miss Grey. He can trust me in cases of dangerous sickness better than a strange nurse who might misunderstand him."

"Of course. It is very good of you, though. It is too much trouble. I was just perplexed on this subject. Father must go home. It will not do for him to stay here. Look at him. If you would kindly stay for a few hours till I can come again or send some one. Poor Mrs. Barnard is too old to be active enough."

"My dear Miss Underwood, set your mind at ease on one point. All that the best medical skill and the most assiduous nursing can do for your friend shall be done. David and I will remain with her. Take your father away, and Mr. Shepherd; they can do no good. No one must remain here who is not wanted. David will not allow it, I know; nor will he allow any visitors—both for the patient's sake and their own—in a fever like that. Tell Miss Shepherd this. Come yourself, dear Miss Underwood, and I will meet you outside the house whenever you like; it is as well not to enter it. Another thing I must request you to do, my dear. The old servant has just sprained her ankle. You must find some active, trustworthy person to help her—a young girl, who can run up and down stairs quickly, and without making a noise. Now, come and show me where I shall find clean linen for Miss Grey—towels, sheets. Is there a medicine chest?"

Martha took her sister-in-law to a small inner room where Miss Grey kept all these things. Here she assisted in taking off the rest of her riding gear, and found a dressing-gown of Miss Grey's which Edith put on instead. That done, they returned to the sick-room and bade each other good bye in a silent

pressure of the hand at the foot of the bed. Martha then whispered a few words to her father, who rose at once from his seat. She did the same to Mr. Shepherd, who rose also; and each, after casting one last lingering look at the poor sufferer, followed Martha out of the room. Wherever else men take command, in the sick-room they obey women implicitly and by instinct. David, who sat beside the patient, saw their movement towards the door, and glanced inquiringly at his wife. He understood by her look in reply, that she had contrived to send them away.

"It was quite right," he whispered. "But I must speak with my father and Martha. Take my place here, and change the cloths frequently."

He left the room, and Edith took his seat beside Miriam Grey's pillow.

It was a strange position! For a moment or two Edith could not help recalling the course of the morning's events. She had come from Torrington Hall that morning, anxious about her husband's meeting with his father, which was to have taken place; and which, as the reader knows, did take place the previous night. It had been arranged by David that she was to come alone to see his sisters, and be introduced to his father, if, as he hoped, time had softened his father's heart towards him. On her own account, Mrs. David Underwood was but little troubled about the meeting with her husband's relations. She was determined to make them like her, and she had never yet known a determination of that kind to fail. But there was one person in Milford whom she trembled, brave woman as she was, to think of meeting; whom she had determined not to meet that day, if by any womanly tactics she could avoid doing so.—That person was Miriam Grey. It was not jealousy, nor envy, that prompted this avoidance; her conscience acquitted her of both those ill-feelings; and she was glad of it, now that she was alone with the gentle woman who had first won David's love.—How different were the circumstances of this dreaded meeting from those she had sometimes imagined. She had pictured Miriam's beauty as something "too bright and good for human nature's daily food;"—Raphael's Virgins and young saints were scarcely so pure, so lovely as her dream of Miriam Grey. She expected to be vanquished, won in a moment by the serene sweetness of her gaze to feel how far superior she was to women such as herself. The good Edith had a foolish habit of mistaking herself for one of a class of clever women, good for nothing but to make a noise in the world and do a great deal of small work there, which might just as well be left undone. Miriam Grey was in her imagination the personification of beauty and gentleness, and she almost felt ashamed to think how far inferior in those qualities, the glory and the crown of womanhood, she must appear in David's eyes. But now that she saw Miriam shorn of all that soft radiance, sick, fevered, restless, Edith would have made a considerable sacrifice to restore Miriam to her natural health and beauty, that

she might have looked on her first as she really was. "Now," she thought within herself, "I shall never know how beautiful she really is." By tending I shall learn to love her, and then I shall certainly think her beautiful. Poor sufferer!" she murmured tenderly, as she felt one of the small hands which were flung towards her at the moment, "How hot and dry!" She then removed the cloth from her head and placed a fresh one there. In doing so she remarked the extreme beauty of Miriam's hair. While she was looking at it, the poor parched lips moved convulsively, and Edith heard the words.

"What have I done to be so wretched?—David! David!—Why did you stay away?—Married!—I do not love him! No! no! That was over long ago. But,—but"—Here the voice died away, and suddenly Miriam started up in bed, and burst into tears. Her eyes were open; she was awake—conscious. She looked eagerly round the room, and at last her eyes rested on Mrs. David Underwood. She gazed at her intently.

"Who are you?" she said in a very low tone; "are you?—Yes,—you are,"—

"Edith Underwood!" said Edith, kneeling down and taking Miriam's hand. "You are very ill. I have come to nurse you if you will allow me." And without another word between them Miriam laid her aching head on Edith's shoulder and sobbed like a child.

Edith was murmuring the soft honeyed words she used to address to her children into Miriam's ear when David entered the room. He was unable to approach them for several minutes—he was so disturbed by tender feelings. But it behoved the physician to interfere. Gently he separated them, and said gravely,

"Edith, my dear, Miriam's life depends upon our care and control of our feelings. Get her well, and she shall weep as much as she likes. Now she must be kept quite quiet."

(To be continued.)

THE FRIENDS.

THE introduction of this engraving, from a drawing by J. W. Wright, affords an opportunity of making a few remarks upon the history of water-colour painting, and the high position it has attained in this country of late years. Mr. Wright, for a considerable period, held the post of secretary to the Old Water-colour Society, whose annual exhibitions were for many years graced by his excellent drawings of subjects analogous to this, simple in character, pleasing in his method of treating them, and faithful as natural representations.

Painting in water-colours is a comparatively modern invention, for though some of the old continental artists made drawings with the brush, or, to speak more professionally, with the camel hair pencil, they worked only in tints of ink or umber; it never seemed

to enter their minds to use colours on paper, either for historical or landscape painting; which is the more surprising, when we recollect to what perfection the art of illuminating was brought in the middle ages and the period immediately following these. An exception to the above remark must be made in favour of those artists who practised fresco-painting and distemper, both of which are executed in water-colours upon walls properly prepared for the purpose; and there is no doubt but that the earliest painters, prior to the appearance of Van Eyck, the supposed discoverer of oil-painting in the middle of the fourteenth century, painted solely with colours mixed with strong gum-water, or other solid matter to give body to their vehicles, and afterwards varnished their pictures, so as to make them in appearance somewhat similar to oil-paintings. The name by which water-colours was formerly designated is *aquarelle*.

This department of the fine arts is essentially English, for nowhere has it been so extensively practised and with so much success as among ourselves. In power, richness and purity of tone, we have brought it on an equality with oils, while in delicacy and transparency of tints it far surpasses the latter vehicle, especially for atmospheric effects. The first artist whose attention was drawn to water-colours as a means for representing landscape and topographical scenery, was Paul Sandby, towards the end of the last century, but the most he effected was to lay in his outlines with a broad reed-pen and Indian Ink, putting in his shadows with ink also, and then washing thin tints of appropriate colours over the respective parts of his subject, in feeble imitation of their natural colours. Contemporaneous with Sandby, but a little later in his practice, was Rooker; he advanced the art a step or two in his attempts to represent local colour in buildings, &c.; but he always thought that water-colours would never reach sufficient power to form what might truly be called a picture. Wilson and Gainsborough were sometimes accustomed to sketch in this style; but as the fame of these artists rests on their oil-pictures only, they can scarcely be classed in the list of water-colour painters. Hearn, who was borne in 1744, and died in 1817, worked with greater success than any of his predecessors; so did John Cozens, who died about 1799; their drawings were more complete in harmony, more chaste in effect, and tasteful in execution; still they had little pretension to colour.

It was about the period when Cozens died, that there arose two men whose genius laid the foundation for the present elevated position of this art; they may legitimately be called the founders of our school. The first was Thomas Girtin, born in 1775, who died at the premature age of twenty-seven. The other was our great landscape-painter, Turner, the Royal Academician, whose remains have only within the last few months been laid in the Cathedral of St. Paul. Drawings from Girtin's hand were really pictures, and he was truly a painter, passing hours and days

on the then most picturesque banks of the Thames, at Lambeth, sketching the old dilapidated dwelling-houses, potteries, mills, and other suitable materials for illustration, with which that locality abounded, and which it still shows, though far less numerously and effectively. He then travelled into the north of England, Scotland, and Wales, improving his style and producing works in which the hues of nature were copied with a fidelity that in those days was considered almost magical. Still, admirable as are his drawings, and highly as they are yet valued, they are very far behind the works of many of his immediate successors, and more so of living artists.

It seems almost superfluous to speak of Turner, whose name is a "household word" with every lover of art. His drawings, like his oil-pictures, exhibit two distinct epochs of his practice;—the one distinguished by the closest and truest imitation of nature in all her simple beauty, marvellous in delicate execution,—the other, glowing with all the gorgeousness and poetry of his art, even to a point generally considered extravagant. It would be difficult to say which are now most in request, but some of his earlier drawings—and of small dimensions too, such as one would measure by inches—have sold recently for sums varying from one hundred to two hundred guineas each.

In the year 1805, the number of artists practising water-colour painting had so largely increased, and the art had become so popular, that a body of these gentlemen formed themselves into a society for exhibiting their works apart from the rooms in Somerset House used by the Royal Academy, and where they considered full justice was not rendered them. Thus was the Water-colour Society established, and among its earlier supporters we find the names of Turner, Glover, Hearn, Crissall, Cotman, John Varley; and somewhat later Prout, Havell, Wright, Robson, most whom were associated with the men whose works now adorn the gallery in Pall Mall East, making up, perhaps, the most elegant and select pictorial exhibition in the metropolis. The strength of this institution has always laid in landscape-painting.

But it was found necessary some years after to open another channel for the further development of this art, so popular had it become; consequently, in 1835, another body of younger artists, assuming the title of the "New Water-colour Society," instituted an exhibition of their works annually at a gallery in Pall Mall, which is not less worthy of a visit than the older society. Some of the best historical and figure subjects produced in water-colours have ornamented the walls of these rooms.

It would seem almost impossible to carry this art further than it has already reached, in all those requisites that constitute good painting: our school is admired by all foreign artists who see what it produces, and who are always ready to acknowledge its vast superiority over every other. We must, however, take one objection to a practice now much in vogue with many water-colour painters, which can

scarcely be called legitimate; this is the use of body-colours, or solid colours, in their foregrounds and other parts, giving the appearance of oils to their work. We believe this to be totally unnecessary to give power, which may be sufficiently attained by the usual method, and it certainly detracts from the character of a pure water-colour drawing.

IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND IN THE AUTUMN OF 1851.¹

FROM LETTERS AND MEMORANDA OF
FREDERICK BREMER.

IV.

London.—Its physiognomy.—The day-side.—Popular pleasures.—The Parks.—The Zoological Gardens.—The British Museum.—Egyptian Hall, Dioramas.—State of Luxury.—Contrast.—The night-side.—The Wretchedness of the great City.—St. Giles's.—Westminster.—Rage.—Contrast.—The breaking-in of Light.—Missionaries.—Model Dwelling-houses.—"Boarding-house."—Public Baths and Wash-houses.—Schools.—The Dormitory.—Emigrants' Home.—Literature for the People.—Australia Felix.—Insufficiency of all these Remedies.

LONDON! great, magnificent, wonderful London! was the thought which presented itself again and again during my peregrinations and my visits to various districts of this immense city, and at the contemplation of its rich, varied physiognomy. From the city, where trade lives, strives, and posits its books, speculates and battles for life and death in smoky, gloomy streets and alleys, to Hampstead, where the country joins the town, and children ride upon asses over green hills and dales; from the crowded, noisy Strand, which you can scarcely cross for the throngs of omnibuses and carriages which are unceasingly driving along it, to the silent, elegant Belgravia; from the closely built portions of the city, where human beings live in crowded courts and wretched dens, like moles in the earth, without pleasure and without light, to the immense, magnificent parks,—justly called the "lungs of London," where people wander calmly beneath green trees, or beside the clear little lakes, on which rare water-birds swim rejoicingly; from Westminster to the Tower, from St. Paul's to Pall Mall and Piccadilly, and so on; all along the Thames, the broad Thames, with its affluent life, with its splendid bridges, with its steam-boats, swift as arrows, which bow down their chimneys as they shoot onward under these bridges,—what an abundance of great, characteristic and strong feature is here combined with beautiful detail!—the splendid palaces, the elegant detached houses with their gardens before them, the markets with their flowing fountains, the numerous small green enclosures, with their trees and bushes, which are met with everywhere and there as a refreshment to the eye of the wanderers;—these, and many other similar objects. And on all hands that great preponderance of substantial, wealthy, handsome, well-built, well-arranged houses.

In especial must I remark the way in which London, and, in fact, in which all English towns go out into,

or up into, the country. It is not, as in many other nations, by the houses becoming smaller, uglier, by smoking chimneys becoming more numerous, marshes more extensive, the refuse of the city more perceptible. No! on the contrary, the gardens become more numerous and more extensive, the houses handsomer and more open, the streets of the town expand and become rows of beautiful villas and cottages, stone becomes less rare, flowers more frequent, the grey is changed into green: one remarks a something "con amore" in the care which is bestowed upon every dwelling, upon every grass-plot, in the luxuriant growth of every creeper which is trained up the walls of the houses and which engarlands their windows; in every iron palisade, which at once encloses and ornaments every plot of garden ground, and by the meaning of that English word *comfort* being above all things made evident to the mind of the observer.

In the midst of the city itself one does not think so much of this; other interests have here their life or—death. Because the great, closely-built city, where human beings live in dense masses, where they live, so to say, one upon another, in secret or open warfare for bread or the means of existence,—the city becomes always, in a certain respect, a home of death for humanity.

When God, however, created man, he placed him not in a city, but in a garden; and people have now begun to be aware of this in England. Men of high cultivation, and even of high birth, deliver lectures and print pamphlets on the evils of great cities with their densely-built habitations, and on the injurious effects which they produce on the human soul, as well as on physical life. And people are already taking measures by which, as cities grow, breathing room may grow also, and are preparing for the inhabitants the means by which, even here, they may preserve health, cleanliness, and the fresh enjoyments of life.

London, though in cleanliness, fresh air, general regulations, and the great number of detached houses standing in their gardens, which in this respect far exceeds most other great towns, has yet not been able to avoid the curse of the great city: I saw that,—I saw behind the magnificent quarters, behind the stately palaces, streets and markets, where the luxury and pomp of city and aristocratic life flourished in their fullest extent, that there were hidden regions, streets and lanes where might be seen the very opposite of all this—haunts of human wretchedness, of human tatters both outward and inward. I wished also to see these with my own eyes; to see St. Giles's and the dirty quarters behind Westminster; because I endeavour to see, everywhere, the best and the worst, the heaven and the hell of existence in all spheres of life. I wished to see it also in the life of London; and I saw it.

I began to speak of the city's bright side when I described the Great Exhibition with its cheerful life, and I will yet linger a few moments over this side of London life and over some of its gay scenes,—namely, those which may be enjoyed by all, or by nearly all

(1) Continued from p. 301.

classes, and which are therefore properly the people's pleasures.

Of these, none were more agreeable to me than the promenades in the great Parks—Hyde-Park, the Green Park, Regent's Park, which last, alone, is several English miles in circumference. On Sundays, one sees them crowded with well-dressed people, mostly of the working classes; children tumble about freely on the green turf, which remains green and fresh notwithstanding, or feed with bread the beautiful swans or other aquatic birds which swim about on the river-like winding pieces of water. There stands also in one corner of St. James'-Park a row of cows, from which, if the pedestrians choose, they can drink new milk, and thus taste the pleasures of rural life; neither do other refreshments fail; but the best refreshment here is, after all, the fresh air, the wandering beneath green trees, the sight of the pleasure-takers, of the sports of the children, and the views which are obtained of beautiful palaces and churches. Queen Victoria may often enjoy from her royal residence of Buckingham Palace, the cheerful sight of her people thus wandering for their pleasure. Yes, it is to be feared that she, like other queens and kings, sees too much of this side of the life of her people, and thereby comes to forget that there is any other.

London possesses two scenes of popular enjoyment on a great scale, in its British Museum and its Zoological Gardens. In the former, the glance is sent over the life of antiquity; in the latter, over that of the present time in the kingdom of nature; and in both may the Englishman enjoy a view of England's power and greatness, because it is the spirit of England which has compelled Egypt and Greece to remove hither their gods, their heroic statues: it is England whose courageous sons at this present moment force their way into the interior of Africa, that mysterious native land of miracles and of the Leviathan; it is an Englishman who held in his hand snow from the clefts of the remote Mountains of the Moon; it is England which has aroused that ancient Nineveh from her thousands of years of sleep in the desert; England, which has caused to arise from their graves, and to stand forth beneath the sky of England, those witnesses of the life and art of antiquity which are known under the name of the Nineveh Marbles, those magnificent but enigmatical figures which are called the Nineveh Bulls, in the immense wings of which one cannot but admire the fine artistic skill of the workmanship, and from the beautiful human countenances of which glances oriental despotism with eyes—such as those with which King Assuérus might have gazed on the beautiful Esther, when she sank fainting before the power of that glance. They have an extraordinary expression—these countenances of Nineveh, so magnificent, so strong, and at the same time, so joyous—a something about them so valiant and so joyously commanding! It was an expression which surprised me, and which I could not rightly comprehend. It would be necessary for me to see them yet again before I could fully satisfy myself whether this inex-

pressible, proudly, joyous glance is one of wisdom or of stupidity! I could almost fancy it might be the latter, when I contemplate the expression of gentle majesty in the head of the Grecian Jupiter. Nevertheless, whether it be wisdom or stupidity—these representations of ancient Nineveh have a real grandeur and originality about them. Were they then representatives of life there? Was life there thus proud and joyous, thus unconscious of trouble, care, or death, thus valiant, and without all arrogance? Had it such eyes? Ah! and yet it has lain buried in the sand of the desert, lain forgotten there many thousand years. And now, when they once more look up with those large, magnificent eyes, they discover another world around them, another Nineveh which cannot understand what they would say. Thus proudly might Nineveh have looked when the prophet uttered above her his "woe!" Such a glance does not accord with the life of earth.

In comparison with these latest discovered but most ancient works of art, the Egyptian statues fall infinitely short, bearing evidence of a degraded, sensual humanity, and the same as regarded art. But neither of these, nor of the Elgin marbles, nor of many other treasures of art in the British Museum which testify at the same time to the greatness of foregone ages, and to the power of the English world-conquering intelligence, shall I say anything, because time failed me rightly to observe them, and the Nineveh marbles almost bewitched me by their contemplation.

It is to me difficult to imagine a greater pleasure than that of wandering through these halls, or than by a visit to the Zoological Garden which lies on one side of the Regent's Park. I would willingly reside near this park for a time, that I might again and again wander about in this world of animals from all zones, and listen to all that they have to relate, ice-bears and lions, turtles and eagles, the ouarg-ouarg and the rhinoceros! The English Zoological Garden, although less fortunate in its locality than the *Jardins des Plantes* in Paris, is much richer as regards animals. That which at this time attracted hither most visitors was the new guest of the garden, a so-called river-horse or hippopotamus, lately brought hither from Upper Egypt, where it was taken when young. It was yet not full grown, and had here its own keeper—an Arab—its own house, its own court, its own reservoir, to bathe and swim in! Thus it lived in a really princely Hippopotamus fashion. I saw his highness ascend out of his bath in a particularly good humour, and he looked to me like an enormous—pig, with an enormously broad snout. He was very fat, smooth, and grey, and awkward in his movements, like the elephant. Long-necked giraffes walked about, feeding from wooden racks in the court adjoining that of the hippopotamus, and glancing at us across it. One can scarcely imagine a greater contrast than in these animals.

The eagles sat upon crags placed in a row beneath a lofty transparent arch of iron work, an arrangement which seemed to me excellent, and which I

hope seemed so to them, in case they could forget that they were captives. Here they might breathe, here spread out their hugo wings, see the free expanse of heaven, and the sun, and build habitations for themselves upon the rock. On the contrary, the lions, leopards, and such-like noble beasts of the desert, seemed to me particularly unhappy in their iron-grated stone vaults; and their perpetual, uneasy walking backwards and forwards in their cages—I could not see that without a feeling of distress. How beautiful they must be in the desert, or amid tropical woods, or in the wild caverns of the mountains, those grand, terrific beasts—how fearfully beautiful! One day I saw these animals during their feeding time. Two men went round with wooden vessels filled with pieces of raw meat; these were taken up with a large iron-pronged fork, and put, or rather flung, through the iron grating into the dens. It was terrible to see the savage joy, the fury, with which the food was received and swallowed down by the beasts. Three pieces of meat were thrown into one great vault which was at that time empty, a door was then drawn up at the back of the vault, and three huge yellow lions with shaggy manes rushed roaring in, and at once spring each possessed himself of his piece of flesh. One of the lions held his piece between his teeth for certainly a quarter of an hour, merely growling and gloating over it in savage joy, whilst his flashing eyes glared upon the spectators, and his tail was swung from side to side with an expression of defiance. It was a splendid, but a fearful sight. One of my friends was accustomed sometimes to visit these animals in company with his little girl, a beautiful child, with a complexion like milk and cherries. The sight of her invariably produced great excitement in the lions. They seemed evidently to show their love to her in a ravenous manner.

The serpents were motionless in their glass house, and lay, half-asleep, curled around the trunks of trees. In the evening by lamp-light they become lively, and then, twisting about and flashing forth their snaky splendours, they present a fine spectacle. The snake-room, with its walls of glass, behind which the snakes live, reminded me of the old northern myth of Nastrand, the roof of which was woven of snakes' backs, the final home of the ungodly—an unpleasant, but vigorous picture. The most disagreeable and the ugliest of all the snakes, was that little snake which the beautiful Queen Cleopatra, herself false as a serpent, placed at her breast; a little grey, flat-headed snake which liked to bury itself in the sand.

The monkey-family lead a sad life; stretch out their hands for nuts or for bread, with mournful human gestures; contentious, beaten, oppressed, thrust aside, frightening one another, the stronger the weaker—mournfully human also.

Sad, also, was the sight of an orang-outang, spite of all its queer grimaces, solitary in its house, for it evidently suffered *ennui*, was restless, and would go out. It embraced its keeper and kissed him with real human tenderness. The countenance, so human, yet

without any human intelligence, made a painful impression upon me; so did the friendly tame creature here, longing for its fellows, and seeing around it only human beings. Thou poor animal! Fain would I have seen thee in the primeval woods of Africa, caressing thy wife in the clear moonlight of the tropical night, sporting with her among the branches of the trees, and sleeping upon them, rocked by the warm night wind. There thy ugliness would have had a sort of picturesque beauty. After the strange beast-man had climbed hither and thither along the iron railing, seizing the bars with his hands, and feet which resembled hands, and also with his teeth, he took a white woollen blanket, wrapped it around him in a very complicated manner, and ended by laying himself down as a human being might do, in his chilly, desolate room. They say that he will not live long in this country.¹

After this, all the more charming was the spectacle presented by the water-fowl from every zone,—Ducks, Swans, and Co. all quite at home here, swimming in the clear waters, among little green islands on which they had their little huts. It was most charmingly pretty and complete. And the mother-duck with her little, lively golden-yellow flock, swimming neck and heels after her, or seeking shelter under her wings, is at all times one of the most lovely scenes of natural life—resembling humanity in a beautiful manner.

Even among the wild beasts I saw a beautiful human trait of maternal affection. A female leopard had in her cage two young cubs, lively and playful as puppies. When the man threw the flesh into her cage, she drew herself back and let the young ones first seize upon the piece.

Crows from all parts of the world here live together in one neighbourhood, and that the chattering and laughter was loud here did not surprise me, neither that the European crows so well maintained their place among their fellows. That which, however, astonished and delighted me was, the sweet flute-like melodious tones of the Australian crow. In the presence of this crow from Paradise—for originally it must have come therefrom—it seemed to me that all the other crows ought to have kept silence with their senseless chattering.—But they were nothing but crows, and they liked better to hear themselves.

Parrots from all lands lived and gus jelled together in a large room, and they there made such a loud screaming, that in order to stand it out one must have been one of their own relations. Better be among the silent, dejected, stealthy, hissing, shining snakes than in company with parrots! The former might kill the body, but the latter the soul.

Twilight came on, and drove me out of the Zoological Garden each time I was there, and before I had seen all its treasures. Would that I might return there yet a third time and remain still longer!

Among the places in London which were much

(1) The orang-outang is dead since Miss Bremer's visit. He died of inflammation of the lungs, and, with truth it may be said, much regretted. During his short life in the gardens he had shown himself docile, and remarkably intelligent.—TRAVERS.

visited at this time by the millions of strangers who streamed hither, was the Egyptian Hall,—a temple or museum for the remarkable things and curiosities from all foreign lands, which are travelling through the world, together with extraordinary men, animals, conjurers and conjuration,—a temple of novelty which ought to be found in every great city, for the support and refreshment of the spirit of curiosity in the human breast. I saw here a couple of beautiful dioramas, and these were a glorious and extraordinary delight. What is the use of giving oneself a deal of trouble to travel through far countries, in the face of danger by land and sea—to make great efforts to be in time for the railway-train—to get up in the night to go on board the steam-boat or by *diligence*—to eat food which does not agree with one—to lose one's luggage and all one's clothes—to be paying one's money away all day long—to have an empty purse and weary body—in a word, to do battle with a thousand difficulties,—when one can, here at the Diorama, sit quietly upon a bench, listen to music, and for a shilling behold Europe, Asia or America pass before one, exhibit their ruins, their rivers, their capitals, their temples, and beautiful natural scenes before one's eyes? Thus it was that I here beheld Egypt and the Nile travel past me; saw the ancient pyramids and temples with their colossal statues; saw Copts and Turks reposing beneath the palm-trees, and European tourists smoke their cigars under the nose of the old gods of the Hindoos; saw Sirius ascending brilliantly above the Nile; saw the beautiful head of the Sphinx glancing upward from the desert sand, whilst night rested above the desert, and Canopus looking down upon it—a sight which I shall never forget! Beyond this, I allowed the journey from London to Calcutta to journey past me; by Malta, and the Mediterranean, through the desert by caravan, with camels, Arabs, and so on to Ceylon and Hindoostan with its cities and Hindoo temples. And it is impossible for me to say how convenient and entertaining I found it all.

Among the luxurious establishments of London, I heard much said of the clubs; palace-like houses where certain corporate bodies in the government or the city have their place of meeting arranged for their own especial accommodation, and where everything which is most *recherché* in food and in wine, and every article of life's luxury is provided for the use of these gentlemen. I was shown the Lawyers', the Merchants' and the United-Service Club Houses, with many others. Men of all classes who have good incomes may here enjoy themselves every day, without any other danger—than that of here forgetting the nobler business of life and their better self; for these magnificent abodes are the promoters of selfishness and the desire for self-indulgence; and the man accustomed to the refined enjoyments of the club not unfrequently comes to despise the more frugal meal of home, and simple domestic pleasure. He is afraid of taking an amiable wife because he might be prevented from having his delicate club-house dinner; and the man thus corrupted by luxury, renders him-

self incapable of life's best enjoyment. Ah! he does still worse than that, because the evil which self-indulgence begets is not negative, is not merely individual!

And now from these halls, where the thirst of pleasure—a beautiful, false Delilah—seeks to lull men to sleep and rob them of their strength, and the saloons where self-indulgent women trifle away life in vanity, and worse still, although they have not their public club-houses for this purpose, I will pass over at once to scenes which present the strongest contrast and resemblance to these places—the quarters in London where the wretched, the poor and the openly criminal of the community have also their clubs and places of meeting, the great revelation of the dark side of life.

I had already seen it many times, even in the rich splendid parts of the city. I had seen in front of magnificent shops, filled with bread and confectionary of every kind, women stealing along with pallid countenances and glances which earnestly demanded what the lips dared not to ask; I had seen children coming out of the gross streets of the Strand, children with eyes so beautiful that I could have kissed them, but clothed in rags and covered with dirt which was revolting, and I proposed to myself to see the “night-shade” of London life in its fullest bloom. The poison-flower of this name, so dangerous to the noblest feelings of humanity, and thence seizing upon life, grew here in luxuriance—that I knew—not in nature, but in human life.

And I saw it, saw it in St. Giles's, and in particular in a part of Westminster, the whole quarter, streets and lanes, filled with wretched half-humble-down houses, windows stopped up with rags, rags hanging fluttering in the wind outside the houses, as if they were banners; everything in tatters, everything dirty, wretched! And human beings with traces of the ale-house upon them, traces of every species of vice, of crime and want and misery; pallid-faced women and men, great, ill-conditioned boys and girls, who in the middle of the day idled about doing nothing; in fact “the dangerous classes” were here in vigorous growth! But even into this realm of darkness had the light of the sun begun to penetrate.

Only a few years ago it was not safe even for the police authorities to venture into this quarter, and several persons of the better class who had ventured into houses here were never afterwards heard of. Some, however, ventured in yet again, and came out scathless. Clergymen, “the Missionaries of the Poor,” dared to come hither without fear, because they too were poor in everything but the strength of eternal life;—they dared to come hither; visited the sick and dying, penetrated into every corner and nook, helping, comforting, admonishing, and bearing away with them the intelligence of what they had seen and experienced into a higher class of society. That was the beginning. After that came men of respectability, birth, fortune, men—yes, and women also, of high acquirements, who turned themselves hither both with

thought and deed. Thus real and powerful material means were enlisted in the service of humanity. A broad street was opened through the densest portion of the district, through the worst abodes of darkness, and was now in progress of completion. An old house which had been purchased and converted into "Model Boarding-houses," stood close beside the former den of thieves, whither guests had been inveigled and plundered, if not murdered.

"I expected this summer to have seen many of my countrymen," lamented a fat and ugly French hostess, to one of her wretched neighbours, "but I have had scarcely any. My room stands empty!"

I did not much wonder at that when I went through this room, up in a third story, and afterwards saw the rooms in the large model eating-house just by, established by Lord Canning, and where everything, although in the highest degree homely, was remarkable for cleanliness and order. This house was under the management of respectable people, a man and his wife, with a fixed salary, who had one hundred boarders, all men. Five or six beds stood in each room. Fresh air, cleanliness and good order prevailed everywhere; I saw also a lodging-house somewhat of this kind, but for decayed gentlemen. Each of these had, besides a small sum weekly, a bedroom together with fuel and the privilege of reading in a common room. Each cooked his own food by his own fire.

I saw in the eating-room here, as well as in the kitchen, several highly original countenances, good studies for a Boz or Hogarth, and evidently still estimable ruins of a better and not insignificant humanity. It seemed to me that I could observe traces of genius or humour of so high a degree that something great might have come out of them if they had not gone astray or lost their balance. However that might be, still these figures, with their remarkable noses, seen by the light of the fire, with their pipes or their tea-cups, each one busied for himself in that large warm room, produced a peculiar appearance, not unpleasing nor without interest. They had shelter, companionship, a certain independence, and a certain comfort, these old gentlemen. They might wait in peace for the great "sitting-day."

I saw also a newly-erected Ragged School in this quarter, but the scholars were evidently yet an uncultivated set of urchins, who had great need to go to school. Public baths and washhouses had been also established here, and these were assiduously visited on Saturdays. Who does not see in all this the commencement of a better state of things? and already this has begun through these means in various parts of London. In many of the worst and poorest parts of London have model lodging-houses been established, or are about to be so, together with public baths and washhouses.

I visited one of the larger model dwelling-houses, in company with the good and cheerful Mrs. C., whose countenance belongs to that class which ought often to be seen in dark places, because it is like sunshine. The building, a large well-constructed block, with

accommodation for twenty families and one hundred and twenty-three single women, was known by the appellation of Thanksgiving Buildings, because it had been erected the year after the last visitation of the cholera in London, and in grateful acknowledgment of its ceasing in a quarter where, in consequence of the unhealthiness of the houses, it had been most fatally prevalent. In truth, a beautiful mode of returning thanks to God; worthy to be considered and imitated!

We visited a few families. The doors of their dwellings had handsome knockers upon them, and everything in the interior was arranged with the same well-considered attention as in Prince Albert's cottages. The mistresses of these families, agreeable-looking young women, with many children, took an especial pleasure in showing us how easily and abundantly the fresh water flowed forth by merely turning a little tap. They seemed to place a particular value upon this. The rooms were light, and in arrangement and number similar to those in the dwellings I have already described. One of the women, mother of two little children, lamented that the rent was high, and that she was unable to do anything to assist her husband in providing for the family. Formerly, and while unmarried, and in the employment of a dress-maker, she had been able to earn seven shillings a-week. She mentioned this with a melancholy expression; and one could not but, while listening to her, think upon the deplorable manner in which the education of the poor woman is circumscribed, and which allows to her hand no other occupation but that of the seamstress. How easily the woman's work at home, in manufacture or art, might be advantageous both to the husband and the family!

A bath and washing establishment were in progress of preparation within the building. The rooms for single women were yet empty; nor were, indeed, all of them complete; and even when they are finished, I hope that they may not become occupied, at least by amiable women. Each room is intended for two occupants, each of whom will pay one shilling per week as rent; and the rooms are so small and so entirely devoid of comfort of any kind, that it required an effort to look at them. I could not help thinking of the magnificent club-houses. Not that I would have such for women; but, nevertheless, I would have something a little nice, and with some convenience—yes, and with something attractive in the neighbourhood; this is a mere act of justice which I would demand for these lonely ones!

The great public washhouses present a gladdening sight. Hundreds of women stood here, each one in her little alcove, with her steaming wash before her, busy and cheerful.

"I can get all my washing done in two hours," said a woman to me, with sparkling eyes, beside whom I stood.

"And how frequently is it needful for you to wash?" inquired I.

"Once a week," replied she, "I have a husband and five little children."

One may fancy this woman doing her washing at home, drying and ironing it on the Saturday in the only room in which is the whole family, in order to have the clothes ready for the Sunday; one may fancy the husband coming home on the Saturday evening from his week's work in order to enjoy rest and refreshment with his family—and finding the room full of wet clothes, damp, or filled with steam during the ironing process; the wife, occupied by her work, tired, and perhaps cross, the children in the way, or else—out of the way, in order to make room for the wet clothes! If the husband, under such circumstances, did not leave home and wife in order to find rest and refreshment at the alehouse, he must have had the soul of a martyr and hero!

In these new public washhouses, the wife can do the whole of her washing and have it ironed and finished in two hours. And it was in the highest degree interesting to observe the means by which this operation in all its various departments can be carried on so rapidly and so well, and at the same time, for so small a payment.

The baths are also much frequented by the lower classes, but that most generally on the Saturday. And then the numbers are so great, that the lobbies are crowded with people waiting for their turns. Both these institutions are of incalculable benefit to the domestic life of the poor.

What the model dwelling-houses are and may become for the same class, the following anecdote may suffice to prove.

"On one of my visits to the Metropolitan buildings," related to me Dr. S. S., one of the noble men who was foremost in their establishment, "I saw a woman standing at her open door. She greeted me so pleasantly, and with so kind an expression, that I was involuntarily compelled to stand and speak to her. She invited me into her dwelling, a sitting-room and kitchen, (but which also was a sitting-room,) showed me how prettily arranged she and her husband had everything here, the beautiful, extensive prospect from the window, and how convenient was everything within; she showed me their flowers, books, birds, and seemed to be made most sincerely happy by all these things. I fell into conversation with her, and by this means became acquainted with her history.

"We have been in better circumstances," said she; "at one time, indeed, we were very well off. But my husband became surety for a friend in whom he had as entire faith as in himself. His friend, however, became bankrupt, and by this means we lost nearly all that we possessed. We were obliged to sell a part of our furniture, and to remove from our comfortable dwelling to one much worse, but of a rent which we could afford. Here, however, new misfortunes met us; everything began to go downward with us; we were obliged to sell the greater part of that which was yet left, and again to remove. We took a house in one of the suburbs of London, the best that we could get for the low rent which we could now afford. But it was a gloomy, damp, ugly, and in the highest degree incon-

venient dwelling. When my husband used to come into the gloomy, chilly room, he became, as it were, struck with numbness. He sat silent, without taking pleasure in anything; he could not even open a book, and reading used formerly to be his greatest delight. "It is all over with us now," thought I to myself, "and we must sink down into wretched poverty."

"One day, however, I saw by chance, in the newspaper, an advertisement of rooms here at a reasonable rate, and I thought, if we could only manage to get into these rooms, he would perhaps come round again. I persuaded him therefore to let us go and look at them. These rooms which we now have, were fortunately still untenanted; and as we could produce the required certificate of character and respectability, we were accepted as tenants. My husband had not been long in these cheerful, excellent rooms, before he again took to his books, and began to work afresh. "Thank God!" thought I, "now are we right again!"

"And so it was. My husband now earns good wages, and is promised an advance in them. Our rent costs but three shillings a-week. We are now again getting on in the world—God be praised!"

And a hand extended to the sinking;—light, air, health, hope to those who sit in darkness—behold, these are offered by this institution of a truly Christian community, to the children of desolation. Prepare ye the way of the Lord!

"If you could remain longer with us," said the same friend of humanity to me, "I would take you with me in my walks through the city, and I would show you, not our palaces and places of magnificence, but our wretchedness, and that which we do to alleviate it."

And I have now seen sufficient thereof for me to say, that *much* is done, but that still more yet remains to be done. How much may be conceived from this single fact, that out of the immense population of the London poor only about fifteen hundred persons can be accommodated in the model dwelling-house!

In connexion with these establishments will I mention two of a similar design which I visited during my stay in London. One of these is known under the appellation of "The Dormitory for Thieves." This was the undertaking of a single individual, and still depends, in a great measure, upon the extraordinary courage and clear-headedness of this one man, together with private assistance which his undertaking has received from noble-minded women and men.

Mr. Nash was a teacher in a Ragged School. Just opposite the school was an open shed, beneath which Mr. Nash observed that early in the morning a number of youths, of from about seventeen to twenty years of age, assembled, who appeared to have no other place of shelter. Before long he fell into conversation with them, and learnt that such was the case, and that these youths spent the greater part of the night, as well as of the day, on foot for the purposes of theft or plunder. He inquired from them whether they would be willing to give up this miserable

occupation for something better. All declared that they had no higher wish than to do so. Mr. Nash then proposed to them that they should pass through a probatory period of two weeks, during which they should be placed in a solitary room, and have no other food than bread and water. After this time of trial, if they passed well through it, he promised to receive them into the school, and teach them some trade, of which they themselves should have the choice, and which would thus open to them a respectable path for the future. The boys willingly entered into the plan, and, under the oversight of Mr. Nash, commenced their noviciate on bread and water; a pound weight of bread each a-day, in a solitary room, but without fastenings. Some of them grew weary in a few days, and went out again to cheat and to steal, but the greater number persevered, and with these Mr. Nash commenced the institution called the "Dormitory," which soon extended itself, and now contains about fifty pupils, and at which forty or more candidates present themselves weekly, young men of from sixteen to thirty years of age, who are desirous of leaving the paths of vice. The great school for juvenile offenders, situated a few miles from London, receives only children under fifteen years of age. I very much regret that my time was too short to allow of my visiting it.

The house designed for the Dormitory was now building, and Mr. Nash was therefore compelled from want of room to reject each week many young men who were desirous of being received on trial. The fifty who had successfully passed through the heavy probation,—a short one, it is true, but a sufficient trial for young men with hungry stomachs, unbroken wills, and unaccustomed to discipline,—were employed in various rooms as shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, smiths, printers, and so on. They scarcely looked up, and were zealously occupied by their work. Three young men, of from eighteen to twenty, underwent, as best for them, their trial in an empty room the doors of which stood open. They had determined upon pursuing a certain trade, and had firmly resolved upon amending their course of life. I saw among these young men many pleasant, hopeful countenances, and some also which it required courage to admit into an institution for improvement.

But this Mr. Nash has a countenance which is remarkable for great courage and the most cheerful confidence. And, perhaps, it is precisely this very courage and this cheerful confidence which are most needed and of which there is most want in society. Perhaps there would not be found anything altogether irremediable in the world if we had only this right courage, this right trust—in the strength of resurrection!

The fallen youths in this institution are taught not merely a handicraft trade, but, as a matter of course, first and foremost the principles of Christianity. Many of them are destined for emigration, and, after having well passed through their apprenticeship, obtain aid for their outfit and their voyage, which is in a

general way to Australia. For Australia Felix is a picture which floats before the eye of the converted youth as the goal and reward of his industry and his good conduct during his apprenticeship. And the beautiful skies of Australia seem intended by Providence as a symbol of mercy, to entice home the prodigal but repentant son of earth.

I hear at this point an objection which is often made.

"You are promoters of crime, inasmuch as you assist the criminal more than the innocent; inasmuch as the quality of thief becomes a letter of recommendation to 'the Dormitory for Thieves,' and thence to Australia."

This objection would be just if no protecting, aiding hand were stretched forth to guiltless and destitute youth. But in England this objection is overruled by many benevolent institutions. Among these is the Emigrant's Home for young persons who can produce certificates of blameless life, and who wish to emigrate, but have not the means of so doing. I visited the Home, where young women of the working class and of good character are received for a time, examined, and afterwards enabled to leave the country and to obtain situations in the English colonies. Between seven and eight hundred young women had, within rather more than a year, been sent abroad from this Home, their passage paid, and services obtained for them in the colonies, mostly in New Zealand and Australia. In the Ragged Schools also is Australia Felix a land which stands before the souls of the children as a future home with a brighter sky and better prospects for them than their native land, and the sending them thither is a reward for their progress in learning. From thirteen to fifteen years of age they are sent thither,—that is to say, to the southern part of the continent, where the climate is most healthy, and where none of the convict population are to be met with; these, as is well known, being confined to the northern coast. The children obtain situations in the families of the wealthy colonists, still remaining in connexion with the mother-school which sent them out; and their letters to the teachers and their friends, about the country and the people of that new world to which they have removed, diffuse the utmost pleasure and excite the deepest interest in the old home. I read some of these letters printed in small, neat, stitched pamphlets, which are sold and circulated for a few pence, together with many other small writings of the same price and form. I read with great interest these child-like, naïve descriptions, fresh with morning dew, from the new world. And this led me to a more intimate acquaintance with the popular folk-literature of England. This subject, however, is too great to be treated of here, and demands a separate chapter. Merely a few words in short.

In order that it may actually be an advantage to the child to learn to read in the school, it is of importance that when it leaves the school it may find something good to read,—something improving for the under-

standing, something ennobling for the heart. Rich men's children have this in superabundance; the children of the poor have long had, and still in many countries have, when they leave school, no other reading of an amusing kind to go to than wretched ballads, rude stories, immoral tales and pictures, which degrade mind and taste,—and they form themselves accordingly. In England, and in various cultivated countries, people have begun zealously to provide for the needs of the reading portion of the lower classes. Societies have been formed both in the Episcopal Church and other religious bodies, for the diffusion of useful and entertaining reading, designed especially for the youth of the lower classes who have the wish to read, but who have not the means of purchasing expensive books. Small works illustrated with beautiful vignettes circulate in England by thousands, especially narratives, biographies, and such like, which are calculated to please the most uneducated as well as the most childish mind. The number of these writings, and so-called "tracts," which are sold at from one penny to sixpence each, is immense in England. They circulate over the whole country, and may be met with in all the bookshops.

In the Ragged Schools, in the Model-boarding houses, in the Home for poor emigrants, in the Dormitory for thieves, in many benevolent institutions, had I seen a copper-plate portrait of a handsome middle-aged gentleman, holding a roll of paper in his hand, from which he seemed about to read. This was the portrait of Lord Ashley, now Earl of Shaftesbury. It was thus that he stood up, time after time, in Parliament, with narratives which he had collected and written down from the life of the working classes of England, with its neglects and necessities, its temptations to crime, and its bitterness against society, especially in the manufacturing districts. It was thus that he continued to stand forth and to plead, spite of opposition, derision, reproach, and threats, until he aroused that universal attention, and that universal sympathy for the sufferings of the lower classes of society, which he made it his mission to search into and to alleviate. Thus, he became the promoter of important reforms, and of many excellent institutions for the oppressed and the fallen of the labouring classes. Thus, he became so well known for his spirit of active human kindness, that not long since, the thieves of London, to the number of more than a thousand, if I am not mistaken, sent to Lord Ashley, requesting that he would meet them at a certain place, which they named, where they wished to ask his advice, as to how they might get into some better way of life. Lord Ashley undertook to meet these thieves. These dangerous classes had laid aside their fearful aspect for the occasion. They came now as repentant children to a father, to whose counsel and guidance they would submit themselves. During this meeting, his lordship wished to give a small sum of money to an old man, but not having small change with him, produced a sovereign, and asked if some one would go out and get change for him. Many

hands were stretched forth, and Lord Ashley gave the gold coin to a boy, who immediately sprang out with it. As he remained a considerable time away, a general uneasiness spread itself through the assembly; all looked eagerly towards the door, all were evidently anxious that he should not abuse the confidence of his lordship; and when, at length, he returned with the proper amount of change, a general satisfaction showed itself.

I am sorry not to know more about this conference, nor what advice Lord Ashley gave to the thieves, because it must have been something beyond mere theory. The Dormitory, as a preparatory institution, and emigration to countries where there is plenty of honest labour and labour's wages, are good practical means, which Lord Ashley could refer them to.

And it cannot be denied, that England in its extensive and as yet scantily-peopled colonies, has an excellent mode of assistance and resource for its dangerous population, and in especial for its superabundant population. And one cannot but acknowledge that it is the increasing emigration to these colonies which gives England at this time freer breathing-room and a more vigorous life.

Nevertheless, even this aid is insufficient,—is not the fundamental aid, but merely temporary aid,—and ruin and danger would, even with it, always recur, and again implant themselves in England, and in every new England, if there had not, within the working classes themselves, arisen at this very time a movement, a vitality, which,—I openly acknowledge it,—appears to me the actually new and saving life of this age; the actually progressive, yet at the same time, truly conservative, new life of society, the latest, freshest shoots on the world-old tree of Yggdrasil.

Although not fully able at this time to go into the subject with any degree of completeness, I must yet say sufficient thereon to induce noble and unprejudiced minds to give to it the attention which it deserves.

(To be continued.)

CHIKAGOU AND TONIKA.²

A PASSAGE IN THE ABORIGINAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY MISS RACHEL G. HEYER.

CHAPTER I.

On the west bank of the Mississippi River, on a high bluff commanding a view of many miles of that

(1) This anecdote is substantially true, excepting that the actor in it was Mr. Mayhew instead of the Earl of Shaftesbury.—TRANS.

(2) [We copy the following striking and graphic story from an American Contemporary, "Sartain's Union Magazine of Literature and Art"—a work of established as well as of merited repute. Occasionally, we shall, no doubt, find in this periodical, and in others of similar character issued in "the States," much that cannot fail to interest and inform our readers. We shall consider ourselves fully justified in adopting any such material, always, of course, acknowledging the source. We need scarcely say, that the periodical works of the States borrow from us very freely: they are at perfect liberty to do so; we shall, indeed, rejoice to see that our labours here are made useful to our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic; and they will not, we feel sure, grudge us an equal advantage in consulting their pages for the benefit of our readers.]

turbid and impetuous stream—now the site of the beautiful town of Natchez—was situate, in 1729, the village of the Natchez tribe of Indians. South of this, at the distance of about three-quarters of a mile, stood the French fort of St. Rosalie, containing a small garrison under the command of Captain du Chopt, who was also governor of the colony in its immediate neighbourhood. This colony consisted of some two to three hundred persons—men, women, and children. And these were made up of soldiers, traders, agriculturists, artisans, and lastly, of gentlemen; by which we mean the poor relations of some of the French nobility, who had come out under the auspices of the great financier, Law, to make their fortunes, and to find a grave. The settlement of these *émigrés* joined immediately on to the Indian village, and was in many respects like it; except that here and there something of a more ambitious form than a hut met the eye, and claimed the distinction of a house. This proximity of habitation made the inmates very neighbourly in their ways and communications. There was, therefore, going on, a gradual fusion of the races and languages, which, had no serious event ruptured their harmony, might have furnished our linguists with a new field for etymological investigation. The Indians, who were a shrewd and quick-witted people, were not long in acquiring a very free use of the *patois*; while their own tongue, remarkably expressive and copious, gave evidence of a fund of observation and reflection which the student of mere book-knowledge would be slow to credit. The French, indeed, were their superiors in the arts of civilized life: that is, they professed the Christian religion, had a chapel, and had a Capuchin clergyman in the person of Father Philibert, who was also a missionary among the Indians—some half-dozen of whom were neophytes. But as to their morals—it is not necessary to make any very nice distinctions. Savage or civilized, mankind have among them about the same proportions of brute nature. Put both together in the wilderness, and they will soon learn to meet each other half way.

Extending back from the edge of the bluff that overlooked the river, might have been seen, on a sultry afternoon in the latter part of the month of August, a collection of huts constituting the Natchez village. Each hut was erected in accordance with the caprice or taste of its owner, without regard to beauty in form or order in relation to its neighbours; so that the whole, as an exhibition of architectural design, might not have excited the admiration of a modern Pollio. Could the author of the "Vestiges of the Creation" have looked down upon it from the cloudy eminence of his cosmological theory, he might have derived from the view another argument in favour of the dispositions of unintelligent affinities, and pointed to the development of a general figure that arose out of no apparent intention. The arrangement, however, had at least this advantage, that no one individual's taste was sacrificed to a general desire of uniformity; and if each individual was pleased, the aggregate of

the pleasure was a public blessing. There were, at the same time, two objects which rose into view above the line of the common level. The first was the temple—an edifice with an arched roof, surrounded by a palisade, upon the points of which were exposed some half-dozen score of human heads; some half, some wholly, denuded of the flesh, bleaching and festering in the hot air. The next erection of importance was the residence of the Great Chief; or, as he was called, the Brother of the Sun. This was built upon an elevated platform of earth, and was more spacious than any of the others. The Brother of the Sun himself was not at present visible, but had retired from the presence of the greater luminary of the world; contenting himself, as an evidence of his existence, with an occasional puff of smoke from his pipe, while he sat within the door. His three young wives lay in a quiet snooze, by the side of a large dog, on some mats at the further end of the royal residence. Most of the huts were likewise silent, their inmates probably indulging in the siesta or the pipe. To diversify the scene, one might observe, here and there, little groups of negroes, male and female, young and old, sitting quietly by the side of their huts, enjoying with lazy delight the hot beams that fell directly upon their black and unctuous visages. They were slaves, whose occupation was in the fields of maize and melon patches. But it was now a season of great drought; and it seemed as if all nature was resting from her labours, and lay panting in the glare and heat of day. The foliage was covered with dust—the grass burnt to a bright dry brown—the Mississippi rolled in heavy masses of muddy water in its contracted bed—and no form of life, whether of beast or bird, broke the solemn stillness. Scarcely a breath of wind whispered in the universal repose; while the sun went on his sultry way, looking down through the red haze upon the cracked and gasping earth, as if he was prepared to light a general conflagration.

Presently, there emerged from one of the huts into an open space near the western quarter of the village, an old Indian, arrayed in the most grotesque fashion. Upon his head he had secured the horns of a buffalo. His shoulders were covered by a broad collar of porcupine quills. Around his loins he had, wrapped a scarlet cloth, in which were stuck several small images, made of a kind of red earth. He held in his right hand a long reed, with a perforated bulb at the end of it, through which he forced bubbles of water. In his left, there was an instrument resembling a child's rattle, which he ever and anon shook in the air. In his wide savage lips he held his pipe. As soon as he had advanced into the middle of the open ground, he began to throw his body into the most singular forms; to pirouette like a Fanny Ellsler, and to howl louder than a Lablache or a Benedetti. Then he would stand still; blow the water upwards through his reed—shake his rattle—send a cloud of smoke out of his nostrils; and, seizing one of the little images from his belt, hold it upwards to the sun, and sing forth

his uncouth incantations. With this extravagance and noise, you may be sure it could not be long before the whole village was awake and looking upon the Medicine-man. For it was old Umqua, whom the Great Chief had commanded to bring the rain.

Among the lookers-on was a brave, distinguished no less by his gigantic proportions than the singular combination of intelligence and ferocity expressed in his countenance. This was Paatlako, whom the Great Chief had selected for the husband of his sister, the Princess Tonika. It would be difficult to say what interest he took in the scene; for he was regarded by both French and Indians as a man of little faith, and was often a thorn in the side of the mild and pious Father Philibert, who, just now, came moving along under the shadow of his broad shovel hat, like a dried specimen of Gallic humanity wrapt in a black serge-gown. Paatlako no sooner saw him, than he beckoned him to come and witness the spectacle. The good father immediately joined him; but, being far from edified, could not forbear expressing an unfavourable opinion of Umqua's superstition to the astute savage. Paatlako laughed in his dry, short way, and asked the father what it was that offended him.

"Such foolish idolatry!" he replied; "to think there is any grace or power in those carthen images he worships!" For Umqua was now holding out in his extended hand one of these clay deities, and apparently addressing it with much fervour.

"Umqua," observed Paatlako, "worships a bit of clay, and you worship a bit of bread; I don't see the great difference."

"The difference," replied the Capuchin, not a little scandalized, "is in the purpose."

"The purpose!" exclaimed Paatlako, as if puzzled, and looking the shrinking father full in the face.

"Yes," said the latter, "the one is a holy mystery; the other a wicked superstition."

"No superstition can be wicked," rejoined the brave, "that is honest. An honest savage is better than a false Christian. Umqua is honest." This reply was so true, that the *don père* winced, shrugged his shoulders, but said nothing.

"Umqua," continued Paatlako, "prays for rain. Unless rain come, he loses his head. We tolerate no impostors. You Christians pray. You say the Great Spirit hears you. But he don't answer. Eh! Now if Umqua is not honest, he won't hear *him*. Then, we cut off his head. Of what use is he as a medicine-man, eh?"

"But, he prays to an image that can have no power with God."

"Why, then, do Christians pray to images?"

"We do not pray to images, but the departed saints whom they recall to mind."

"Good!" exclaimed the savage, "so does Umqua—the spirits of our great chiefs."

"But," once more retorted the father, "they cannot send rain; they have no power with God."

"All good men have power with the Great Spirit," was the answer.

Meanwhile, Umqua continued his invocations. The water blown from the reed issued in little bubbles, that showed their gilded spheres for a moment in the sun, and then burst and disappeared, like the imaginary schemes of vain mortals. The smoke curled upward in white thin columns, like plumes upon the head of beauty; and ended, like the thoughts of beauty, in airy nothing. Umqua had now nearly wearied the attention of his auditory, when his dark little eyes suddenly lighted up with sparkles of savage pleasure; he uttered the deep guttural *ugh!* of surprise; and darting a column of smoke from his mouth, followed it with an attentive smile, as it rose slowly and heavily upward, and was caught by a light breeze and wafted away. So with the bubbles, they no longer floated upward, as before, but swept along and broke upon the ground. The quick eyes of the savages around him—without troubling themselves with the philosophy of these phenomena—saw in them evidences of a sudden atmospheric change. Umqua now ran toward the edge of the bluff, and holding up his hand, pointed to the south-west. There, strips of long white cloud lay upon the horizon, which slowly unfolded themselves into undulating dark masses. By-and-by, these rose up toward the setting sun, and stretched themselves out as if to seize and submerge his light in their vapoury bosom. The breeze freshened. Sharp flashes of lightning darted and trembled along the tops of the distant mountains. Then came the low deep tones of the thunder. The sun descended into the sea of clouds; and from all quarters there rushed into mid-air streams of funereal drapery to invest the skies. Then came the raindrops. Then the uproar of the winds contending among the struggling and hoarse-complaining trees of the forest. The inhabitants sought their huts, and left the tempest to do its work alone in the darkness.

CHAPTER II.

THE morning broke in a glory of golden splendour: and, as the yellow beams struggled over the mountain tops, and lit up the dripping foliage, the village began to awaken. For, in his wigwam, the Indian, like the civilized man, is a lazy animal. Now small wreaths of blue smoke struggled through the open tops of the huts, and the distant sound of the drum at Fort St. Rosalie set all the curs to barking, and the papooses to dancing and screaming. The first adult person who entered upon the scene was the Great Chief. He emerged in stately majesty from his door, looking towards the east. As the sun presented his red disk above the horizon, his mortal brother greeted him with three profound salaams, three loud salutations, and three puffs from his pipe; then slowly raising his right hand, pointed his index finger directly into the sun's eye, as if his intention had been to put it out. But, thankful we are to say, that was not his purpose; for, raising it up toward mid-sky, he carried it over and rested it upon the western termination of the line of day. And this was simply to say: "Brother, that is the way in which you are to go. Now, attend to

your business, and I will attend to mine;" when he turned and retired. Now, whether this was a necessary direction for the sun; and whether, if it had not been given, it would have risen into the heavens at all, it is not for us to say. Suffice it for all sceptical inquirers to know, that the path was always pointed out, and that the sun, obedient to the behest, always followed it. I leave the solution of the doctrine of cause and effect, in this instance, to the hands of more able metaphysicians than the writer of this history.

The termination of this ceremony, however, seemed to be the signal for a general uproar. The huts poured forth their tawny inhabitants, of both sexes and all sizes. There was a rattling of cooking utensils, firing of guns, barking of dogs, and screaming and yelling of savages. Umqua no sooner appeared, than he became the centre of attraction. He was oppressed with gifts and compliments. He had brought the long-desired rain. The faith in him was now unbounded. But the old man, as if desirous to escape from the embarrassment of so much honour, wandered out of the village towards the bluff. But the restless and wicked Puatlako was there before him. With what intent, nobody knew; and I am free to say, was nobody's business. He no sooner saw Umqua approach, than he ran up to him, and clapping his hand upon the medicine-man's head, shook it as if he had intended to twist it from off his shoulders. "Ah, Umqua," he exclaimed, "head on strong enough yet!"

Old Umqua received the compliment which the remark implied with a silent smile; which smile was not the most fascinating that ever adorned the human countenance—for old Umqua was immensely homely. But that did not prevent him from entertaining a pleasurable appreciation of the great fame and veneration his late successful application to the unseen powers had earned for him. And here an Indian may be as happy as an Alexander.

Further conversation was precluded at this point, by the arrival of a canoe on the shore below them, containing a solitary Indian. His business was to acquaint the Great Chief with the intended visit of Mamautouensa, chief of the Kaskaskians, and Chikagou, chief of the Michigans, followed by a few braves. This was a visit of ceremony, and would take place in the afternoon. The Indian was accordingly conducted to the royal residence. While delivering his message, let us bestow a few words upon the visitors.

Mamautouensa, chief of the Kaskaskians, was an old man, in no respect remarkable, except for the mildness of his disposition—which was remarkable in a savage. But, as he appears in this history because he was there introduced by the old French chroniclers, and not because he performed any remarkable action, we merely mention his name, and leave him to enjoy his immortality immovable as a fly in amber.

Chikagou, chief of the Michigans, on the other hand, was a person to challenge a much more parti-

cular attention; as well upon account of his moral and intellectual, as of his physical qualities. He was now probably about twenty-three years of age, tall and well formed in person, with light, graceful limbs, a fine countenance, adorned and lighted up by eyes of a deep, meditative expression—sometimes rather sad than brilliant, but always interesting. His voice was deep and musical—fit for the terrible or the tender. His manners were free, yet courteous. His dress was fitted with more taste and elegance—and we may add, there was more of it—than was usual among his compeers. But all this will be easily accounted for, when we inform the reader that Chikagou had passed the greater part of a year in Paris, where he had been the lion of the court and the ladies. He had been taken thither by one of the Jesuit Fathers, as a rare specimen of an Indian convert, with the view to excite a sympathy in the public in favour of their American missions. Chikagou was an apt scholar and ready observer. He had learned to read, write, and speak the French language with a fair degree of facility. He had also imbibed a fondness for some of the French ways, and brought away with him many tokens of French favour; and, among the rest, a gold snuff-box, a present from the Duchess of Orleans. But a year's residence in the great metropolis more than satisfied him, and he longed to return to the hunting-grounds of the free West. Chikagou was also a member of the Roman Catholic Church; and had not failed to engraft upon a noble nature, some principles of Christianity, which subdued his more savage points of character, and gave him the air of a gentleman. Still, upon the whole, he was a savage—at least in his tastes and modes of life. He was not to be wholly educated out of these; and we don't know whether it would have been a positive benefit to him if he had. For he now had few, if any of the vices, and many of the virtues of both conditions of society.

In the village, the preparations for the reception had gone forward with a degree of bustle suitable to the greatness of the occasion. Immediately in front of the Great Chief's residence, and on the same platform, there were arranged four seats, covered with red cloth. The residence itself was adorned with a variety of savage ornaments, and, among the rest, several muskets, swords, powder-horns, &c. Mats were disposed around for the lesser personages. The four seats were reserved, two for the Great Chief and Tonika, and two for the distinguished visitors. The reason why Tonika was thus preferred to the exclusion of the sovereign wives, was this:—As you descended to the South, the democratic principle among the aboriginals became merged in the monarchical, and sometimes the monarchical in the despotic. The government of the Natchez was a sort of despotism, in which, if upon special occasions the Great Chief consulted his inferiors, he did so as an act of grace. This, however, was frequent. The government was hereditary in the family of the Great Chief, who claimed with his brethren across the water, the

"right divine of kings," with far less of wrong doing. But the succession was in the offspring of his sister, and not in that of his own wives; because, as was alleged, he was not sure of the faith of these; conjugal fidelity not being a virtue cultivated by the married pair of Natchez. All the Great Chief could say was, in the language of the meditative Turk, "If Allah wills it that my wives should be faithful, they will be faithful. But Allah alone knows." Whoever, however, should wed his sister, the issue must be royal. There could be no doubt of that. Let us here, in parenthesis, recommend the adoption of this rule to the sovereigns of Europe. It would prevent much uncertainty, and more scandal.

But what shall we say of Tonika? She was born of the same mother as the Great Chief. But, if the ladies of the grant around Fort St. Rosalie had been consulted upon the question of her legitimacy, they would have had the boldness to affirm that Tonika's father had been a gentleman *émigré*, noted for his noble blood and gallantry in court and camp. Her brother cared nothing about this; and as for Tonika, nobody could blame her, for her parentage had not been of her own choosing. As it was, many personal advantages followed. Tonika was rather a brunette than a savage—tall, graceful, with large black eyes, crimson lips, rather full than wide, and cheeks whose blushes were seen struggling through their brown complexion, like the sun through a thin cloud of vapour. And although Tonika was imperious in temper, and rather despotic in her household relations—as became a savage princess—she knew how to humble herself in the little chapel of Father Philibert, and to wet her breviary with tears of tender penitence, as they fell from those large, proud eyes; for Tonika had been carefully taught by the good Father, and her voice trained to lead the choir in their Sunday services. Her religion, however, taught her one thing which her instructor had not looked for,—to despise her French neighbours for what she could not but regard as their hypocritical profession of attachment to the principles of their church. They were frivolous, licentious, and profane. That she had many friends among the people of the grant, was to be expected; and many admirers, though some of the latter were rather too ardent to be relied upon. Foremost amongst these was Captain Chopart, whose attentions were not only very particular and very pressing, but proffered with an air of superiority that wounded the pride and procured the hatred instead of the favour of the Princess. The Captain, nevertheless, had made up his mind to possess her; and only awaited an opportunity and an excuse to carry out his intentions—not being very scrupulous in a point of honour, where a savage was concerned. But Tonika held in check a friend of whom the Captain had no fear. This was Paatlako, who, at the beck of her finger, would have torn him to pieces, regardless of consequences. But she hesitated to bestow upon a suitor whom she had not yet accepted, so decided a token of her confidence.

This was the condition of persons and things, when

the Great Chief appeared at the door of the royal residence, his head adorned with a crown of red and white feathers, his dress displaying an absurd quantity of brass buttons, and other tawdry furniture—which was intended to give his majesty an appearance of dignity becoming his station. He took his seat. Then came Tonika, more tastefully apparelled, yet not without some marks of native fancy. Sandals of red morocco adorned her feet; a tunic of glossy blue stuff, quite ample, and trimmed with white, was gathered upon her left shoulder, and fell over a white petticoat. Upon her half-naked bosom hung a golden cross—the gift of Madame Chopart. Her massy black hair was parted in the middle of her smooth, broad forehead, and tied *à la grecque* behind. Her head was surrounded by a crown of blue and yellow flowers. Thus attired, she was the personification of beauty and grace; her bold and free manners rather recommending than detracting from her general appearance. She seated herself, and the *cortège* was immediately arranged. Presently, two drums, two fifes, and a bugle appeared; gracefully loaned by Captain Chopart, for the occasion. The Captain himself, together with others of the grant—ladies and gentlemen—followed; for what Frenchman can resist the attractions of a spectacle? The bugle sounded, the drums beat, the fifes sent forth their spirit-stirring notes, when the stranger chiefs, followed by their braves, approached the royal presence. The Great Chief arose, and in an oration, which has not been preserved by history, welcomed the warriors, and invited them to take their places in the seat of honour. Suitable replies were made—rather long-winded, as custom required, but courtly. But, if we are thus obliged to omit a report of the speeches—which may be accounted for by the fact that the stenographic art was unknown to the French at that time,—we do not labour under a like disadvantage in regard to the pantomime. To be sure, we might avail ourselves of the privilege of greater writers, such, for instance, as Plutarch and Thucydides, and present the reader with some pertinent remarks of our own—of which, I doubt not, the speakers would have reason to be proud, and by which their reputation for wisdom and eloquence would be greatly advanced. But, as a veracious and scrupulous historian, with becoming self-denial, we limit our ambition to a relation of facts.

The Great Chief had counted, with absolute certainty, upon astonishing his visitors, and, as it were, striking them dumb, by his magnificent reception. How it was with old Mamautouensa, I don't know—for although the Indian entertainer feels great pride in such displays, the entertained takes as much in saying nothing about them:—which is far more Christian-like than the manner of visitors in "good society," who go away to ridicule the host, and depreciate the entertainment. But, with regard to Chikagou, all this was labour lost. He was a man of the world, and had seen greater sights than these. He was not to be dazzled by such trumpery. There was, nevertheless, something there which he had not

seen before; and that was the magnificent Tonika. For this sight he was not prepared; and his eye no sooner fell full upon her and drank in the vision of her superb beauty, than drums, trumpets, red cloth, feathers, and wampum, all vanished into a base unreality. He had heart, soul, eye, and ear for nothing but Tonika. There was nothing there but Tonika. The Court of Versailles, though not without its beauties, and beauties too who had cast beaming and expressive eyes upon Chikagou, had never presented him with anything to equal this specimen of womanhood.

As for Tonika herself, it would be doing her feminine judgment the greatest injustice, to deny that she was equally moved by this apparition of her *beau idéal*. That she had never before seen anything comparable to this savage-civilized, was natural enough; for the world could not show his superior. Her large black eyes spoke volumes of love and admiration. Her proud bosom heaved with the most tender emotions; and her whole frame seemed articulate with a language which the young chief read with an intelligent and passionate sympathy. When, therefore, he ascended the platform, she arose, tendered him her hand, and welcomed him in a tone of marvellous sweetness. They were soon lost in each other's conversation. Chikagou was not a man to let so favourable an opportunity pass without finishing a conquest so auspiciously begun.

But, how was this regarded by the lookers-on? As for the Great Chief, he was the centre of attraction to himself, and saw nothing but the homage that ended there. Captain Chopart was not an indifferent spectator. He shrugged his shoulders, swore, scowled, and went away more possessed—both by Tonika and the devil—than before. But, there was another person who saw and painfully comprehended the whole; who, in a fury of jealousy, could scarcely restrain himself from falling upon the stranger chief and burying his knife in his bosom. This was Paatlako. He glared upon his rival with the ferocity of a tiger. He rose,—he sat down; he stuck his tomahawk into the ground; he groaned. His mouth was parched with a burning thirst, which it seemed as if nothing but the blood of Chikagou could allay. When, therefore, the feast which followed the ceremony of the reception was ended, and all had retired to rest, Paatlako alone was awake. He arose from his mat. He wandered out to the bluff and back again. Then his steps turned involuntarily toward the tent of Chikagou. His sense of the sacred obligations of Indian hospitality could scarcely restrain him from attacking the guest of his tribe in his sleep. This, however, would insure him disgrace and death. Still, he could not help stealing softly toward the place where he lay. What was his surprise, then, to see two braves sitting, one on each side of the entrance, with his back to the tent, fast asleep? They were sentinels, which Chikagou, in imitation of the royal custom at Versailles, had introduced into his own household. Paatlako cautiously retired, and sought his hut, in his passion, to wrestle with himself through the long night.

TO MARY.

BY FRANCIS BERNHOFF.

MARY MAIDEN.

MAIDEN Mary, while I write,
Maiden art thou, blushing bright
As rosy dawn, and pure as light.

From orchards clouds of incense rise,
From young spring-flowers, whose liquid eyes
Look lovingly on friendly skies.

Music and odours fill my room,
From birds that sing, and violets' bloom,
Sleeping my senses with perfume.

Above, below, yea every sod
Of teeming earth, or wormy clod,
Pulse conscious of a present God.

Love's budding time o'er thee hath past,
Summer blossoms rare thou hast,
Harvest hopes will gather fast.

Life to thee hath been a dream
Of dear delights; adown its stream
Thou'st floated full of joy supreme:

Adown Life's current, calm and clear,
Widening, deepening, year by year;
Now thou'rt safely anchor'd here,

Hopeful, trustful, on the shore
Of Life's vast ocean; evermore
Hearing the surging billows roar,

Where treacherous sweeps the eddying wave,
Gulphing alike the vain, the brave,—
Pleasure's votary,—passion's slave!

But, fear not Mary—trust thy guide;
Trust the strong arm by thy side,
To stem for thee life's fiercest tide.

MARY WIFE.

MAIDEN Mary, thou art flown;
Maidenhood to Wifehood's grown;
Matron Mary comes anon.

Launch'd on wedlock's rocky sea,
Duties new will come to thee;
Let clear-eyed Faith thy pole-star be.

Though ills may fall, and densely shroud
Thy fairest hopes; with faith endow'd,
Love beams the brighter for the cloud.

While earnest Truth controls thy barque,
'Twill safely glide, Love's favour'd ark,
To shores of light,—through tempests dark,

Remember, though awhile we tread
The dusty garden of the dead,
Eternal love shines overhead.

What, though a speck be on the leaf?
Bend not thy soul to unbelief;
Love's doubting is the grief of grief.

No work is perfect; every flaw
That dims thy gem, should only draw
Thy heart to Love's divinen law.

Trust on! where faith is at the root,
Love, true, will blossom, branch and shoot;
Guard well the flower, and win the fruit.

God bless thee! In thy new estate,
May young affections ever wait
On thee, and thy heart's chosen mate.

ROBERT BLAKE.¹

THE seventeenth century seems an inexhaustible field for the labours of the historian and biographer; and modern writers, like modern adventurers to the regions of California and Australia, resort thither in the certain hope they will find what will amply repay their toilsome researches. Few are disappointed who bring to their work such knowledge as enables them to find where the hidden treasures lie, and who possess the skill to separate the gold from the dross when the whole mass is brought to the surface and subjected to the refining process. It is to little purpose that one pores over dingy manuscripts, and brings up forgotten records from worm-eaten chests, and searches out ancient registers, and collects all sorts of materials from far-off places, without the ability to turn them to some good and profitable account; but there is slight chance of failure in regard to such a result with one, even of moderate capacity, who undertakes to deal with the period referred to, so full is it of adventure and stirring incident, and so suggestive of sound and moral reflection. The history of our country, from the rise to the fall of the Stuart dynasty, has, since the days of Clarendon, engaged the pen of the ablest writers, who, according to their political predilections, have discussed its events, till we seemed to have been put in possession of all the knowledge to be acquired concerning it: and yet there comes, every now and then, a volume throwing some new light on the vast and important transactions that then occurred, or giving us the details and the filling in of some individual portrait which we before knew only in its truthful and vigorous outlines. Mr. Dixon's work is of the latter class; he has taken infinite trouble to collect all the information upon his subject he could gather from every authentic source, and has presented a glowing picture of his hero, painted with a free and lively pencil, and in bright, but not exaggerated colours; though with an evident leaning towards the political party of which Blake was so noble an ornament. We use this term because we have ever placed this great naval commander in the same rank as Pym, Hampden, and some few other of the parliamentary chieftains who espoused the popular cause from a deep conviction of the necessity of so doing; but who would never have carried their hostility to a monarchical government as far as the fatal scaffold at Whitehall, could they have foreseen so unhappy a termination of the contest between king and people.

The life of an individual is oftentimes the history of a period, so closely are personal and national narratives interwoven with each other. This is especially the case with many of the men whom the civil war of the seventeenth century drew from their native obscurity, and placed in positions of high trust and influence; at one time in the senate-house enforcing

principles with the power of the tongue, and at another carrying them out by the argument of the sword; at once the authors of the drama and the actors in it. Blake, however, had less to do with the former than the latter, in which, as is very generally known, he took a most prominent part. Sydney Smith facetiously remarked, in reference to a distinguished living politician, "that he considered himself equally able to command the Channel fleet, to lead a charge of cavalry, or to give judgment in a chancery suit," or something of the like import. But that which the modern statesman is presumed to have thought himself capable of doing, Blake actually performed, except the chancery suit; and even duties almost tantamount to this were occasionally discharged by him in the various capacities that at different times he was found employed in.

Robert Blake was born at Bridgwater, in Somersetshire, in 1599, his father, Humphrey Blake, was engaged in commercial pursuits in that town; but the merchant of those days was a different individual from the thriving and luxurious race who make up our mercantile community. The easy and quiet-loving citizen, who quits his counting-house in London regularly at four o'clock for his pleasant villa at Clapham or St. John's Wood, or the Liverpool merchant, who seeks his at Toxteth Park or Everton, or the trader of Bristol his amid the romantic scenery of Clifton, would feel little inclination to exchange his comforts for the hardships and dangers to which the merchants of the sixteenth century were subjected, as described by Mr. Dixon.

"When it is said that Humphrey Blake was a merchant trading with Spain, it is not to be inferred that his days were spent in the pacific routine of the deck and the exchange. The life of a trader was then a life of peril and adventure. He mostly manned his own ship and sailed with his argoes. Like later cruisers among the Pacific islands, his course and his destination was rarely known before he quitted port. Failing in one harbour to dispose of his cargo, he spread his canvass in search of better markets. Experience of strange lands and stranger people was the daily incident of this change of place; and he was compelled to hold his own, not merely against the duties, fines, and exactions of the more legitimate powers, but against the still more unscrupulous and formidable corsair. Piracy was not, in the sixteenth century, the despicable calling it is now: in the opinion of that age, a pirate was but a soldier of fortune on another element. France, Germany, and Italy were overrun with mercenary heroes, eager to sell their swords in any cause where good pay and a fair amount of profligacy were allowed; and hundreds of distressed English gentlemen, as soon as the civil wars were over, took to the sea for bread in a similar spirit. In some parts of Europe entire districts lived on the plunder of unprotected vessels, long after the close of these troubles; and many persons still living can remember a time when the daring valour of the Greek and Biscayan freebooters was the theme of winter tales and popular ballads. Nor were these unlicensed spoilers the worst enemies whom the peaceful merchant had to encounter at sea. The Moors of Africa had erected piracy into a national system. For ages the *Salas rovers* had been a terror to the south of Europe; and the Tunisian and the Algerine, equal to him in skill, daring, and fanaticism, had the advantage over him of better ports

(1) "Robert Blake, Admiral and General at Sea. Based on Family and State Papers." By Hephworth Dixon. Chapman & Hall. London.

and larger privateers. No coast in Christendom was free from their incursions; but their favourite stations were the bays and harbours of Portugal and Spain, as in these ports they found it easy to attack and capture stragglers from the fleets of two worlds. To the ordinary motives of the pirate, adventure and greed of gold, the Moor added the fierce spurs of religious difference and hereditary hate. Europeans, it may be justly said, had forced the Moors into piracy as a measure of defence. Their expulsion from Granada in the fifteenth century roused the worst passions of their nature; and that band of armed priests, nestled behind the impregnable ramparts of Malta, and sworn to hold no truce with their race and faith,—a vow which they kept to the last letter, by frequent piratical descents on the coasts of Africa, marking their path along the shore with burning villages, slaughtered peasants and captive women and children, soon to be exposed by these Christian missionaries in the slave-markets of Venice, Seville and Genoa,—left them no other policy but that of revenge and retaliation. In their indiscriminating rage, the followers of Mohammed waged war against the commerce of all civilised countries; when the opportunity offered, they seized both fleets and cargoes; and, like the Knights of Malta, carried off their prisoners for sale to the bazaars of Tunis, Tripoli, and Algiers.

"For protection against these formidable enemies, the merchant had to trust solely to his own bold heart and steady hand. His vessel, however small, carried some means of defence. The crew were well armed. Aids to escape were kept in readiness. From the British Channel to the Straits of Gibraltar the course of the Severn adventurer lay through continual perils. Every rock and inlet along the coast had to be carefully examined for concealed enemies before his little barque could venture on. The adventurer lived on deck, and eat, drank and slept with his mind on the alert and his brain ready for every emergency. On his return from a successful voyage, many were the tales of perilous encounters, chance-escapes and valorous deeds which he had to tell his friends and children on the dark winter nights:—and such stories were, no doubt, a part of the food on which the imagination of young Blake, silent and thoughtful from his childhood, was fed in the old mansion at Bridgwater."

But if the thoughts of the boy were at that time occupied with the romance of his father's adventures, the latter had resolved to place him in a position where there was little chance of his indulging them; and it seems more than probable that young Blake himself had other aspirations than those of a roving merchant. Subsequent events nevertheless proved the truth of Shakspeare's noble remark,

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

After being sent to the grammar school in his native place till about the age of sixteen, he, at his own desire, proceeded to Oxford, and matriculated at St. Alban's Hall, 1615, with Reynolds, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, and Earl, who subsequently became Bishop of Salisbury. Little is known of his college life, except that he applied himself to his various duties, while he took great delight in field sports, thus qualifying himself, mind and body, for the important positions it was his destiny to occupy. Finding after a short residence that St. Alban's Hall was too aristocratic a college to suit his tastes as well as his pecuniary means, he entered himself at

Wadham, completed his terms there, and took his first degree. Desirous of obtaining a fellowship in order to relieve his father from some portion of the burdens which a very numerous family involved, he offered himself for one then vacant at Merton college. Blake was even at this period known to be imbued with Puritan sentiments, and Sir Henry Saville, Warden of Merton, was an ardent supporter of the king's (James I.) policy in spiritual matters. He rejected the low church candidate, little dreaming that in so doing he sent forth to the world "one of those great master spirits who were soon to overturn the government, humiliate his adored sovereign, and, in the ruin of the fallen house, elevate England, to the height of human grandeur." Blake, notwithstanding this disappointment, remained five years longer at Oxford, and took his degree of Master of Arts.

The death of his father, when Blake had reached his twenty-eighth year, brought the latter into possession of the family mansion, with an income of about two hundred a year; and this small sum enabled him to keep his widowed mother, and to accomplish the heavy and responsible task of rearing, educating, and placing out in honourable positions the whole of his seven brothers, and, it is believed, two, if not three sisters. But, while occupied with domestic affairs, he was not unobservant of public events, and already was looming in the horizon that small cloud, which, at no very far distant day, overspread and shadowed the land with a weary darkness.

If we considered our pages a fitting place for the discussion of such a subject, we should feel disposed to question the truth of his arguments upon the causes which led to the unhappy civil war. There were faults,—ay, and grievous faults too,—upon the side of the monarchy and its partisans, and heavy was the penalty paid for their transgressions. But there was also fierce and unscrupulous rancour on the part of their opponents; a vindictive and unholly disregard of high and chivalric principles of loyalty—a loyalty that, perhaps, required to be curbed—not crushed; and a fanaticism that preached

"Zeal without truth, religion without virtue."

Blake had been returned by his fellow-townsmen of Bridgwater, as their representative in the short parliament which Charles I. summoned to procure supplies for carrying on the war against the Scots. Then it was, for the first time, that he met with Hampden, Cromwell, Sir Harry Vane, and the other leaders of the "reform party." This parliament, as is well known, was quickly dissolved, and writs were speedily issued for a new one, which was that famous in history as the "Long Parliament." Blake was not a member of this celebrated assembly till 1645, when he was returned for Taunton. On the raising of the royal standard at Nottingham, the signal for the commencement of hostilities between the contending parties, Blake, who had foreseen how the quarrels between Charles and his parliament were

likely to issue, and had made active preparations for the contest, was one of the first to take the field with his troops in Somersetshire, and distinguished himself greatly in almost all the engagements that were then fought in the west; but especially at the siege and surrender of Bristol, and in his defence of Taunton and Lyme. The latter was a most gallant affair, and inasmuch as no detailed particulars of it had been published till Mr. Dixon's volume appeared, we extract a portion of his narrative, compiled from some old but authentic manuscripts now in the possession of a gentleman at Lyme. The quotation will also offer a favourable specimen of the author's free and spirited powers of description:—

"As the Prince," (Maurice, brother of the daring cavalier Rupert, and nephew of Charles,) "came down from the hills of Somerset, Blake counted his forces, and found the number did not exceed five hundred men. The town, though its spirit was good, afforded little aid, for its whole population fell short of a thousand souls; but with the assistance of Colonel Weir, Captain Pyne, and Governor Ceely, a body of volunteers, some of them from Charnmouth and other neighbouring villages, was drilled for service. Earthworks, hastily thrown up, connected the points of the defence from Davies' fort, on the High Cliff, along the slopes beyond the town to Holme Bush fields near the Cobb. Two large houses, standing on opposite sides of the valley, about a mile from the line—Colway House, an ancient residence of the Cobham family, and Hayo, a substantial farm, were occupied as outposts. Foraging parties were sent out in all directions, with orders to bring back fodder, cattle and other necessaries, for all of which receipts were duly given.

"Blake's comrades were still working at the rude defences when the glittering array of the royal army suddenly appeared above the brow of Uplyme Hill. The vast expanse of bright sea, the green slopes of that secluded valley, broken to the view by clumps of trees, orchards and corn-fields, and the white houses of the town as they lay, serene and picturesque, in the morning sun, touched some chords of sentiment even in the grim bosom of civil war, and the Cavalier host rent the air with a loud shout of surprise and admiration. It was not until evening that Maurice descended into the valley, drove the outposts from Hayo and Colway House, and summoned Blake and Ceely to surrender.

"The extreme weakness of the place was well known to the enemy; so that when the Prince found his summons answered with a haughty defiance, he impetuously called to his trumpeters to sound a general charge. The infantry sent a shower of hand-grenades into the town, and in the disorder caused by their explosion, a powerful squadron of horse rode down on the lines, expecting to carry them sword in hand at the first onset. But the tactics which had baffled the royalists at Prior's Hill prevailed again at Lyme; after a fierce struggle between pike and sabre, the horse, unable to force an entrance, drew off, and retired up the valley. The foot then advanced in deep columns to storm; again and again they advanced; but always to fall back with loss of men and character before that unwavering and deadly fire. Furious at this sudden check to his career of arms, Maurice rode down to the scene of confusion, rallied the broken ranks, and gave the word to charge once more; but the men refused to obey the word, until he wheeled round his cavalry and drove them on by a few pistol-shots in their rear. It was all in vain. Volleys of case-shot met them in front from an enemy protected by cover from their fire; and as their ranks thinned, the line staggered, broke, and the men turned and fled beyond hope of recall that day. The Prince then changed his plan; convinced

by the firmness of the first day's resistance, that, contemptible as Lyme might seem to the King and his council, he must either sit down to the labours of a regular siege, or march away with his great army, leaving this vigilant enemy in his rear and with the stain of discomfort on his hitherto victorious banner. Between these two courses there was indeed no choice; so he drew off his forces to a short distance, took up his own residence at Colway House, and threw up a few works on which to plant his siege artillery. More than eight weeks that fine army lay on the slopes over Lyme, baffled by an enemy with only a handful of men, and mud-works for ramparts! At Oxford, the affair was an inexplicable marvel and mystery. Every hour the court expected to hear that the 'little vile fishing town,' as Clarendon contemptuously calls it, had fallen, and that Maurice had marched away to enterprises of greater moment; but every post brought word to the wondering council, that Colonel Blake still held out, and that his spirited defence was rousing and rallying the dispersed adherents of Parliament in those parts. While the western division of the royalists was wasting its time and strength in an obscure corner,—neither port, nor fortress, nor highway,—the most important towns and castles lay open to the enemy, and some of them actually fell into their hands. Lyme itself remained unshaken. Day after day, week after week, storm, stratagem, blockade, failed to make any apparent impression on the little garrison. Maurice felt the bitter humiliation of his position; unable to account to his uncle and his brother for the delay of its capture, he sacrificed the lives of his men like a wanton prodigal to secure success. How often would the thought occur to him—if Rupert had only hung that Captain Blake at Bristol! In London the press was filled with the wonders of this remarkable defence; and Roundhead writers used it as a set-off against their own prolonged failures at Latham House. Yet the Cavaliers fought before the breastworks at Lyme with the most resolute gallantry, and some of the best blood in the west of England flowed into those shallow trenches. After the siege was raised, and the royalists had time to count up and compare their losses, they found to their surprise and horror that more men of gentle blood had died under Blake's fire at Lyme, than had fallen in all the other sieges and skirmishes in the western counties since the opening of the war."

We have now made acquaintance with Blake through two important periods of his life—as the scholar and the military commander; his greatest, and we are not wrong in saying, his most honourable career has yet to be exhibited. The crown had fallen from the brow of Charles, and the mock trial at Westminster had been consummated by the executioner at Whitehall. Blake was no party to the latter proceeding. In common with the men of the wiser and more moderate party, he wished to see the king deposed and banished; for though at heart he was a sincere republican, he had no ambition to become a regicide. He deprecated even the appearance of illegality and violence; and when he found the party of which Cromwell was the presiding genius, bent on his trial and execution, he hesitated not to express his utter discontent with their proceedings, and under the influence of his humane convictions, declared openly that he would as freely venture his life to save the king as ever he had done to save the parliament. It was necessary, therefore, that Cromwell and his party, before proceeding to extremities against the monarch, should take some step to abridge the power of one holding such sentiments, and who also had the

capacity for enforcing them; for he was already an object of suspicion and jealousy. Accordingly Cromwell disbanded those forces which, under Blake's command, had driven back the gallant cavaliers from the walls of Lyme and Taunton, accompanying the order, nevertheless, by "an expression of gratitude and thanks from the House for his eminent services, and by a donation of five hundred pounds;" a deceitful act, to hide the real motives for this procedure. Blake obeyed the orders of the parliament without a word of remonstrance, and his appointment soon afterwards to a naval command,—a measure which, it is supposed, had its origin in the desire of Cromwell to remove from the scene of his own intrigues an officer whose discernment, power, and incorruptible character, were likely to form serious obstacles in the way of his ambition,—opened up to the hero a new field of glory, and to the honour of his country a wreath that has not yet faded.

It was in 1649, when Blake was fifty years old, that, as Mr. Dixon informs us, "he set his foot on deck for the first time as a commander, and from that moment, to the hour of his death, no man in England ever thought of contending with him for the first place as a seaman. Envy, jealousy, and hatred, dogged the steps of every other officer in the fleet; but of him, both then and afterwards, every man spoke well." The civil wars being now over, although Prince Rupert seems for a time to have held a sort of corsair command on the seas, it was against the foreign enemies of his country that the valour and skill of Blake were directed. And while both had served him well in forwarding the interests of his party at home, in field and garrison, they were still more productive of success when engaged in upholding the interests of the nation; he had now no party to maintain but his country's, and he devoted himself with unflinching energy to her cause.

In spite of his Puritanical principles, there was a chivalrous feeling of honour in his nature, scarcely to be expected in one professing such sentiments, and which seemed rather to belong to the knights of old romance. Not very long after he had been in command an incident happened which signally developed this feeling. France had placed herself in an attitude of hostility to this country, by favouring the designs of those who sought to injure the commonwealth; and Parliament, unable to find redress from the court of Versailles, had issued letters of marque against French vessels. Blake, who was returning from Toulon at this time, was aware of the fact, but some of the French naval commanders had not as yet heard of it. The English admiral on his voyage homeward captured four French prizes, one of them a fine frigate of forty guns, in a sort of sea tournament.

"Meeting the Frenchman in the Straits, Blake signalled for the captain to come on board his flag-ship; and he, considering the visit one of friendship and ceremony, there being no declared war between the two nations, readily answered the invitation. The Admiral, when he entered his cabin, told him he was a prisoner; and asked him if he would give up his sword. Astounded

at such a demand, the Frenchman boldly answered—No! Blake felt that an advantage had been gained by a misconception, as the captain probably knew nothing of the Toulon affair, or of the English threat of reprisals; and scorning to make a brave officer the victim of a mere mistake, he told him he might go back to his ship, if he wished, and fight it out as long as he was able. The captain thanked him for this handsome offer, and retired. After two hours' hard fighting he struck his flag, and being brought once more on board the flag-ship, like a true French knight he made a low bow, kissed his sword affectionately, and delivered it to his conqueror."

We have had in the memory of the present generation a similar chivalrous encounter to this,—the action between the Shannon and the Chesapeake, in the harbour of Boston, United States.

Notwithstanding the onerous duties devolving upon Blake in his naval command, he was held, by those at home, in too high estimation to be restricted to the service in which he was more immediately engaged, although the jealousy of Cromwell had not entirely subsided. On his reaching home, soon after the event just described, the election of members for the Council of State being about to take place, he was nominated by parliament, in a full house, one of that supreme body. He already filled the posts of a Commissioner for sequestrating the estates of Somerset delinquents; a Commissioner for purging the ministry of improper persons; an office which some at the present day would think not altogether unnecessary, though rather unconstitutional; a Commissioner of the Admiralty and the Navy; a member of the House of Commons; and, as if these were not sufficient to occupy his head and his hands, as there seemed every probability of a rupture with Holland, he was appointed sole "General-at-sea," for the ensuing year, 1652, just two centuries back.

The Dutch war at length broke out, and Mr. Dixon describes with a vivid pen the various actions wherein his hero succeeded in snatching the laurels from a country which had previously held the supremacy of the European seas, and had been the great commercial carriers of the world. The victories gained by Blake, Penn, Lawson, and others, transferred the powers and honours possessed by Holland to our own country, and which we have retained, with the exception of our disasters under the effeminate reign of the second Charles, uninterruptedly to the present day; Nelson at Trafalgar put the finishing stroke to the work begun by the stern and indomitable followers of the Commonwealth. Instead, however, of referring to these transactions, which have become well-known matters of history, we extract from Mr. Dixon's volume a quotation that gives us a little insight into Blake's private life. He had been wounded in the great action fought with Van Tromp, off Portland, and though he still continued in command for some months afterwards, he was compelled by sickness and suffering to leave his vessel, and was carried ashore more dead than alive, leaving the admirals, Monk, Penn, and Lawson to carry out and complete his plan for the final reduction of Holland.

"During the remainder of the summer months of 1658, it is at least probable that Blake lay sick at Knoll, a country-house attached to an estate which he had purchased about two miles from Bridgwater. Fever, of a slow but obstinate character, arising in the first instance from his neglected wound, combined with other ailments, including dropsy and scurvy, then common to all men leading a seafaring life, to lay him for a while completely prostrate. But a land-diet, gentle exercise, and his native air gradually produced a change for the better in his condition. Knoll was at all times a favourite retreat. When absent from his political and professional duties, it was his delight to run down to Bridgwater for a few days or weeks, and with his chosen books and one or two devout and abstemious friends, to indulge in all the luxuries of seclusion. He was by nature self-absorbed and taciturn. A long walk, during which he appeared to his simple neighbours to be lost in profound thought, as if working out in his own mind the details of one of his great battles, or busy with some abstruse point of Puritan theology, usually occupied his morning. If accompanied by one of his brothers, or by some other intimate friend, he was still for the most part silent. Good-humoured always, and enjoying sarcasm when of a grave, high class, he yet never talked from the loquacious instinct, or encouraged others so to employ their time and talents in his presence. Even his lively and rattling brother Humphrey, his almost constant companion when on shore, caught, from long habit, the great man's contemplative and self-communing gait and manner; and when his friends rallied him on the subject in after-years, he used to say, that he had caught the trick of silence while walking by the Admiral's side in his long morning musings on Knoll hill. A plain dinner satisfied his wants. Religious conversation, reading and the details of business, generally filled up the evening until supper-time; after family prayers, always pronounced by the General himself, and a frugal supper, he would invariably call for his cup of sack and a dry crust of bread, and while he drank two or three hours of Canary, would smile and chat in his own dry manner with his friends and domestics, asking minute questions about their neighbours and acquaintances; or when scholars and clergymen shared his simple repast, affecting a droll anxiety, rich and pleasant in the conqueror of Tromp, to prove by the aptness and abundance of his quotations that, in becoming an admiral, he had not forfeited his claim to be considered a good classic."

The last public services of Blake's naval career were against the corsairs of Barbary and Spain, and the last of all was his releasing from the former a large body of Christian captives. But his health was fast failing him, and it was evident to all around that the destiny of the hero would soon be accomplished finally. The circumstances attending his death were of a nature to draw out Mr. Dixon's powers of narration, and he has described them with considerable pathos and dramatic effect. After alluding to the delivering of the captives from the Moorish corsairs, he says:—

"This crowning act of a virtuous and honourable life accomplished, the dying Admiral turned his thoughts anxiously towards the green hills of his native land. The letter of Cromwell, the thanks of Parliament, the jewelled ring sent to him by an admiring country,—all reached him together out at sea. These tokens of grateful remembrance caused him a profound emotion. Without after-thought, without selfish impulse, he had served the commonwealth, day and night, earnestly, anxiously and with rare devotion. England was grateful to her hero. With the letter of thanks from Cromwell,

a new set of instructions arrived, which allowed him to return with part of his fleet, leaving a squadron of some fifteen or twenty frigates to ride before the Bay of Cadiz and intercept its traders; with their usual deference to his judgment and experience, the Protector and Board of Admiralty left the appointment to the command entirely with him; and as his gallant friend Stuyvesant was gone to England, where he received a knighthood and other well-won honours from the Government, he raised Captain Stoaks, the hero of Porto Ferrino and a commander of rare promise, to the responsible position of his Vice-admiral in the Spanish seas.

"Hoisting his pennon on his old flag-ship the *St. George*, Blake saw for the last time the spires and cupolas, the masts and towers, before which he had kept his long and victorious vigils. When he put in for fresh water at Cascaes road he was very weak. "I beseech God to strengthen him," was the fervent prayer of the English Resident at Lisbon, as he departed on the homeward voyage. While the ships rolled through the tempestuous waters of the Bay of Biscay, he grew every day worse and worse. Some gleams of the old spirit broke forth as they approached the latitude of England. He inquired often and anxiously if the white cliffs were yet in sight. He longed to behold once more the swelling downs, the free cities, the goodly churches of his native land. But he was now dying beyond all doubt. Many of his favourite officers silently and mournfully crowded round his bed, anxious to catch the last tones of a voice which had so often called them to glory and victory. Others stood at the poop and forecabin, eagerly examining every speck and line in the horizon, in hope of being first to catch the welcome glimpse of land. Though they were coming home crowned with laurels, gloom and pain were in every face. At last the Lizard was announced. Shortly afterwards the bold cliffs and bare hills of Cornwall loomed out grandly in the distance. But it was now too late for the dying hero. He had sent for the captains and other great officers of his fleet to bid them farewell; and while they were yet in his cabin, the undulating hills of Devonshire, glowing with the tints of early autumn, came full in view. As the ships rounded Rame Head, the spires and masts of Plymouth, the wooded heights of Mount Edgecombe, the low island of St. Nicholas, the rocky steeps at the Hoc, Mount Batten, the citadel, the many picturesque and familiar features of that magnificent harbour rose one by one to sight. But the eyes which had so yearned to behold this scene once more were at that very instant closing in death. Foremost of the victorious squadron, the *St. George* rode with its precious burden into the Sound; and just as it came into full view of the eager thousands crowding the beach, the pier-heads, the walls of the citadel, or darting in countless boats over the smooth waters between St. Nicholas and the docks, ready to catch the first glimpse of the hero of Santa Cruz, and salute him with a true English welcome,—he, in his silent cabin, in the midst of his lion-hearted comrades, now sobbing like little children, yielded up his soul to God."

Thus, like his great successor, the conqueror at Trafalgar, Blake was not permitted to enjoy in quietude the honours he had so nobly won; he rested from his labours, leaving others to reap their fruits, and his own great name as an example of devoted patriotism, moral excellence and dauntless courage. His love of country and duty before that of his own flesh and blood, had in it almost a Roman's stoicism, for when it had reached his ears that his favourite brother, Humphrey, had not done his part in an engagement in the Bay of Santa Cruz, as became an English officer, and finding that no one would proceed

against him, (for Humphrey was a kind and liberal-hearted man, and a favourite in the fleet,) Blake himself ordered a court-martial to be summoned, saying:—"If none of you will accuse him, I must myself be his accuser." The sentence was against the prisoner, who was deprived of his command by the admiral, and never employed again. Nevertheless, "he left to that brother, thus sternly rebuked, the greater part of his property."

If civil wars and periods of great political excitement bring to the surface of society many of its darkest and most objectionable elements, so also they call up some noble and honourable spirits, to stand as guiding lights amid the convulsions of nations. And when the tumult of revolution has subsided, and men can take an unprejudiced view of the part such have played in the drama, their character shines forth in its reality and its truth. Blake was one, even in his own day, who seems never to have made a personal foe, and even those opposed to his political creed spake of what they deemed his errors more in sorrow than in anger. We, in our time, scarcely care to know whether he were Cavalier or Roundhead; it is sufficient for us that he conquered the enemies of England, and shadowed forth her future naval greatness. He could not have found a more able biographer than Mr. Dixon has proved himself, while expatiating on the merits of his hero, but we must take exception to some of the remarks scattered through the volume with reference to those who retained their loyalty to the king, even under the most adverse circumstances. It is natural for an author to entertain a strong feeling in favour of the individual whose history he is writing: and, if a politician, to the party to which he belonged; otherwise, it is possible, such a person would not have been selected for especial notice. But this ought not to blind the writer to the merits and virtues of others on the opposite side, nor cause him to stigmatize that as a crime in one which is noble in an adversary. There are passages in the work before us, to which we could readily point as evidencing such partiality—always objectionable in the historian or biographer, who should hold the balance with an equal hand, and not sacrifice truth, even in small matters, to political bias.

SCRAPS.

SYMPATHY FOR POETS.—An old man with no friend but his money—a fair child holding the hand of a Magdalen—a delicate bride given over to a coarse-minded bridegroom—were sights to be troubled at seeing. We should bleed at heart to see either of them. But there is something even more touching to us than these—something, too, which is the subject of heartless and habitual mockery by critics—the first timid offerings to fame of the youthful and sanguine poet. We declare that we never open a letter from one of this class, never read a preface to the first book

of one of them, never arrest our critical eye upon a blemish in the immature page, without having the sensation of a tear coined in our heart—never without a passionate though inarticulate "God help you!" We know so well the rasping world in which they are to jostle, with their "fibre of sarcenet!" We know so well the injustices, the rebuffs, the sneers, the insensibilities, *from without*, the impatiences, the resentments, the choked impulses and smothered heart-boundings, *within*. And yet it is not these outward penances, and inward scorpions, that cause us the most regret in the fate of the poet. Out of these is born the inspired expression of his anguish—like the plaint of the singing-bird from the heated needle which blinds him. We mourn more over his *salutary imperviousness to counsel*—over his haste to print, his slowness to correct—over his belief that the airy bridges he builds over the chasms in his logic and rhythm are passable, by *avoidsupois* on foot, as well as by Poesy on Pegasus. That the world is not as much enchanted—(that *we ourselves* are not as much touched and delighted)—with the halting flights of new poets as with the broken and short venturings in air of new-fledged birds—proves over again that the world we live in were a good enough Eden if human nature were as lovable as the rest. We wish it were not so. We wish it were natural to admire anything human-made, that has not cost pain and trial. But, since we do not, and cannot, it is a pity, we say again, that beginners in poetry are offended with kind counsel. Of the great many books and manuscript poems we receive, there is never one from a young poet which we do not long, in all kindness, to send back to him to be re-studied, re-written, and made, in finish, more worthy of the conception. To praise it in print only puts his industry to sleep, and makes him dream he has achieved what is yet far beyond him. We ask the young poets who read this, where would be the kindness in such a case?

WHICH IS THE HAPPIEST SEASON?—At a festal party of old and young, the question was asked—"Which season of life is the most happy?" After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of fourscore years. He asked if they had noticed a grove of trees before the dwelling, and said—"When the spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and they are covered with blossoms, I think, *How beautiful is spring!* And when the summer comes, and covers the trees with its heavy foliage, and singing birds are among the branches, I think, *How beautiful is summer!* When the autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost, I think, *How beautiful is autumn!* And when it is *sear* winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up through the leafless branches, as I never could until now, and see the *stars* shine."

Chronicle of Ethelfled.¹

BOOK SIXTH.

WHEN I, Ethelfled, consider in my mind how short a thing is life, it meseemeth we need not to be in so great a hurry as we often are to get over the intermediate points between one desired period of it and another. Here had I been impatient enough, I trow, to find myself abbess of Shaftesbury; and now that I was elected abbess of Warcham I found myself taken by surprise. Therefore it was that for several days I shut myself up in strict retreat, bearing in mind that great responsibilities require great preparations, even though habitual preparedness be not wanting. There must be solemn intercourse with ourselves and with our Maker, with which our nearest, dearest friends intermeddle not. In this my retreat, strange unaccustomed feelings arose, such as I had not known when I took the white and black veils: and I found my thoughts and desires taking quite a new bent, and the movements of my will tending quite another way; until, I suppose, my whole internal being underwent some change, the character and amount of which I was not fully sensible of at the time; nor, I think, have ever been, till now that I come to look back.

From this season I had no more dreams and visions and contentions with enemies unspeakable: I found I was awake, and felt I must be doing.

It was dinner time, and on a fast day, when I left my retreat and took the abbess's place at table. Every eye was fixed on me. It fell that day that our fish was not dressed with the usual care: howbeit, I made no comment, but ate thereof sparingly and without egg-sauce, to which the others helped themselves plentifully. The novice, whose turn it was to read, delivered to us the life of Egbert the priest, who lived upon bread and milk; and I was musing thereon after she had come to an end, without witting that all had finished, when suddenly becoming aware that from me was expected a benediction, I with some fervour ejaculated the choir's grace, "Thanks be to God for my good dinner." And immediately noting thereupon a general smile, if not on the lips yet in the eyes of all present, I looked at them stedfastly, and with great deliberateness and determination repeated, "Children, let us thank God for our good dinner!" and then pronounced the Latin benediction. Every eye sank before mine.

Then I went to the late abbess's cell, which I intended thenceforth to make mine own; and I directed that the feather-stuffed bed, with hryfte, bedrafes, hoppsocytan, and all that thereto belonged, should be carried into the infirmary for the use of the sick; contenting myself with mine old hard pallet, without either pallia or cortinas. Then I went into the holy mother's parlour, where there were many papers to be read and destroyed; and therein I found some things that liked me, and some that liked me not. While thus busied, with a fire of billets burning on

the hearth, some one tapped at the door, and, at my bidding, came in and kneeled humbly on the ground. I said, "Rise, daughter;" and she got off her knees, and with many self-abasings drew nigh unto me and kissed the hem of my garment. I concluded some great matter was in hand; but it was to tell me of an intolerable odour in her cell, which had long, she thought, endangered her health; I told her she might exchange it for the cell I had just left; and so continued my affairs.

Next day this sister, whose name was Heaburgo,² presented herself anew, and with still multiplying genuflections, represented that in her new cell there was a draught, saving my holy presence, that was enough to blow her head off. I regarded her keenly; but, remembering to have heard her once complain of the tooth-ache, I told her that she might remove my bed into my old cell, and have the abbess's cell herself.

The nuns now thought they had only to ask and have; and sister Scelthryth³ next presented herself to inform me that she was quite losing her hand for pastry, and opined that we had better eat placentas daily than that she should lose her cunning. Also, to suggest that broths or soups should be served on Wednesdays and Fridays in addition to eggs, lentils, cheese, and buttermilk: and that we should have gaudy days on other festivals besides Easter and Whitsuntide. Unto this I Ethelfled would not incline mine ear, no, not for a moment; and thereafter I began to manifest unto them that gentleness was no proof of weakness. To their obedience I kept them up; and I also set myself, like Nehemiah son of Hachaliah, to rectify certain abuses. It had been well for me Ethelfled, had I only applied myself to essential reforms; howbeit, I was but young yet. I have beforetime said that the barbarous singing of the sisters had all along been very grievous unto me; being very little removed from the squealing of cats. I now took them seriously to task on this matter, and told them how detrimental it was to devotion: but my lecture was only received with sulky looks. Nevertheless, I was purposed to carry this matter through; and, being myself gifted with an harmonious voice and a competent knowledge of music, I made use of the first holiday to call the sisters together and give them a little instruction. Herein I Ethelfled was sore let, as well by their obstinacy as stupidity. Sister Scelthryth, in especial, upon my insisting on her bringing forth a note which I wist was within her compass, would sing flatter and flatter, and, at the last, let fly her voice with such desperation that it cracked, and produced such a miserable squeak, that sister Wynfreda, in despite of herself, burst forth into laughing. When was such indecorum heard of? All the rest, seeing my heightened colour, were sore ydrad, witting there was no other portion for sister Wynfreda than dry crusts and a dark cell: but it was

(2) The Anglo-Saxon nuns do not seem to have adopted new names on their profession. We read in Bede of Tordgith, Edith, Cœnberg, &c.

(3) Good-threather: a Saxon female name.

(1) Concluded from p. 278.

against sister Selethryth, not sister Wynfreda, that my wrath was enkindled; and upon my rebuking her very warmly for her misdeeds, she waxed so rebellious and violent, that for the sake of common order and discipline, I was constrained to put her in bonds. By force she was removed into a dark cell, she struggling all the way thither most outrageously, and smiling sister Emma on the eye. Bread and water was her diet, (it was cheesecake-day too!) our supper was eaten sadly, and I Ethelfled shut myself within my chamber to muse in bitterness of spirit on broken rule and despised authority. I was all weakness and ignorance, but I wist where was all wisdom and strength; and was seeking thereunto, when lo! I heard a horn wind outside the gate. Alfred the king had come down to consider the defences of the castle, and had ridden over to see how I fared, and give me greeting. Never was freondlic word more pleasant! I received him with tears in mine eyes: he marvelled thereat, and would wit why they were a-shedding. Thereupon we had a long colloquy, which was of the greatest moment to me in the conduct of mine after life. He thought me much less to be blamed than I thought myself; indeed, brake forth into laughing when he heard the origin of the offence; howbeit, he admitted the consequences were grievous, and must be remedied. To clear myself, albe he said I needed no clearing, I summoned sister Wynfreda, the novice, to do him to wit of all had happened. Her fears had blanched her clubby cheeks and yelosed her mouth as tight as a button; by reason of which, when she had departed, the king said, "*Can that girl ever laugh? I could hardly take her own word for it.*" Afterwards, I summoned sister Emma, whose blackened eye constrained him to wrestle with himself sorely. Thereafter, the culprit herself was brought into his presence, trembling like an aspen leaf; so as that her guards were little wanted. The king looked as grave as though he were in the witema-genot. Quoth he, "I had no knowledge until just now how hard a woman could hit . . . thou must have mistaken thy vocation, and shouldst rather have helped me fight the Danes. Wonderlike it is to me Alfred, that any born a woman should within her heart find it to give reason of disquiet to one so young, so gentle, and so worthy of all honour as this holy mother. I Alfred, cnyng, have known her ever since she was a child, and know no one, a woman born, so worthy to be loved, save her own sister, my wife. Believe me, ye are favoured among women to have such a mother for your abudisse, whose singular genius and acquired learning (nay, I Ethelfled must not trust myself to recal all this . . .) and who is not only holy, but highborn, not only learned, but ranclike, who refused wonderlike good offers of marriage that she might wholly give herself to heaven, and whose fame for sanctity and book-lero is beginning to be noised abroad in foreign parts. To conclude, I Alfred, king, am fully persuaded in my own mind that if ye will but give yourselves wholly and with one heart unto the direction of your holy mother, there is little

question of your sisterhood becoming the most famous, not alone in England, but in Christendom, to say nothing of the more eminent among you being canonized hereafter. And to further and promote this most desired end, it needeth nought but that ye should observe implicit obedience, unlimited good humour, holy temperance, continual quietness, steady industry, sincere piety, and diligent heed unto your copy-books.¹ You, prisoner at the door, commonly known as Selethryth, or the good threatener, I have desired your holy mother, who is long-suffering and soon pacified, to overlook this once your unpardonable offence, on condition of sincere penitence and a week's entire silence. And now let us to prayers."

The king went with us to vespers, and sang loudly and cheerily: I did my best to imitate his example; the poor sisters sang like mice in a cheese, but more tuneably than aforetime; and the service was very refreshing and composing to us all. Then the king ordered his horse to be brought, saying, "I shall not now insist on the board and lodging for three days, you owe me for that parcel of land."² And he vouchsafed to taste our pacentas; and as he departed, said, so that I only could hear, "Farewell, Ethelfleda: I shall now return to Winchester, and tell Ethelswitha I left your face two inches shorter than I found it. My good little abbes! you have been early set in authority over an intractable community; but be brave, be constant, be prayerful, and all will be well."

Thereon the king departed, leaving a freshness and gladness behind him like as we find in the green woods, and fresh air, and sunshine. Methought it much kindness for him to speak so well of me in hearing of my nuns; and from this time there was nothing among them but cheerfulness and obedience. Shortly there arrived from the king a present of wax tablets and poyntels,³ for the use of the sisters who would apply themselves to write; but I grieve to say, that after much trouble, there was not one among them that attained unto the pen of a ready writer. This is, no question, a gift from above: it comes not to all: therefore I was fain to let them apply themselves unto that for which they truly seemed to have capacity, to wit, their needles, rather than to labour painfully at that for which they had no true vocation.

As about this time, departed he'g Neot, and went to glory. Verily he was a rihlwise and saintly man, if ever there was one. He was born to kingly rule, and might have worn a crown; howbeit, he would not, lest the world should be too great a snare unto him. Yet, and if all our good men were to shut themselves up, what manner of rulers should we have? Howbeit, Neot ruled the ruler, ever and anon, even after his death, as will be related hereafter. He took the cowl at Glastonbury; seven times visited Rome, and, in conclusion, getymbrade a monastery. One feature of his was notable: he would try to single out the best qualities of his brethren, and unite them all

(1) *i.e.* Waxed tablets.

(2) A common condition under the Saxon kings, when the abbey were the only places of reception for travellers.

(3) Iron pens.

in himself: as, the holiness of one, the patience of another; howbeit, he might have found them all in our Lord.

But now come I to our great and dreadful peril. The Danes, under Guthrum, who had abode in Cambridge by the space of twelve months, now prepared themselves for action, as the manner of their nation is, by lashing up their passions with dreadful howlings, clashing their swords, clanging their shields, and prancing hither and thither like so many mad creatures. It might very well have been foreboded that this would take place, so soon as the fighting season commenced: howbeit, we English, according to our wont, had despised the danger while it was a little way off, and sat by our hearths, roasting apples and drinking hot ale all the winter. And if any one ventured to remark, "The Danes are coming!" the only answer he had for his pains was, "Oh, they are, are they?—Only let them, I say!" And so we went on in this ungody state of security, (for why should God help those who were so little troubled to help themselves?) And the king, now and then, thought he should do something, but wist not how he should do it: and so it came to pass, the Danes entered into their ships and set sail for Wareham!

I remember it was St. Matthias's Eve . . . I was looking forth of my lattice at the two days old moon, and the great star Jupiter a shining above him,¹ as it were a stone's cast . . . when I became ware of a fierce red light suddenly up-burning from some distant village. Anon, a herdsman's horn windeth clamorously at our gate; and the portress tells me a poor swain craveth immediate speech of me; so I descend unto him, forboding evil. He was a rough, simple serf, all apant with haste; and thus unto me he spake:—

"At sunset drave I my flocks to fold. I tarried on the top of the cliff, and looked across the sea. Then saw I what seemed a little white cloud, no bigger than my hand, a rising from the sea. Presently seven sail were shining in the sun. At length, I counted thirty. Then fled I to give alarm; but my knees trembled, and my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. The swains gathered to look out, but what could they do? Some fled inland to spread the wall, some to drive off their ceap,² some to carry their wives and their children to the castle. Meantime landed the Danes. They swarmed like bees; they ascended the cliffs like grasshoppers; they brake not their ranks, they went forward every man on his ways, with his shield over his head. Like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble was the hum of their voices. They enclosed and drave before them not a handful of sheep or kine, but whole herds and flocks, to feed thereof. By reason of their numbers the land gathered blackness. They burned our thorp, and all the souls that were therein. Next, they will come to the castle and the abbey. And now, holy mother, take thought what you shall do; for who shall deliver you out of their hands?"

(1) The *Saxon* moon was masculine.

(2) Cattle. Hence our milk-maids still summon their cows by calling "Cup! cup!"

I said, "Go, and send me Eadwulf, my land bailiff. And let all that are in distress, and all that are homeless, and all that are frightened, come within our precincts as fast as they can; and we will do our best for one another." Then I gave him a thyrmas,³ and a drink of warm ale, for his soul was fainting within him. And his spirit returned unto him, and he went forth; and the bell rang us to night prayer.

So soon as the keys were laid on the altar, and the nuns were all in their cells, I gat me into the chapel, and lay down on my face before the altar, and prayed hard, and wept sore. And I said, Ah, Lord God, have mercy on us; have mercy on thy people England, and show this time what is the difference between a people that prayeth and a people that prayeth not! Come among us, and with great might succour us, because there is none that fighteth for us but only thou, oh Lord! Wherefore should the Danes say, Where is now their God?

Before glomung,⁴ the next morning, the poor people came flocking unto us, some with a few sheep and cattle, some with only a pig or an ass, or a couple of hens, some with only the clothes on their backs, to take shelter within the precincts. Not that there was much safety to be expected within them; for our house, as I have elsewhere said, was chiefly getymbrade, and at the mercy of the first brand; but it made a sort of rallying point; the castle being already over-full: and some of the dwellers in lone forest hoots and shepherds' huts had a notion, false enough, that the pagans would reverence holy ground; others, more justly, thought God would care for his own, and be our buckler of defence: others had pity for us, and resolved to make common cause and fight for us, along with their own wives and children. And thus it fell, that the space enclosed with palisades round about our house, which might be as it were an half-acre, that a yoke of oxen might plough, was presently brim-full of women, children, and confused live stock; while, without the stakes, on the only side that had no natural defence from the confluence of the two rivers, the men drew up, undisciplined and ill-armed enough, but staunch to a man, and ready to die at their posts ere any evil should happen unto us. But what were they against so many? And how wist I that the Lord's purpose would be to deliver us out of the hands of the heathen, any more than he had delivered any of the monasteries all along the eastern coast? I thought of Croyland; and how the grey-haired abbot was slain before the altar, the prior in the vestry, the sub-prior in the refectory: only a little child survived to tell the tale. I thought of Peterborough, with its abbey and its library, the glory of the age, for fifteen days a burning: the abbot and monks all slain. I thought of the nuns of Ely, who disfigured their faces, that they might astonish the Danes, who, indeed, fled away to a man; but not before they had set fire to the monastery and burned every soul alive. And now, here were these very Danes, headed by the self-same chiefs, Guthrum, Amund, and Oskitil,

(3) A fourpenny piece.

(4) Dawn: glomung.

masters and adepts in cruelty and rapine, within our sight and even our hearing; for we could catch the faint rumour as of the yelling of a pack of fox-hounds in some far-off upland, and now and then a huntsman's whoop, and a long, shrilling cry. And this set all the blood-hounds and wolf-hounds within our precincts, baying ready to split their throats, and straining against their leashes; and the oxen lowing, and the porkers grunting, and the sheep bleating, and the infants wailing, and the mothers weeping and wishing there had been room for them in the castle. These latter I gave in charge to the nuns, to foster and comfort, and thereby divert their thoughts from their own strait a little; for, in sooth, they were sore bested; and many a white and many a black veil was quivering with fears that could not be stayed. I bade them be much in prayer: for myself, I stood on the wall, right over the gate, and prayed at my post; receiving news, ever and anon, from some fresh scout; and now and then intermitting my prayer for the help of God, with a passing wish for a little more help of man. For I could not help noting, with some bitterness of heart, that not a fighting man had come to our aid but such as were under my own jurisdiction; all the rest having doubtless mustered at the castle, which truly could make a better defence, but which therefore was all the less in need of them. Such are men, whom we women so often love more than we love God. But mark the issue! *The castle fell!* The Danes slew all the souls that were therein; they thereby obtained the command of the whole country round about; and the scouts brought news, that, after carousing for a while, and emptying the castle larders and butteries, they were purposing to march upon us. Now arose one universal wail,—who can wonder thereat? Even Eadwulf turned red, and then white. . . . I have always forgotten to find a convenient place for saying, that my foster-father, having been sent on a special message to me just at the time our land-steward died, I had, to Eadwulf's great advantage and mine own, made him his successor. We now stood together on the wall: anon we see a great dust, and the glitter of spears and bossy shields. Presently the pagans were lost in a thicket. We were all praying hard, within and without the house; but it seemed the will of God we should be lost. Still I bare in mind that it was as easy to him to save by few as by many; the last moment, as the first: by a rumour among the mulberry-trees, or by the breaking of a few earthen pitchers.¹ And I thought, Is his arm shortened, that it cannot save? May it not be his good pleasure to help us? But my senses were so quickened by the immediate presence of danger, that I think I could have heard a cock crow, or have seen a sunbeam light a weathercock twenty miles off. I heard Eadwulf mutter between his teeth, "I can die for her, but that won't save her!" . . . and he looked down the wall, and then quickly at me, as much as to say, "Shall we cast ourselves down headlong together?" But this was a suggestion of the

(1) Judges vii. 20.

evil one, for there were others within the house as defenceless as myself, and depending on me for protection; and I looked stedfastly away from him with mine eyes towards the wood, whence I expected each moment to see issuing the Danes. I heard him give a great sigh; but the next moment, he uttered a loud cry, and, plucking me by the sleeve, pointed towards the Trent. Shading our eyes with our hands from the rays of the declining sun, we could make out a distant troop of horsemen advancing upon us from that direction, just as the first glimmer of spears showed the Danes emerging from the wood. We seemed hemmed in on either side! I cried aloud, "Heaven, help us!"—but the same moment, Eadwulf, his face all a-blaze, shouts, "Praise the Lord, 'tis the king!" And so it was; and so Heaven *did* help us.

I, Ethelfled, can never dwell on that rescue without wet eyes.² From what a strait did the king that day work deliverance for me and the poor sisters! . . . Ew! how he and his men laid it on, and drove the villain pagans right into and across the Frome! At his feet they dropped, they fell; where they dropped down, there they lay dead. The lean wolf and the hungry vulture rejoiced. It was a great, a deadly slaughter; yea, they took much prey. The king was a mighty wind, that dispersed the clouds like mist: they rolled from the side of the hills, and the valleys laughed and sang. Now his sword leaped out of his scabbard! he loved to defend the weak. The field was strewed for miles with spears and cloven shields. He chased them back to the towers that rose on the rocky banks. Even here his hand did not leave them, nor his right hand cease to hold them, till they swore on his holy ring, the ring of the holy cross. Then he left them cowed and astounded, and returned with his warriors by night. And we went forth and sang jubilate, and spread him a feast of our best.

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But what cared those unrightwise pagans for swearing on his holy ring, yea, or on their own bracelets, which they held much more sacred, or for breaking the holy truth, which they held not sacred on any wise? Had they kept it, they would have belied their own nature, which was akin to all evil. They attacked an outlying party of the king's horsemen, the very same night, while we were making *merg* and giving of thanks within doors; and making off in the dark, they conveyed themselves to Exeter, whence the king in vain strove to dislodge them.

And now commenced the sorrowfullest season that England ever knew. Alas, my brother! would that I could have aided thee! or that the spirit of wisdom, and discretion, and strength, had been in thee, to know what to do, and to do it! Then, after the year of Seven Battles, thou wouldst not have been seven years a fugitive and a wanderer on the face of the earth, hunted like a partridge on the mountains, a

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My father was still at Rome; so my mother took shelter with me. How sweet to have a refuge to offer my blessed mother! We were in a less defenceless state than when the Danes took us at unawares; for our poor house had been much repaired and strengthened by my direction; and whereas our palisades were better for keeping nuns in than for keeping pagans out, the king, ere he departed from our coasts, gave commandment that a good stone wall should be getymbrde about us, on our weakest side. Indeed, this made our dwelling less cheerful, but far more secure; and the king, to show how safe he held us to be, sent us sundry heavy chests, with cords well cnytted round them, containing I know not what, but, doubtless, plate and bags of treasure and goodly raiment; since we were to have them in strict charge, and they have never been claimed yet.

About this time, the following song was much in the mouths of the people:—

“What seekest thou in the brake? The blue eggs of the bulfinch.
 What seekest thou in the brake? The blue flowers of the speedwell.
 What seekest thou in the brake? The blue eyes of the king.
 What look ye for i’ th’ air? The path of a swallow.

What look ye for i’ th’ air? The rising of a lark.
 What look ye for i’ th’ air? The flight of a king’s arrow.

Never yet look’d I for an eagle in a marlo-plot,
 Nor for a curlew’s nest in a green shaw.
 But yet in a forest have I seen a burnt spot where
 a king hath dress’d his meat.”

Thus their very songs were sorrowings, and their speech lamentings. For ourselves, we were shut in so close, that we were sometimes a long while without hearing aught of what was befalling, save from pilgrims, wayfarers, and the like, whom we hospitably entreated.

One day, a stranger, ragged, and with bleeding feet, came to the gate to crave an alms, and whereas he was yet speaking, he fell straightway all along upon the earth, by reason of his strength failing him through travel and much fasting. We had him into the hospitium, and I washed his feet myself; and when his spirit returned unto him, I fed him with bread and wine. Then I sought of him news of the king; and thereupon, thus he spake:—

“I was sent by a chosen fow to seek the king. Him found I in Athelney. We would wit were he still alive, or must we choose us another king. Therefore disguised I myself, with clipped hair, like a serf’s, and I fouled my face and my hands, and went ragged and bare-foot. I tracked him into the remote west, into a land of marshes, and fens, and stagnant waters. But I found not the hare in his form, neither the fox in his cover. One day an arrow whistled past me, and a man rushed after a fawn. I saw him anon through the bushes, and thought it was the king. I followed by stealth on his track: he had the fawn on his shoulders, and he made his way through the briers, down to the edge of a lake. There he untied a shallop, and ferried himself across. Then I followed the banks of the lake, till at length I came to a ford; I got across to the island, which was all in a tangle of wood. Many animals of the harmless sort were in it: I came upon goats, kids, and hares. I disturbed sundry pheasants, and heard the whirr of partridges. Anon, I came to a glade, and saw a woman milking a goat. She was wonderlike to look on for beauty: I knew her to be the queen. She carried her creche within-doors, into a little wattled cot. Then stolo I up to the door, that was only sparred with a latch. I heard some one within reading; it seemed me, a godly book. The reader’s voice was so pleasant, I would fain have listed all night. Then I heard a young infant weeping, and the mother checked it and said, ‘You brat, if you wail so loudly, I will give you to the Danes!’ But she smothered its cries with kisses, and the reader went on with his book. Another man’s voice now sounded, and I heard him say, ‘My king! there is little meat on this fawn, now I have skinned it.’ Then he, I now knew for the king, made laughing answer, and said, ‘Then you and I, my thegn, must eat the less, for I swear I’ll hunt no more to-day.’ Methought he was then stepping forth, so I raised the latch and begged. Wonderlike looked

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(1) Judges vii. 20.

steorless feolun, like David, the son of Jesse, in the wilderness; thy dwelling with the wild beasts of the field, and thy body wet with the dews of heaven, like unto the great king of Babylon. Oh! then was fulfilled the dark saying of Neot, that thou shouldest be humbled and brought low. Thy people witted not what had become of thee, and were as silly sheep lacking a shepherd, or as pigeons frightened from the corn. For their strength and their hope had perished from the Lord. His hand was not shortened, that it could not save; but our iniquities had separated between us and our God. Therefore he removed every stronghold as it were a tent that a man wrencheth up the pegs thereof; he tore up our homes as one easily draweth herbs out of the garden when the mould is wet with dew: he gave up the walls of our palaces into the hands of the enemy, and let our young men and maidens perish by the sword. We were a very scorn unto our foes, and a derision to those that were round about us. For this cause, our eyes ran down with water, and our cheeks were fouled with weeping. The sound of the harp and the rote was no more heard: the mirth of the land was gone. Easter was as sorrowful as Lent, and there was no merriment at Yule. The grape remained uncrushed: the ungathered apple dropped from the bough. The foxes might break the hedges, there was no man cared to snare them; the wolves might prowl round our folds, there was no man had spirit to slay them; the rooks might prey on the corn, there was no one minded to scare them. Men sat by the hearth and sighed; or spake short, like a savage growl. They longed to unite and make head: and their thought was, Where is the king?

My father was still at Rome; so my mother took shelter with me. How sweet to have a refuge to offer my blessed mother! We were in a less defenceless state than when the Danes took us at unawares; for our poor house had been much repaired and strengthened by my direction; and whereas our palisades were better for keeping nuns in than for keeping pagans out, the king, ere he departed from our coasts, gave commandment that a good stone wall should be getymbrade about us, on our weakest side. Indeed, this made our dwelling less cheerful, but far more secure; and the king, to show how safe he held us to be, sent us sundry heavy chests, with cords well cnytted round them, containing I know not what, but, doubtless, plate and bags of treasure and goodly raiment; since we were to have them in strict charge, and they have never been claimed yet.

About this time, the following song was much in the mouths of the people:—

“What seekest thou in the brake? The blue eggs of the bulfinch.

What seekest thou in the brake? The blue flowers of the speedwell.

What seekest thou in the brake? The blue eyes of the king.

What look ye for i' th' air! The path of a swallow.

What look ye for i' th' air! The rising of a lark.
What look ye for i' th' air! The flight of a king's arrow.

Never yet look'd I for an eagle in a marlo-pit,
Nor for a curlew's nest in a green shaw.

But yet in a forest have I seen a burnat spot where
a king hath dress'd his meat.”

Thus their very songs were sorrowings, and their speech lamentings. For ourselves, we were shut in so close, that we were sometimes a long while without hearing aught of what was befalling, save from pilgrims, wayfarers, and the like, whom we hospitably entreated.

One day, a stranger, ragged, and with bleeding feet, came to the gate to crave an alms, and whileas he was yet speaking, he fell straightway all along upon the earth, by reason of his strength failing him through travel and much fasting. We had him into the hospitium, and I washed his feet myself; and when his spirit returned unto him, I fed him with bread and wine. Then I sought of him news of the king; and thereupon, thus he spake:—

“I was sent by a chosen few to seek the king. Him found I in Athelney. We would wit were he still alive, or must we choose us another king. Therefore disguised I myself, with clipped hair, like a scrif's, and I souled my face and my hands, and went ragged and bare-foot. I tracked him into the remote west, into a land of marshes, and fens, and stagnant waters. But I found not the hare in his form, neither the fox in his cover. One day an arrow whistled past me, and a man rushed after a fawn. I saw him anon through the bushes, and thought it was the king. I followed by stealth on his track: he had the fawn on his shoulders, and he made his way through the briers, down to the edge of a lake. There he untied a shallop, and ferried himself across. Then I followed the banks of the lake, till at length I came to a ford; I got across to the island, which was all in a tangle of wood. Many animals of the harmless sort were in it: I came upon goats, kids, and hares. I disturbed sundry pheasants, and heard the whirr of partridges. Anon, I came to a glade, and see a woman milking a goat. She was wonderlike to look on for beauty: I knew her to be the queen. She carried her creche within-doors, into a little wattled cot. Then stole I up to the door, that was only sparred with a latch. I heard some one within side reading; it seemed me, a godly book. The reader's voice was so pleasant, I would fain have listed all night. Then I heard a young infant weeping, and the mother checked it and said, ‘You brat, if you wail so loudly, I will give you to the Danes!’ But she smothered its cries with kisses, and the reader went on with his book. Another man's voice now sounded, and I heard him say, ‘My king! there is little meat on this fawn, now I have skinned it.’ Then he, I now knew for the king, made laughing answer, and said, ‘Then you and I, my thegn, must eat the less, for I swear I'll hunt no more to-day.’ Methought he was then stepping forth, so I raised the latch and begged. Wonderlike looked

they all; and said, 'What, are we found out *here*?' And the king held some parley with me; but I let him not wit who I was. I begged for a morsel of bread; and the king bade the thegn fetch a loaf. Quoth the thegn, 'We have but one left, and this we can scarcely spare.' Saith the king, 'This poor knave needs it most; I am minded that he shall have half. Oh that all the wants of my people could be in like manner supplied!' So he brake the loaf in twain . . . It was one of the loaves they call loudas. And I blessed him once and again. I was nigh saying something, but did not. 'My purpose thus far was fulfilled. I had learnt where abode the king. So I sped towards those who had sent me; but fell among thieves by the way. There was nothing they found to take from me, so they beat me and left me alone. But my strength was almost spent, and I think you have saved my life. I was bitter in heart when I found him with his fair wife and his friend in the hunter's booth. But my heart melted when he spake of his people, for I saw a tear in his eye: and methought something heavenlike within him was made known in his breaking of bread.'

Now, from what I afterwards learned, it appeared that this thegn, for he was no less, returned unto those who had sent him, and made known unto them where he had found the king. Whereon they resorted unto him in the Royal Island, or Isle of Nobles, as it was afterwards indifferently called, and plighting anew their fealty, aided him their best to construct a place of safety, whence they might issue continually to harass the Dane. Sometimes they gat the better, sometimes the worse: but, on any wise, they returned, untracked, to their stronghold, which beginning to be woited of by them that were faithful, their party waxed stronger and stronger. They made a rough bridge to the islet, on which they getymbrade two towers. Meantime, news was brought to the king of the movements of the Danes; but as the spies' reports agreed not always together, he wanted to have more certitude thereof.

One evening, when the days were lengthening, but still cold, I was sitting by the light of a fire of billets, when the portress ushered in, without a word, a tall, dark figure, clad in minstrel fashion, with a harp at his back, and holding by the hand a most sweet little child, some five years old, with fair hair falling all over her shoulders. I knew him at once for the king. After our first, gladlike greeting, he said, "I come, Ethelfleda, to put under your safeguard our little Ethelgiva, who is minded to be with you as long as you will keep her; and her mother's wish and mine is, that you make her as much like yourself as you can." Then he set down his harp and warmed his hands, and dried his hair, which was wet with spring rain; and he said, "The time is now come to do something, and I hope to find how to do it. I am bound for the Danish camp." I said, "Ah, my brother, go not alone amid those fell Danes!" and forbore not to weep. But he answered and said, "If thou wouldst have a thing half done, trust it to thy

neighbour; if thou wouldst have it whole done, do it thyself. I am weary of my life, with doing nothing to purpose for my people. And now I will muster them at a set place, and lead them to victory or die. I have dreamed of holy Neot, who stood by me, and said, 'Up, why sleepest thou? behold, the set time is come.' So, fill me a cup of wine, my sister; and weep not to break my heart."

Then, to cheer me and make me of good courage, he told me how brave-hearted and helpful Ethelswitha had been; and for all the lowliness and incertitude of their living in Athelney, how pleasantlike it had been to harbour with her under the green boughs. "Only," quoth he, "I heard my people's cry in mine ears, day and night." And he told me what pains he had been at to find the place; and how he had carried Ethelswitha across to it on his shoulder.

"Before I found it," quoth he, "a man found me straying on the dun.¹ He asked me who I was, and what I sought. I told him I served the king, who had just been beaten, and I was looking for shelter. Thereon he took me home, to a herdsman's rustic cot. They gave me food and lodging. I abode with them certain days. When the swain, whose name was Denulf, had herded his swine, he came in and sate by the fire, and, with acorns for counters, made reckonings. Thereon I laughed, and told him he should be a clere: peradventure he had been born for a bishop." He said, 'Better be a herd that can herd his swine, than a king that cannot save his people. If a wolf attacks my pigs, I throw stones at him, and chase him away; which is more than king Alfred does with the Dane.' One sabbath morn, the man and his meowla would go forth, leaving certain cakes, well besewon and well gessyled, a baking on a pan over the fire; and the good wyf me spake, 'Thou's nawt to tend save thine arrow an' thy baw: see to't, lad, whenas t'one soid o't keaks is brownd, an' turn them to teother.' But wellaway, my thoughts to other matters fled, and the *keaks* were singed; and the wyf, coming back, stormed like a sea-king, and smote one of mine ears and then the other. And, quoth she, 'Could n't thee moind the keaks, lad? Beshrew thee for't! thou loikes to eat them vast cnow!'—I bare it meckly; only asking her whether she were of kin to Sclethryth the nun."

Then we discoursed of sundry matters pertaining unto the kingdom; and also unto this poor house. Then he took up his harp, and arose to depart; saying, "You shall soon hear good or ill tidings." I showed him the stone wall, and said, "Thou hast ensafed us now, brother!" He gave it an earnest look, and made answer, "Oh yes, you are now strong enough: it may hap that I shall send you the queen." And, looking round about him, and then at me, he said, "Thou'rt but young, yet—" gravelike: and, without another word, rode away. The place looked

(1) Down.

(2) The king afterwards encouraged him to apply to letters; and, finally, made him Bishop of Winchester.

dull, in the dusk; and, just then, he thought me a blot.¹

Or ere many suns had set, came the glad tidings that he had rallied his people in Selwood-forest. At the stone of Egbert they met: a stone to be much set by. The news of his taking arms spread like wildfire; the people flocked unto him with gladness. Nothing was to be heard but horns, trumpets, and the ringing of arms. Two days continued the mustering: on the third, the king led them forward. He inflamed their souls with his words: Who can speak like the king? They came at length on the foe, carousing and making merry. Then, who shall tell what ensued? They fought beneath the king's eye. First, the arrows flew like snow-flakes, then followed the lances; and, anon, each man was hewing at another with his sword. As a standard-bearer rushed past, the king, in his heat, cried, "See! Neot leads us!" and the cry ran from mouth to mouth. What remains to tell? The Danes were winnowed like chaff; the victory remained with the king.

It was a day to be much remembered. The king followed hard after them to their stronghold, and besieged them straitly. Men from all quarters continued to flock to his standard. The stronger waxed the king, the weaker waxed the Danes. Fourteen days they endured siege and great famine; then their souls were brought low, even the soul of Guthrum, and they sued for the king's mercy.

Then Alfred the king bare in mind his old saying, that he would sooner they were converted than conquered. And, having insisted on their entire submission to his will, whatsoever it should be, he put them under a brief course of preparation, and assembling them nigh unto Athelney, he caused them to be admitted into the church by the holy waters of baptism. He himself stood sponsor for Guthrum, who, with thirty chiefs, was baptized. It was a notable, a memorable day. For twelve days the feast arose.

I wot there was joy in heaven over that sight; in special, in the heart of holy Neot. The thing was done quickly. I had speell of one of the priests afterwards, who took part in preparing the candidates. "There was not time," quo' he, "for many subtleties . . . we just showed them how they might be saved by Christ. We hammered that well into them, and let the rest alone; for they were but poor, blind pagans." Thought I Ethelfled, ye might have done worse.

Now the rest of the acts of king Alfred, and how he settled his kingdom, and how all the Saxon kings made him head of all England, and the good deeds that he did, and the wise laws that he made, and the ships that he getymbrade; . . . is it not all set down by Asser? Also, how he established the Danes under Guthrum, in East Anglia, where they turned their swords into pruning-hooks, and cultivated the land, and would not countenance the fresh swarms of Danes that landed, and fought, and were beaten. Thereafter,

the country had much prosperity. And Tine the Cornishman made this song, that was much sung by the people:—

"Oh, England, know thy blessings! See! the Lord hath given thee a good king. The ceap feed in the pastures; a little child may guard them. The girls may go to the wells: gold bracelets hang safe on the high-ways. The swains sow corn in the spring, for they look to thresh it in winter. Set up the Maypoles! set the cyder running! We are at peace and in safety; we, the happy ones! Dearest men, praise the Lord. The monks may now fish up their church-plate from the water-pits: also the nuns may sleep sweetly in their cells. The wolf gnaws his own fore-foot, for there are no dead bodies. Wisdom increaseth, wealth increaseth; let us glorify God. Oh England, know thy blessings!"

Howbeit, the Canaanite is still in the land. Of a verity, I thought when Guthrum was baptized, the kingdom of heaven was coming at last; but no, the set time was not come. Well, there is a Canaanite, too, in the little world of our own hearts, that will continue there so long as we are in the body: but it rests with ourselves whether to starve or to pamper him. What remaineth to say? Alfred the king was twenty and eight years old when he returned unto his kingdom. That was ten years ago; and here am I, still abdess of this poor house. Shaftesbury abbey is being getymbrade, but I doubt very much if I shall accept the mitre thereof: for I have become used to mine old quarters, though they are gloomy, and unto mine old nuns, though they are stupid. My rule has become popular, so that I have been constrained to refuse many postulants, in spite of the new wing. Among the fresh comers have been one or two hopeful ones; and one or two, that for conscience' sake I have been constrained to recommend to return unto the world. One of these was a girl whom I found dashing her head against a pillar, for that she said our rule was not hard enough. Afterwards she was a prey to unaccountable diseases, and one day fell to rolling herself very swiftly along the floor of the chapel, till she reached the shrine of our patroness; when, with a deep sigh, she exclaimed, "Now, praise to St. Audrey, I am cured!" Many would have made a miracle of it, which indeed was what she wanted; but I am, it may be, even too hard of belief in such events, unless undeniably authenticated; and as the girl proved a deceiver, I was glad the thing was done in a corner. Alfred the king is very fond of monasteries: per-adventure because he never lived in one himself. They are indeed necessary and expedient for the times; but if times are greatly bettered, it may be we shall learn to do without them. And as for safety!—only look at Winchester, and Croyland, and Ely. Ethelswitha, just as she was setting forth from our abbey-gate with her gay retinue, all pranked and glittering in the morning sun, cried, "Farewell, Ethelfled, I envy you your peaceful life:" but what witteth she, I aspire to know, of my joys or burthens? She sees me take my place now and then in the great council, and hears my good report of pilgrims and travellers, and has sate by while Eadwulf consulted me about

(1) A victim.

eel dikes and salt pans, and what to sow, and what to mow, and so many ambra of malt, and so many fotha of firewood, and whether we shall send so many systers of honey to such a monastery in return for their hens, or whether we may look for salmon-trouts from such another in return for our eels; all of which Eadwulf loves to roll under his tongue in hearing of the queen . . . Ah, my sister, you see not the other half of the gate-post!

My little niece is the joy of my life! She is steadfastly minded to profess, and when she cometh to fit years, if she be still of the same mind, no doubt, the king will be consenting. She may be abbess of Shaftesbury instead of myself, if she will. The little lamb clave to me from the first, and would reverently lay her hand on my garment, as if it were almost too holy to be touched. And she would sing snatches of hymns in her sleep, and have dreams of heaven; and, if she awoke in the night, would slip out of bed, and down upon her knees, with her pretty hands held up, and there, maybe, drop asleep. Therefore, there went a saying forth, that she was too good to live. But, nevertheless, she is thriving and of good cheer unto this day.

Here endeth the Chronicle of Ethelred.

CHIKAGOU AND TONIKA.¹

BY MISS RACHEL G. HEYER.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning found the two lovers more profoundly enamoured with each other than ever; because the night, if it had not blessed them with the refreshment of sleep, had afforded them leisure for reflection in which to contemplate the difficulties of their situation. For savage life has its code of morals and manners, as well as civilized; with this difference in the penalties of their infringement, that, while the latter visits the offender with disgrace, the other summarily dismisses him, by cutting off his head and sticking it upon a pole, as a terror to all other like-minded evil-doers. These difficulties acted upon the impatient ardour of the lovers, like—to use an old comparison—stones in the channel of a brook, which, without being able to arrest the course of the stream, serve to exasperate and break it into dissonant murmurs. Tonika, who was in a bewilderment of ecstasy and trouble, and who could hardly recover the exercise of her reason sufficiently to look upon the scenes of yesterday other than as the fragment of a delicious dream, no sooner encountered the young Michigan, than she commended him to the counsel of her brother. They both, indeed, had little hope of anything from this quarter; for the laws of the Natchez were like the laws of the Medes and Persians, that altered not. But, a very little spark of hope is enough to kindle up a whole flame of enterprise in a lover's bosom. So, after some few hours of fond talk with Tonika—which flew like momentary flashes of light

across the heaven of their enjoyment—Chikagou found himself closeted, as they say at Washington, with the Brother of the Sun, in the royal apartments, and in the midst of interesting deliberations.

Without any finesse, or introductory discourse, to break the ice, not even so much as a remark upon the state of the weather, Chikagou proposed at once for the hand of the sister princess. The Great Chief was not astonished. How could he be astonished that anybody should be ambitious of so illustrious an alliance? Indeed, Chopart himself had made the very same offer; the wily Frenchman reflecting, that an Indian marriage could not legally affect a prior contract under the civil law. The Natchez chief, however, hated the French; and was, also, clear-sighted enough to foresee the dissolution of the government, in the event of such a union. He, therefore, refused peremptorily, and thought the matter ended. In this he misjudged the craft of his adversary.

He now represented to the present suitor, that Paatlako had been encouraged to expect the hand of Tonika. That it was true, the matter could not be fully determined upon until after the winter hunt; when, if he brought in the proper amount of deer and buffalo, and the required number of Arkansas' scalps, there could be no obstacle to their union.

Chikagou understood all this, and proposed to become a competitor.

But, another difficulty interposed:—would Chikagou, in that event, renounce his tribe and identify himself with the Natchez?

Chikagou hesitated; when the Great Chief added—or, would Chikagou unite his tribe to that of the Natchez? There was plenty of hunting-ground and good rich ground for maize, as well as plenty of fish for both. Besides, this union would strengthen both; and, perhaps, enable them to drive out the French.

Chikagou started at this suggestion. He was a fast friend of the French. But he said nothing.

The Great Chief, not noticing the gesture, now sunk his voice to a whisper, and informed him, that this with him was a fixed purpose, from which no difficulty or danger could turn him. That he had already consulted with the chiefs of several friendly tribes; and that, at the great hunt, there was to be a council held the coming winter, on the Alabama, to mature their arrangements.

While all this was being related, Chikagou was collecting his thoughts for a suitable reply. At length he said, he would see his braves and old men of the nation, and return an answer before the council met. The Great Chief understood this as showing a disposition to enter into his sanguinary scheme. In this particular he deceived himself; but Chikagou was in earnest about the removal of his tribe. This was a possible thing. He retired from the presence, in a brown study,—neither bowing nor walking backwards. Indian sovereigns don't require it. They are better gentlemen than their civilized brethren. They have craft, without hypocrisy.

(1) Concluded from p. 314.

Tonika had overheard the conversation. Seated near the entrance, she had thrown her whole soul into her ears; and, as they were quick and sensitive, as well as handsome, nothing was lost. When Chikagou came out, she took him by the hand, and, without uttering a single word, led him out into a grove near the village, which they had no sooner reached, than she fell into his arms and wept like a child. And then the passionate language that fell from their lips, it would not become the dignity of the historian to repeat. We leave it to be treasured by the sylvan deities, as too sacred for the scoffing lips of a profane world. They found some satisfaction in the reflection, that they knew all the difficulties of their situation; and this enabled them to determine upon a certain course of action. Chikagou was to return immediately and consult his tribe upon the subject of the proposed removal. This failing, he was to return and carry off Tonika. No matter where they went, so that they went together. In his absence, they were to correspond through the Jesuit missions. This was practicable and easy—for they were both Christians. This settled, they returned to the village; where Chikagou passed the day with Father Philibert, and chatted with the *émigrés* about their beloved France. He was to set out early in the morning; and, therefore, made his adieu to Tonika, late at night.

And where was the vigilant and uneasy Paatlako all this time? Ignorant of the departure of Chikagou, he had that morning stolen away to the tent of the medicine-man. Yes, Paatlako, the unbeliever, was resorting to the sorcery of Umqua to open to him the doors of the future, that he might enter into its secrets, and resolve his present fears. They who best know human nature, will not be surprised at this. Men may profess atheism with their lips; but in their hearts there lurks a yearning toward the unseen, which in moments of trouble appeals to the Great Spirit, or to the demons that take his place in the benighted mind. Man must embrace a rational faith, or become the slave of a blind superstition. It was so with Paatlako, who now stood in the hut of the medicine-man; the latter hanging over a burning pile of narcotic leaves and berries, and inhaling the smoke through his nostrils. This, which would have killed a white man, only intoxicated the savage. Presently he began to rock himself from side to side—then backward and forward—muttering his incantations in a low dreamy tone of voice. Then he broke forth: "The Michigian is gone—gone to the great waters of the Iroquois—gone—gone." Then a pause. "The daughter of the Natchez is weeping alone." Another pause. "Paatlako comforts her. Paatlako is happy." Here the old man sank down, overcome by the fumes of the burning narcotics. Paatlako rushed from the hut; and was surprised and delighted to find that the Michigian was indeed gone. It was some time, however, before he could encounter Tonika; and when he did so, he saw no traces of tears upon her cheeks. She was at once cheerful and gracious. This puzzled him. It excited his suspicions. He set himself to unravel the mystery.

It was some two or three weeks after this, that Captain Chopart had called a council of the officers and leading men of the grant at the Fort. When they were assembled, he opened his communication to them, by reminding them that the present grant which they had received from the royal bounty, not only covered the ground now occupied by them, but extended north and east far beyond the ground in possession of the Natchez Indians; and he remarked, that he looked upon it as the duty of the colony to extend their jurisdiction over these limits; to dispossess the savage, and bring it into cultivation.

But the truth is, the Captain was looking at a private interest, rather than a public one, in making these suggestions. He was expecting a ship-load of emigrants soon to arrive at New Orleans, to whom he had agreed to sell portions of the land in question on his own account. Besides, the almost daily sight of Tonika had so inflamed him, that he was fairly mad, *par amours*. He longed to bring together all the military strength he could collect in the valley of the Mississippi, and extirpate the savages. Thus his avarice and his passion would be gratified. Longrays, Noyers, Bailly, and others, a little more independent than the rest, opposed his design for a long time. It was, however, finally carried. But each one in turn shrunk from the disagreeable task of communicating the determination to the Great Chief. Chopart, therefore, resolved to go himself. With him, the word was father to the act. He broke up the council, and proceeded at once in search of the Natchez chief.

The Great Chief was sitting under the Company's tobacco shed, smoking his pipe, and talking with the people engaged in packing, when Captain Chopart found him. The Captain saluted him with a show of reverence; which the Chief returned by simply taking the pipe from his mouth, blowing a cloud, and saying quietly, "Captain!" The Captain related, at once, the issue of the morning's conference. His words fell upon the Indian's ear like the summons of fate. He had seen too much of the white man, not to know that where his avarice was concerned, nothing could frustrate him in his unscrupulous purpose. But he listened in perfect silence. Not a single muscle of his face—not even the trembling of an eyelid—betrayed the tumult of his stricken heart. When the Captain had ended his appalling recital, fortified by the sophistries usually employed on such occasions, the Chief calmly replied, in tolerably bad French,—

"Captain," he said, "I have heard your speech; and it has made my heart very sad. You say that your King has given you these lands. How can he give you my property? Is not that stealing, by your religion? But, you say, by the right of discovery. Captain, this country was never lost. Who discovered it, but he who made it, and gave it to my fathers?—the Great Spirit, whose habitation is yonder burning sun. So, you say, your religion and your great knowledge give you a claim to it. Why, if you were good and wise, would you not see it was unjust?"

This reply only put the choleric soldier into a

passion. He was angry that the savage should reason so well; and anger is a most excellent argument in a bad cause. It saves a man a deal of wear and tear in conscience—for conscience, affrighted at the uproar, leaves the trembling and excited intellect, and takes refuge in the pocket; and stays there till the storm is over. He, therefore, answered that he did not come there to be catechised, but to demand his surrender of the grant; and that, if he did not consent to make it, he would bring the whole French force in the country to compel him.

"Captain," replied the great Chief, "what you say, you will do; be it good or bad. I know that. I bow my head; the poor Indian cannot fight the white man. But, Captain, you see here is my nation—this is our home—here is our temple—our fathers' graves—and all that the Indian holds dear!"

This was uttered with emotion. But it was not regarded. The Chief continued: "I will call a council of my braves. To-morrow you shall have our answer." Saying this, he strode away.

It did not take long to assemble the council; for the braves were all in the village. They were no sooner collected, than the Great Chief laid the matter before them. A profound silence followed the communication. It took them by surprise. At length Paatlako arose, and, with many apologies for his youth and inexperience, said, —

"My fathers, this is bad news, but it is what the Indian must always expect from the white man, and the white man's friend. The religion they would teach us, forbids us to cheat, to lie, to covet, or to steal. Is that the religion they live by? No! They want us to believe it, so that they may entrap and destroy us. They don't believe it, or they would live by it. No! They covet our land, our squaws, our tobacco, our corn. They want everything. And now they will turn us out of the home of our fathers; not because there is not land enough for all, but because they want more. Now, my fathers, there is to be a great talk at the hunt upon the Alabama. But the Frenchmen won't wait for that; therefore we must think of something to be done soon. Let us say to him, You shall have our land; but we must get in our corn first, and then we will go. Meanwhile, let us prepare! Let us buy muskets and powder; and, when the time comes, let us fall upon the French and take their scalps. Let us do it suddenly—and then take their fort, and make ourselves strong."

Paatlako spoke the mind of every chief in the council. They all pronounced the speech good. An old chief was deputed to carry the answer to Chopart: he was a wily and practised negotiator, and had often handled the wampum. The council then broke up.

CHAPTER IV.

THE negotiations with Captain Chopart were successful; that is, the Indians secured the requisite delay. But the Captain, not to be disappointed in his greedy expectations, imposed a tax, or rent, upon every lodge in the village. This made the savages

laugh, and made them angry; it was so novel, and so annoying. To think of this perplexing improvement of civilized man being forced upon the free occupants of a free soil! To think of that perpetual recurrence of quarter-day, which divides the poor man's life into so many epochs of dreadful anxiety, and spreads a gloom over the whole of his mortal existence—to think of this being engrafted upon the wilderness, to mark the white man's approach, and to be added to those plagues of his commerce, disease and rum! Surely the French radical Prud'hon would be justified in declaring that, in this case, property was theft.

Meanwhile, the Indians were not idle. They had collected all the skins they could find in the village—even stripping themselves of many favourite articles of clothing—to make up a sufficient amount to send to New Orleans in exchange for muskets, powder, and ball. Two large canoes were soon despatched on this errand; which returned in about three weeks with a small supply of these products of civilization. The intercourse with the people of the grant was not interrupted; but conducted with the same appearance of cordiality as before; at the same time, each party secretly availing itself of every means to strengthen its position. We speak now of the principal men, and not of the mass of the people; for these were in entire ignorance of these machinations, and suspected no evil.

Chikagou had not yet returned. He had taken a long journey; for his tribe, living in the neighbourhood of Lake Michigan, was good fifteen hundred miles above Natchez. Paatlako was not altogether unmindful of this, and as the time wore away, he became daily more uneasy. Tonika's behaviour towards him, though frank and courteous, was too cold to encourage his hopes. The sharp-witted savage thought he saw that there was dwelling in her heart a beloved image toward which her thoughts ever returned, and that warmed her heart with an inward joy, not all to be mistaken for the effects of his presence. But yet, this long absence was beginning to trouble her. She had received several short messages from Chikagou, but they conveyed no information respecting the time of his return. Two months had now elapsed, when Father du Poisson, a Jesuit missionary, coming to the grant, put into her hand a note from her lover. It informed her that he had not been able to persuade his tribe to remove to the south. The old men, indeed, were willing, for they began to suffer from the rigour of that climate. But the young men resisted. They averred, and with truth, that the means of subsistence were more abundant and of better quality than could be found upon the lower Mississippi; and that, as for the winters, they furnished them with plenty of fur to trade with the Canadians. Chikagou had, therefore, no alternative but to fall back upon their first plan of an elopement. He would be at the appointed place, early in the evening of the last day of the moon. Tonika was by no means reluctant, and when the night came, she was at the rendezvous. Chikagou

was soon by her side; they set out immediately, under cover of the night, for the north. But it was not his intention to return thither. Knowing that Paatlako and others would by daylight be on his trail, his design was to lay by during the day, and at night slip down the river to New Orleans. Tonika, being a princess, had been too much indulged—that is, too much nursed in the lap of civilization—to admit of such speed of travel as to elude her more vigorous pursuers, on so long a journey. Chikagou had left a canoe in charge of two braves, about fifteen miles above, towards which he now directed his steps.

It was quite morning before the lovers discovered their attendants, when they immediately had the canoe launched, and getting into it, made for a small island lying in the middle of the river. Here they landed, drew up the canoe into the bushes, and prepared to pass the day—keeping, however, a good look out, in the mean time. Chikagou had calculated with absolute certainty upon his pursuers following him by land. And he was not mistaken; for, when the sun had been about two hours in the sky, one of his braves came in to inform him that there was a party standing upon the opposite shore. Chikagou stole forward to reconnoitre; and sure enough, there was Paatlako and six other Indians, looking directly into the island. Presently a musket-ball came whistling past Chikagou, which gave him to understand that he was discovered. This did not disconcert him, for he expected it; and, being armed with three good rifles, he did not fear an encounter. But it was his object to avoid this, for the sake of Tonika.

Remaining quiet, therefore, he watched his adversaries with the closest attention. After talking awhile, they ascended the bank of the river, and going into the wood, appeared again about three miles above, at a point that commanded a view of the channel on both sides of the island. Chikagou comprehended their design at once; which was, to build a raft, and, taking advantage of the current, float down the river, and land upon the island. He immediately brought the canoe to the south end, and returned to his post. It was near noon before the raft was completed, and the party, guiding it with long poles, were in the middle of the river; but, within a mile of the island, the channel divided; the raft was drawn to the west, which, putting the island between them and the eastern shore, Chikagou and his party immediately leapt into the canoe, and struck across and landed without being discovered. They drew up their canoe, and concealed themselves in the thick underwood on the shore. Paatlako was completely foiled. They saw him from their retreat, and enjoyed his perplexity. But he was not long in doubt. Again he put his raft in motion, and suffered it to float down the stream, while he attentively examined the shore. At about three miles below, he landed, remained a few moments, and then, leaving four of his men, with the other two descended the river again. This manoeuvre Chikagou did not understand. But the fact was, Paatlako had penetrated

his design; and, leaving a party to watch the movements of the fugitives, he had determined to return to the village, and intercept them on their way down.

Either the four savages who had landed from the raft had failed to discover their retreat, or had no intention to attack them; for it was now dark, and they had not been molested. Chikagou, so far, had gained his object. He therefore took to the water again, pushed silently over to the opposite shore, and suffered the canoe to drift. As the river was full at this season—it being the latter part of the month of October—the current was rapid, and they glided on their way as fast as they could reasonably desire.

When Paatlako arrived at the village, the sun had set. But there was great news awaiting him. Several barges had that afternoon arrived from New Orleans, containing a large amount of goods for the French. This had determined the Indians to make the proposed attack the next morning. This was meat and drink to Paatlako. The plan being arranged, and everything in readiness for the morning's business, he and his two Indians took their muskets, and descending to the river, sat themselves down behind some bales, which had been landed from the barges, and awaited the appearance of Chikagou.

They had not remained there long, before the canoe came in sight. For once Chikagou had been rash. Relying upon the custom of the Indians never to post sentinels at night, he had suffered his vessel to drift toward the Natchez shore. Hence, so soon as he had come nearly opposite the party in ambush, they arose, and with a shout, brought their muskets to a level. Chikagou, fearing for the safety of Tonika, stood up and signified his desire to surrender. The muskets were grounded—the canoe turned her prow to the land—and the adventure seemed to have arrived at a speedy and disastrous end. But Paatlako, in his eagerness to secure the prize, incautiously threw himself into the water, and swam out to meet it. He had just reached the canoe, and put out his hand to seize it by the gunwale, when Chikagou buried his hatchet in his head. He sank without a groan, and disappeared down the stream.

Chikagou hesitated for a moment, to consider whether he had not better continue his voyage. But the two Indians had already seized their guns again, and their report would call out the whole village. This would again endanger Tonika. He therefore leapt ashore, the others immediately following, and was conducted at once to the presence of the Great Chief—for the village was still awake, under the excitement of the morning's expectations.

The Brother of the Sun reproached the young Michigan in bitter words. His conduct in carrying off Tonika was now made doubly offensive by the death of Paatlako. He was informed that he must be confined until to-morrow, and then be given up to be dealt with by the relatives of the dead chief. That was the custom, and Chikagou knew what it meant. He, however, though he did not fear death, loved his

life for Tonika's sake. He therefore offered at once to renounce his tribe for ever, and become the subject of the Natchez despot. This offer softened him; and he qualified his severity by the offer of the young chief's life, upon the condition that he would take part in the morning's attack on the French. Chikagou did not hesitate to prefer death to such dishonour. Well, then, he must take the alternative. He was accordingly removed, and bound to a tree.

As for Tonika, she said nothing—and nothing was said to her; for a Natchez princess is as free as the sovereign himself. But her resolution was taken. She would deliver her lover, or die with him. She said this to herself quietly: and went quietly about her business. She had too much upon her mind to give way to tears or vain expostulations. Besides, she knew that, so far from melting the savage hearts of her people, they would only harden them. She therefore marked the place of poor Chikagou's imprisonment. This was nothing but a large cottonwood tree, to which he was laced with thongs, tighter than a modern young lady in a pair of Madame Cantello's corsets. Chikagou was not dismayed. He had in him a sound heart, full of Tonika and pious sentiments. Besides, he had great faith in Tonika's resources. And if he had not, seeing she was an uncommonly shrewd daughter of Eve—supposing, in opposition to modern geologists, that this continent was not peopled before Adam's days—why, then, he deserved to be burnt. But, he had—and the event justified his faith. Nevertheless, the night was fast wearing away, and he had heard nothing from her. It was now near day, when Tonika appeared, with a knife in her hand—whether to cut the thongs, or to invite him to join her in a journey to the unknown world, in the Parisian style of disconsolate lovers, he did not know—hardly cared. She approached, embraced him—which looked rather suspicious—then applied the knife to the leather, and he was free. She told him, he must make for the river, where his two men would be found waiting for him; remain there until he heard the report of guns, which would be the signal for the massacre. In the confusion, both he and she would be forgotten, and she would immediately join him.

Chikagou's first impulse, on his liberation, was to run down to the Fort, to apprise the French of their danger. In this he was unfortunate. The soldier on guard refused him admittance; and he was in danger of being shot for his pertinacity. Failing here, he next sought the dwelling of Father Philibert. But Father Philibert had departed a few days before, down the river. It was now broad day; and he turned with a sigh to seek his own security, leaving the Frenchman to his fate. He had no sooner reached the shore, than the firing began. The cries of the poor struggling victims, and the yells of the savages, filled the air with their dreadful reverberations. Presently Tonika came flying down the bank. A barge, which the two braves had already launched, and supplied with provisions and other articles from the bales and boxes at hand, received the lovers, and they

were soon floating down the stream. Meanwhile the carnage was going on above them. The guns of Fort St. Rosalie sent forth their thunder—the drums beat—but all in vain. The attack had been too well planned; and not a man remained to tell the tale.

But let us not dwell upon the sanguinary scene. We must admit that it had been provoked; and that Chopart at least met the fate he deserved. And say what we may of these savage doings, there is not a civilized or Christianised nation on the continent of Europe, whose armies have not committed as great outrages; and, let us add, with even less provocation. Among the aboriginals of America, the white man has ever been the aggressor. But his superior knowledge has enabled him, hypocritically

“To force the act, yet judge the heart.”

For which, we doubt not, he will yet have to answer to a higher tribunal than public opinion.

But, leaving this sad subject, let us follow the lovers to New Orleans, where they arrived in a few days, bringing the first intelligence of the disaster. The city, containing at that time but about ten or twelve hundred inhabitants, was greatly alarmed. A general rising of the Indians was apprehended. But as their fears in this respect were unfounded, they soon set on foot an expedition against the Natchez. The most signal revenge was taken. The tribe was nearly exterminated; and the residue driven across the river never to be heard of again.

Chikagou and Tonika were married according to the rites of the Catholic Church. They passed the winter in the city, and in the spring returned up the river to Michigau. They both lived to be old—to be respected by the red and white man alike—and dying, left their name to be perpetuated by the flourishing city of *Chicago*.

JAPANESE EXPEDITIONS.

SCARCELY have two years elapsed since the attention of the public was drawn to the state of our commercial, or, rather, non-commercial relations, with those remote islands which comprehend the empire of Japan. We then laid before our readers a brief, but full view of the history of that country, its physical aspect, the productions of the soil, the religion, government, education, manners, habits of the people, and briefly alluded to the different missions that had lately been undertaken for the purpose of opening up, if possible, a friendly intercourse with the natives. The recent expedition fitted out by the Americans, who have been amongst the most enterprising voyagers in those seas, which perhaps, whilst we write, is ploughing its ocean-course to those distant islands, has again brought the subject before the world; and we may be pardoned if we take an ampler review of the embassies that have been sent out, and give a few of the most prominent features of that wealthy kingdom.

(1) See Sharpe's Magazine for August 1850.

A mystery has long hung over the condition of these islands, and curiosity has frequently been excited with respect to them—partly from what we know of them—partly from what we do not know. The restrictive laws that have been passed against the admission of strangers, and which have existed upwards of two centuries, sufficiently explain the causes of our ignorance; but whilst we confess that our information is imperfect, we would not draw the sweeping conclusions that some have ventured to do, and assert that we know nothing of those countries. Whilst we have the works of Kempfer, Thunberg, Siebold, and Charlevoix, we shall always retain more than sufficient acquaintance with them to whet our curiosity and excite our deepest interest.

The earliest information the Europeans received of the existence of Japan, or Zipangu, as it was then called, was from the celebrated Venetian traveller, Marco Polo, who, in company with his father and uncle, traversed the whole extent of the broad continent of Asia, and settled at the court of Khublai Khan, the conqueror of Tartary and China. The accounts of this young traveller, exaggerated and improbable as some parts of them were, were received with the keenest avidity by his credulous and excitable countrymen. The East had always existed in the imaginations of men as the region of wealth, luxury, and beauty, and the pictures of Marco Polo, in which he described the temples of Zipangu to be "*roofed with gold*," were perfectly consonant with the received idea of the exhaustless riches of these "countries of the sun." Accordingly, the minds of the Venetians were filled with the most extravagant desires of visiting those remote islands and participating in the treasures of their gold and diamond mines. But their imperfect acquaintance with navigation was a barrier to the realization of their wishes, and it was not until the year 1552 that the true position of that kingdom was known to the West.

The Portuguese, from the time of the discovery of a passage to the East Indies by doubling the Cape of Storms, or, as it was afterwards called, the Cape of Good Hope, in prognostication of the track by sea it would open to the Indies, had been indefatigable in their discoveries in those sunny waters. That long chain of rich and luxuriant islands, which group themselves between the tropics and link the great northern continent with the island-continent of Australia, had been already explored, and their indefatigable exertions had brought them into connexion with even China itself. But it was left to one of those overruling occurrences which mark, and in some degree explain, the mysterious dispensations of Providence, to discover the islands of Japan. In 1552 some Portuguese vessels, navigating the neighbouring seas, encountered a violent storm, and after buffeting for several days the fury of the waves, at last fell in with one of their harbours, in which they took refuge. Here they were hospitably received by the natives. Provisions and other necessities were supplied them, and every means taken to enable them to recruit

their exhausted strength. Their ships, which had been shattered by the tempest, were refitted with materials, brought voluntarily by the inhabitants, and made sea-worthy; and when these Portuguese mariners were about to depart they were warmly invited to make a speedy return, and take such things as the country produced in exchange for whatever valuables they might think proper to bring.

The empire of Japan consists of three large islands and several smaller ones, lying between the parallels 30' and 45' north latitude, and bearing the same kind of relation to the Continent of Asia which the islands of Great Britain do to that of Europe. The area of these islands—Nippon, Jesso, and Kiusiu—exceeds that of England, Scotland, and Ireland, by 40,000 square miles. The population has been estimated at thirty millions, but it is difficult to ascertain the truth, and the probability really is that the number is overstated. Yeddo, the capital, is said by some to have a million or a million and a half of inhabitants, but the impossibility of arriving at any correct statement will be evident when it is mentioned that the citizens themselves fix it at ten millions. Meaco, Sakay, Osaka, and Nangasacki, also rank with the imperial city. The latter is situated in the most southern of the islands, Kiusiu or Kimo, and is reported to contain upwards of seventy thousand inhabitants. The other towns are populous, and the country is represented as covered with villages.

The idea which the shipwrecked Portuguese entertained of the riches of Japan, from their short sojourn on its coast, convinced them that a lucrative trade might be carried on with the Japanese; and when they left they not only expressed their gratitude for the humane attentions that had been paid them, but parted with many promises of a speedy return. No sooner had the tidings of this new discovery reached Lisbon, by the safe arrival of the Portuguese sailors, than numerous expeditions were fitted out, and speculators of every kind hastened over to Japan, to be the first to reap a prolific harvest from the golden opportunity now thrown in their way. The character given of the inhabitants encouraged many whom the prospects of vast wealth could not stimulate. In a short time these fortunate adventurers obtained a firm footing in the island. Marriages between them and the natives were contracted and solemnized; manufactures were established; the concerns of government entered into with unwearied assiduity; the work of conversion from idolatry to Christianity progressed with extraordinary success; and in every district and quarter of the empire the Portuguese might be found rapidly spreading and happy in the possession of an uninterrupted and gainful monopoly.

It was not long, however, before the Dutch, themselves as enterprising and daring as the Portuguese, and who had on many occasions proved themselves no contemptible rivals even in those seas, followed in their track, and by a similar misfortune became acquainted with Japan.

A trading fleet, consisting of five sail, fitted out

from Texel, suffered much from tempestuous weather, and after a few days became separated. Of these vessels only one escaped, and this, after beating about for some time, was driven into a Japanese port. The situation of the crew was in the utmost degree miserable. They were exhausted by fatigue, want of provisions, and the incessant anxiety consequent upon being driven about by a violent storm upon a distant and untried sea. Few can appreciate the welcome of that morning which brought them within sight of land! They had no fear of inhospitable enemies or barren islands. All apprehensions were swallowed up in the one prevailing idea of delight that filled their hearts—one thought alone was theirs—the prospect of escape from the dangers that menaced their vessels and them. Eagerly they steered to the nearest point that seemed to give a promise of shelter, and after cruising about the coast for a short time they entered a bay that conducted them to a town and harbour. What was their astonishment at finding, mingled with the variegated costumes of the natives, which from its novelty gave an air of wildness to all around, the dress of Europeans! No sooner had they landed than the Portuguese came to welcome them, and their joy was complete. But treachery and deception awaited them. The Portuguese, who had thus apparently befriended them, offered to act as interpreters, to introduce them to the civic authorities, and to procure for them immediate relief. Accordingly the Dutch were conducted to the governor's house, where they were received with much show and ceremony. Questions were put to them, which the Portuguese undertook to explain, as well as to convey their answers. But no intention of assisting them existed in the minds of the Portuguese. They played false, and instead of giving correct answers, they made only such replies as condemned the unfortunate mariners. They dreaded lest the Dutch should interfere with their monopoly, as they had done in many parts of Asia, and thus basely represented these helpless and pitiable men as spies; and it is probable that the fate which belongs to such characters became the fate of these unfortunate victims of misplaced confidence and treacherous jealousy. An Englishman, however, of the name of Addams, who was one of the crew, managed to save his life, and ingratiating himself into the favour of the ruling powers, lived to become an influential man in the country, and a means of performing many valuable services to the Dutch and English, and even to the Portuguese, though they had acted so malignantly against him and his unfortunate companions upon their first arrival on the islands.

The reign of Elizabeth is memorable in the annals of our naval history. With a sagacity and penetration that characterised her government, she foresaw that England must become a maritime commercial country. Hence, priding herself upon the strength and magnitude of her armaments, the substantial bulwarks of that commerce, she encouraged her people to make voyages of discovery into every quarter of the globe. It is needless to point to names, whose brightness is

imperishable, and whose number make the period of her rule a galaxy of glory; it is sufficient to state that to her conduct in this respect may be attributed the origin of the East India Company—a Company that has extended vastly the dominions, as well as the wealth of Great Britain in Asia, and which was called into existence shortly after by a royal charter.

It was during the eighth expedition, fitted out by this honourable federation of merchants for Japan, that two events of great importance to our commercial prospects in those quarters took place. The one was, the establishment of an English factory at Nangasaki; the other, an agreement drawn up and signed between the deputies of the East India Company and the ministry of the Japanese Emperor, for the better regulation of our intercourse. It was as follows: "We give free licence to the subjects of Great Britain, viz. to Sir Thomas Smith, Governor, and the company of East India merchants and adventurers for ever, safely to come into any of the ports of the empire of Japan, with their ships and merchandise, without any hindrance to them or their goods, and to abide, buy, sell, and barter, according to their manner with all nations, to tarry here as long as they think good, and to depart at their leisure." Captain Saris, who commanded this expedition, was a man of conciliating address, open heart, and incorruptible integrity, and the East India Company were not a little indebted to his urbane and courteous behaviour, which fascinated the Japanese emperor, for the privilege chartered in the above treaty. He even visited the imperial palace by express desire, and was in every way treated with great respect, the letters which he brought from his sovereign, James the First, being received with marks of peculiar distinction.

The results of this treaty were highly beneficial to all those whom it concerned. But the Portuguese were jealous of the Dutch, and the Dutch of the English, and every means that could be found to thwart the influence of the others, was adopted by the two former. On some occasions the attempts of the Dutch to magnify the importance of their government to the Japanese emperor served to render them ridiculous in the eyes of the rest of the world. They prepared maps of Europe to be laid before his imperial majesty, in which England and Portugal were represented as insignificant countries, and Holland a colossal empire, occupying two-thirds of the continent.

This absurd, and when it entailed worse consequences, which it frequently did, mischievous rivalry continued for upwards of half a century, when an event took place which crushed in the head the jealousy and ambition of these three nations, and restricted the commerce of the country to but one European power, the Dutch, and that too under the most stringent and humiliating regulations.

As an account of the causes which led to the expulsion of foreigners from the islands of Japan has already been given, in the number alluded to above, it will be unnecessary to detail them here. The

Jesuits having endeavoured to overthrow the existing religion and subvert the government, having failed, a decree was instantly promulgated, banishing all strangers from the coasts and territories of Japan, under the most severe penalties, and closing its ports and harbours for ever against them under every circumstance. An exception, as we have observed before, was made in favour of the Dutch, who had assisted them in defeating the insurrection of the Portuguese and Christian natives, and who, it was asserted at the time, further purchased this privilege by denying their faith and performing the degrading ceremony of trampling the cross under their feet at one of the annual festivals of the natives. This gross charge against them has been partially answered by Dutch writers, who assert that their countrymen did not deny that they were Christians, but that they were of the same communion with the Portuguese; but the trampling of the cross under their feet would seem to imply that they did not wish to be accounted holding even a common or general connexion with them, and for this purpose, to gain a monopoly of comparatively speaking valueless privileges, they consented to treat with disrespect the symbol of their religion, a symbol that has been in every age and every country the glorious sign of their one belief.

It is not improbable that the injustice exercised towards the English on this occasion would have been severely dealt with, had not the government at home been distracted by the internal disturbances of the country and the impending struggles that even now began to menace the political horizon of Great Britain. Certain it is that no effort was made until long after to urge our claims of admission, and never, that we know of, to seek redress for the injuries inflicted in 1637, the year when they, in conjunction with the Portuguese, were banished; and a false delicacy has repressed the governments of Europe from demanding what must be acknowledged by every reflective mind a universal right, and by the law of nations the prerogative of all.

The exception made in favour of the Dutch, was the permission to send annually two ships from Batavia to the port of Nangasaki, but under such restrictions as make their crews for the time being little less than prisoners. Upon their arrival at the harbour, they are signalled to await the agents of the government, to whom they deliver up their arms, to be returned upon their departure. When in port they are only allowed to move about at stated times, and under surveillance, whilst in some instances the Japanese authorities affix the price to the articles they have brought with them for sale.

The Portuguese could ill brook the ascendancy of the Dutch in Japan, however ill-gotten that ascendancy had been, and in less than three years from the time of their expulsion made an attempt to renew their commercial relations with that people. Accordingly, a deputation was sent to Nangasaki, consisting of seventy-three persons, and accompanied with all imaginable pomp, to impress the emperor with the

dignity of their claims and the sincerity of their intentions. But the fate that awaited them was consistent with the spirit of Japanese legislation. No sooner had they set foot upon the shore, than in defiance or contempt of the power and assumptions of the Portuguese, the governor ordered them to be seized and thrown into prison. Sixty-one out of the seventy-three were shortly after executed. The rest were sent adrift in an open boat, and with scanty provisions, upon the ocean, to find their way back to some friendly port, and to communicate to their countrymen the treatment they might in future expect upon a similar occasion. These unfortunate men, however, were never afterwards heard of, and it is probable that they perished in a storm or by the longer process of famine. Such summary justice exhibits at once the barbarity of the laws and the vindictiveness of this government.

For more than half a century the Japanese were allowed to remain unmolested and to enjoy the exclusiveness which they had established, no attempt being made to gain admission into their ports, until the year 1672, when the English arrived at Nangasaki, bearing a copy of the old treaty. The same inflexibility towards any communication was manifested, and after several interruptions the English sailed away without accomplishing their object. Such has been the result of every subsequent expedition.

The vigilance with which the Japanese guard against the infraction of these laws amongst their own subjects is curiously illustrated by the following anecdote:—In 1808 Captain Pellew, cruising about in those seas, was driven by stress of weather into one of their harbours, and being also in want of provisions, sent word to the governor that he stood in need of his assistance, and if he would order the necessary articles to be forwarded to the vessel he should be paid for them in return. The only reply which he obtained was a message, that unless he sailed away immediately the guns of the fortress would open upon him. The captain upon the occasion vindicated the dignity and character of the British nation. Instead of being intimidated by this haughty and inhuman threat, he gave the governor to understand that unless the provisions were speedily sent he would batter the town about the heads of the inhabitants. The result was, that supplies of every kind were brought, the vessel re-stored and put into a proper condition for leaving the harbour. The governor, however, who had allowed the provisions to be sent, met with a melancholy fate. He committed suicide. But in this unnatural conduct he acted in conformity with the laws of his country, by which it is enacted that if the man, convicted of the crime of which this governor was guilty, puts not an end to his own life, the lives of his wife and children shall be sacrificed and his property confiscated.

The searching examinations they maintain of every vessel that is admitted into their ports, cannot be better exemplified than by the following incident, which shows that no deception can impose upon, or

caution elude their vigilance. During the late war, whilst the decrees of Napoleon closed the ports of the continent against England, the Dutch were obliged to go to America for a freight of manufactured goods. An American vessel was also placed at their service, and, being filled with a valuable cargo, set sail, arrived at Nangasaki, and proceeded with the disposal of their freight. But the government agents quickly detected that the build of the ship was dissimilar to what the Dutch had brought before; the texture of the goods, which were coarser than the English, was animadverted upon, and even the crew (there were Americans among them) were subject to their scrutinising suspicions. Upon this the whole stock was ordered to be re-shipped, the sailors to embark, and the vessel instantly to quit the harbour.

Such pictures will give some idea of the difficulties that lie in the way of obtaining a hearing from his imperial majesty, the Emperor of Japan. Within the present century, besides other embassies, the Russians sent a conciliatory expedition under the conduct of Vorseburg, but with no better success; and so lately as 1837, just two centuries from the period of the expulsion of the foreigners, the English government commissioned the Samurau to proceed to the port of Nangasaki, and endeavour to obtain a friendly conference, but to no effect. The Americans, taking with them some shipwrecked Japanese, whom they wished to restore to their country and their homes, also pursued the same plan. But their humane mission was no more respected than the efforts of other nations. However, they have been more active and vigorous than ourselves in their conduct towards the Japanese, and their demands have been more loud and determined. The failure of former negotiations has roused them again to undertake a more decided step, and, perhaps, whilst we are writing an expedition from New York is on its way to those distant islands, for the purpose of placing the commercial relations of that kingdom with the other nations of the world upon a more comprehensive and liberal footing, if possible; or at least to demand the restitution of several American sailors, who are said to be exposed in iron cages, in different parts of the kingdom, according to the custom adopted against those unfortunate creatures who happen to be driven upon the coast. Nor is this the least evil. After a certain interval they are executed as criminals. Another important object is to compel the emperor to sign a treaty engaging him to supply any shipwrecked mariners thrown on his shores, of whatever country they may chance to be, with whatever necessities they may require, and insisting upon the right of all nations to seek refuge in his harbours during stress of weather. To carry weight with their request and to ensure the accomplishment of this most humane object, a sufficient force accompanies this legation of mercy, consisting of three steamers, a frigate, a sloop-of-war, and a store-ship, all under the command of Commodore Perry, a man who has distinguished himself in the American navy, by an

active and enterprising spirit, a generous and humane disposition.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the end of this expedition will be attained, independent of the new field of investigation it will open to the historian, antiquarian, naturalist and merchant, for the sake of charity; but more is it to be hoped that it will be attained without violence. It will be a great and a glorious day when the nations of the world, laying aside false and suspicious ideas of inter-communication, shall throw open their gates widely to all, and every man of every country find a generous welcome and unshaken security on whatever shore he may chance to set his foot.

NELLY NOWLAN'S EXPERIENCE.¹

COMMUNICATED BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"I PROMISED, my dear Aunt," continued Nelly, "when I left you, to tell you everything I saw! I little knew what a promise that was when I made it! but there's something so mighty queer has happened lately in this great town, that I should like you to come to knowledge of it; it is so different from what's going on in poor old Ireland. I haven't much time for writing this month, so must tell it *out of the face*, and be done with it. Do you remember the watching we used to have when the war was going on betwixt Miss Mulvany of the big shop, and Mrs. Tony Casey of the red house, about the length of their gowns? All the county cried shame on Miss Mulvany, when the hem of her bran-new-Sunday-silk reached the binding of her shoe, and then they shouted double shame on Mrs. Tony Casey, all the way home from mass, when the next Sunday *her* dress touched the heel; sure it served us for conversation all the week, and every girl in the place letting down her hems—and happy she, who had a good piece in the gathers—and to see the smile and the giggle on Miss Mulvany's face! We all knew, when we saw *that*, that she'd come out past the common, the next Sunday; and so she did, and a cruel wet Sunday it was, and she in another silk, a full finger on the ground behind and before, and she too proud to hold it up! and that little villain, Paddy Macgann, coming up to her in the civilist way and asking if he might carry home her tail for her! And then the row there was between Tony Casey and his wife, the little foolish *crayshur*, because he refused her the price of a new gown, with which she wanted to break the heart of the other fool, Miss Mulvany, by doubling the length, and how Mrs. Casey would not go to mass, because she couldn't have a longer tail than Miss Mulvany! And sure *you mind*, Aunt dear, when all that work was going on, how the fine Priest stood on the altar, and 'Girls and boys,' he says—it was after mass—'Girls and boys, but especially girls, I had a drama last night, or indeed, to be spaking good English, it was this morning I had it, and I need not tell you, my

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little darlings,' (that was the kind way he had of speaking,) 'that a morning drame comes true. Well, in my drame I was on the Fair green, and there was a fine lot of you, all looking fresh and gay like a bank of primroses, and all sailing about like a forest of paycocks, with tails as long and as dragged as Mary Mulvaney has got, and Mrs. Tony Casey has *not* got.'— 'No fault of hers, plaze your Reverence,' said Tony. 'Hould y'er tongue, Tony,' said the Priest, 'until you're spoken to, and don't be a fool; when a wise man wins a battle, he shouldn't brag of it; and its ill manners you have, to be putting your Priest out in the face of his congregation. Where was I?'

" 'In a forest of paycocks, your Reverence,' squeaked little Paddy Macgann.

" 'That's a fine boy, Paddy, to remember what your Priest says.'

" 'Your Reverence promised me a penny the last time I held your horse,' squeaked Paddy again; upon which there was a grate laugh, in which his reverence joined. It was mighty sharp of Paddy.

" 'Well, girls,' continued his Reverence, 'you were all like paycocks, only some had longer tails than others, and very proud you were of them—mighty fine, and quite natural; showing them off, girls, not to one another, but *at* one another. Well, there is, as you all know, no accounting for drames, for all of a sudden who should come on the green, but the Black Gentleman himself! It's downright earnest I am. I saw him as plain as I see you; hoofs and horns, there he was; and when you all saw him, of course you ran away like hares, and those that had short gowns got clean off, tight and tidy, but as for poor Mary Mulvaney, and all like her, (in dress, I mean,) all he had to do, was to put his hoof on the gown tails, and they were done for—pinned for everlasting. Girls! remember *the morning drame comes true!* If ye make a vanity of your gown tails, it's a sure sign that the devil has set his foot on them. Now be off every one of you, and let me see you next Sunday.' Ah, Aunt dear, the tails were cut off to the shoe binding.

"Now, Aunt, it would be the greatest blessing in life if the fine ladies here had some little contrivance (those who walk) for keeping their dresses off the streets; it's a murdering pity to see the sweep they give to the dirt and dust as they float over the pavements; my mistress says, that long ago the upper petticoat reached the ankle joint, and was of quilted silk, mighty handsome, and the dress drawn up so as to show it a bit, and could be let down at pleasure; it's next to impossible to keep shoes and stockings clean, while what our good old priest called the 'paycock's tail' sweeps the streets as the lady walks. But, indeed, (as my dear good lady says,) 'extremes meet;' for will you believe it, that there has been an attempt made by some ladies from America, (that wonderful uneasy country, that's too big to contain itself, and must keep on a-meddling and a-doing for ever more,) to revolutionize, that is, stir up a rebellion against every stitch we wear! There is reason in all things; and it would be both more clean and more

convenient if the ladies left it to the dear little red-coated ragged-school boys, to sweep the streets; but these ladies (*Bloomers* they call themselves) are for turning all the women into men, by act of parliament. I don't know if they have got any plan for turning the men into women, but my mistress says *that* must follow. You remember, Aunt, that we used to call the darling Miss Mildred a 'bloomer;' and there was a poem made about her, in such beautiful rhyme:

'Oh, you are like Cassandra fair,
Who won great Alexander's heart;
A bloomer, sweeter than the rose.'

I forget it, Aunt, but it continued very learned—about

'O'Donaghoo and the great O'Brien,
That bang'd the strength out of Orion.'

It was all about her, and her bating Venus for beauty, and went to the tune of 'Jackson's Morning Brush.'

"Only think of our darling Miss Mildred being thought of in the same day with *these* 'bloomers,' as if she wore a man's hat and waistcoat,—to say nothing of *the other things*,—in the broad light of day; and if *that* isn't enough, strapped over the *boot!* Our own born, bred, and reared Miss Mildred, with the blush of innocence on her cheek, a brow as fair as if it had been bathed in May-dew every-morning of her life, with the freshness of youth on her rosy lips, cauntering through the country on her snow-white pony, mau-fashion, to say nothing of boots and spurs!

"Well, this band of Bloomers is quite different to what you would expect from the name. My mistress bought the picture of one, and that was pretty enough to look at. But think of the dress of a slim young lady of ten years old, on a grown-up woman, particularly if she is rather fallen into flesh, and you'll see how I saw a stout Bloomer look,—certainly, that was not blooming. 'Anything looks well on youth and beauty; or rather, youth and beauty look well in anything; but the deepness of the dress was that it was only a *cloak*, (though that's not true, for *cloaks* are not Bloomer,) only a sign, or an all-over sort of badge, for another thing—putting us all into! Counsellor's wigs, and turning us into Parliament men and ministers; and police-inspectors and generals, and rifle-brigades. The upsettingest thing that ever crossed the wild waters of the Atlantic!

"My dear mistress shook her poor head, and said to me,—for I was greatly troubled at the first going off to think if it was passed into a law here, what I should have to turn to myself, or whether it would not be more patriotic for me to go back to ould Ireland and be a White-Boy at once, because if the women were turned into men, surely we'd have the best of it then, any how. I *was* troubled, for I hate the law, and as for Parliament, I never could stand the arguments there, as I'd like best to have my own way, without any contradiction, which a woman *can* do at home if she's at all *cute*; so, seeing me bothered, (this as I say was at the

first) my lady was quite amused, and 'Ellen,' she said, 'do not trouble yourself about it, there is little doubt but that the more civilized we become, the more employment will be found for women, and the more highly will they be respected; but to be either happy or useful, a woman must be employed as a *Woman*, not as a man; she must be employed where her tenderness, her quick perceptions, her powers of endurance, her unselfishness, her devotion, are called into, and kept in, action. She who is the mother of heroes does not covet to enter the battle field herself,' said my mistress, all as one as if she was reading out of a printed book,—(I never could handle any thing but a stone, and should dead faint at the sound of a pistol, but I was not going to *let on* that to her),—so, 'True for you, Ma'am,' I said, though I was fairly bothered, but made *bold* to add, 'Sure no lady could attend to the Parliament-house and the wants of a large small family.'

"Oh!" she said, smiling, 'no married lady, I suppose, would think of entering Parliament, it would be very awkward indeed when a right honourable lady-member was delivering her opinion on the malt tax, or on the duty on bread stuffs, just as the ladies on the opposition benches cried out "Hear, hear!" to be interrupted by a message from the *other house*, of "Please, Ma'am, the baby wants you."'

"Well, I saw a great deal of good sense in this, and thought it would be better for women to be content to be women. I am sure we used to be very happy long ago, before this came into our heads, but the landlady I told you of did not think so: she has two or three friends that come and talk over all the domestic and un-domestic arrangements of all their 'gossips;' one of these ladies is a widow—for the second time, and they say she was the death of the first by her tongue, and of the second by her temper,—may be the one helped on the other against both the poor fellows! any how, the both are dead, and she makes a great boast of never taking a third; they say she was never asked; she is what's called a 'strong-minded woman,' she would say anything, or do anything; and what I can't understand,—though she is for ever abusing the men, and letting on she hates them and their ways,—is that she does everything in the world she can to seem manly! She tramps about in high-heeled boots, with straps; she speaks in what she calls a 'fine, manly tone,' and hates soft voices, because they are *romantic*; she has a way of her own of turning the rights of women into the rights of men: she parts her hair at the side, and turns it in an under roll all round—'because it's like a man;' and yet she calls 'them men' bears and brutes enough to fill the zoology gardens; and though she grumbles because men tyrannize over women, she is bringing up her *son* to have his way in everything, and makes his sister give the cake from her hand, and the orange from her lips to pamper him!

"Now that's mighty quare to me—She is the landlady's prime minister—her name is Mrs. Blounet. Then there are the two Miss Hunters, Miss Cressy

and Miss Mary Jane. Miss Cressy is a fine stately woman—*bone*—and high-learned, and has spoken more than once on 'Man, the oppressor;' but though Miss Mary Jane dresses Bloomer, she does not abuse her fellow-creatures as badly as Miss Cressy. She is five years younger, and very good-looking—by candle-light! To be sure it is wonderful how the tongues of the three go against mankind, when they're all together, and the landlady making one little lament after another, how that her husband does this, and doesn't do that; and this often makes me think of what I heard of often from one we both loved—you will remember *who it was* when I tell you the advice. 'If you would lead a happy life, never tell your husband's faults to any ear but his own; a woman who makes her husband's failings a subject for 'conversation is unworthy his respect or his affection.' And, if you mind, Aunt, the same woman, (the heavens be her bed!) used to say we had two ears and but one tongue—a sign that we should not say all we hear. Anyhow, it would bother the saints to hear the talk of them—Mrs. Blounet hitting ever so hard at Miss Cressy and Miss Mary Jane for being old maids; and, Miss Cressy especially, turning upon Mrs. Blounet for having two husbands, (not at a time, though.) It was wonderful the talk they used to have, and the suppers; and then Miss Cressy disappeared in the evenings, and poor Mr. Creed (that's the landlady's husband,) declared she served at a confectioner's of an evening *in the dress*; and my mistress said that sort of thing would crush 'the movement altogether;' as if the dress was thought to be ever so healthy and convenient, its going into that class as a show and a vulgar attraction would prevent its ever being recognised as respectable in England. Then Mrs. Blounet took stronger than ever to lecturing in pink trousers—she weighs thirteen stone—and a grey 'tunic,' she calls it, but it is just a short petticoat pleated full. Oh, so short!

"And Miss Mary Jane was wonderful, except when Mr. Creed had any gentlemen visitors; *then* she would allow that Alexander the Great, and Buonaparte, and a few more, were equal to *us*. But the worst of it was that this spirit of Bloomer was quite upsetting our house; the landlady took to writing about the rights of woman, and left every one of her duties un-care for. Mr. Creed is a police inspector of the P division, and often wanted a hot cup of coffee, but Mrs. Creed downright refused to make it. The baby did as it liked. The only thing its mother corrected was *proofs*: long strips of printed paper like dirty farthing ballads—and Mrs. Blounet and she would sit all day just making mischief, and writing the *botheringest* nonsense that ever was, while my mistress might wait for her dinner. Think of three guineas a-week, for three rooms, and done for! and yet not able to get a chop dressed, because the landlady is practising the *rights of women*—by giving us no rights at all. Now isn't it quare? And it was worse and worse she was getting, so that between her and the east wind, we had neither peace nor quiet—all the morning she was

reading newspapers, and correcting them 'proofs;' all the evenings, attending public meetings. And the poor babby! I have heard her tell her husband that if he wanted it washed, he must do it himself, for she had the rights of her sex to attend to, and it was as much his business as hers to mind it. Oh! it's wonderful when politics get into a woman's head, how they drive nature out of it! they beat small tea-parties, and fairs, and dances, and paterns—ay, and falling in love—out and out for making a woman forget herself. And yet if there's a thing in the world she is proud of, it is that babby, and sitting at the head of her tea-table pouring out tea, and laying down the law! You used to say, Aunt dear, that a woman never went out and out to the bad, until her heart got into the wrong place; indeed, you and the landlady would not agree at all; *for in almost everything she had reasoned herself out of nature*—and that's what they try to do—but just wait until I tell you how things went on. We were very uncomfortable; my poor mistress kept waiting for her dinner, and if I had not studied a cookery book, as hard as ever Father Jonas (dear holy man!) studied his breviary, she must have gone days and days without a bit of proper food, for there is but one poor fag of a servant, who was born on her legs, and has kept on them ever since, to cook, and wash and walk the children, and lay the cloth, and wait the table, and go every body's messengers, and open the door, and bear the ill-temper of the parlours, drawing-rooms, and every floor, and faction in the house. Well, since the landlady took up with the rights of women, no slave in the free states of America has been so overworked as that poor girl; among other things, the landlady reproached her for taking no pride in laying out supper for the 'great movers,' as she called them, 'in the cause of women;' and the girl asked what good the 'movement' was to her, except to give her more work. Well, you should have heard the landlady's tongue go after that—no one that did could ever forget it,—how she reproached her for want of public spirit, and proper feeling—and 'sympathy.' Now the best of it is, that this good woman's husband is, as I said, a Police Inspector, though she tried hard and long to make me believe he had a 'situation in the city,' which did not sound like policeman. You see, darling, the English are grown very like ourselves in *that*; my mistress says, that a great deal of the pride and spirit they took in honest labour and its profits, are gone, and forgetting the respect due to great people, I mean, Aunt, great good people, and great good things, they run into every little dirty short cut to wealth they can find, and after all sorts and kinds of money—like mad; in fact she says—that there are as many at '*their dirty diggings*' in the city of London, as in that place, they call it by the name of California, in a far away country. Now, to take pride out of mere money there and then, seems of all things the most unnatural for those who have souls in their bodies: the understanding that two and two make four, doesn't seem much to be proud of, and yet that's

the beginning and end of half the knowledge and pride going—of all the knowledge the gold-seekers care about, just as if grubbing up and counting up would make them all as one as the rascal quality; and then, if you say a word, they get up a cry of

'A man's a man for a' that,'

and bother yo'r heart out with 'it's nothing what a man *was*, but what he *is*,' and so I say, but with a different meaning,

'A grub's a grub for a' that,'

and don't tell me! all the wealth of California and Australia to the back of it, won't change a man; what he *was*, he *is*, unless something brighter than gold comes over him; the seeking and loving money never purified a heart yet, nor raised a man the breadth of a straw.

'It's not the wealth, but how you use it.'

I see and hear a deal about wealth, but something keeps stirring in my heart, and whispering in my ear, which, as a poor girl, I've no right to talk about; there are ways of working up like the little grain of mustard seed my mistress reads of, that grew into a great tree, and sheltered the houseless and homeless. Now *that* is a fine thing to think of, and I delight in a little story of a mouse letting a lion out of a net—there's great comfort in *that*—and I feel

'A man's a man for a' that,'

when I hear tell of a little old man who, blessed be God! first thought of INFANT SCHOOLS.—Oh! it's them are the blessings. The things I love best, are the things that teach people how to keep from sin,—of the two I like them better than what takes them out of it. And when I remember who sent Temperance abroad to the four quarters of the globe—so that even gentlemen are ashamed of being *tipsy*—and how as a regenerator that Temperance is only next to Godliness—there's a glory for Ireland! And I think of a fine ancient white-headed saint in Manchester, Wright by name and nature, who remembers, as my dear mistress says, to tread in his Master's footsteps, who was sent, 'not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' And I think of the charities, grander than the Pyramids of Egypt my cousin writes home about; charities purifying the great sins of great London; charities, Aunt darling, increasing every year, and as each new one starts up, from the brain maybe of some poor working man, the people cry out, as with one voice, 'This can't be done without.' I am glad of such thoughts, and such knowledge, for I'll tell you the truth, I mortally abominate them great bloated gold-finders. When I think of the *gold-loving* English, I could send all the Fathers of the Church against them, with, bell, book, and candle. When I think of the *other things*, Aunt dear, why I can only pray that they may be remembered to them as a people, at the last day;—and I'm willing to do penance for the prayer, if so be it's a sin!

"But it's high up above Bloomerism, and all other follies I've got, *sure* enough; only as the lark said, I must come down some time. At last the house became a fair Babel, worse than what I've heard of Donnybrook itself, when the boys used to cry out, 'Oh! the glory's left old Ireland,—twelve o'clock, and no fight;' and when the poor fellows would be going about the Fair green, shouting, 'Who'll fight me for the sake of St. Patrick.' The man of the house was sorely to be pitied, he was a mighty quiet man; and impossible as it may seem, very fond of his *vixen* of a wife (talk as you will, there's mighty little reason in love,) and his babby; and moreover, he was very little at home at all, which ought to have made her all the pleasanter when he was in it, for it's very easy to find words going sharp, when a man's ever and always *molly coddling* about a house, and bothering about every in and out, no ways becoming to him. Of late, she was always grumbling when he went out, though it was about his business—and yet never peaceable when he came in; I wondered how he took it so easy, but there is no use ever interfering betwixt married people; no matter how bitter they are to-night, they may be all like sugar and honey to-morrow morning, and whatever you say to one, is sure to go to the other—they're not safe to make or meddle with; if you want to make peace, you must never let one know what the other says when they're in their 'tiffs;' and to keep *quit* of that you must tell more *woppers* than is at all pleasant to carry, particularly when the priest is cross, and *puts heavy weights on the penances*.

"I kept as clear of both husband and wife as I could, though they would come now and again, and tell me their troubles; the landlady blaming the tyranny of mankind, and the badness of the laws,—and the husband bewailing that she had got among the bloomers; I hinted that may be if the dress which she only wore at their meetings was burned, it might put her off her fancy; but he said, 'he couldn't do that—she looked so pretty in it;' was not that foolish? but Aunt, dear, men is that—and think more of a pretty face with a sharp tongue—than of a plain one, that has nothing to say but goodness. Well, he gave in to her—it seemed so in everything for ever so long, but I sometimes thought that smooth water runs deep. One evening he told her he was going to have a few of his friends come there, and he hoped she would do her best to make them comfortable; she rose at this, and said she wasn't going to be no man's slave, and that if he had company, he must attend to them himself; and that she would dress as she pleased, and have one of her own friends with her, and sit at the head of her tea-table—like the Queen; well, he said he hoped she would wear *the dress*, and have her friend by all means, and he would give her as little trouble as possible; instead of this putting her into good humour, it made her quite fractious, for she liked to be contradicted, that she might have something to complain of; they went on jangling all day,—I heard her say:—

" 'The world never will be right until we change places.' "

" 'My love,' he answered, 'I thought you wanted us all to be in the same place.' "

" 'Not I indeed,' she said, 'you are much more suited to be a slave than I am; content that everything should be as it is, so that you may not have the trouble of moving it—*augh!*' "

" 'Very true, my dear.' "

" 'I only wish they would make me an Inspector of Police—I would soon get things in order—I only wish I was a man!' "

" 'I wish you were, my dear!' "

" 'You know you don't wish any such thing—Oh yes! you would like finely to be trampled upon, as all poor women are—but I don't wait on your friends, you may depend on *that*: you may snub me as you always do, and set the baby crying, that my maternal feelings may be worked on to attend to it; you may spill the tea-kettle into the fire, that I may be forced,—yes, Mr. Peter Creed,—*forced* to light it again, you having first sent the other white slave out for cigars and muffins,—but from this hour I'll pluck up a spirit!' "

" 'Which spirit, my love?'—

"And so they went on; I wondered how he could bear it; for she told him over and over again, he was only fit for woman's work; but my dear mistress says, its always the way,—the gentle quiet men get the vixens; and surely young maids are so gentle, that one wonders where the old vixens come from! However, in the course of the evening, as she was flourishing down in her 'bloomers,' she told me, that she had made up her mind not to do a hand's turn, let Peter manage as he might; but sit as grand as Cromwell, at the head of her tea-table,—pour out her tea, and talk of the wrongs of woman! She was as proud of her beautiful chancy as of her baby. Well, about an hour after, before any one came, I met a strange woman on the stairs, a very tall, thin woman, and then there was a knock at the door; Mrs. Creed kept firm, the poor servant was out; but to my surprise, the tall woman sprang up from somewhere, and introduced the gentlemen to the bloomer ladies in the parlour,—oh what a *skrietch* the landlady gave. 'Why,' she said, 'that is Peter, that is my husband,—in my best apple silk.' "

" 'Changed places—that is all,' said the Inspector of the P Division coolly; 'we agreed, my good friends, (the first time we have agreed since the new movement,) that I was intended by nature to be one of the *fair sex*, and my wife—(according to the old fashion,) to be one of the *foul*; so I have taken *her place*, and when the hour comes, she will accompany you to Great Scotland Yard, and take my duty, while I attend to the house and baby.' After this speech, he plumped down at the head of the tea table, the seat she delighted in, and began placing the things—or rather misplacing them—and pouring out the tea. Oh, if you could but have seen her! At first she and her friend Miss Cressy stormed, and when they did, the men laughed so loudly, as to drown the storming; then she flew at

her husband like a mad cat, and tore his cap, and a cup and saucer were broken; upon which she sat down and went into determined hysterics,—the men declaring it was the first time their Inspector had ever occasion to use vinegar and burnt feathers; then a basin of water was thrown over her to bring her to, and in the midst of it the baby cried; just as a fierce cat will run to its kitten—the screaming took another turn, and she called out, 'My child, my child!' but the men would not let her move,—and the Inspector rushed out and returned bringing in the baby, *hush-owing* it in his arms, and talking all kinds of nursery nonsense to it, and dancing it as a woman would, but far more roughly: then he placed it on his knee, and stuffed cake into its mouth; and then a knock came to the door, with a message that the Inspector of the P Division was wanted immediately, as there was a fire in Holborn; and Peter insisted that the new superintendent of the P Division should act up to her words and go; he had done all according to her wishes, and to please her, had resolved to dress as a woman, and perform all a woman's duties; and she must therefore take his place, and act his part; that she had declared publicly and privately that she was the better man of the two, and he therefore insisted she should now prove it, and that his friends would see that she did so. I could hardly tell whether to laugh or cry, I was so frightened for fear the poor innocent baby should get hurt; and because it continued screaming, the father went to the cupboard and emptied a whole bottle full of that wicked Daffy's Elixir, which the women here of that class, half in ignorance, half in laziness, give their infants to keep them quiet; and seemed as though he was going to pour it all at once down the dear baby's throat. Ooh hooh! it was *then* I pitied the poor mother.

"Oh, Peter, Peter!" she called out, 'even a spoonful is too much. Don't—don't. Oh, just give my baby to myself again, and I'll never be a Bloomer;' and then the dreadful instigator of the mischief shook her head at her, and cried, 'For shame, for shame,' and harangued about consistency, and called upon her 'to be worthy of herself, and go to the fire and command the force, not like a man, but—a woman!' And all the time the poor mother was struggling to get at her baby; and, for fear of mischief, I turned over the cup—though to be sure it did for the apple-green silk. Poor woman! she could see nothing but her child, and hear nothing but its cries. 'Give me my baby, and go to your duty, and I'll never go near a Rights of Woman woman as long as I live,' she repeated.

"Oh, you unworthy member!" cried her friend. 'If you had a drop of the old Roman blood in your veins you would sacrifice home, husband, child, to the public good.'

"Now, Aunt, think of that being said before me—and I being a Roman born, bred, and reared,—as you and Father Doyle know well—as if female Romans did not care for their children! I gave it to her then. I never let my tongue go as I

did then, since I've been in the country. She said she should not forget me, and I told her the remembrance would be mutual. Roman blood, indeed! I saw her out of the house, and going down the street, with a gang of boys after her, calling out, 'There's an old Bloomer—there's an old Bloomer!'

"While I was busy with her the poor landlady got her baby, and humbled herself—as was right—and in another hour the house was quiet enough, and the inspector gone to his duty. The next morning my dear good mistress sent for the landlady.

"I suppose," she said to me, going up stairs, 'I shall lose my lodgers as well as my character.'

"Now my mistress says, that of all laws the law of kindness is the strongest; and, though the landlady entered the drawing room with every nerve in her body set for a battle, the tears came into her eyes by the time my mistress bade her good morning and told her to sit down—of course, I came away. When Peter came home that evening, I heard his wife go—rather slowly, but she did go—to the door; and I heard *him* say, 'Thank you, my love—this is very good of you.' And when I told my dear lady this, she smiled the old smile, and went on talking so sweetly to me, that I judged it was just the way she talked to her.

"Ah!" she said, 'it is very wrong to go on laughing at follies that are likely to lead to evil. Not but what ridicule will sometimes gain a quicker victory than reason; but it leaves an ugly scar, which marks to the death.' (I always put down her exact words.) 'Whether the young or the ignorant listen patiently or not, to reproof or advice, it is no less the duty of the old to give it; but to be done usefully, Ellen, it must be done kindly. I should have talked to this young creature before, and not have suffered her to go on in her folly without remonstrance. It is a vain creature, as I might have known by the cards—that was one turn of the vanity, this is another. All love of notoriety is vanity; it's wonderful the forms it takes. One man wants to write a book before he can spell; another talks of joining the legislature because he has been listened to at a vestry; another's desire leads to heading charity lists—very useful, if he pays the money. One woman piques herself on small hands, and lays them on the top of a muff intended to keep them warm; another gets up an ancestry; another, (the vulgardest,) talks of her rich friends and her accounts at her bankers, or stuffs your ears with titles, committed to memory from the peerage. But these, Ellen, if you understand them, are innocent vanities, doing no harm. The ill-spelt book will never be published; if the would-be orator gets into parliament, he continues a "single-speech Jack" to the end of his days; the small hands become chilblained; the rich friends get into the list of uncertified bankrupts, the titles are soon drilled off; but the vanity which takes a woman from the sacred duties of home to display her weakness abroad—and unsexes her—strikes at the root of our domestic happiness, and should be treated accordingly. I should have talked

to her before, Ellen—I should indeed!—kindly, you know, and nothing daunted even if repulsed. And I am not sure but that kindness can turn even vanity to good account. There are plenty of mischievous people always ready to start new wrongs and new sorrows as causes for discontent; and, between you and me, Ellen, if more extensive employment could be given to women, they would not get into such imaginary troubles; they would have more to do. In gentle, profitable employment the legislature—law-makers, Ellen,—have neglected our interests now and then; but short tunics and long trowsers won't alter laws, you know. That young woman confesses she never knew she had anything to complain of until it was put into her head. And—it makes me smile—but she says, the folly of the thing never struck her until she saw that six-foot-two Peter of hers, with his black whiskers and broad shoulders, *in her dress*, spoon-feeding the baby! She bitterly resents his exposing her to the ridicule of his companions; but I reminded her she had exposed herself by her attempts at establishing so unblushing a notoriety. Certainly the landlady is a changed woman, poor thing! poor thing!"

"It will be some time, dear Aunt, before I will be able to write to you again, for we are going to a fine watering place—over the seas—to seek that health for my mistress that is so plenty on our hill side. Oh, dear! if everything in old Ireland was as plenty as health what a people we should be!"

"Ever, with a heart and a half, your own

"NELLY NOWLAN."

TIME'S CHANGES.

BY FLORES DEVIA.

"We miss'd the merry ring of her sweet laughter,
In the changed home with sudden moanings fill'd;
And thence for evermore through Time's hereafter,
The deep warm current of our hope was chill'd."

It was well known to every one acquainted with the locality, that old Mellon of Wharfedale, though commonly called "the miser," was immensely rich, and that Minna, his daughter, was the fairest flower of the valley; and without entering upon the forbidden precincts of private life, gentle reader, we claim your attention for a brief sketch, where truth figures in the foreground, and needs but little colouring or fanciful adorning.

Having but one day left of a pleasant sojourn in the valley of the Wharfe, the grey dawn had no sooner opened its waking eye, and smiled through the diamond panes of the lattice, than we arose

"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."

The orient smile of a sweet autumn morning threw its fascinating beauty over wood and stream, and the soft balmy air whispered of delicious dreams. The serenity of the time had a soothing influence that is only to be felt when we have hasted away from the turmoil of the life-thick city to renew our acquaintance with nature, and to cultivate reflection by the side of a clear stream, in the field paths, or beneath the shade of hanging wood. And now, the village of

Poole, with its scattered cottages half hidden among blushing orchards, slept peacefully in the valley of the winding Wharfe. One wide golden tinge of glory fell across the woods of Farnley—the rocky Chevin, with its cavernous front, darkly frowning in the picture, stood majestically looking down upon the river at its foot, and in the shadowy distance gloomed the ivy-covered towers of Harewood's ancient castle. The mist had already left the valley, and in cloud-like form swept across the neighbouring uplands, like the departing spirit of night, flying the footsteps of the blushing morn. The speckled deer of Farnley bounded to the park side, and the lowing herds came with them to where the Wharfe, shaded by monarch oaks, ripples over its shallow bed.

Long might the eye have feasted on natural beauty, where peaceful serenity and wild romantic grandeur dwell together; but, although beneath the shade of umbrageous woods, far from the crowded market street, or the ledger desk of anxious commerce, an object caught the eye which awakened thoughts in the beholder, not at all in unison with morning worship at the shrine of nature.

Emerging from a straw thatched, but roomy, antiquated dwelling, an aged man was looking out upon the green pastures of the Wharfe. His grey locks fell in melancholy disorder over his broad shoulders, and his silver beard glistened in the morning sunlight. His outward appearance, which bespoke care and anxiety, was a faithful index to the inner man. Without knowing anything of his history, it was easy to read of past turmoil and present internal strife, in that pale and almost repulsive countenance. From his dress, and the general outline of his figure, you might instantly perceive that he had not always been a dweller in the rural and secluded haunts of peace. The ghastly paleness of that hollow cheek, the gleaming expression of his large though sunken eye, darting scrutiny upon you with a glance almost amounting to ferocity, the compression of his lip, adding determination to his otherwise moody appearance, as he stood tottering and holding together a flowing robe of foreign fabric, much too large for his wasted frame,—all denied that he had experienced for any long period the calm retirement of village life. No! old Mellon was but a new comer among the peaceful denizens of Wharfedale; his life-toil had been among crowded cities at home and abroad, in the forests thick of human lights and shadows,—the exchange of money had been his sole occupation. The old dilapidated fabric in Wharfedale, where we now saw him, he had obtained from a sinking family, over the intimate matters of which we must draw the veil of silence; and as his health was fast failing, he had been advised to settle here, to maintain as long as possible the fast wasting oil of life. His only child, the beautiful and accomplished Minna, was here his sole company; he had no friends, and looked upon every passing stranger with suspicion. He had, it is true, in a distant part of the country, a sister worn down with age, and suffering in extreme poverty; but

his heart was closed to her complaints,—he owned no relatives.

He ever seemed to idolise his Minna, as a perfection of loveliness that sooner or later would link his hoarded wealth to a still heavier dower; and was delighted to know that she had offers that met his views. But his period of declining life was one continued scene of misery, that the gentleness and angel attention of the matchless Minna often failed in alleviating. Feeling the sure and gradually advancing touch of age and disease upon a frame and mind once amazingly vigorous, he sighed, not only for lost physical energy, but for the golden moments of those departed years, when the alchemy of his worldly cunning filled his daily gatherings,—he mourned over time's changes—strange would it have been had he known peace, he had been too long a slave to mammon—the heyday of his hot eagerness after gain had long ago denied his bones a fair covering of flesh,—the aquafortis of his burning thirst for gold had left his frail tenement like a forest tree—lightning scathed. However, an affair of no small importance to Mr. Mellon, was this day to be accomplished: his fair daughter was to be married to the scion of a wealthy family, and the father had risen from his night couch eager to gloat upon the sacred hymenial bond that brought in so close connexion with himself, a fortune that princes might have been proud of; that his daughter would be allied to a kind and loving husband, was foreign to his thoughts. The money—the money! every other consideration fell below the old miser's rate of interest.

As the lovely morning advanced in beauty, we caught the occasional features of the approaching nuptials. The village gossips were hanging about to catch every passing glimpse of the “weddlers,”—to tell the tale, and to hear the tale, with voracious wonderment: and as the sun approached the meridian, we observed a train of young rosy girls approach the church walk, each laden with flowers, and when a few grey-haired men had made a clear course for them, they fanned on each side of the path, for some distance, up to the church porch.

If there is anything that can add a grace to the hilarity and beauty of a wedding scene, surely it must be to look upon such a party threading their way through groves and orchards, to the ivy-covered village church.

“Each in its plot of holy ground
How beautiful they stand,
Those old grey churches of our land.”

And truly there was a glance at earth's nearest approach to gentleness and greatness in that happy scene. It was a beauty that fastened itself upon the sunniest spot in memory's waste; to see that village wedding as the party emerged from the tall elm-trees that shaded the church walk. As the sylph-like figures moved gracefully along, hanging upon the arms of stalwart yeomen, true sons of the soil, the hues of the panorama had loveliness too bright for our descriptive crayon. We saw in that one glance

the beauty of England's fairest daughters gliding by the side of athletic strength; the one, called to throw the wings of gentle affection over the domestic circle; and the other, formed for laborious exercise of manly toil, or the arduous and noble application of mental power,—each properly dignified and manly. Minna, the old usurer's accomplished daughter, had a pensive air of thoughtfulness about her that morning, which only heightened the charm of her pleasing features, and the old and the young, as she approached the church, threw bouquets across her path, and vied with each other in their bridal blessings. And then it was the feast day, and rosy maidens tripped past, or sauntered by the side of sunburnt swains, all breathing the same joyous atmosphere, and throwing about them a colouring to the rural scene, so peculiarly English. In such moments how we drink of social bliss, and are sure that we feel the presence of the innocent and the beautiful. The marriage ceremony in the plain village church,—the gathered company there, of the wealthy country squire and his ruddy daughters,—the witless, unsophisticated farm-labourer, “brown with meridian toil,” holding, for the time, subordination sacred over certain young rustics who clustered round the altar table with anxious gaze at the “rich folk,” with here and there about the venerable pile, a pale-faced citizen, who, like ourselves, had come to woo the health-laden breeze of the valley;—all this, the tremulous bashful bride, and the gay creature of sunny smiles who attended her as maid, together with the manly form of him who claimed the lovely heiress as his own, and the emaciated figure of old Mellon, who wandered down the aisle like the ghost of other times; all this, gloriously picturesque, and rife with truthful imagery, passed before us like a fleeting vision. Other company and urgent duties were even then whispering of our withdrawal from the happy scene. We had already begun to fancy the roll of the dizzy mill-wheel; for a time we must leave the green banks of the dear Wharfe. And now the departing gleam of day warned us of the length of our journey home. “The roses that had been strewn in the path of the blushing bride, lay withered by the churchyard path, and seemed fain to create a slight feeling of melancholy; but the occasional song of a rustic reveller, or the notes of a clarinet by the Wharfe side, broke upon our reverie; and taking a parting look at the village, more especially at the ancient house, where old Mellon lingered out his days, and from whence the sweet flower had gone forth that day in bridal beauty; with contending emotions, we completed our glance at the Wharfedale wedding on the day of the annual feast.

“Oh, that we ever should find a shade,
With life in its sunny robes array'd!”

Time had not twice gone his annual round, when one summer's morning saw us again in the valley of the Wharfe. As we have said, the locality is favourable to lonely habits and pensive musings, but on revisiting the scene of Minna's bridal hour, many

were our thoughts of an inquisitive nature. It is scarcely necessary to acknowledge that among other things, we saw, as vividly as ever, the light figures gliding along to consummate the holy rite; and Minna, the queen of village maidens, shed a light of beauty over the retrospective glance. We almost longed to hear of the happy days that had followed the nuptial hour; we painted them with all the colours of the rainbow, for it was agreed on all hands that the united were passionately fond of each other; they had untold wealth, their sky was cloudless.

The historical associations of the locality to which we have invited the reader's attention, are not altogether devoid of interest, and the great families of Faifarix, Pulme, and Pulleyi, have here left behind them monumental vestiges of departed greatness. The day was lovely, the clear blue heavens looked down upon myriads of blushing sweets, the honey-suckle and the wild rose twined amorously along the hedgerow; and as we sat beneath a spreading oak listening to the voice of past ages, while we pictured forth on fancy's canvass the gorgeous pageants of those by-gone days, when the great feudal masters of the time named the broad lands before us "*Othelaj*," (the field of Otho),—our attention was called, not to a bridal train, but to a mournful procession in funeral array! The deep-toned bell of the village church spoke like the messenger of Time! Upon asking the chronicles of the past, we were informed that many changes had taken place since we last wandered along the valley. The cares and anxieties of the old miser had passed away like a tale that is told—he was laid in the tomb! His fair daughter had withered and died during the first year of her marriage! And now the united wealth of the two families, which formed the rainbow of the old miser's last dreams, had also passed away into other hands, for that day Minna's husband was borne along the green valley to sleep with his young bride! The villagers threw roses into the grave,

"Sweets to the sweet;"

they were both young, both wealthy, and both hopeful for the future; life's golden chain was new and bright, but little did they reck of the blighting storms and fatal witherings that lie unseen by us, under the dark wing of Time's Changes!

PALERMO AND THE FEAST OF ST. ROSALIE.

THE Church and the world, religion and pleasure, are considered, in Protestant countries, as altogether antagonistic to each other. In Roman Catholic countries, however, the case is far different. Romanism, springing as it does from the flowery soil upon which Heathenism had once unfolded all its gorgeous splendour, still retains many elements of the worship of ancient Rome—*now*, as in the days of the Empire, does the service of God assume the form of a popular festival, and, instead of the chastened voice of prayer and praise, ascending reverently towards the throne

of God, the air is filled with sounds of merriment; and the discharge of fireworks, together with peals of martial music, accompany the brilliant processions formed in honour of some patron saint! A true popular festival is a thing almost unknown in the Protestant countries of Europe. Domestic life is the prominent feature of our more northern lands, and even our Christmas joys are chiefly partaken of by family groups, and do not in any degree wear the character of a national festivity. In Italy, on the contrary, life is a public thing; the chief pleasures of the people are enjoyed in common—music, fireworks, illuminations, and processions, are amusements shared in by all, high and low together, and the very poorest lay aside from their earnings a small annual contribution towards the celebration of the Church festivals.

One of the most renowned of these annual commemorations is the Fête of St. Rosalie, at Palermo; and, during my summer sojourn in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, I heard so much about its pomp and splendour, that I resolved on crossing to Palermo, in order to witness with my own eyes this *chef-d'œuvre* of Romish festivals.

The fête commences on the 11th of July, and continues during the five succeeding days.

The passage from Naples to Palermo is delightful in calm weather. The steamer starts from the *Molo nuovo* about noon, and reaches Palermo in the course of twenty hours.

It was a still and lovely morning, that on which we first neared the coast of Sicily. Monte Gallo first appeared in sight, and ere long, the Monte Pellegrino, that most beautiful of all rocks, became visible. Soon we approached the harbour of Palermo, and the city lay outspread before us, like a fair maiden, reposing in tranquil serenity; for at her feet played the protecting waves—her faithful and kindly companions—whilst by her side towered the gigantic rocks of Monte Pellegrino and Capo Zafferano, like grave guardians, keeping an earnest and loving watch over her weakness.

I scarcely know any town which, at first sight, presents a more cheerful and imposing aspect than Palermo. It lies embosomed amidst a semicircle of rocky hills, terminating at one end in the Monte Pellegrino, whose summit is crowned by the Chapel of St. Rosalie, and at the other in the Capo Zafferano, which stretches far into the sea, both together uniting to form the splendid harbour of Palermo. Two streets, the Toledo and the Maqueda, intersect the city throughout its whole length and breadth, dividing it into four quarters. The point at which these streets cross each other, is named the Quattro Cantoni. I had heard much of the Moorish character of Palermo, but cannot say that such appeared to me to be the prominent feature of the town. The exterior of a few churches, specially that of the very handsome cathedral, and the façade of some of the buildings, which wear a strikingly foreign and oriental aspect, are lost in the general mass. Whilst viewing Count

Roger's Chapel and chamber in the Royal Palace, as well as the beautiful church of Monreale, the period of the Moorish domination is vividly recalled to the mind; but in general, although the aspect of Palermo is very different from Naples, and remarkably foreign and peculiar, I should say it bears the stamp of the Spanish middle ages far more than of the period of the Moorish rule. This city conveys to the mind a melancholy feeling of decayed splendour; not, like Rome, an impression of fallen greatness. Rome and the Romans have declined together. People and city, creators and created, all lie crumbling in one common dust on the Forum Romanum. One gazes upon these majestic ruins in that spirit of silent resignation which ever fills the heart in presence of a great fatality. The decay of Palermo, on the other hand, simply leaves upon the mind the impression of a misfortune—an adverse stroke of fate. The progressing, cotton-clad humanities of the present day wander about its streets, plying their handiworks and their trades, and every now and then attempt to spread a coat of whitewash over the crumbling ruins of the past, in order that they may still be able to pride themselves in the relics of former greatness. Pauperized descendants of a royal race—the faded golden trappings which once adorned their garments may yet be seen clinging to their rags. There is something in this state of things which is both painful and repelling to the mind. Here, as in Naples, the eye of the stranger is arrested by the sight of clothes and maccaroni hung out on poles to dry from every window in the streets. White and coloured dresses, waistcoats, stockings, curtains, and maccaroni, float in the air like so many wonderful decorations, and afford, at least, some degree of shade from the heat of the sun. In addition to these *extempore* awnings hanging from the upper stories, there are also regular awnings spread over the *trottoirs*, beneath whose shade every sort of handicraft is carried on. Shoemakers, tailors, bookbinders, timmen, all work before their own doors. Young maidens may be seen busied in knotting fringes, weaving aloe nets, and working embroidery in large frames. In some streets, two or three of these embroiderers may be seen seated before every door. Public scribes, with their tables before them, may be found at the corner of every street. Advocates, cooling themselves with the indispensable green fan, sit between piles of documents on the one side, and clients on the other, and impart, in the public street, their counsel and advice. The coffee-houses stand wide open, the newspapers are read, and in the evening cards are played before the doors. Never do night and silence altogether assert their claims in Palermo—at least, on the Marina, which is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful public walks in Europe. It is situated on the sea-shore, and forms, in fact, the Quay. A stone bench, fixed into the wall, magnificent trottoirs, gaslights, and in the neighbourhood of the houses a double avenue of evergreen trees, combine to present every *agrément* which the loungeur can desire. A noble terrace, well provided with seats,

extends itself in front of a row of palaces; under this terrace, the Corso promenade takes place, commencing about seven o'clock in the evening. At ten o'clock, the orchestra begins to play, and the music lasts until near midnight.

It is a picturesque and striking scene which presents itself to the eye of the stranger, as he gazes forth from the windows of the Trinacria, the only hotel on the Marina, upon the varied groups who are loitering about and enjoying the evening breeze. Here sits a white-robed Dominican by the side of an officer in full uniform; there walks a young maiden leaning upon a gentleman's arm—but in general, the proportion of women in the crowd is very small.

The men belonging to the middling classes remain later on the Marina than do those of higher rank. When the *Corso* is over, and all is quiet, they still linger behind, and fall into that state of half-dreamy repose which is the prelude of sleep. Often, in the middle of the night, when the oppressive heat of my apartment drove me to the open window, I could see boys tumbling about on the seats, and hear them singing, in a shrill tone of voice, the popular songs of the country. One would commence the ditty, dwelling on the last words and note of the strophe, until another, at a distance, took up and prolonged the lay. This would frequently last until morning, and although it effectually disturbed our slumbers, we could not feel vexed with the poor fellows for preferring the cool night breeze to the close and sultry atmosphere of their own dwellings.

But it is only within doors that the heat is so oppressive. During the very hottest days of July, both in Naples and Palermo, I found the sea-breezes ever pleasant and refreshing. The sirocco, when it chanced to blow, was, of course, very disagreeable; but that summer, its visits were, happily, of rare occurrence. Whilst thus engaged in examining the beauties of Palermo, time sped swiftly onwards, and the day on which the fête of St. Rosalie was to commence, soon arrived. The king was expected, although his arrival was as yet uncertain. Suddenly, on the evening of the 11th of July, a little fleet appeared on the distant horizon, and very shortly afterwards, a royal salute announced the approach of the sovereign.

In order to avoid the noontide heat, the solemnities of the fête of St. Rosalie do not commence until evening. The whole of the Toledo, which, from the Spanish times downwards has also been called the Cassaro, is closed against carriages. All the balconies are filled with people as during the time of the carnival at Rome, and a gay and varied throng fill the streets.

The peculiar national costume has here almost entirely disappeared and been replaced by ordinary printed calicos. The only distinctive article of dress which has been retained in Palermo, is the large crape handkerchief which is fastened on the head, and falls over the neck and shoulders. The prevailing colour of these handkerchiefs is yellow,

but crimson is also used, and of an evening, during the time of the fête, when the women frequent the promenade, they wear white muslin handkerchiefs, which set off their dark complexions to the best advantage.

Numerous men and boys may be seen wandering to and fro amongst the crowd, selling sweetmeats and dainties of divers kinds. Tables, over which white cloths are spread, stand in all directions, covered with preserved gourd, almonds, beans, chocolate, and sweet cakes. In Italy, the approach of a fête-day is always the signal for a multitude of gaily decorated booths being erected, and well stored with all manner of provisions. The Italian is not satisfied unless his eye is refreshed as well as his palate gratified. Cherries intermixed with vine-leaves are fastened together in large bunches, and suspended around long poles, thus forming a beautiful thyrsus-staff; the baskets in which sweetmeats are carried about for sale, are converted, with the aid of gay-coloured paper, into miniature full-rigged ships, or shells of brilliant and varied hue; whilst the flower-sellers weave their nosegays together in the form of graceful coronets, which they bear aloft over the heads of the busy throng who fill the streets at this festive season.

Raising my eyes to the balcony of the opposite house, I perceived that it was filled with boys who had been brought thither to view the fête. They belonged to a school conducted by Jesuits, who, in Italy, have almost unlimited control over the education of the young. In Sicily, the students all wear a kind of uniform, selected according to the taste of each school. It consists in general of a dark frock, trimmed with gold galoon, a three-cornered hat, and an order hanging from the button-hole.

Over the balcony, which was filled with these boys, were two iron-grated galleries, fifteen or twenty of which may be seen in different houses of the Toledo. These are appropriated to the use of nuns, who can reach them through covered passages leading from their convents, and thus witness at their ease all public festivals and processions. It seemed to me that in Palermo monks and nuns enjoy a much greater degree of liberty than in Rome. There, one scarcely ever sees a nun in the streets, and the monks are obliged to return to their cloisters before the hour of the Ave Maria. But, in Palermo, you meet nuns driving about the streets in every direction, frequently accompanied by priests, and I have often seen monks walking on the Marino till a late hour of the night. The greater degree of freedom permitted here, is, probably, due to the heat of the climate, which renders the enjoyment of the evening breeze actually necessary to health.

At length, the triumphal chariot of St. Rosalie was set in motion, commencing its progress from the *Porta Felice*, at the lower end of the Toledo. It is built in the form of a boat, and rests upon low wheels. It is from fifty to sixty feet long, proportionately broad, and adorned in the gayest colours. On this vehicle stands displayed the whole heavenly hierarchy.

First, a choir of archangels of supernatural size; then cherubim and seraphim in the midst of decoration clouds, and bearing in their hands flutes, harps and garlands, together with crosses and other instruments of martyrdom; next in order follow floating groups of little angels, and, surrounded by a choir of female saints, rises up from amidst a strata of golden clouds the statue of St. Rosalie, robed in white, her flowing locks crowned with a wreath of roses, and bearing in her right hand a cross resting on the globe. The saint is raised to the level of the fifth story windows of the lofty houses of the Toledo, and is most significantly separated from this lower earth.

In front of the chariot stand forty regimental musicians, and under the angels are placed a group of artisans with their tools in their hands, ready to lend their aid in case a sudden jerk or unforeseen storm should overthrow the equilibrium of the complex groups above. Their presence, however, does not in the least disturb the effect produced by the whole scene on the vivid fancy of the Italians.

Six-and-forty oxen of divers colours draw the huge machine. It is considered an honour and a good work to lend oxen for the occasion. The sons of the owners, dressed in Arcadian costume, guide the oxen, and watch lest they should do any injury with their formidable horns.

This *Trionfo della santissima Rosalie* is preceded by the civic guards in full uniform, together with bands of music, cavalry, and three senators arrayed in the old Spanish costume. Loud *cívicas* burst from the admiring populace, who accompany the triumphant procession as it passes slowly along the Toledo in the direction of the royal palace. In the mean time the illumination of the Toledo commences. Wooden pillars and pyramids are erected along the *trottoirs* at each side of the street, and illuminated transparencies forming alternately the words "*Evoica la san Rosalia*" and "*Evoica il rè*" are attached to them. The upper and lower end of the Toledo are ornamented by gigantic pyramids, adorned with the royal eagle, and the street being perfectly straight from one end to another forms a very striking perspective.

Here the populace wander about until the illuminations on the Marina are completed, and about eleven o'clock the fire-works commence. All carriages are excluded both from the Toledo and the Marina,—an excellent arrangement, which allows the poor man to stroll to and fro in undisturbed freedom, and to enjoy the sight of the fire-works, in company with his children, without fear of their being run over. Thousands of benches lie scattered around, thousands of people are wandering about by the sea-side, amidst the brilliant illuminations; the gentle murmurs of the sea, as it breaks upon the shore, are drowned by the bursts of joyous music; at length, a rocket fired off from the terrace announces the approach of the king, and gives the signal for the commencement of the fire-works. By hundreds and hundreds do the hissing sky-rockets now soar aloft, as though they would fain reach the heavens; but soon their bold

flight is checked and weary, and exhausted they sink back to earth. Fire-balloons ascend on high like so many globes of dazzling light, and then shower down rays of brightness upon the waves which engulf them within her bosom; and fire-wheels and crowns and flaming temples, emerging in rapid succession from the deep gloom of night, are greeted with shouts of applause by the assembled populace, shine for a moment in radiant beauty, and are then for ever quenched in darkness. There is something mysterious, and at the same time singularly attractive in this display, in watching this element of fire, which seems as it were to have wandered from its place, floating mid-way betwixt sea and sky, as though vainly seeking a home—a resting-place. As soon as the fire-works are over, the crowd hasten towards the Toledo, where, at midnight, the Corso *promenade* begins. A deep silence now pervades the Marina, replacing the joyous stir of human life with which it was erewhile filled. The artificial stars were extinguished in gloom, and now the moon, surrounded by the everlasting stars, shines forth in tranquil brightness, shedding a mild radiance upon the white waves of the slumbering ocean.

For more than twenty-four hours the triumphal chariot of St. Rosalie remains in front of the palace. About ten o'clock on the evening of the second day of the festival, it returns along the Toledo, so brilliantly illuminated, that St. Rosalie appears to float in a sea of light, and is greeted with jubilant shouts of applause by the populace, proud of their patron saint and fellow-countrywoman.

The third and the two succeeding days of the festival commence with the horse-racing, a miserable scene of animal terror and suffering, from which I was glad to absent myself.

In the evening, an incessant flourish of trumpets announces the drawing of the lottery, which is held in a large tent on the Piazza Marina, hung with gay pictures and brilliantly lighted up. This lottery, named *Beneficenza*, is frequented by the people in crowds; the tickets are sold for a mere trifle, and the most paltry prize is announced by a flourish of trumpets, whilst, in honour of one to any considerable amount, the saint is carried in procession.

On the third evening of the festival, there is a promenade held on the Toledo which lasts until near midnight. The citizens' wives and daughters, leaning on the arms of their husbands and friends, parade the long streets dressed in full ball costume, decked out in flowers and feathers, satin and gauze. The balconies of the adjoining houses wear the aspect of boxes in a theatre on a gala day. Sparkling brilliants glisten amidst raven locks, fans flutter to and fro with graceful coquetry, gentlemen stand behind the ladies' chairs, animated conversations are carried on from one balcony to another, and this goes on without any sort of preparation, beneath the open vault of heaven, in the public streets, where every sort of trade and handicraft has been carried on a few hours before.

When one celebrates the Fête of St. Rosalie in

Palermo, it is only due to her that one should also pay a visit to her solitary hermitage on the beautiful Monte Pellegrino. Santa Rosalie was the daughter of one of the rulers of Palermo, whose dissipated habits of life so corrupted the manners of the court, that the pure-hearted maiden fled from the tainted atmosphere, and disappeared from her father's court, without leaving any trace behind.

In the year 1624, when a fearful plague devastated Palermo, a priest dreamt that its ravages would cease when the bones of a saint then resting in a cavern of Monte Pellegrino had been discovered and exhibited in Palermo. Animated with pious zeal, he lost no time in setting forth on the search, and discovered in a cleft of the rocks a female skeleton, which was recognised, by means of a small clasp, to be that of the Prince's daughter, the holy Rosalie! No sooner were her ashes brought to Palermo than the pestilence ceased to rage. Rosalie was canonized, declared to be the patron saint of Palermo, and a chapel and monastery were immediately erected on the spot where she died. I must say that the erection of a monastery here seemed to me to be quite contrary to court etiquette. The fair young Princess ought surely to have had for her attendants a band of gentle maidens rather than a troop of bearded men.

The way leading to the Monte Pellegrino through the *Conca d'oro* (as the beautiful plain around Palermo is justly designated) forms one of the most charming rides it is possible to conceive. The strong and yet delicately formed Sicilian ass carries his rider in three-quarters of an hour up the well beaten track. From the summit of the mountain, surrounded by wild rocky chasms, you gaze down upon Palermo, lying far beneath your feet, upon the sea-shore, surrounded by the extensive and highly cultivated plain which bounds it on all sides, reaching to Bagaria and to the promontory of Capo Zafevano. Beyond this latter you perceive the Bay of Cefalù, with the little town of the same name nestling on its shores, Termini, lying at the foot of Monte Modonia, and far behind, towering in the distance, rises the rocky ridge of Etna, from whose summit a thin column of smoke, lighted up by the rays of the sun, ascends slowly towards heaven.

The monastery, a little insignificant building, built on a rocky platform, wears a dreary and desolate aspect. Two poor-looking farm-houses are attached to it, and a few bread-fruit and acacia trees afford a scanty shelter to these lonely dwellings. There is something indescribably mournful in the whole aspect of this spot, and the contrast between the wild barren rocks and the smiling plain beneath increases yet further the impression of desolation which this scene conveys. Passing through the monastery, you enter the chapel of St. Rosalie. The outer court, through which you approach the inner sanctuary of the cavern, is formed by precipitous rocks of grey chalk, faintly lighted up by a few straggling rays of sunlight, which penetrate through a small fissure at the top. Art has done but little for this spot, and even had she done more, her achievements would

dwindle into insignificance when compared with the unadorned grandeur of nature. Here and there a stone pillar supports the roof to prevent it from falling in. Long tendrils of ivy and flowering clematis hang from each crevice of the rock, and form graceful festoons on the walls, as though nature would fain adorn to her utmost the dwelling place of the sainted maid. In place of the jewels and the *pietra dura* which adorn the gorgeous churches of Palermo, the golden sunlight here sparkles on the walls intermingled with the rosy hues of evening, heaven spreads over all its azure tint, bright beetles flit to and fro in busy haste, like messengers from the outer world, sent to do the work of this little sanctuary.

The gloom and silence of the evening hour soon pervaded the cavern. Pointed stalactites hung from the roof; and, reposing upon an altar, lighted by waxen tapers, lay the marble statue of St. Rosalie. It represents a fair youthful form gazing towards heaven with ecstatic smile; her right hand supports her head, whilst with her left she grasps the pilgrim staff and the crucifix which she clasps to her bosom. Costly garments wrought with gold veil her graceful form, a golden wreath of roses rests upon her brow, and sparkling gems adorn her hands; but her eyes rest not on these—they gaze upwards towards the light; she seeks that which on earth she could not find. The shades of evening were fast gathering around the hill, as we turned to depart. Dark clouds hung in threatening masses over the sea, whose surging waves we could plainly hear breaking upon the distant shore. By the time we reached the carriage which was waiting for us in the vale beneath, it was quite dark. I was not sorry for this; there are certain impressions which one would gladly retain undisturbed, and which every new sight and scene only serves to weaken and drive away.

The last two days of the Fête of St. Rosalie is celebrated in a more *ecclesiastical* manner—that is to say, the pomps and ceremonies of the Church occupy the chief portion of the day. The illumination of the cathedral forms the great object of attraction on the fourth evening of the festival. As we were repairing thither about nine o'clock in the evening, we met a great procession of men and boys accompanied by the everlasting flourish of trumpets. They were leading the winning horse, who had outrun his competitors in that day's race, in triumph through the streets. The poor animal would, doubtless, have far preferred a little repose after his exertions, to all this honour and glory. As it was quite dark, the boys extemporized torches, made of wood shavings, aloë fibres, and similar rubbish, picked up in the streets, which they now set on fire, and waved in the air, casting a ruddy blaze around. These Italians are like children. They know how to turn everything to account in their games and festivities, and though, at times, a somewhat comic effect may be produced, yet on the whole there is something very picturesque in their arrangements.

We were compelled, by the pressure of the passing crowd, to seek refuge in an adjoining house. Its interior wore a desolate and poverty-stricken aspect. A lamp burnt on the table, around which were seated an ugly old woman and four men, partaking of their evening meal, which consisted chiefly of fritters. No sooner, however, had we crossed the threshold, than every countenance was lighted up with pleasure; a friendly nod greeted our approach, and the old woman, with a smile, pointing to the dish before her, said, "*Volete favorire?*" (Will you favour us with your company?) It is this ready courtesy which is to me so attractive amongst the nations of Italian race. They are not ashamed of their poverty—they feel that they are in reality the equals of the wealthiest—they are only poorer.

Leaving this hospitable abode, we soon reached the splendid Moorish cathedral, one of the finest specimens of this style of architecture which exists in Europe. In front of the cathedral stood the saint, who had been placed beneath an illuminated canopy, and around whom a market had sprung up, presenting as varied and as gay a scene as the German markets on Christmas Eve. Rows of benches were scattered here and there, and were occupied by merry groups chatting to each other. The equipages of the senators, built in the ancient Spanish form,—coaches and horses both adorned with white waving plumes,—are waiting for their owners in the side streets. The *Guarda nobile*, counts, dukes, and princes, most of them handsome men and splendidly mounted, ride after the court, attending the king in his progress to the Church. The scene presented by the interior of the cathedral was, indeed, one of enchantment. Many thousands of candelabra, so delicately wrought that their forms were scarcely distinguishable amidst the flood of light which they shed around, hung from the vaulted roof of the church, like so many brilliant stars let down from heaven to earth. None of the gorgeous decorations were here to be seen, which are usually displayed at other Church festivals. The countless lights reflected from the white walls and polished granite pillars form the only ornament of the splendid edifice. I never saw a more beautiful and striking spectacle. But amidst all this light, a dark shade was not wanting. The presence of the numerous Jesuits, who exercise so great an influence here, cast a gloom over the scene. They go hand in hand with the reigning house, and the hatred entertained towards them is equal to the power which they exercise. The scholars of the Jesuit school who were present on this occasion, were dressed in a very tasteful uniform, and wore white silk stockings. Were their spiritual being only as well attended to as their external bearing and attire, they might well be deemed fortunate; but, as far as I could learn, the Jesuits neglected the intellectual development of their scholars here, as they do in every land where education is under their absolute control.

At last, the ringing of the bells announced the arrival of the sovereign. The cardinal, the bishops,

the whole clerical body, followed by the senators in their wigs, advanced to meet him. He then entered the cathedral, a tall, stout-built, and tolerably well-looking man, dressed in uniform, followed by two pretty little princes, also clad in military attire. Next to them came the Queen, the king's sister, Princess Amelia, and the Infanta, all in *toilette de bal*, and with flowers in their hair. All the royal family are fair, with blond hair—it is at once evident that they belong to a different race from that of the people who own their rule.

The king comes to the church on this evening in order to receive the benediction which he is, on the succeeding day—the last of the festival—to dispense to the assembled multitude.

Ever since the days of the Norman rule, the secular ruler of Sicily has also been considered as the head of the Church—not that he exercises the functions of pope, for the pope is looked upon here, as in other Roman Catholic countries, as the Vicar of Christ upon earth; but in Sicily, this Vicar of Christ can only accomplish his aims so far as they are in accordance with the will of the temporal sovereign. This latter potentate dispenses indulgences in the pope's name, and lodges the profits safely in his own money chest. There is no papal nuncio in Sicily, neither has the pope any executive power in the island.

On the last day of the Fête of St. Rosalie, the king accordingly stands in front of the Iligh Altar, bare-headed, and with his hand resting on the Gospels, whilst, surrounded by clouds of incense, he pronounces the benediction over the assembled crowd, amidst the booming of cannon from the ships, the music of the regimental bands, and the pealing of bells from every church in the city.

On the fifth evening, the whole festival is closed by a grand procession of all the saints who are considered to be the protectors of the city. The king, together with the whole court, view this procession from the great hall of the *Prefecture*. He is on this occasion considered the guest of the city. The nobility and strangers, who are ever treated with most courteous respect, also receive invitations.

The cards of invitation are worded as follows: "*Per godervi la processione delle sacre reliquie della nostra concillidina Santa Rosalie.*" (To enjoy the sight of the procession of the sacred relics of our fellow-citizen, Santa Rosalie.)

A handsome fountain adorns the square in front of the *Prefecture*—churches and monasteries surround the piazza, and their rich and highly ornamented style of architecture is admirably suited for the purpose of illuminations. The fountain, with its garlands of coloured lamps interwoven with wreaths of flowers, which were reflected a thousand-fold in the limpid waters of the basin, bore a truly fairy-like aspect.

About ten o'clock, the procession commenced. Never again shall I feel surprised when I hear of the Hindoos casting themselves down beneath the wheels of the Car of Juggernaut, for in truth, the frenzy of devotionism is here carried to such a pitch, that it is a perfect marvel some of the people are not crushed.

The different saints are placed in divers tower-like vehicles, more or less lofty, according to the sanctity of their respective occupants. These temples, the lowest of which reaches to the level of the first story of the *Prefecture*, are borne along by the people, who have poles specially prepared for the purpose. Every now and then a halt is made, and at the door of every church, wine and provisions of divers sorts are distributed to the crowd.

When St. Joseph, with the Holy Child, the Madonna, bearing the sacred Infant in her arms, St. George, and two or three other saints, whose names were unknown to me, had passed along in solemn procession, a wild tumult suddenly arose amongst the crowd; men and boys, chiefly *Marinari*, as though stung by a tarantula, came bounding and rushing forwards, bearing with them, in eager haste, the images of St. Cosmo and St. Damian, two physicians, who, during the fearful pestilence, had distinguished themselves by their unremitting exertions amongst the poor, and more especially amongst the *Marinari*. On this account they were canonized, and are considered the patron saints of the *Marinari*, who bear them through the city at full speed, and weary themselves by the vehemence of their exertions, in remembrance of the untiring devotion and unresting zeal shown by these two brave and kind-hearted men.

Last of all comes Santa Rosalie, in proud, tranquil dignity, surrounded by her attendant monks. And now, once more, the guns are fired, and sounds of tumultuous joy break forth on every side. The transport of the people can no longer be contained within any bounds, and far on in the night the shouts of the excited crowd fell upon my ear.

Joyous and gorgeous enough, truly, is the Fête of St. Rosalie, at Palermo! Viewing it merely as a popular festival, there is a certain pleasure in contemplating the brilliant scene, and feeling that the very poorest amongst the populace may enjoy their full share of its festivities. But as I gazed upon those angels floating aloft, those painted wooden saints borne on the shoulders of the multitude, and followed by a troop of monks, I could not but ask myself, "What right had any man to destroy the idols of the heathen, merely to substitute in their place such paltry idols as these? How could any men, who were ambassadors of Christ, permit a nation to rest satisfied with a Christianly debased to the very lowest form of Heathenism?"

The morning after the festival, the dreary stillness of fatigue rested over the sunny streets of Palermo. The sea and the sky sparkled with light, and ever brighter and more ruddy glowed the morning dawn, until the whole surrounding scene was bathed in a flood of splendour. Beneath my window, rolling in the warm sand, and rejoicing in the shade of the *caruba* and pepper trees, gambolled a merry band of sun-burnt urchins, the sons of the *Marinari*, light-hearted and happy as though resting in the confident assurance that the earth and the ocean at least were to them an inalienable inheritance.

EGYPTIAN DANCING GIRLS.

THERE is a combination of material in Mr. Warren's elegant picture of "Egyptian Dancing Girls," which naturally suggests to the mind the past and the present condition of the country it represents. Whether the composition be a real or an imaginary one we will not undertake to affirm; but the scene is evidently borrowed from the banks of the Nile, and not improbably from that particular locality on which once stood the great city Memphis, the rival of mighty Thebes. Although the exact spot on which the ancient metropolis of Lower Egypt was situated has been the subject of much dispute, and has afforded materials for long and laborious investigation, it is now almost universally decided that it occupied a place very near the village of Motrahenny, on the western bank of the river; and the vicinity of this village presents features similar in character to those in the artist's picture. Travellers who have visited this part of the country describe manifest indications of an ancient city, in the form of mounds, channels, and blocks of granite, many of which are covered with sculptures and hieroglyphics, that are locally considered to be the remains of the royal seat of the Pharaohs, the "Noph" of the prophet Ezekiel, of which Jeremiah prophesied that it should be "waste and desolate without an inhabitant." And so completely has this prophecy, like all others found in Sacred History, been fulfilled, that nothing remains like a building of any kind, and not a single human being is to be found dwelling within its precincts.

It is the fragments of architectural grandeur introduced into the picture which throw back the thoughts into, far distant ages, of whose history the records are few and unsatisfactory. There is nothing more calculated to manifest the instability of human greatness, and how utterly futile are man's hopes of establishing for himself and his heirs a power that shall live for ever, than to witness the entire, or even partial, desolation of a land which at some period exalted itself among the nations of the world. Every remnant of its former glory is a mute instructor, while even the dust on which one treads is not unfrequently all that remains of some object of beauty that attracted the admiration of thousands of intelligent beings. And thus it will be with regard to those things in which the living generation pride themselves, for, to borrow an elegant thought from the poet Moore,—

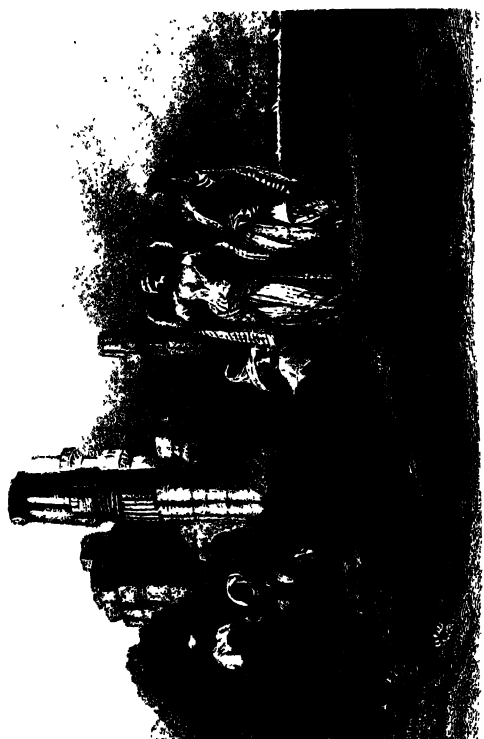
"Time looks on,
Waiting till all, now bright and blest,
Shall fall beneath him like the rest."

Was it by way of reading a homily upon the changes to which every created object is destined, that the artist has placed his dancing girls amid the ruins of Egyptian grandeur? There was no necessity for his so doing in order to a characteristic introduction of the figures, which would have been advantageously disposed, for pictorial display, under

other circumstances than those he has thought fit to associate with them. But if such were his intention he has effectually succeeded in producing a picture in which the gaiety of the present seems only to mock the solemnity of the past, and the low enjoyments of actual existence are placed in striking contrast with the mouldering relics of antiquity, which speak of a period so distant that even imagination itself can scarcely penetrate into its buried mysteries. The scene reminds one of some unhallowed revel among the tombs of the dead, though as a composition of ideal art it is very beautiful.

The dancing girls of Egypt are of the most remote origin; indeed, this pastime is generally supposed to have first been practised in that country, from which the Jews brought it in their Exodus, and caused it to form a part of the idolatrous worship they offered to the golden calf. In the choral dances and festal processions illustrated in the paintings on ancient Egyptian monuments, the dance is almost invariably represented as performed by women, and even to this day it is generally left to the females, the men considering it beneath their dignity to take any part in such proceedings, except as spectators; but in this character the dance forms no inconsiderable portion of their amusement. The public female dancers of Egypt have acquired by the reports of almost every Eastern traveller, a very unenviable notoriety: They chiefly exhibit in the courts of houses and in the streets: the movements of their dance are not unlike those of the Spanish *fandango*, and it is generally accompanied by a viol and tambourine, played by musicians of the company, while the dancers themselves are provided with castanets, which they sound, as represented in the engraving.

In Mr. Bartlett's interesting volume, entitled, "The Nile Boat," he gives an account of an exhibition of this sort, at which he was present. The two performers who were amusing the assembled party, "had once been handsome, but were now, though young, decidedly *usé*, worn out with early profligacy, and bedaubed *ad nauseam* with a thick layer of vermilion. Their dress consisted of very large loose trowsers of silk, and a tight-bodied vest open at the bosom, and having long sleeves, with a large shawl wreathed round and supporting their languid figures; they were also profusely decorated with gold coins and bracelets." The writer speaks of the dance itself as having little to recommend it in the way of grace and elegance—qualities which render the movements and attitudes of the skilful European *dansseuse* so attractive and picturesque—but much of that equivocal expression more calculated to create disgust in the well-regulated mind than enjoyment. Whatever of a kindred nature Mr. Warren may have seen in those who formed the models of his picture, he has properly and carefully avoided to introduce, lest truth should, perchance, become offensive: as an illustration of modern Eastern customs the subject is highly interesting.



IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND IN THE
JOURNAL OF 1851.THE LETTERS AND MEMORANDA OF
FREDRIKA BREMER.¹

V.

Associated Workmen in England and Scotland.—Visit to the Co-operative Tailors in London.—Visit to the Co-operative Needlewomen.—Organization of Association.—An Idea.—The Ancient Guilds regenerated in a deeper sense and more liberal form.—The sympathy roused towards them by Poets, Noblemen, Clergy, Lawyers, who take part in this movement of the workers.—The Fourth Estate comes forward upon the scene.—Christian Socialism.—The True Socialism.—The False.—The Wheat and Chaff.—The Discrimination of the Earth.—Kossuth's Reception in London

THEY had already begun in England; they were already in operation, these new institutions for an improved future in the social state; ragged schools, model dwelling and eating-houses, public baths and wash-houses, emigrants' home, dormitory, and such like, when the *Morning Chronicle* brought out a series of articles under the name of "London Labour and the London Poor." These articles made known the results of long-continued inquiries, pursued through intercourse and conversation with the various classes of the poorer population of London; and gave an accurate representation of their social state; their occupations, customs, habits, enjoyments, temptations, moral condition, sufferings and vices. In this class were included cab-men, porters, postillions, street traders, sellers of fruit, policemen, street-musicians, crossing-sweepers, beggars, servants in hospitals; pickpockets, burglars, and such like. The narrations in which the parties themselves were introduced as speaking and acting, were rich both in humour and pathos, in comedy and tragedy, in novelty and wisdom. They bore an internal stamp of truth; outward circumstances still further strengthening this, and the spirit of the author being steady, earnest, and acute. Every one, even the meanest human being whom one might meet and overlook in the street, was here brought forward in his own individual world, his own home, education, feelings, crimes and virtues. The author, without sentimentality, without palliation, accompanied these pariahs of society from their earliest days of innocence and through their degradation, down to the extremest point of human wretchedness, which prisons and hospitals conceal. Here were no mysteries of Paris delineated by an author only half a Christian, in a melodramatic style, half true, attractive and delusive at the same time. Here it was the truth, the actuality itself, brought together by a trustworthy person, and speaking the convincing language of truth itself. Here also were stern statistical facts, deducible from moral data. These and the conclusions which they led to, astonished the thinking men

and women of England. It was incontrovertibly proved by the facts here adduced, that thousands of women are to be found in London, as well as in other large towns of England, who are not able to live by their own labour, and would not be able to live at all excepting by—degradation. It was incontrovertibly proved, likewise, that there were also thousands of men there who could not support themselves and their families by the honest wages of labour; it was proved that certain trades and corporate bodies, formerly rich and prosperous, were sinking lower with each succeeding year; as well as that the circumstance which in England was bringing the well-to-do in the labouring classes to poverty, and the poor to crime, and, finally, to the extremest wretchedness, was an increasing cause in England, and had its root in the present organization of society.

The first effect of this extraordinary exposition, of this influx of light amid darkness, was a general consternation. Had not Government long ago been established as a great protecting institution for society? Had not the laws, the church, houses of correction, workhouses, prisons, poor-laws, schools, public and private benevolence for hundreds of years, been actively employed in keeping in order and in improving society? and never more than at the present time!—and yet—in the very heart of all this, and in the face of all this, and in spite of all this, there was an increasing condition of ruin, of degradation, increasing silently, secretly, but at the same time perceptibly, undermining the whole visible fabric of society, if no obstacle were presented to its progress, if there were no other counterbalancing influence than the old order of things, the old curative measures!

People inquired on all hands, Whence is it to come? The answer was, It will come of itself from the blind, unopposed, and selfish competition, which places the interests of one man in opposition to those of others, and leaves the weaker to be trodden down by the stronger. People inquired yet further; How can this be helped? The field of competition must be left open; competition must be free to all alike. Some said, That will do nothing. It must go as it will! Others replied; No! because then it would go to destruction at once; and that is the will of the Evil One, and not of God. God has said, that all men are brethren, and should live together as brethren, as the children of God, and not as mortal enemies in perpetually bitter strife one with another.

It was in the last week of December in the year 1849, when ten persons, amongst whom, besides men of the working class, were two clergymen of the Church of England and one Member of Parliament, met together in the house of a working man. The *Morning Chronicle* had just published a horrifying description of the condition of the working tailors and needlewomen in London, who, through the system of, so-called, middlemen, and the consequent reduction of the prices paid for work, with other abuses of the powers of labour, were reduced, day by day, into a state of yet greater need. And these persons had

(1) Continued from p. 309.

(2) The opinions put forth in this article are to be accepted as those only of the accomplished writer. The Editor, while, in many cases, dissenting from them, has considered it right to print them as they have been written. It may be necessary, however, to remind the reader that Miss Bremer's opportunities of judging were limited and few; and that her views upon subjects so delicate and intricate as those upon which she here treats are to be received with some degree of caution.

met together, to take into consideration what might be done to meet this increasing evil.

It was determined that they should immediately endeavour to form associations of workers in those trades which were at the present time most depressed; and that the members of these associations should work at the same time for their own and for the general advantage, as well as in such places and under such conditions as befitted men and women in the nineteenth century of Christianity.

The next meeting of these men took place in January 1850, at the house of one of the clergymen. Several gentlemen of respectability and wealth had in the meantime joined the original small company. Upright and trustworthy men of the tailors' trade had been selected to make known this first tailors' association, and they had even found among those willing to become its friends and supporters two master tailors—to their honour be it told! The masters and workers, in concert with the gentlemen, drew up rules and calculated expenditure. A sum of money, three hundred pounds, was advanced on loan, to bring the undertaking into operation; the direction was organized; conditions drawn up, laws written out and subscribed; the association took a house and began to work.

At the same time, as if propelled by some general power of nature, similar associations were established in various towns of England and Scotland, as well as also in the country, in the manufacturing districts; and in fact, this peculiar form of social development increased so rapidly and so generally, that within a short time it was to be met with in nearly all the industrial trades. Just lately in Scotland, and if I remember correctly, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, not less than four thousand operatives of the so-called block-printing business entered into a general partnership. At the same time were opened, throughout the length and breadth of England and Scotland, the so called co-operative shops,—shops for the sale of all kinds of provisions and goods, established by companies or associations of operatives, who supplied them with their various articles, and from which they made their own purchases, whether of goods generally, or provisions for their family consumption, convinced that from them they would obtain a good article at a reasonable price.

I had frequently, during my rambles in other towns, seen these shops, bearing the inscription, "Co-operative shops, or stores." But it was not until I came to London, that I fully understood the design and universality of these undertakings among the working classes of England, or of their advancing concentration into a system. These establishments had grown up out of the pressure of the times, from an internal and external necessity, from a moral and physical necessity; in the first instance isolated, disconnected, without knowledge of each other; by degrees however—also from natural necessity—becoming acquainted one with another—coming into a fraternal relationship one with another by the attention which was requisite for the common interests, by the

adoption of a common code of regulations, by the development of a yet more and more perfected system, through which the individual members were united into one body, with one heart and one head; or, to speak less figuratively, with a central body of directors, to which the separate associations might send deputies or representatives.

I visited the first-mentioned association in London, about two years after its first establishment. It had already paid off one-half of its original debt, and had a certain prospect of paying off the remainder within the course of the present year. It was in a state of prosperity, although work at that moment was not abundant; which was by no means unusual at that period of the year, when the greater portion of the wealthy residents of London were in the country. The house belonging to the association was of somewhat insignificant appearance; and the stairs by which one ascended to the workroom were rickety, but they were going to have this properly repaired: the room, however, where the tailors—somewhat above twenty in number—sat to work, was clean, airy and agreeably warm. There was also a book-case in the room, where, among other well-bound volumes, I observed "Plato's Dialogues," of which an English translation, somewhat abridged from the original, has lately been published and is much read by the working classes. There was also in the house a small bath-room, convenient and well supplied with fresh water; and which, in summer especially, is industriously made use of by the workmen. One portion of the house, formerly an outbuilding, had been taken down; and was now in progress of re-erection for a large hall; where lectures might be delivered, and in which the association should have its reading-room and place of social meeting.

The superintendent of this association, Mr. W. C, himself an operative, and who had been elected to his office by the members themselves, is a little man of rare endowments, whose whole countenance seemed to me an animated beaming eye. Of my conversations with him, I will draw from my memory the following.

Quest. How came you first to think of this association?

Ans. It came as if of itself;—as if from necessity. The men had become weary of Strikes when work became scarce and wages low. They gained nothing by them; and were, after all, obliged in the end to submit themselves to necessity, or to starve with wife and children. They had become weary also of going out "on tramp," by which they seldom got anything but worn-out shoes. In this way the thought arose in some of our minds, Could we not unite ourselves for conjoined labour, for conjoined profits, under laws of association, and thus become independent of the pleasure of individuals? We attempted the thing; and many others in other trades attempted also to become associated; and many gentlemen, nay even some manufacturers themselves, participating in our views, joined us, and assisted us with money and with advice.

21.

Quest. How are members elected?

Ans. All who desire to become such must pass through a certain time of trial; after which, if they have shown themselves to be trustworthy and skilful workmen, they are admitted as members of the association and receive a copy of its regulations.

Quest. How would you act towards a member who, after having been received into the association, showed himself to be unworthy?

Ans. He would be excluded by general vote.

Quest. Do you pay all your workers alike, the unskilful as well as the skilful, provided that the former does his best?

Ans. No; we pay for work by the piece, and according to its value as work. The skilful workman, as a matter of necessity, obtains more than the unskilful. The unskilful gets less, but not so little as he would if he worked out of the association, if he conscientiously does his best and behaves well, because we acknowledge a higher principle in our association than merely skill in work.

Quest. And how do you proceed with regard to the division of the over-plus, or of pure profit?

Ans. I acknowledge that, at first, this question troubled me, and that I had my doubts about an equal division of profits. I did not rightly know how to guide myself in this matter; but the men themselves helped me when I laid the matter before them. We will more than willingly, said they, divide the profits equally with our associate who has done less than ourselves, provided only that he has done his best, because we know that his good conduct and industry are as advantageous to our association as his work; and we must acknowledge higher principles of action than merely material advantage. As yet we have not had much over-plus to divide; because, when we met together to consult about the application of the first hundred pounds which we had of clear profit, we unanimously agreed that it should go towards the paying off our debt, and that we would not make any division of profits amongst ourselves until the whole was liquidated. And we hope to do that within the next twelve months; for we have now a large order for liveries for Lady E.'s servants. Lady E. sent for me and talked the matter over with me herself, for she understood all about it; she is a thorough man of business—that she is! and she laid before me a high estimate for the clothes, and asked me whether I could make them properly and well for a lower price. And when I had looked over the estimate, I said that we could make some of the required articles at a lower price than was here given in, so that the whole might be done at a less cost. And thus we got the order.

Quest. What do you consider the advantages of this establishment to be, in an economic point of view, over the usual establishments of this kind where the workmen are paid by a master?

Ans. In the first place, we consider our work to be better and more conscientiously done, because every workman ought to do his work conscientiously; and

here it is done by men who are not wearied by over-work, as we do not work above ten hours out of the four-and-twenty; and secondly, that we never do business on credit; but only for immediate cash payments; we therefore run no risk of loss. Besides which, we can sell at a lower price than the great master tailors:—They are obliged to sell their clothes at a higher price, because, from old custom, they must give credit; hence some of their customers never pay at all, and they lose at least a third of their calculated profits. We trust, also, that thinking people of affluence will still more and more come to regard our establishment as right and judicious, and will give us their countenance. Hitherto we have done very well, although just at present it is “a slack time” for work.

Quest. And if this time should continue, and work become yet slacker, how would you keep the workers of the association together?

Ans. We must be contented to let them go over to another association of the same trade, or of a trade kindred to ours, which for the time happens to be full of work. The members of these associations must mutually assist each other; and every one must be prepared for movement and change amongst them, in consequence of a much more extended acquirement of knowledge and much greater skill than has hitherto been the case. We have devised many resources against the difficulties of slack work, and we see many remedies;—among these, a savings fund. We have yet much to learn; we are still in the first period of our apprenticeship; and in our beginning. The most important thing is now, that the different associations should be brought into friendly and close connexion with each other, by means of central association.

Quest. Are the men in your association guided by religious principle?

Ans. Not many of the workmen acknowledge religious principles as yet. But many of the gentlemen, our promoters, do; and they are obtaining more and more influence amongst us. We commenced our association on purely economic principles; but it is clear that higher principles cannot long be absent. And they show themselves already.

Quest. In what class of society is the greater number of your supporters?

Ans. Among the clergy. Do you know Professor M. and Mr. K.?

The little man's countenance beamed with joy as he named these two clergymen of the Church of England, whose portraits hung in the room. He inquired further, whether I should yet remain any time in London?

“No,” replied I, “I must soon leave on my way home.”

“That is a pity,” said he, “I could have wished you to have been present at our great meeting next month; on which occasion delegates from all the associations in Scotland and England, as well as our promoters and friends, will all assemble here for consultation together, and for the still further development

of our plans; and the consideration of our economic questions. We have invited — (and he named several of the most influential men of England), who have all promised to be present; and we shall have lectures and discussions on various important sections of our undertaking."

"How does the Needlewomen's Association go on?" I inquired.

"Not so well," he replied, "They have made a mistake in the beginning, by not in the first instance making articles of the simplest kind and most general use; and also by opening their shop in a part which is but little frequented. But we shall lend them a helping hand in their removal, and to enable them to compete with the ordinary 'slop-workers.' We hope soon to be able to open for them, as well as for ourselves, shops in — street, where there is a great traffic. They, like ourselves, often may learn much from their mistakes."

"Did you find in a general way a good and fraternal spirit existing in the various associations which you visited?" inquired I of Mr. C., who, I knew, had but lately returned from a journey in England and Scotland, during which he had delivered lectures on the question of association.

"In a general way," replied he, "it is so; although many associations and their supporters as yet know very little about these questions. Nevertheless, the true comprehension of them is on the increase, as is also the spirit of co-operation. In — (he named a small town in Scotland,) I found that the provision dealers had united in co-operation, and had banished all intoxicating liquors from their shops; so that the town which formerly was deluged with whisky and drunkenness, was now perfectly free therefrom. The merchants, by their union, had obtained power over the movement, and now dared to rise up in opposition against them."

In company with the noble clergyman, Professor M., I one day visited the Needlewomen's Association. Among the leading members who had become the directors of this association, I had seen the name of Lord Ashley, and that of the Prussian Minister in London, the noble and intellectual Chevalier Bunsen. The association was designed for the most oppressed class of needlewomen, who, in their struggle with want, had still maintained a pure course of life. The association was intended to be self-supporting; but had not yet succeeded in this respect; partly from the cause assigned by the superintendent of the Tailors' Association; partly, and still more, from the difficulties which were caused by the ignorance, and the unwillingness to submit to order, and the want of punctuality in a portion of the needlewomen, as well in their habits of life as in their work. A kind and agreeable woman, the mistress of the house, opened the door for us, and accompanied me through the rooms. The needlewomen pay here a certain sum—as low as possible—for work-room, food, firing and light, which sum is deducted from the amount of their wages. Everything in the house was neat and orderly. Each

bed-room was fitted up for three or four persons. In one large warm room sat, at two long tables, somewhat above twenty women; and sewed, two by the light of each candle. The effect was pleasing.

I inquired from the superintendent what it was which would induce a purchaser to give their shop the preference to any other in which the same description of articles was sold?

She replied, "The excellence of the workmanship—the moral condition of the workers."

I examined various articles which were in progress of making; and I could not but really marvel at the excellence of the workmanship. Such sewing-schools would be useful in the United States. This association, although not yet self-supporting, had saved many an elderly woman from perishing of hunger; and many a young one from what was still worse. May it go on; and its noble supporters not become weary!

I have given so much of my conversation with the superintendent of the Tailors' Association, because his words afford a good representation of the spirit and aim of the co-operative movement which is now going on in England and Scotland; and which more openly takes the name of Christian Socialism; which has for its organ in London the paper called *The Christian Socialist*, in opposition to the Socialism which is based upon radical and anti-religious principles; and the organ of which in England is *The Leader*.

The doctrines propounded by this latter newspaper would, if carried out, work a revolution in the social system of England; the effects of which none can possibly determine.

The former—Christian Socialism—excites to reform on Christian principles and with Christian faith; goes forth from a divine principle, developing itself in a Christian people and community; and lastly, perfecting itself into a universal kingdom of God upon earth, where all true forms of human association are preserved and made yet more clear; and where no man stands alone. It acknowledges the right of enjoyment, but places virtue before it; and knows that finally they are one and the same in the highest felicity of mankind.

I will leave to persons more skilled in these subjects than myself, to state the politico-economical consequences of these new social arrangements, when they shall have fully established themselves:—I will leave them to demonstrate the importance to the public of a better and a more conscientious labour; and the gain to production where the multitude of the producers themselves stand forward also in a higher degree as consumers,—a natural result of the improved circumstances of the masses. I will here speak only of the moral influence of these associations, in some respects which are to me obvious.

It has been seen in England, as in other countries, that good and upright masters have nothing to fear from these movements amongst the working classes; that their interests will not really suffer, nor will they ever have any want of workmen. No: such

masters will obtain hands in the first instance, in preference to the associations. These demand, especially in their commencement, the virtues of self-denial and self-command, which the workman under a good master need know nothing of. He can possess a greater freedom and indulge himself in pleasures, which the workman of an association in the first period must deny himself. For instance, the associated workmen must give up their old custom of keeping St. Monday. But, if the world was full of good masters—and that is far enough from being the case—they would not be sufficient to exclude the causes of evil and suffering amongst the working classes; to fill up the necessity which more and more seriously displays itself there; which demands something more and higher than bread alone. For it seems clear to me, that, as the success of an association depends pre-eminently on the moral and practical virtues of its members; and on its constitution and rules strictly in force there; so is it equally clear that it must exert a potent influence on the morals and industrious spirit of the workmen; yes, upon their whole human consciousness.

Even in France, where co-operative associations are not professedly built upon a Christian foundation; the mere necessity of succeeding in united labour, has led to an elevation of the moral standard; and the written rules do homage to the noblest humanity. We see that the ordinances which these associations adopt and publish as comprehending their constitutions, have for their aim to elevate the labouring classes as well through a moral reform, as in their material condition. They will improve their circumstances, that is certain; and they will also become better. The coarser vices will be abandoned; and also the more refined ones. Even punishment has for its foundation a high conception; and a humanizing tendency. For example, the first class of punishments consists of flogs; the second and higher, reproof from the members of the association. Honourable members, say these rules, honourable sensible workmen must, as members of the association, strictly condemn and prohibit all coarse, angry and unbecoming language. Their language and conduct must be worthy of citizens who live by useful labour.

An association, they say further, has also for its object to assist members during illness; and to give pensions to the old; and to invalid workmen. The Association of the Turners of Steel in Paris, organized, on the 1st of January, 1850, a fund for assisting cases of distress, but could not advance it beyond 313 francs. Two years later, it had given all needful assistance; and left, for the sick, and payment of medical aid, 490 francs in hand.

The Association of Bricklayers and Stone-cutters declared its object to be, to form a union, with a common interest of labour, so as to advance towards the goal of humanity—universal brotherhood.

But such an object is not to be attained merely by rules and laws; but through a *life* which French Socialism does not yet possess; namely, the life in

Him, who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life;" and who has also said, "I am the true Vine, ye are the branches; without Me ye can do nothing." "I in them and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one."

The English Christian Socialism advances beyond the French, as being conscious of this life, of this eternal foundation. The Christian, the true Socialism, is the most powerful opponent of the false Socialism, and of Communism; it is their certain conqueror. Communism haunts the twilight of the understanding, where Socialism arises like Thor against the Trolls.¹

That the Workmen's Associations, in proportion as they are able to carry into effect their plans, will come to exhaust and annihilate the *proletariat*, seems to me clear; since these associations already, in their commencement, are planning schools;—institutions for sickness and poverty, with all their necessary machinery;—seeking the health of the public;—though the sanguine prophecy of a French minister may be somewhat exaggerated,—that the time shall come when the word "proletär" shall no longer be understood on the earth.

May this young, new, social heart of France grow and develop itself; grow all the stronger under the pressure of an iron hand, calculated to hold it back, so that it may the more thoroughly ripen and ennoble itself! "Much bread grows in a winter's night!" says the proverb. But it is in England's associations of workmen that we hail the newer awakened consciousness of society; and the advance of the fourth estate upon the ocean of life towards self-guidance; and towards full knowledge and exercise of the social rights of humanity. And that this shall take place cannot be unexpected by those who believe in the Christian revelation; and its development in history. But whether this shall come in the name of the Prince of Peace, for the blessing of the earth; in the communion of saints, for the edification of God's kingdom; or—under the guidance of the red flag, amidst blood and war and much misery;—depends upon the men themselves. It depends, in the first place, on the virtue and seriousness of the working classes; but, next to that, and in as thoroughly great a degree; upon the brotherly and active sympathy of the classes which, in knowledge, in power, or in wealth, already occupy the upper regions of society.

The word Socialism has fallen into disrepute in the world in certain circles, through various abuses and misunderstandings. But is there another term which so well expresses what it really means; and which, in reality, every good man holds dear? The names of St. Simon, Fourier, Owen, are quoted as bugbears likely enough to terrify all reasonable souls; yet the impression which these fantastic prophets of the great scenes of the future have made, and do make in the world, is incontestable. Reasonable minds ought not to be frightened at a bugbear; but courageously to look at it, and to recollect that in the

(1) Wicked and necromantic spirits.

northern myths, the Rimthursar (Giants of the Frost) came before the gods and the demigods; before "the Mighty One:"—

"He who guides all things,
Judgments he utters;
Strifes he appeaseth;
Laws he ordaineth
To flourish for ever."

That in all science, the beginners are like the Vikings—yet the Vikings prepared the way, by their bold expeditions of plunder, for Columbus and the discovery of America. Chaldean and Ptolemaic astronomers preceded Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton; and the social astronomy must also have its first discoverers; and its Titans. That they will, of necessity, commit many mistakes is quite natural; but that in which they are right, that which constitutes their power—that is the question. For where a powerful necessity, a deep interest operates in the bosom of humanity; and expresses itself in a variety of ways simultaneously; there must an actual new life exist; and be in the very throes of its birth.

"Prove all, and hold fast that which is good," says Paul; and nearly two thousand years later, one of England's and of earth's strong champions, utters these beautiful and philosophic words:—

"In the great and eternal conflict of opinions, Nature herself is the arbitrator; and cannot decide wrong. The thing which is the most deeply rooted in nature and which we call the *truest*, this thing and no other, is that which finally grows."

"But at the same time we must call to mind what sort of arbitrator Nature is; what greatness, what a union of light and toleration there is in her. You take wheat and throw it into the bosom of the earth: your wheat may be mixed up with chaff, straw, sweepings, dust, all sorts of imaginable rubbish, no matter! You fling it down into the bosom of the gentle and just earth. She cherishes the wheat. All the rubbish she silently consumes, shrouds herself in it, says nothing of the rubbish. But the good wheat she permits to grow. The good earth is silent about all the rest,—has, silent at the same time, turned it to some use, and makes no lamentation over it. She is true and not indifferent; and at the same time so great, and just, and motherly in her truthfulness! She desires of a thing only that it shall be true at heart; she will protect it, only if it is so. There is a soul of truth in everything; and this she never gives in vain."

And is there not in human nature also a good and equitable soil, which follows the example of the earth, separating the wheat from the chaff? The Christian socialism of England has already shown this. It has let fall the visionary theories of St. Simon, of Fourier, and of Robert Owen; it has retained and made use of, with great and sound judgment, such of their theories as were possessed of head and heart. It has laid its foundations in the eternal life, and has sprung therefrom, silently and in concealment as yet, only to develop itself one day as

(1) Thomas Carlyle.

the world's tree, which shall extend the shadow of its branches over the desolate wastes of the earth.

I have faith in the good soil even of human nature, which separates the wheat from the chaff; which bears of itself, first the green blade, then the ear, and then the perfected corn in the ear.

It is to this good, equitable earth, that I entrust that which I have here written.

During my stay in London Kossuth arrived there, and people of all classes prepared to give him a warm reception. Being at the time exclusively occupied with England and English affairs, I did not myself make many inquiries about Kossuth and his arrival, although the hero of Hungary could not be an object of indifference to any freedom-loving soul. It was a surprise to me, therefore, when one day, as I was sitting in my room in the Strand, I heard in the street outside a loud noise, which increased like a rushing stream; and on looking out, I saw an open carriage drawn by four white horses, coming slowly along, surrounded by many hundreds of people hurrahing and waving their hats. After this came a second carriage, with children and fluttering banners. In the first carriage, which was surrounded with people as by a moving wall, sat two gentlemen. One of these acknowledged the salutations of the people and the greetings from various windows, where flags and handkerchiefs waved, and acclamations resounded, as the triumphal procession went by.

It was Kossuth, who thus made his entry into London. The slow advance of the train and the so frequent removal of his hat, enabled me to see Kossuth particularly well; and all the better, as two hours later, he returned the same way attended by a still greater, a still more enthusiastic crowd. He appeared to me, a man of short stature, with a strong and remarkably well developed forehead, especially as regarded breadth; but, otherwise, with nothing remarkable about him. In carriage and manner, however, there was a something decided, simple, resolute and clever, not in a military, but a civil style;—a person not remarkable from any extraordinary personal power, although he may be so as regards political intelligence. I should hardly have been willing to write down this impression, derived merely from a window, of a person driving past in a carriage; had not everything which I read and have read of Kossuth's speeches, only strengthened the same impression. He is a man of clear and decided political intelligence; he is perfectly master of his subject and the impression which it will produce; he is possessed of an astonishing fluency and perspicuity of expression. That which he says is excellent, is living, convincing; one cannot but admire his ability; he is right, he is right, altogether right, very right, perfectly right, and the whole world will do him justice; but—my heart will not grow strong within me as I listen to his words. They find their way to my head, but not to my heart. I say that which I feel.

But though Kossuth was not able to deliver Hun-

gary, yet he can liberate the political mind of the whole civilized world; and for this has he been especially called forth by Providence from the down-trodden soil of liberty; a seed of freedom, borne by the wings of mind over all the world, so that it may vegetate and shoot forth all the more.—Wonderful!

VI.

Asylum for Aged Governesses.—Home for the Young.—Queen's College.—Government School of Design for Women.—Ladies' Guild.—Some Thoughts.—Review of England.—Its Authors and Authoresses.—Departure.

I HAD heard some years since, whilst yet in Sweden I had listened to the news, as one listens to some beautiful half incredible story; I had heard that persons of talent, rank and fortune, had united in England to establish a Home for Aged and Poor Governesses, to enable them to enjoy a bright evening of life, free from anxiety. I had also read Mrs. S. C. Hall's charming story, "The Aged Governess," and wished that it might be read and thought upon by many. This story, written solely for the promotion of this good object, describes one of the most common occurrences of life, as we all must acknowledge; namely, how the old instructress, neglected by the young whom she has brought up, often as a second mother;—how they, not from badness of heart, not from premeditated neglect, merely from common thoughtlessness,—leave her to her fate; after her long laborious career in the family when they had need of her, and out of the family when they need her no longer,—left alone, to live or to die, utterly forsaken.

This story had caused me to think the undertaking must succeed; it is an affair of humanity, and its advocate knows how to touch the heart.

I heard in America that the work had been accomplished; the Asylum for Aged Governesses had been erected, and I set my heart upon visiting it during my visit to London.

Nothing more was needed than that I should mention my wishes to my friends in London. One of the most effective promoters of the good institution, the excellent and cheerful Mrs. Laing, conducted me thither.

It was a beautiful afternoon. It was pleasant to drive with that agreeable and kind woman, in an open carriage, away from the crowded noisy London into the pleasant suburb of Kentish Town, where the green fields shone in the sun, and trees and flowers nodded in the wind; it was pleasant to listen all this time to Mrs. Laing, who told me how that, ever since her earliest youth, she had wished above everything to be able some time to be of use to the distressed of her own sex, whose smoother path of life she herself was beginning to tread; and of the happiness which she now experienced, in finding herself in a position to accomplish the warm wishes of her youthful years. Beautiful and cheering is the sun! But still more beautiful and cheering is the sun of human kindness in a human eye!

The carriage drew up at a pair of iron gates. Within these, upon an open space and with a free

look-out, stood a large splendid house, built of grey stone, in the beautiful antique style. This was the Asylum of the Aged Governesses, their last calm haven and home on earth. The building had been completed only in June 1849, and was calculated to receive twenty-two inmates. Rooms for more may yet be added. We passed through the garden, which, however, consisted principally of beautiful grassplots and beds of flowers, shrubs and newly planted trees. Some of the old ladies were walking here, in the bright light of the setting autumnal sun, and tending the flowers. We entered the house. The steps, the doors, all, from foundation to roof-tree, were built as if for a thousand years' duration, beautifully and excellently—the sterling English spirit breathed throughout it.

In the large common drawing-room, adorned with pictures, bookcases, and all those various things which constitute the peculiar little world of a beautiful room intended for social enjoyment, sat two of the old ladies at their work. Mrs. Laing was received by all as one receives a messenger of joy. The old ladies evidently regarded her as one of their best friends. They were anxious to prove to her that they were well and full of the energy of life. For she had made them understand that no greater trouble could happen to her than that they should die; that she wished them all to live and to be happy here, the longer the better.

A little, cheerful, bright old lady, more than seventy years of age, but very lively, and as agile almost as a young girl, went with me through all the different rooms. They were all exactly alike as to arrangement, had the same kind of furniture, carpets, and all comforts equally alike. My little conductress was quite alive to all this, and showed me with how much thought everything had been arranged for their convenience, how easily the bonnet-boxes under the tables were drawn out, how accurately and noiselessly the doors closed, because the edges were lined with listing; how everything was so arranged that they might find life easy and agreeable. In one of the rooms sat an old lady, who was an invalid, and was no longer able to walk out. She sat in her comfortable easy-chair, the dim eyes, which shone like feeble lights in the still handsome countenance, gazed out from a window which commanded a lovely view over the distant green, church-crowned heights, behind which the sun was now sinking in the calm splendour of autumn, illuminating the room where the old lady sat. Her voice was weak, so were evidently the powers of life; the lamp was about to be extinguished. But within, as well as without, all seemed to be peaceful and bright as regarded her. Freed from the gnawing anxieties of providing for the day, protected from cold rooms, shortness of food, from a desolate home, she may now calmly await the night, sinking

(1) The remarkably beautiful earthenware used in these rooms, was the gift of a manufacturer of this ware; the name of whom I regret much that I have forgotten. (It is scarcely necessary to name Herbert Minton, Esq., who has here most amply evidenced his kind feeling and his good taste.—Ed.)

quietly; like the sinking sun, which glanced into her chamber kindly, like the loving eye of a friend.

That aged governess, and all the aged ones there! my heart throbs warmly at the thought of them, and of their asylum.

It is in institutions of this kind that one sees the heart in a nation. Here the question was not about any "dangerous classes," whom society must take in hand in order to secure its own safety. Here the question was about a class, the least dangerous of all, the most defenceless within the range of society;—about solitary women, who, after a life of toil and self-denial in the service of the young generation, go forth into silence, no one knows where, and hide an existence which they almost feel to be supernumerary, to be a burden,—go forth, often, like the sick bird, which seeks out a gloomy solitude of the wood in which to die.

The aged governess! •How hard is frequently her lot! How thankless is society for her labour, how indifferent towards her fate, how unsparing towards her faults,—faults, which arise precisely from the disproportion in her fate, which demands from the teacher all a mother's qualities and self-denial, without giving her in return any of the mother's recompense, the esteem of society, the gratitude of the child, or even a home.

During the several years' labour which noble-minded men and women in England have given to searching out and alleviating the silent misery which prevailed in this class of society, it has been proved that there is no class more deserving of esteem and attention; that no women better deserve the aid and esteem of society than the aged governesses.

Out of seven thousand teachers (it is estimated that the number of governesses in England amounts to about fifteen thousand) who during this time had come under the notice of the Committee of Direction which had been organized for their aid, several were found in lunatic asylums, but none in prisons. Many were without means of support in their old age, because they had maintained aged parents with the wages of their labour, assisted young brothers and sisters, or had brought up orphan nephews or nieces. Too many in consequence of their labour had weak sight, or were suffering from severe nervous complaints, of all suffering the worst.

Since the public attention in England has been so much directed to the responsible vocation of the governess, to her difficult position, and her unprovided-for old age; the public endeavour has increased with every succeeding year to elevate and improve the condition of the governess. Academies have been established for the education of young persons; annual pensions have been established for the old and needy; the crowning flower of this beautiful growth of human love and gratitude being the Home for the Aged Governesses, the asylum in which I now found myself, and which, when completed, will leave it difficult to imagine one more perfect.

Among the earliest promoters of this institution I

found the names of—men. Men had been the earliest friends and protectors of the old, solitary ladies! The Duke of Cambridge, Dr. Thackeray, John Hatchard, (who lately closed a life full of good works) had long, both by word and deed, laboured to improve the fate of these lonely beings. These good men, in connexion with noble-minded ladies, such as Mrs. S. C. Hall and Mrs. Laing, had carried through this beautiful undertaking, and hence this final home for the aged governess.

Since then have the subscriptions for the support of aged governesses been so numerous, and so considerable in amount, that now a better future may be anticipated with certainty.¹

A payment of five hundred pounds entitles to nominate a lady to the asylum. And with all the conveniences and even luxuries of the establishment all has been so well calculated that the cost of each inmate's support is remarkably small. A physician and medicine are also provided by the institution.

One agreeable thing for the old ladies seemed to me, that they were permitted to have their friends and acquaintance to tea, on the payment of a mere trifle for each guest.

I saw, finally, in the handsome, light dining-room, the greater number of the inmates of the asylum assembled. There, seated at the piano, I played to them Swedish ballads and dances, and afterwards cordially shook hands with the kind old ladies, recommending them to follow Mrs. Laing's advice, to live long and remain well; they must take care and not die; they must take care and not grieve the good lady! They laughed, and seemed especially willing to attend to my admonition.

Why should they not? Everything which makes old age bright—yes, perhaps, which makes it the most cheerful portion of a woman's life—quietness, a secure future, all the amenities of daily life, society, retirement, the kindest care, the most faithful guardianship, everything which at their age might reasonably be desired, all this is theirs. With a joyful heart I left this institution, over which the most splendid autumnal sun seemed to cast its blessing, and drove with Mrs. Laing to the home of the younger governesses, which also, I was desirous of visiting. This institution,—under the same direction as the former, is designed as a shelter and home for young ladies who come to London in search of situations as governesses; is intended to be self-supporting through the payments of the parties whom it receives, as well as that it shall afford them all possible comforts at as low a price as possible. Not far from this institution, which is calculated to receive somewhat above twenty young ladies; is

(1) Would that this hope could be entertained with equal certainty in Sweden! I am acquainted with governesses in Sweden, before whose maternal hearts mankind ought to bow themselves in reverence; governesses who have in love and self-denial brought up worthy members of society, both men and women; and who now, in their old age, when their strength fails them, know not where they may lay their heads. And if an asylum like the one in England should be proposed in Sweden, I shall not be surprised to find Swedish men also among its principal promoters.

st.

Queen's College, a newly established academical institution, which enables young women to study and graduate in the same way as young men; and to advance as far in the acquisition of knowledge as their natural powers will admit of. The formation of a skilful class of teachers, of which it is said there is a great want in England, is the highest object of this college, which is under the direction of the Government and the Established Church. "The Ladies' College," situated at no great distance, is an academy of the same class, founded by dissenters from the Established Church. Both institutions are promising beginnings in a path, in which the youngest of earth's nations, the United States, has gone far in advance of the mother country, and of all the nations of Europe; namely, in its superior means for the intellectual development of woman.

Having long since become clear in my own mind as to the importance of this intellectual development, not merely for women themselves, but even for men, for the whole rising generation; I had inquired in England, as well as in America, what was being done for women? There was only very little to tell me of in England; they had, however, in London, the Asylum for Aged Governesses, (and a more beautiful institution cannot be exhibited in any land,) the Home for Young Governesses, the two Female Colleges, together with "The Government School of Design for Females." I had already noticed this inscription upon the door-posts of a house in the Strand, directly opposite to where I had my own excellent lodgings. I was very anxious to visit the Female School of Design in this great magnificent London, the school which bore the grand appellation of "The Government School of Design for Women." It must be something really great and magnificent, thought I to myself.

The entrance did not promise much. It was narrow and rickety. But—that did not matter, the Englishman has sometimes a way of putting a simple outside to that which within is very splendid. I went up into a room, story above story, in the third floor. Ah! now had vanished all hope of and all esteem for the care of Government, as regarded the instruction of women, at least in the art of design. In a close, dark room, sat from sixty to seventy young women, so closely packed together that they took away from each other light, space, and, as it seemed to me, breathing-room. They had not even space in which to place their models, (some plaster of Paris casts stood on the floor in a dark corner of the apartment,) they had not room to place anything in a right light or proper perspective. In order to enable me to move along the room, the girls were obliged to stand aside, both they and their drawings. I saw two of them busy drawing a real—no, a *withered* plant which stood in a glass. And yet they came hither, and yet they sat here, day after day, industriously, crowded together as they were, the poor young girls!

(1) This is a misconception.—Ed.

So great was their desire, so great the necessity for them to learn.

In the house on the opposite side of the street, in "Somerset House," was "The Government School of Design for Young-Men," and they had every advantage which large rooms, models, teachers could give. And, nevertheless, and in spite of there being every unfavourable circumstance on the side of the girls, yet, in the two years, when public examination had been made of the productions of the two schools, the prizes had been awarded to the girls. So unquestionable was the superiority of their talent for decorative art, so nobly just the decision of the male judges. I heard much praise bestowed upon the head mistress of the Female School of Design, as being herself a distinguished artist. I cannot but deplore for her that she has not a better opportunity of developing her own talent and the talent of her young pupils, than that which is afforded her by the Government School of Design for Women.*

My thoughts involuntarily sped back across the sea to the country, to the people who preeminently among all the nations of the earth govern themselves, and to one of the Schools of Design for Women, which have lately begun to spring up there, with that fresh, vigorous growth, which all great, public, useful undertakings have in the soil of the New World. I saw the school which had been commenced in the first instance in the shade of private life, by Mrs. Sarah Peter, an English lady, with a warm feeling of fellow-citizenship; which had been taken up by the government, and incorporated with the Franklin Institution, at Philadelphia, with an annual endowment of three thousand dollars. I saw once more the large, light halls there; saw the kind, cheerful mistress happy in her vocation, happy in the progress of her pupils, and in the flourishing condition of the school.²

I saw the young girls' beaming countenances, saw how a happy consciousness had arisen within them, as if they would say, "We also have now obtained work in God's beautiful vineyard!"

I saw them drawing vine-shoots and palms, as decoration for walls and floors; saw genius here unfold its youthful wings in joyful amazement at its own powers; and patient industry gladly take her place in the service of her more ardent sister; saw in the practical direction which the spirit of the New World gives to all work, an infinite future and sphere of operation opened for women in the employment of that talent which Mother Nature has given to them for the beautifying of life—the sense of the beautiful, a feeling for the tasteful and the ornamental—a talent

(2) Since Miss Bremer's visit, the female branch of the school, under the able tuition of Mrs. McFann, has been removed; and there is little doubt of its more than rivaling that which attracted the admiration of the author of these papers.—Ed.

(3) In Boston, where there is also a school of design, as yet, in its commencement; I saw fatherly men with mild countenances, whose hearts and purses were ever open to do everything for the advancement of the future of the young daughters of their country. "Since I have understood what this school might become for the future of woman, I have gone into the matter with my whole heart!" said one of them to me.

which has hitherto been employed merely in a circumscribed manner.

"See!" said a warm-hearted, right-minded man, Dr. E., who accompanied me through the scholars' room, "this work by Elizabeth B.! fifteen dollars have been paid for it. And this second design for a carpet, by Miss —, this has been ordered and twelve dollars are paid for it. This little pattern for calico-printing—see how pretty it is!—has been bought for two dollars,—this for three. And these wood-cuts, are they not well done? The young girls who do these are full of orders for similar ones, and can command their own price. This lithograph is another work of Miss —; and these lithographed groupings of flowers, ordered for a little book, are by Miss —, and twelve dollars are paid for each. But I must introduce to you this young girl, Miss —. She used formerly to maintain herself by her needle; she did needlework even for my family; but it was discovered that she possessed so remarkable a talent for drawing, that after only seven months' instruction, she is secure of provision for the whole of her life, by means of art."

Dr. E. and the head mistress together, selected specimens of the young girls' various works. "Take," said they, "this, and this, and this, and this, home with you to your father-land."

This was in North America; in the country which preeminently opens a free field for the development of woman. In Europe a few individual voices are raised for this object. In America it is the universal voice which says,—

"He who points out a new field for the employment of female industry, ought to be regarded as one of the public benefactors. And every means by which such a field becomes accessible to woman recommends itself to society as an important agent in the civilization of the future."

It delighted me to hear that Charles Dickens, in his Household Words, had made some remarks upon it worthy of his warm heart and clever pen; also to hear that it was seriously contemplated to remove the school to a more favourable locality.

"The Ladies' Guild," is the name given to a Female Association in London, which I visited. It is as yet in its earliest commencement, and depends principally upon a discovery of a Miss Wallace, for the application of glass to the hitherto unknown purposes in ornamenting rooms, and the material of furniture. Miss Wallace has taken out a patent for her invention, which she uses entirely for the benefit of persons of her own sex. She was not at this time in England, but the ladies to whom she had communicated her art had united themselves for the formation of a guild, in which instruction in this particular branch of art is given, under certain conditions, to all such as wish to enter the association as working members. I saw here many original and particularly beautiful decorations of glass. I was, however, most struck with the branch of the art called "gems," in which pieces of cut glass crystals were set in flower-

like groupings of various colours, yellow, green and red; as well as with plates of glass prepared and burned, so that they resemble white marble, and of a strength so great that a man might stand and stamp his foot upon them, without their being cracked. A room whose walls should be set with clusters of these gems, and some of the various brilliant paintings on glass which I saw here, would have the appearance of a fairy-palace, and would realize the most brilliant dreams of our childhood.

They were at this time desirous of preparing such a number of works as would enable them to have an exhibition, by which means the public interest might be turned to the undertaking.

May it succeed! May the well-intentioned, earnest women who commenced the undertaking be so happy as to carry it out for the benefit of their sex! How great the need of such institutions is, may be shown by the simple fact that a single advertisement offering work in this glass manufactory, called forth four hundred replies from gentle-women desirous of obtaining employment.

I saw several of these employment-seekers; for the greater part they were women of middle age, or in the latest youth; and the greater number were clad in deep mourning. They seemed to me like beings who had sat long in darkness, and now were come forth, half astonished, half mistrusting, inquiring, "Is there any light, is there any life for us?"

Alas! That in God's rich, beautiful abundantly-living world, so many beings created in His image, called to participate in His life, should need to ask thus!

"It must, it will succeed with us!" said the lady superintendent of this new undertaking, with the courageous calmness of conviction.¹ And I believe it will. The thing speaks for itself, and noble-minded men extend a brotherly hand to the ladies to aid them in carrying it out.

Yet once more: may the undertaking flourish, and may it be the precursor of many a similar one!

What a field of beautiful and advantageous activity lies waste through the neglect of rightly cultivating the talent which God has entrusted to woman! Thus, for example, her taste and her feeling for the beautiful are universally acknowledged, and she is permitted to cultivate it,—merely for her own adornment and beautifying; and by so doing makes this heavenly talent minister to vanity and self-love. What if this sense of beauty were developed under the guidance of knowledge, for the use of society, for the beautifying of life? Does not woman's natural taste for ornament and for ornamenting give her an hereditary title in the realm of decorative art?

(1) A worthy daughter is this lady of the well-known philanthropist, Dr. Southwood Smith. Dr. Southwood Smith stands at the head of the movement for Sanitary Reform in England, which is now being effectively carried out in many towns, and the main principles of which are, that every house and family shall have a constant and sufficient supply of fresh water, the erection of healthy dwellings for the poor, together with the careful removal and consumption of all impurity.

And if she were allowed there to employ her single gift, if she felt herself, through it, living and working, as a fellow-citizen—?

Ought not every country to have its school of art, in which the artistic skill of women might develop itself, in a peculiar and national manner? Might there not, by these means, be a northern art, which, as such, might obtain acknowledgment even in foreign countries?

Might not the daughters of Sweden, so rich in natural feeling and fresh life, study the natural productions of Sweden; draw the pine and the *linca borealis*, the Apollo-butterfly, and such like beautiful things which God has given to the soil of their fathers; and arrange them in tasteful groups, in vases and baskets for the decoration of walls and floors; and thus from northern scenes bring forth a northern art, tended by the hands of women, which might beautify northern homes, from the highest to the lowest; which might chase away ugly and common pictures, and let the brightest eye of home, the eye of the child, open into a world of beauty?

Is not, for all men and in all countries, one of the gates which opens into the sanctuary, like that in Solomon's temple—the beautiful?

We are speaking now merely of a branch of art. But is there not in many other arts and in many manufactures—nay, perhaps in every art and manufacture and science, the more they are developed and ennobled; a department which ought preeminently to be cultivated by women, expressly because of that one talent which has been given to them by nature?

We merely ask. We acknowledge to a profound faith in our own questions. But we would beseech of thinking men and women to consider the subject with us.

For the importance of it lies not merely in the peculiarity of woman's work. There is something beyond this in woman, through her own work, being able to acquire a self-relying position in society, a noble independence for the life both of soul and body; that she may feel, may know from childhood upwards that she may courageously look towards a future which she, through her own power of work, can prepare for herself; to know that creditable work is not disgrace. And that beautiful consciousness which already exists in the intellectual heights of society, may alike in the palace and the cottage of the peasant be acquired by all.

What is it that people are afraid of in this independence of woman? Are they afraid that thereby she will become less womanly? Are they afraid that any being, if it develops itself in freedom and in truth, can become any other than that which God designed in its creation?

Are they afraid that women may take the work away from men?

But all development, all natural division of labour in the world prove that its multiplication and affluence increases in proportion to the various powers which are employed upon it, each in his own way.

In truth, at the present moment, and with the mistaken purposes of existence which have so long depressed the life and consciousness of women, and with them those of men also, one can only wonder that women are what they are.

But when woman becomes that which God intended her to be, man's equal and helpmate in all spheres of life, *Manna*, or she-man, as the Bible calls her in the first morning of creation—

Amid many gloomy scenes, many sorrowful experiences, I yet live in the steadfastly joyful anticipation of the future, which will some time dawn for society, when the fettered woman shall become wholly free.

It enchants me when I think upon the beautiful relationship—and of this we already, thank God, have seen and still see many examples,—which must take place when these two halves of life stand together,—not master and slave,—resting only upon God and upon themselves, relying upon each other, merely through the free homage of the heart and the intellect. He sees in her a noble self-dependent being, who needs not and seeks not him for any lower object. And he loves her for that cause. She sees in him a free and noble being, who seeks not and needs not her for an unworthy object, advantage, or pleasure. And she esteems him for that reason. But each needs the other as a helper in the highest work upon earth—the perfecting of life. That they know, and for that cause they extend to each other the hand, as a married pair, as friends; two free, divine beings united in the highest!

Thus is paradise regained on earth; no longer that first merely natural paradise; but the higher, spiritual paradise, where man and woman shall live together as the angels in heaven.

Is this sight too beautiful ever to become true?

It is too beautiful not to become true!

But if before this a new development of woman's life and consciousness must take place, the subject need not be further pursued here.

The Chinese cramped up their women's feet in tight shoes, that they might not go far from home. But the Chinese themselves have remained standing on the same spot whilst all the rest of the world has gone forward.

Often when the starling comes in spring to our northern land have I seen him sit in the top of the trees, saluting with his song the rising of the sun over the morning-illumed country. And at this moment, when I sit like the bird upon the bough ready for flight, ready to seek my nest, I feel like the starling glancing abroad over the country upon which a new day is ascending.

For the sight of England at this moment is the sight of a new birth, of an awakening life, calculated to awaken every soul in which are the principles of vitality.

Whilst Germany is mute in the sense of an internal chaos, and all her poets dumb, (since her last comet-like genius, wearied of elliptic circuits in search of

the eternal, conceals himself in a cloister;) whilst beautiful Italy lies bound, like the Greek slave, yet noble in her deferred revenge;—whilst heroically bold France, always foremost in the struggle for the advance of thought—foremost, though too impetuous, wearied by her own eccentric endeavours, allows a daring adventurer to put a rope round her neck, and a gag in her mouth;—how vigorously and calmly England proceeds onward in her work for the future; how powerfully she advances under her banners, “the Law and the Gospel;” and in the spirit of these, works out her great destiny by means of her free institutions, her free public discussion; her constellation of statesmen, poets, authors; her scientific and industrial institutions, and lastly, by her movement for a general, unexclusive system of education throughout the nation; retaining through all this a clear consciousness of the foundation of all true freedom and happiness for the people of the earth.

May she advance triumphantly in her career for the new future of Europe, and with her the nations which stand in near alliance with her life!

No country in the world can at this time exhibit such an affluence of good authors as England. And their influence is founded upon the great principles of humanity, which they serve not merely by power of genius, but of practical reason. Authors of the most varied political and religious opinions are united in this;—the advocacy of some human right; some human advantage, the crown of which is in heaven, while its root is on earth;—or they are rejected by the public mind; everything must become subservient to the supreme claims of humanity. Merely to mention here some of the cultivators of polite literature:—there is the aristocratic Bulwer, spite of his inclination for the merely strong; the democratic, warm-hearted Dickens; Thackeray the flagellator of much that is great and small, but by no means of the good; Charles Kingsley, whose warm sympathies for suffering humanity might make him unjust towards the self-indulgent if that life which inspires did not also restrain him; and lastly, him who, standing aloof from all parties, yet influences all.

So also, among the beautiful group of England's distinguished authoresses—women whose power is acknowledged by the whole cultivated world. Harriet Martineau, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. S. C. Hall, with many others still living, among the latest and most remarkable of whom stand Mrs. Gaskell, the Author of *Mary Barton*, and Miss Brontë, the author of the fascinating novel of *Jane Eyre*; all these are united in working for the moral elevation of life, although frequently regarding it from different points of view. Nevertheless are they sisters in the higher harmonies and the same fundamentally pure accords, the same holy anthems sound from their harps. They also have obtained free entrance into every noble home in the world, and great power over the life of the heart.

Novels such as Eugene Sue's and George Sand's cannot possibly become popular in England, although

people are not blind to the gleams of light discoverable in the mysteries of the former; and the many beautiful things which there are in the glorious *Consuelo* of the latter. But they could not have been written there, nor could their authors live there with any success. The genius of England distinguishes itself from that of France, not so much by its genius, but by its sound reason. The dissimilar fate of England and France at this time, may be estimated by the dissimilarity in the works of their romance writers. The romance of a people and of their authors have more in common than people believe.

Now that I am about to leave England, I feel with regret how much from want of time I must give up seeing, give up knowing—amongst which is the knowledge of persons whose acquaintance would be to me of great value, and of whom I saw sufficient for me to regret it all the more. This is often the sorrowful lot of the traveller, and I have no right to complain. If I should never again see England, yet I shall be eternally thankful that I have seen it, and for that which I have there seen. I thank England for the glorious Asylum which she afforded to a people who raised themselves in the consciousness of their own power, and with no lower object in view than the highest which humanity is capable of. I thank England for affording a new hope for the future of Europe, a new and a fresher courage. And seeing as I do that England is preeminently beyond all other nations designed to extend its dominion, I shall henceforth only rejoice in this, because it extends at the same time, the Law and the Gospel, God's dominion upon earth.

Add to this, that the English race are also the handsomest now existing on the earth; no one can do other than wish that, in this point of view also, they should increase and multiply.

These English women—I am fond of them. They approach with a frank, warm cordiality which is irresistible, or with a quiet demeanour which expresses esteem both of you and of their own worth, or else—they leave you in peace. This dignity of manner, added to an agreeable kindness, struck me particularly in the class of female domestic servants, whilst they are commonly as well dressed as the persons whom they serve, at once, as well dressed as unpretending.

And then—they are so handsome, these English women, that certainly, the whole figure included, they are the most beautiful women in the world.¹

I have no word sufficiently strong to express my grateful sense of the noble hospitality and good-will which were shown to me while in England. They live in the sanctuary of my heart, together with the names of the friends from whom I received them; I

(1) One trait of moral beauty in the youthful daughters of England, is the active part which they take in all that promotes the well-being of their fellow-creatures, in particular, as regards the children. One sees in Sunday schools and Ragged schools, young girls of wealthy families, instructing and looking after the little ones. I saw, on one occasion, in Birmingham, a lovely young girl of a respectable family in the town, surrounded by a little circle of children, whom she was teaching in the sweetest manner. She seemed to me like an angel.—Author's Note.

must call some of them my *benefactors*, because the human beings who awaken in us a warmer faith in and love to mankind, are our eternal benefactors.

And greater benefactors in this sense have I never found anywhere than in the United States, and in England, excepting in my own beloved fatherland!

F. B.

THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN.¹

BY JANE M. WINFARD.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

FORTUNATELY, there was no one to oppose the physician's authority, and Dr. Underwood's injunction was strictly enforced. Miriam Grey was kept quite quiet;—as quiet as her own fevered ravings would permit. It was many weeks before the disease itself left her; and during that time her life was several times despaired of. Dr. Burns and Dr. Underwood were most assiduous in their attention; the latter never left the Tower for more than an hour at a time until he felt sure that all immediate danger was past; and his wife devoted herself to the care of the sufferer from the time that she entered the sick-room, in the manner already described.

It was deemed expedient by both the medical advisers that Mrs. David Underwood should do so, on two accounts;—first, because Miss Grey required unremitting and unwearying care as well as prompt, experienced and intelligent tendance, such as her husband believed no woman in Milford was so well able to give; secondly, Mrs. David having placed herself in close contact with the patient during a day and a night, was in a condition to carry the infectious fever to her children by returning to them. It was therefore settled by Dr. Underwood that they should be sent off to the sea-side under the care of their governess, while he and his wife remained to watch over his patient at the Tower. Day after day, in compliance with her husband's orders, Edith left the sick-room for a short time to pace to and fro on the open hill-side, and breathe the pure air. Here she was always met by Mr. Shepherd and Martha, or one of the girls, and gave them accounts of the patient's state. They were all forbidden to enter the Tower by their brother; but Edith had plenty of helpers and handmaidens; for all the poor women in the village, young and old, came to ask to be made of use to Miss Grey in some way. She accepted the services of one and another to supply old Dame Barnard's deficiencies; but except for menial offices she admitted no one into the sick room; being of her husband's opinion that the fewer the nurses the greater an invalid's chance of recovery. Edith was excellent in most positions in life; as a nurse, she was invaluable—working always *under and in the spirit* of the physician. She never forgot the Scripture which says, "Whatsoever thy

hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" but, perhaps, she never acted upon it so thoroughly as during the time she nursed Miss Grey. The unwearied patience—the never-failing thought and tenderness—the sweet, supporting cheerfulness with which she encouraged her husband, and her total self-forgetfulness, evinced a beauty of nature not one half of which had been perceived by him before. Often, when she little suspected it, was David lost in admiration and love, as he followed her movements about the bed of the invalid. Strange as it seemed, he could not mistake the fact, that Edith loved Miriam. Whether *he* had anything to do with the feeling, he knew not; but it was certain that his wife, who was not prone to conceive quick and violent friendships for strangers, had conceived a strong and tender love for the poor helpless Miriam, and could scarcely endure to be absent from her, even for the short daily relaxation which he insisted on.

Happy David! Happy, that two such lovely female natures had been revealed to him; happier still that he had perceptions clear, and strong, and delicate enough to apprehend all their beauty; happiest of all that he had the heart to offer thanksgiving to God for these blessings, and to pray that these two so dearly loved ones might live in heart-communion, for the rest of their earthly span, firmly trusting in His promise, that "all things" (seem they never so adverse) "shall work together for good to them that love Him."

Two months had elapsed since the occurrence of the events narrated in the last chapter. Those terrible days in August—those days when Miriam Grey, a prey to the most dangerous fever, frenzied and totally unconscious, hovered between life and death—those long, long, melancholy days that laid so heavy a load of fear and sorrow on the hearts that loved her, were all gone by. All the bright September noons, too; thirty glorious revolutions of the earth had been counted by the good Edith, as she sat beside the pillow of the exhausted sufferer. Through the still, monotonous days, scarcely daring to breathe or move, she sat thinking, thinking ever, and watching mechanically the changes of light and shadow in the room, which Miriam must have watched so often. Especially she observed the various effects of the painted window. She watched the first sunbeams light up the antique scutcheon of the Greys in the early morning; at noon, she watched the small, vivid reflex cast on the floor by the device and its surrounding ornaments, "heart-shaped and vermeil dyed;" and at eventide, she watched the gradual spreading of broad lines of colour all over the chamber. But Edith would have heeded little the beautiful hues which made the sick-room as glorious as the plumage of a tropical bird, if she had not begun to suspect, to hope, to be half sure that the invalid heeded them too.

Dr. Underwood shook his head incredulously when Edith asserted her belief that Miriam's eyes had actually seen her, in the first stage of the fever, when she first sat beside her bed; had seen her distinctly, as was intimated at the conclusion of the last chapter.

(1) Concluded from p. 300.

It was certain that she had *seen* nothing during the later and more alarming stages of the attack. Every other sense had been disordered also, or altogether suppressed, for a time; and it became a grave question with the physicians whether her constitution would ever become strong enough to restore them to their normal state after this fever was subdued. Then, for twenty days the matter remained doubtful. On the twenty-first day, Dr. Underwood ventured to make some experiments on the nervous system, which were, to a certain extent, satisfactory. She started at a sharp sound made purposely near her ear, and made an effort to turn away from a powerful perfume held close to her nostrils. But she gave no evidence of seeing. Pale, emaciated, utterly exhausted, without speech, without motion, lay the once beautiful Miriam Grey for several days more; only by faint fluttering respiration, and an occasional moan, did she give signs of life; but Dr. Underwood and Dr. Burns were both satisfied that it should be so; that she should recover slowly, slowly; the system was so much in need of rest, perfect unconscious repose.

At last there came a day when she showed signs of thorough consciousness, and moved her lips languidly but voluntarily to swallow whatever was presented to them. In the evening of that day, Edith woke up suddenly from a doze into which she had fallen while Miriam slept. Giving an anxious glance towards her charge, to her surprise she saw that her eyes were wide open. Never since the height of the fever had her eyelids been completely raised before, even for an instant. Now they were lifted to the fullest extent, and the large blue eyes gleamed out, star-like, from their orbits, hollowed so fearfully by the ravages of disease. Edith saw, at first, that there was no meaning, no *intention* in the look of those eyes; they gazed listlessly on the opposite wall, blankly, and without speculation, like the eyes of a blind person, or one whose mind is devoid of all thought at the moment. She sat quite still, watching for some sign of animation, for she was buoyed up with the hope that Miriam's sight might be restored, among the various changes which seemed to be working themselves in her constitution, now that she was really convalescent. With the eagerness of genuine affection, Edith watched; and watched so long, that hope was beginning to die away within her, when she saw a change come over Miriam's eyes. They glanced slowly over the wall, towards which they had been directed with a faint expression of wonder and curiosity. Edith looked immediately at the wall, and saw the same beautiful phenomena which had attracted her admiration every evening since she had occupied the post of nurse in that chamber. There were the bright colours of the window, purple, amber, crimson, and sapphire, reflected in quaint fantastic devices, and shifting at every moment with the fast-declining sunbeams. On comparing the movements of Miriam's eyes with the varying appearances on the wall, Edith became convinced that the invalid saw them as well as herself. She was sorry that neither David nor Dr. Burns was

likely to come into the room just then, that she might convince them also; and very soon the poor thin eyelids dropped once more wearily over the eyes, as if they desired to see no more. But Edith did not forget the circumstance. The next day, she observed one or two trifles which tended to confirm the blessed hope that Miriam was no longer blind.

As yet all conversation, nay, all words, except of the barest necessity, had been forbidden to the patient, and therefore Edith had not asked her any question on this momentous subject, knowing well that there were few subjects which could be more exciting to her. Soon after she began to sit up a little, the listless, unconscious look left her face altogether, but she still kept her eyes shut habitually. She heard very acutely every sound, and asked what this and that noise was.

One October morning, on awaking early, she asked feebly, with closed eyes, if she had been ill.

"Yes, very ill," said Edith.

"What made me ill?" she asked again; "I don't recollect."

"No, my dear, I dare say not. You have had a fever. It came on suddenly. But you are getting well fast, now."

"Yes, I am easy now;" and the eyelids were half raised for an instant. "I am trying to remember who you are. Somebody I love very much, I know; but I have forgotten your name. You have been with me all the time. Once when they thought I was dying, you said, '*No, David, I am sure she will live.*'"

"Do you remember *that*?" said Edith, gently stroking back the soft golden hair from the blue-veined temples. It was quite short now; all its luxuriant length had been cut off during the fever. "Do you remember that, Miriam?"

"Yes, and I remember the kiss you gave me then. I felt that you were right,—that I *should* live, because—" here the voice died away.

"Because what, Miriam dear?"

"Because I could not die while you all wished so much that I should live."

Edith pressed her lips gently on the white cheek, and murmured, "God bless you!"

"He does, He does," murmured Miriam in the same tone, and making an effort to raise her head, she continued; "He has sent me such happy dreams. I have been with every one I love: my mother, and David, and you, and Mr. Shepherd, and—" here she sank back.

"I am afraid we must not talk any more. It will tire you. Lie down now, quite still, and I will sing to you."

"Ah!" exclaimed the poor invalid, with a faint smile; "that will do me good. Can you sing?"

"Yes, very well, sometimes. I will try now."

Then arranging Miriam's head comfortably among the pillows, Edith sat down, and after a minute's reflection, began to sing something which she knew must be familiar to the listener, and which was calculated to please and soothe her mind without exciting

any strong emotion. She sang "With verdure clad," from Haydn's "Creation." As she had a very fine voice, and had studied singing as an art and not as what is called a *feminine accomplishment*, Miriam, who was no mean musician herself, listened in a state of perfect enjoyment, supplying the accompaniment mentally, as Edith saw by the motions of the attenuated hand which lay near her on the coverlid.

When the last notes faded away into silence no words were spoken. After some time Edith leaned forward, and saw that Miriam had fallen into a deep sleep with a smile on her face. This was the very best effect she could hope for from her singing. It was precisely the effect anticipated by David, who had prescribed gentle unstimulating music in the present stage of the patient's recovery, whenever a fitting occasion should present itself. Edith was pleased to think that she had been so good a judge of the occasion; and was contemplating Miriam's benignant expression, as she slept under the influence of the music, when David entered the room. He had come as usual, to pay his first visit of the day to the patient, to inquire how she had passed the last few hours, to ascertain her exact state, administer medicine accordingly, and to take Edith's place while she, in her turn, lay down to sleep.

Edith met him with a smile; and as he folded her in his arms, she pointed joyfully towards the bed. Dr. Underwood advanced to it with one arm still round his wife, and drawing back the curtain cautiously, looked at the sleeper. He passed his hand over her temples, felt her pulse attentively; and then a flush of light came over his face as he uttered a deep and fervent "Thank God!" It was the first look of real gladness, the first tone of confident hope, that Edith had observed in her husband during the whole time of his attendance on Miriam.

She looked eagerly into his face.

"You think she is better this morning?"

"Yes. She is out of danger. This is the sort of sleep I wanted to produce. I began to fear it would not come. Your singing did it."

"Yes, I think so. You heard me, then?"

"Yes, *mio bene!* it was delicious. I woke just now fancying myself in a better world, where the angels 'touch their immortal harps with golden wires.' I wish you could have heard your own singing as I heard it in the next room! However, I knew it was not for my benefit you had raised that exquisite voice thus early in the morning, and so I hastened hither to ascertain its therapeutic effects on our poor patient."

"You think I did well to sing? She was beginning to talk—to question—to remember."

"You acted just as you ought to have done. This sleep is sweet and natural. She will wake up much refreshed, and when she is moved from the bed to-day, instead of carrying her into the next room, we may venture to carry her out into the warm sunny air for half an hour."

"Oh! I am so happy!" exclaimed Edith, resting

her head on her husband's shoulder and gazing through soft tears on the pale, serene face of the sleeper. "I am sure you are right, David, even in this climate, to get a sensitive, nervous patient like Miriam into the fresh air as soon as possible. There is no restorative like it."

David smiled. "None; save always, loving tendance and singing such as yours. With these three our dear patient will soon recover strength."

Edith did not think it was for her *utility* only that David gazed on her so fondly then. A bright blush of pleasure illumined her cheek, and she bent down her face to hide it, feigning to be busy in arranging the coverlid. David caught the beautiful active hands within his own and drew her away towards the window.

"Miriam needs no care of ours just now, Edith. She sleeps soundly and will not wake for several hours. There is a time for everything. Love me a little, now. I am beginning to be jealous of our patient; all your gentle looks and soft words are devoted to her."

Edith smiled, and touched his cheek with her lips.

"Is that all you can give me now?" he asked half playfully, looking into her eyes; but still there was a tone of sadness in the words. He attempted to draw her close to his heart; she seemed to resist for a moment, and then, yielding to his embrace, buried her face in his breast and wept.

"My own darling! sweet one! best of God's creatures! Is it for my weakness that you weep?"

"Oh! no—no—only love me all you can, David."

"All I can! Ah, Edith!—If you knew yourself—if you knew how inexpressibly lovely your whole nature is—if you knew your power over me, you would not say *love me all you can*—you would caution me against loving you too much."

"You cannot love me too much," murmured Edith; "I have never measured my love for you."

"Do you forgive me, Edith, my true wife, for the pain I gave you long weeks ago?"

She looked straight into his eyes, and said, "I do, David. Freely, and from my soul, do I forgive you for that pain which you could not choose but inflict, and I could not but feel."

"Is it over now, Edith?" he asked gravely; "can you trust my love once more?"

"It is over. That agony of doubt, thank God! can come to me no more. I trust your love, David;—your true, worthy, reasonable love."

"Reasonable! are you mocking me with words?"

"Nay, my husband.—Your love is as it should be, a noble, reasonable, manly love, strong to maintain itself against the temptations of a fond but forbidden fancy, strong to withstand the power of memory and circumstance. I do not prize your love the less because it has been *tried*. If all wives knew the temptations of the world, the flesh and the Devil to which their husband's love for them is exposed, it might be the better for their mutual happiness. And though such temptations are *now* slight to you, David

—though you smile at trials which would be sore enough to unsubdued youth and a temperament in which vanity and sensuality were predominant, yet you carry within your own heart the means of self-deception and temptation—even *you* have need to pray, 'Lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.'"

"I have need also of the forbearance, the generosity, the unfailing love of my own Edith, my guardian angel—to restore me to the hope of being one day worthy of her. Tell me, Edith, how is it that I feel so sure—(as I could never have done with an inferior woman)—that you love me, in spite of your perception that my heart—no, it was but my *fancy*—had swerved from its allegiance? How is it that I feel so sure your love for me has never altered? Let me see your eyes, if you will not speak!—There! Let me read the answer!—I see! I see!—you are too delicate to shame me with the truth; but the great poet has said it, my noble one:

'Love is not love which alters as it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
Oh no! it is an ever-fixed star,
Which looks on tempests and is never shaken.'

Therefore, my Edith, I have still the great lesson of love to learn aright. I had thought that I knew it well, all the beauty and the inner meaning of it. But you have shown me how poor and inadequate were all my past conceptions of this glorious, infinite feeling. If love link us not to God and all good things—if it do not stir us up to the renunciation of self, and to the doing nobly all that is set us to do—if it do not make us press forward to those things which are before, nor turn back with forbidden longings to the idle paradise of youth—if it do not this, it is not the highest and best love of which our nature is capable."

The expression of David's face as he spoke was beautiful, with a noble self-reproach mingled with the love with which he regarded Edith.

She spoke with quick passionate words—sudden and warm they sprang from the heart, like the kisses which broke their flow.

"David! my own! why say such words!—you, so beautiful, so unspeakably attractive to all creatures, so brave, so full of genius and world-wide sympathy. Was there not room enough in your heart for several loves—ay, real, true, great loves? Do not all women love you? Then, if they don't, they ought. Nay! nay! smile if you will—never mind if my language be too strong; I will defend you from your own accusations. I never saw one whom I could truly love till we met. You saw so many worthy to be loved, and some you *did* love, before you saw me. Yonder sweet angel! dear, lovely Miriam Grey!—I should have hated you if you could have lived near her as a boy and not loved her."

"But to return to her as I did, Edith? A married man, one who possessed the best and loveliest woman in this world for his wife, and yet amuse his fancy by conjuring up romantic memories of the girl he loved in youth, so as to work on her mind and induce her

to show the long-hoarded treasures of her gentle love! Oh! it is a thought not to be endured—I say it is unpardonable."

"And I say that I pardon it—that Miriam will pardon it, and that you *must* pardon it."

"But *Miriam*—Do not think me vain, Edith. Do you believe she has any lingering affection for me?"

"I should have a very poor opinion of her if she had not a pretty strong affection for you."

"You seem glad to think of it."

"Certainly I am. Miriam Grey's love is not passionate or headstrong. Had you been her husband, she would have loved you faithfully and devotedly until death. She will do so still—though not with a wife's love."

"I do not think Miriam could love me or any man as you have done."

"I am sure she could not."

"How? Are you women so learned in each other's nature?"

"It requires little depth of learning to judge of love by its evidence, in action. If Miriam Grey had loved as I love you, David, she would not have left you alone all those hard struggling years of youth. She would have hastened to share your trials. She had not even an opposing duty—no parent or near relative to support and tend. I say not this to her reproach or to my own honour. Nay, you know the world and your own sex well enough to confirm my words when I say, that the world honours Miriam more because she kept the comfort of her love from you; and that men love better the women for whom they toil and suffer and make sacrifices, than they love those who toil and suffer and make sacrifices for them. It is the passive and recipient nature in woman that you all love best."

"All?"

"Yes. Or with few exceptions." And then, as if to hide some painful feeling, she broke into a low singing, "*Tu lo sai—tu lo sai, bel idol mio.*"

"*Non lo so,*" rejoined David, smiling, and yet earnestly. "You and Beethoven united cannot make me admit that I know anything of the kind. Besides, you are unjust to yourself. Are you not all things—a very Cosmos—made of every creature's best? Not even Miriam as I knew her in girlhood was ever more gentle, more tender, more calm, or what you mean by *passive* and *recipient*, than you are very often. And who at other times so strong and wise, so full of originality and energy, as my Edith. Who at all times, whether active or passive, is so utterly unselfish—so good, so pure and true as my own Edith?—Oh! Edith, my beautiful one—(God only knows *how* beautiful)—let me tell you that in these past weeks a fresh, new love for you has sprung up from the strong, deep-rooted old affection. I tremble now when I think of the ineffable glory, the touching beauty of your woman's nature, which the sad circumstances of these days have revealed to me. I fear to sully them by the breath of praise. I thank God that he has made such a being,—perhaps, many such,—that he has vouch-

safed to give me one for my wife. Edith, it is for me to say *you* must love *me*, ever, ever, all you can. Trust me, sweet wife, if I thought I had lost one atom of your affection by weakly yielding, as I confess I did, to thoughts of woman's love in which you had no part, if I thought *that*, it would act like a curse upon me."

"But you know that I do not love you less. Have I not felt for you? Oh, David! David! There is no such thing as love here on the earth, if I do not love you more than ever."

"Say it again—again. Make me believe it, Edith! It is so much more than I deserve. Kiss me—come close to my heart."

They remained silent, folded in each other's arms for some time. Then David whispered again,

"I have been keeping you all this time, and you are worn out for want of sleep. Stay, darling, I cannot part from you now. I must have you in my sight. Lie here and sleep while I sit beside you."

Edith was glad to remain, and after assuring herself that Miriam still slept, she soon fell asleep on a couch near her bed, for she was fatigued with watching.

David Underwood sat thinking deeply, with one arm flung over the head of his wife's couch, so that his fingers could touch her hair from time to time, and he could see the sleep deepen and deepen on her face. He always loved to look at Edith when she slept. She wore so innocent and childlike an expression. As a physician, he had had many opportunities of observing the effect of sleep on the expression of the face; and had come to the conclusion that the great moral attributes, apart from the intellect, are manifested most clearly in that state. He had seen many a face, handsome enough when its owner was awake, degenerate into ugliness during sleep, when the light of the intelligence no longer adorned it, and concealed its radical defects. Among women he knew some remarkable instances of the unmasking power of sleep; and had often been heard to declare that many a man would be saved from a desperate love-fit if he could only see how his charmer looked when she slept. Sleep is a sort of undress of the mind; and minds, like bodies, must be beautiful to appear to advantage in undress.

As David looked at Edith's peaceful face, so pure and noble in expression, with no light of thought or any intellectual faculty shining out from the eyes,—those eyes, which by common observers were esteemed the only beautiful features of her face,—he felt a thrill of sacred joy and love at sight of the moral beauty which was unveiled before him. It was a joy, fuller, completer and more rapturous than he, artist as he was by temperament, had ever felt at sight of the most perfect physical beauty or its ideal representation in statue or picture. Tears of happiness bedewed his eyes, as he gazed; and he sank on his knees in passionate love of pure Goodness, *feeling* then, more keenly than he had ever done, the truth which he always recognised with his intellect,—viz., that good-

ness, or spiritual beauty, is the only true beauty,—that there is, and can be, no other beauty on earth or anywhere in God's universe but *that*, in the abstract, and the manifestations of *that*, in the concrete. Therefore let all young artist-souls keep themselves pure, that they may be able to love and venerate the true idea of Beauty, and strive to embody *that*, and no other, in their works.

David Underwood's passionate rapture of love for his wife's moral beauty subsided again into calm affection; for the most nobly endowed mortal cannot sustain his soul for ever in the loftier regions whither it has power to soar sometimes. It is, indeed,

"—the most difficult of tasks to keep
 Heights which the soul is competent to gain"

But the memory of that hour did not pass away. It was more enduring in its results upon him than any rapturous ecstasy of more earthly passion that he had experienced in earlier years. He had drained the cup of earthly passion in his youth, and knew well all that it could yield of effervescent enjoyment; and he had tasted also the bitter dregs of disappointment and disillusion that lurked at the bottom, and must be swallowed too. When the present rapture passed away, it did not leave him weak, unstrung and indifferent to all that was to follow; on the contrary, he returned to ordinary life stronger, more steadfast in his determination not to be overcome of evil, but to overcome evil with good.

After a while, he turned his attention to Miriam Grey. She still slept. He examined her face carefully, and was pleased to see there the symptoms of returning vital power. There was a kind of awe in his look as he regarded her. She was to him as one restored from the dead; one whom he had injured unwittingly in life, and to whom it was permitted him to make compensation. There was no vestige of his boyish passion remaining. Those two long months of stern reality—the combat of his scientific skill with the powers of darkness for her life—had given a very different character to the love with which he regarded her. She was to him as a tender, helpless child, confided to his charge for a while. When he remembered the ebullition of momentary feeling on his part, which had so much helped to produce this illness, he was amazed at his own weakness and strange aberration of heart. He could not account for it. He had acted like those for whom he was wont to feel the utmost contempt—the men of feeble brain and heart—who are incapable of strong feeling or steady principle. He loved Edith at the time, more than ever he had loved Miriam—Edith, the dear, honoured companion of his manhood—the mother of his children, the consoler, the cheerer of his life.

As he recalled the whole circumstance to memory, he broke down the pride of his nature—that strong hereditary feeling which made him sympathise with the ancestor who had inscribed on his home, "I have set the Lord always before me. He is on my right hand, therefore I shall not fall." "Nay," said he within himself, "I have fallen. I was the miser-

able slave of weakness. Like a fool, I allowed myself to be the plaything of a sickly fancy; and like the veriest egotist I had no thought for others in my indulgence. What profit is it to me that I can say, I *meant* no evil? Henceforth, let me be less confident in my own virtue. It needed but a little more opportunity of wrong-doing, and I might have embittered the rest of life for both these true-hearted women, by my unprincipled and false sentimentality. Let me remember this when the besetting sin rises within me. Let there be no more virtuous self-satisfaction, no more secret assumption of 'holier than thou,' or 'wiser than thou.' When the hour of trial comes, let me say to my own heart as I have said to others:— 'Thou art deceitful above all things; boast not of thy own strength and goodness, but seek help where alone it is to be found.' And when I have to deal with other men, weak and erring, unto whom God may not have given as much as he gave to me, then let me remember that to me less than to another is scorn or contempt permitted. The words which Miriam first read to me when we were young together, come back to me forcibly now:—

'He who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he hath never used. Be wiser thou;—
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love.
True dignity abides with him alone
Who in the silent hour of secret thought
Can still suspect, and still revere himself
In lowliness of heart.'"

David continued to sit in silent meditation, strengthening his soul and shaping out a course of action which involved the well-being of all he held most dear. He had well-nigh forgotten that this day was to be a busy day in Milford.

CHAPTER XXI.

MARRIAGES IN MILFORD.

WHILE Dr. Underwood meditated, and Miriam and Edith each slept, there were others in the Grey Tower who had risen early, intent on matters of importance. These were Philip Ward and old Dame Barnard, and her satellites, Tom Withers and his sister Sally. All these persons having been told many days before that Miss Grey's life was out of danger, and that she would soon be well enough to leave her room, began to talk and think about other things. On this very morning, affairs of the utmost importance to Milford and its inhabitants occupied them so fully, that they entirely forgot their late anxiety and fears. They quite forgot that the black shadow of the Death Angel had hovered long over the couch of one beloved by them all, and that they had been so lately plunged in grief.

When I inform the reader that the matters in question were two marriages, it will be seen that I have nothing very extraordinary to relate; for all the great events of human life are strangely jumbled together, and ere our tears are dried for the death of one friend, we are expected to smile at the marriage feast

of another. While we stand with divided sympathy, gazing from the altar to the new-made grave there, between them walks, heedless of both, the happy mother, carrying her first-born to the sacred font. Throughout the earth the same sounds rise ceaselessly to the ears of listening spirits. Lamentation and woe from the sons of men weeping for their dead—the joyous voice of the bridegroom—and the feeble wail of the new-born child. Doubtless, to the ears of angels, sounds which to ours seem jarring and discordant blend in perfect harmony; and there is no harsh note vibrating painfully in a single heart but is necessary to complete the perfect music of humanity. "The pathetic minors" of the earth-sphere must have a strange sweetness to listeners who can anticipate the joyous harmonies of the final diapason;—but to those who cannot, they are unutterably sad.

The hope of Miss Grey's speedy recovery had been spreading for two weeks past throughout Milford parish. The hope had become certainty—as hope deferred always does, in the hearts of those who care but lightly for the thing hoped for. It is only when the hope is all in all to a heart, that it is made sick by having it deferred. People are so glad to get rid of a depressing feeling, that they lose no time in springing from the hope to the certainty that there is no occasion for them to grieve. Thus it was that Milford parish dismissed so readily the thoughts of death, and busied itself with gossip—never-ending gossip, about the marriage of two of Mr. Underwood's daughters.

Mr. Bang, seeing no reason, as he said, "why there should be no more cakes and ale" in Milford, because Miss Grey of the Tower happened to have had a fever, determined to get up a little festivity on his own account. He had made up his mind to be married to Rachel Underwood this autumn; and having made up Rachel's mind also, as a supplementary process necessary to the business, he took measures accordingly. Being of a social disposition, he began by trying to get a companion bridegroom; and being of an energetic and persevering disposition also, he soon succeeded. Mr. Crypt was spirited up, by his representations and strong advice, to petition Leah for her consent to speak to her father. The four being thus banded and leagued together, and the good Martha being taken into their confidence, an attack was made on Mr. Underwood, in manner following.

One fine morning in September, Mr. Bang, carrying his gun, (without which he was never seen to walk abroad in that and the succeeding month,) came up to the front door of the Grange, and demanded of the maid who opened it whether Mr. Underwood were at home. She replied that he was, and as she did so, smiled and blushed, as if she knew perfectly well what his business was. Indeed it would have been surprising if she had not known, seeing that all women scent out marriages as quickly as dogs scent out other game. Moreover this particular woman had just been put on the scent, by Rachel's ordering her

to change her cap and apron, as it was likely she would have to open the door to Mr. Bang in the course of the morning. Now, as Mr. Bang never performed the ceremony of knocking at the front door, but came in by the back door or through a window on all ordinary occasions, the maid speedily concluded that the visit in question was an extraordinary one, and accordingly donned her smartest cap, and said to the cook with a mysterious air,—

"Cook! mark my words—we shall soon have a wedding in the family."

"Lor, Ann! you don't say so," was the reply. "Well! it's high time some of them got married. It don't look well to see a family of daughters hang on hand so."

"Why, it's precious little chance they've had of getting married, poor things, with such a Turk of a father."

"Mind what you say. I won't hear Master run down, specially now he's ill. He's been breaking fast ever since Miss Grey was took, and it's my opinion he won't live to— There, there's a knock. Don't stand chattering here."

As soon as Ann had shut the door of the back parlour upon Mr. Bang and her master, she returned to the kitchen to inform Cook that Miss Rachel was on the stairs, waiting to be sent for.

In due time Rachel *was* sent for by her father, and asked whether she wished to marry Mr. Bang. There was no evading her father's direct question, and in a few minutes the good Rachel found herself fairly engaged to be married that day month. She was not a "strong-minded young woman," or "a lady with a will of her own," otherwise she would have had a voice in fixing the time of the marriage. As both the gentlemen agreed that a long engagement in the circumstances was not to be desired, and as her father himself had said he could see no objection to fixing that day month for the performance of the ceremony, Rachel could not venture to say that she saw any. After receiving an affectionate embrace, and a few kind words from her father, Rachel left the room, crying as if her heart would break.

"What *is* the matter, my dear?" asked the anxious Martha, as Rachel fell on her neck dissolved in tears.

"Hulloa! here's a sudden change in the weather!" exclaimed Jack.

"There is nothing wrong, is there, dear?" asked the pretty Mary, patting Rachel affectionately on the shoulder.

"What did father say?" asked Leah, stroking her hair.

"He said—he said," sobbed Rachel, "that I am to be married this day month."

"Is that all!" said Leah, apparently relieved by the information.

"Why, there will not be time to get her new clothes ready," said Mary.

"It is a short time, certainly," said Martha. "But your mind was made up before, I know."

"That's what I call doing business properly," said

Jack. "What's the use of standing shilly-shally for a year after you've determined to have a man? especially when you've known him for half-a-dozen years before. You girls are the queerest cattle I know! Suppose father had flown into a passion, and sworn that neither you nor any of his girls should be married with his consent—and that's a very likely thing to have happened before David came back, I can tell you;—what would you have done then, Miss Rachel? Hulloa! it's your turn now, Leah! Here comes Crypt, by all that's Benedictine! And if he hasn't come upon Bang's errand, may I never see London. Why there's *son in church* (I mean *son in law*) written on his forehead as he stares up at the house."

The girls all turned to look at Mr. Crypt, as he advanced to the house door; even Rachel forgot her own case in her sympathy with Leah. Not that she or any one believed Mr. Underwood would refuse to let Leah marry Mr. Crypt, but women are always anxious till these things are settled.

In less than half an hour, Mr. Crypt had his *quietus*, and looked very happy for a man who was in the habit of calling himself a miserable sinner, as Jack observed. Jack took liberties with every one, and spent much small wit on his intended brothers-in-law; Leah and Rachel were very soon occupied in congratulating each other, and rejoicing that they were both to be married on the same day; Martha and Mary were wondering how everything was to be done in the time; and the cook was "hoping to goodness they wouldn't make the wedding cakes at home."

Come what come may, time and the hour run through the busiest pre-nuptial month. It was long since Milford had had such a subject of absorbing interest. The amount of discussion which it excited would have filled fifty folio volumes of the present type; therefore, the exigencies of time and space demand that it should be wonderfully abridged here. Indeed, much must be left to the reader's imagination. Can he or *she* (the latter would do it best) figure to himself the intense curiosity and excitement which agitated the public mind in Milford, when three large vans, (Pickford's,) and two small ones, (not Pickford's,) came at five several times through that remote valley, and disgorged their contents, the large vans at Mr. Bang's new house in the Fell, the smaller ones at the Vicarage? Of course Mr. Bang was going to furnish his house "in the first style." A London upholsterer, no less—was the Archimage who was to produce a perfect Paradise of tables and chairs. Was not Miss Rachel a happy young woman,—a most fortunate creature, to be going to marry a gentleman who could give her such curtains and carpets? Three vans of the very best London furniture! what could mortal woman ask for more?

But the two small vans that went to the vicarage? what did they contain, and what portend? Questions to be asked in the parish! They got themselves answered in time, and the answers afforded new matter for surprise and endless discussion.

These two vans, it was ascertained, contained

household furniture also. Though it was not bran new, like Mr. Bang's, it was far more recherché, ecclesiastical, and mediævally elegant—more in the taste of Mr. Crypt and Leah, to whom it was presented by Mr. and Mrs. David Underwood as a marriage gift. Mr. Crypt had what is called "good prospects;" but at present he was only a curate, with nothing but a curate's salary, and therefore with very little disposable cash towards setting up an establishment. David Underwood, who entered, heart and soul, into the affairs of those dear to him,—talked Leah's marriage over with Edith during the first days of Miriam's convalescence, and between them, they concerted a plan, the details of which David worked out in his own mind, and the thorough execution of which he was determined to achieve.

The sending these said vans of furniture to the Vicarage was the first overt act, open to the eyes and tongues of the village. What could it mean? Was Mr. Shepherd going to be married, as well as his curate? Surely he was too old, and in his declining state of health too! No! it could *not* be; or Miss Shepherd would have stayed to superintend the arrangements, instead of going off to visit Mrs. Mark. At last the truth came out. Mr. Shepherd was going to give up the living of Milford, for a few years, to Mr. Crypt. Dr. Underwood had insisted on the necessity of complete change and relaxation from his present duties, for a time at least, as the only means of securing a healthy and active old age to Mr. Shepherd. He had spoken with the affection of a son, as well as with the authority of a physician. Both brain and body, in his case, he said, were over-wrought, the lungs were weak, and he must desist from regular preaching. A few years' residence in a warmer country would be all that he required. Very soon afterwards, David came to Mr. Shepherd with the offer of a chaplaincy to an embassy at one of the Italian Courts.

"You must make up your mind to go, my dear friend; and you must go before the winter. In a few years, by God's blessing, you will come back well and strong. In the mean time, Crypt will fill your post. The people like him. He is zealous and active, and has good sense; moderation and toleration will not fail to come soon."

"It is hard to leave my parish, David—to leave you all, to go and live alone among a strange people."

"You will not leave us *all*. You are not to live alone among strange people. Edith and I have settled that."

"Edith and you are very wonderful people. She can do anything she likes with me. What new thing have you to propose?"

"We propose to make up a party of Milford folks to go with you to Italy."

"Am I to head a colony, eh?"

"No; to take the direction of a small travelling party. My father's health gives me much anxiety; I hope much from the effects of a different climate, and removal from the scene of his recent anxieties."

"Is your father going to Italy?"

"He consents to go if you do. My sister Martha will accompany him. But the chief attraction in your eyes, perhaps, I have kept to the last. Miriam Grey must go with you. She must not remain in England during this winter, especially in the north. This illness has weakened her."

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Shepherd, "I had not thought of that. I am ready to go, David. I can be of use to Miriam. But why do not you and your wife go with us all?"

"Our duty is here in England. Edith cannot go far from her father; he grows old. And my father wishes us to take possession of the Grange, and live here with our children, during his absence. I have promised to attend to his property, and become a good yeoman. Mary will live among us all here. Jack goes to London; I have a place for him in the Admiralty. Philip is to be sent to Oxford by his cousin, Sir Ralph, and if he conducts himself well, Sir Ralph will make him his heir, for the love he bears to Miriam."

"These are all great changes, David. I must take time to consider them."

Mr. Shepherd considered them, and talked them over with Edith, and also with Martha. His conversation with the latter produced a marked change in Mr. Shepherd. He was more cheerful and hopeful; was reconciled to going abroad, since it would strengthen him for returning to his duties in Milford, and began to talk with enthusiasm of Milan and Florence, Rome and Naples. Martha entered into his enthusiasm, and Mr. Underwood began to read books about Italy, and to ask David many questions about foreign lands whenever he came down to the Grange.

From the first day that he brought thither a hope, —as yet he deemed it far from a certainty,—that Miriam's sight would be ultimately restored, they all thought more of that than of anything else connected with the travelling party.

But the travelling party, and everything else at this time in Milford, not excepting the double wedding, was fated to have its element of bitterness. This came from Miss Shepherd, and Mark Underwood and his wife. The former had never forgiven David Underwood for coming to Milford in the character of "a Strange Gentleman," and causing her to spread reports of an astonishing kind concerning him, whereby she gained much ridicule, and was pronounced by Jack to be quite "*perdue de réputation* as a scandal-monger, since she regarded neither the unities nor the probabilities in the stories she related." Her anger against David was heightened by the conduct of his wife, who, when she went, in all haste, to the Tower to examine into the nature of Miss Grey's illness, positively refused her admission into the house,—she, the head nurse and doctor of the village. Her rage against the new comers,—"*the strangers*," as she called them,—was warm enough all through Miss Grey's illness; but when she found that they had actually plotted her

election from the post of tyrant-in-ordinary to her brother; that by their means he was about to escape from her, and perhaps become a happy man in the end—"might even marry that old maid, Martha Underwood," and defy her power to render his life miserable any more,—her rage knew no bounds; and she threw herself with open arms into an alliance with Mark and his wife, who she felt instinctively must hate David and his wife with all the hatred which it is natural that the selfish and the silly should feel against the generous and the wise.

But generosity and wisdom are more than a match for selfishness and silliness; let every one be assured of that. It was not long before David found that for his father's sake he must take stronger measures with Mark than he had meditated. They ended by Mark's finding it convenient to buy land in Canada with his ill-gotten money, instead of buying it near Milford. He did not oppose his wife's intimacy with Miss Shepherd, probably on account of the general opinion that Miss Shepherd had money, and also because his wife was very silly and lazy, and Miss Shepherd supplied her with practical sense and activity. Miss Shepherd despised little Mrs. Mark as much as ever, but she liked to have some one to dominate and to speak evil things to about her enemies in Milford; and little Mrs. Mark was just the proper person, for she was rather spiteful, as most very silly people are. When Miss Shepherd proposed to go with Mark and his wife to Canada, and board with them for a year, just by way of a change, since she did not choose to live any longer near Milford, Mark accepted the proposal, fully determined in his own mind to get rid of her speedily, if he found her more troublesome than useful.

Such was the general state of affairs in Milford, on the morning of the double marriage. It was a glorious October day, and the inhabitants of the Tower were astir with the earliest birds. Edith's song to Miriam was heard by Philip, while he dressed, and he drew a good augury from the sound. He rushed down-stairs to ascertain that Dame Barnard and the rest were busy as they ought to be. Yes! It was all right. There, in the old withdrawing-room, far away out of hearing from the invalid's chamber, were Dame Barnard, and Tom, and Sarah, noisily engaged in the preparation of a feast—a marriage breakfast. Mrs. David Underwood had persuaded her husband and her father-in-law to bring the whole party up to the Tower, after the ceremony. "For," said she, "if Miriam is well enough to look at the girls in their bridal dresses, it will give her great pleasure."

"Look! do you really think she can see us?" asked Leah.

"I am almost sure she can. At all events, if anything is good for the eyesight, my dear Leah, it would be the pretty picture which you and Rachel will present."

"Thanks to *your* taste. I wonder how we could have thought of dressing ourselves in white satin. It was ridiculous."

"Rococo, my dear, and very unbecoming by daylight, to people with complexions like you and me. It would require some one with a skin as fair and delicate as Miriam's, to look well on this occasion in white satin."

Thus Edith contrived that her sisters-in-law should be dressed simply, as suited the condition of their husbands, instead of spending half the money allowed them for a *trousseau*, upon a costly and unbecoming wedding-dress, that they would rarely have occasion to wear again; which is the provincial style of the middle classes in this matter. Thus she also contrived that the brides should take a last look of Miriam even if she were not able to look at them. Besides, David desired to have some share in the marriage, and she herself wished to save Martha the trouble of the breakfast, as that good sister would have quite enough to do, to get the whole party of sisters properly arrayed—to say nothing of helping Jack, who generally required as much assistance at his toilette as any one of his sisters.

"A blithe morning to you, Mr. Philip!" said the old nurse, looking at her latest favourite carefully through her spectacles. "And may I live to see your wedding day, sir."

"Thank you, Barnard; but I don't think there's much chance that either of us will live to see that."

"Deary me, now! hark to him! Why, ain't you the comeliest young gentleman in the three valleys?"

"What of that, if I am the poorest?"

"Poorest, indeed! What's to prevent you being master of this place, all in good time?"

"I can't wait for that time, Dame. I must go out in the world and work."

"Work! What do you mean, Mr. Philip? Who ever heard of a Grey working? Leave that to us common folks. You are a gentleman, sir. Come, come! this isn't a day to look grave. Two weddings to come, and Miss Miriam getting on so nicely! Remember, Mr. Philip, 'saint heart never won fair lady.' I shall see you married to the girl of your heart yet. She's a right bonny bird, that I will say for her, though she *is* an Underwood. And now I suppose you're away down to Mr. Crypt. Mind you both of you make a good breakfast before you start, for there's a deal to go through, and a long time before you'll sit down at this table. Good bye, sir, and my duty to Mr. Crypt, and I wish him joy. I shall be at the church; but there's plenty to do first. Here, Sarah, come and put these plates round, and mind you don't drop one for your life, you giddy-pated wench."

Time wore on. Edith woke from her sleep. She and her husband took breakfast together in an adjoining room; Edith went down stairs to inspect and approve all that Dame Barnard had done; returned and had some conversation with David, who then went to dress for the marriage, at which ceremony he was to be present. All this time Miriam did not wake.

"It is well," said Dr. Underwood, as he looked in

and felt her pulse again before he set off. "Do not wake her. When she wakes naturally, try if she will take food, and then let her get up. Dr. Burns will be here before I return. Good bye, Edith. Now for the marriages! But I know how much the wife is dearer than the bride."

After he was gone, Edith conjured up a picture of the marriage. The pretty brides and their white dresses, the bright colours of the other ladies, the grave and studious Crypt, the energetic Bang, Jack and Philip, the youthful groomsmen, radiant in health and good looks, Mr. Underwood's relaxed sternness of expression, Mr. Shepherd reading the service with solemn benign air and noble voice. But conspicuous in her picture of the marriage in the little church yonder, was the figure of her own husband, looking on with brotherly love, and a thought of the future in his beautiful face.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE END.

ABOUT three hours later in the same day Edith and her charge were together in the ruined turret. Miriam lay, shrouded in pillows and cloaks, on the mossy couch that Gideon Underwood had made for her mother—where she had played in childhood—where she had heard David tell his love in youth, and where two months before she believed for a few moments that he loved her still. She was much changed, and looked with calm pleasure around.

"Are you quite warm and comfortable, dear?" asked Edith for the third time, as she wrapped a shawl more closely round Miriam's feet and moved a pillow beneath her head.

"Oh, yes! Ah! what a delicious sensation, to be in the open air again! Thank God! thank God!" murmured Miriam in a feeble but joyous tone.

Edith stooped down and kissed her pale cheek.

"Ah, Miriam! I wish I could tell you how glad we are to have you well—David and I."

"I know, I know! Let me look at you, Edith. I can see you and all things now. I seem to know your face. Where is David? I want to see him."

"You shall see him presently. Rest a little now."

At that moment a peal of joy-bells rang out from the village church. Sweetly they sounded on the still, warm air.

"What is that?" asked Miriam, eagerly.

"Joy-bells for the marriage."

"I remember! It is Leah and Rachel. May God's blessing be with them! They are dear good girls. How I wish I could see them!"

"You are to see them if you don't tire yourself first. They are coming here to see you."

Miriam looked pleased.

"I will be quite quiet, only you must let me turn so that I can look at the prospect as I lie. It is so long since I have seen it. Do you know, Edith,—nay, you must let me speak a little or my heart will burst, it is so full. Do you know I seem to have

begun another life altogether—as if this illness had been a sort of new birth. All the past seems to have gone back, so far off I scarcely remember it; only I remember that once I could not see, and that I was alone, virtually alone, in the world, and now I have you and David for my friends. David is quite a new person now. I have got to learn him. I seem to know all about *you*—how good you are—how wise—how active for the good of others. If I live, will you teach me to rouse myself and be active for others, too?"

"Miriam, sweet Miriam! you need not rouse yourself; your very being is a good to others. You are beautiful—the sight of you gladdens and elevates the heart."

"But it does not heal a wounded heart, or succour the oppressed, or give helpful sympathy to the struggling soul. I, too, would exert myself for others; I, too, would get knowledge that I may help wisely."

"In good time, dear one, when God has given you strength. Meantime your first duty is to get strong. What say you to going for a time away from Milford—to Italy—with Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Underwood, who are both in delicate health, and with the good Martha, who will take care of you all?"

"I will go if it is best; but I shall not be with *you* then."

"No. David and I must remain in England with our children. We are to live at the Grange. But, when you are quite recovered, you will come back and live amongst us."

"Yes," replied Miriam, in a very low voice, "I know almost everything you tell me. I must often have heard you and David talking in my room. You are very noble and loving, Edith. Do not fear for me. God is daily inspiring me with courage and hope. I am anxious to get well and do some good in the world, that I may be worthy to be your friend and the friend of David Underwood."

After these words she remained silent for some time with closed eyes. Edith thought that she was exhausted and slept; but it was not so. Her newly awakened mind was busy with many things. Presently she opened her eyes again, and seeing Edith reading from a book, she said—

"What are you reading?"

"Poetry. English poetry."

"Show me a page. It is so long since I have seen any printed thing! How strange it looks! I do not think I could read it now. It dazzles my eyes."

"Your eyes are not strong yet. David wishes you to go with us to London as soon as you can bear the journey, that he may put you under the care of a celebrated oculist."

"David is very good. I should like to know what you were reading in that book just now. You glanced at me, as if you thought it concerned me."

"And so it does. It concerns all those who suffer—especially those who seem to suffer from no wrongdoing of their own. You shall hear:—



THE MAIDEN'S TOWER, CONSTANTINOPLE.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
Not endless night, nor yet eternal day,
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay;
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all
That Man may hope to rise and fear to fall."

"It is very sweet," said Miriam. "Will you read it again?"

Edith did so; and as she pronounced the last line, she heard voices and steps outside the ruin. "They are coming, Miriam," she said rising. "Tell me truly, are you strong enough to see them?"

"Yes, I want to see them. Is your husband with them?"

"Yes. See! here he comes!"

It was truly a beautiful sight, that gay marriage group standing within the area of the old turret. David came first, leading his sister Martha. Mr. Underwood and Mr. Shepherd came next. The others stood aloof at first, till assured by Edith that Miriam was able to see and shake hands with them all. Then came the two brides in their soft white dresses, their flower-wreaths and veils; tears were in their eyes, and their voices were hushed as they knelt down by Miriam and looked half fearfully into those large eyes which had been sightless so long.

"Can you see us indeed, quite distinctly?"

Miriam smiled, her old calm smile. "Yes. Let me look; I do not expect to see so pretty a sight for a long time. Where is Mary?"

"Here she comes." Mary was walking slowly over the broken ground with Philip.

"That is Philip with her, is it not?" asked Miriam, gravely. "Yes, I am sure it is. You are all right; I think he is very handsome."

"He is very like his aunt Miriam," said David cheerfully. After a few more words and kind looks had been exchanged, David made a signal for every one to retire.

"There! That is quite enough gaiety and excitement for one day, my dear Miriam," he said, flinging himself on the grass beside her couch and taking her hand. "Ah! The pulse is disturbed of course. Now shut your eyes and lie quite still till I come back to carry you up-stairs—I, or Philip. You are not to speak a word to Edith for five minutes, and you are to drink whatever I send you. I wish I might stay with you both, here in this dear old place, where," he added in a lower tone, "I have prayed daily for your restoration, dearest Miriam, and that God would give me grace to be worthy of your friendship and my wife's love."

"God has heard you, David, my oldest friend. Give me your hand—yours too, Edith. Now let me make a marriage after my own heart, this day. Will you love each other as long as ye both shall live, nor ever let one thought of Miriam Grey come like a shadow betwixt you?" Miriam spoke with an earnest voice.

"We will," they both replied, fixing their eyes on hers, with an expression of perfect love and trust.

She pressed both their hands to her lips.

"Now go," she said. "Go both of you: I must be left alone for awhile. When you come back I shall be quite calm."

They went away as she desired. When they returned, she was sleeping peacefully with clasped hands, as if in prayer.

From that day, Miriam Grey began to gain strength; and from that day may be dated the commencement of a new bond of love between her and David Underwood. To him she has become dearer than a sister, and he is to her more than any brother could be. There is a secret sanctity and strength in their affection; but stronger and more devoted than their friendship for each other is their love of Edith. It is the strongest feeling in the heart of each.

Ten years have passed since the remarkable visit of "the Strange Gentleman" to the Grange at Millford. During that time, many changes have taken place there; but I have no more to relate concerning the fortune or character of its present owner, David Underwood.

THE MAIDEN'S TOWER, CONSTANTINOPLE.

EVERY traveller who has visited the capital city of the Ottoman empire, speaks in admiring terms of its exceeding beauty of situation and picturesque appearance. The connecting link, as it were, between Europe and Asia, it stands upon a gently sloping promontory secured by narrow seas, and stretching out in a triangular form towards the Asiatic continent. The area of this triangle is occupied by elevations, some of which are sufficiently high to be called hills, and on these are placed several of the most important edifices, such as the Seraglio, or Palace of the Sultan, the great Mosque of Santa Sophia, the lofty dome of the Osmanli Mosque, and the still loftier dome of that of Solymán the Magnificent. Fanned by the breezes which are wafted from the Bosphorus, the sea of Marmora, and the Thracian plains, and watered internally by numerous fountains and streams of waters, its inhabitants enjoy a pure and healthy atmosphere, save what the habitual uncleanness of the lower classes creates.

It is not a little remarkable that almost the first city ever founded by a Christian monarch and a Roman, should have outlived every trace of its earliest religious creed, and of the refined taste of the cultivated people from whom it sprung. It may fairly be presumed, that when Constantine rebuilt the metropolis of the eastern portion of the Roman empire, and enriched it with the treasures of art gathered from every quarter of the world, where his own legions and those of his predecessors had proved victorious, the edifices wherein those treasures were placed, and those which became the homes of the emperor and his followers, would have shown some resemblance to those they had quitted in Italy. If this were so originally, all traces of the fact have long been lost; indeed, history informs us that though Constantine despoiled

the whole empire of statues, pictures, bas-reliefs, marbles, and bronzes, in order to decorate Constantinople, and make it a second Rome, the architecture of his new city was as inferior to that of the old, as its situation was superior to that on the banks of the dark and troubled Tiber. And now, whatever of classic elegance and beauty was originally reflected in the waters of the Bosphorus, has given place to painted *Kiosques*, fanciful domes, and spiral minarets. We seek in vain for a single fragment of those noble edifices, which, it may fairly be presumed, once stood in the "seven-hilled city of the eastern world," as the writers of the time used to speak of Constantinople, in contradistinction to the "seven-hilled city of the western empire."

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader, that Constantinople stands on the European coast of the Bosphorus; opposite to it, on the Asiatic coast, scarcely a quarter of an hour's row in a boat, stands Scutari, a very populous town in itself, though considered a suburb of the European capital. Like the latter, it is built on the slope of a hill; it is also distinguished by its fine mosques and magnificent burial-grounds planted with majestic cypresses. Many of the wealthier Turks are buried here, under the impression, derived from an ancient tradition, that one day or another their race will be driven out of Europe. "Not an arrow's flight," writes Miss Pardoe, in her work entitled "The Bosphorus," "from the quay of Scutari, stands 'The Maiden's Tower,' a small and picturesque castle, built upon so diminutive a rock, that its foundations cover the whole surface, and give to the edifice an appearance of floating upon the waves."

Listless, and outwardly imperturbable as seems the modern Turk, when he sits cross-legged smoking his hookah, with a face of gravity that nothing can soften into a smile of cheerfulness, there is sometimes a touch of romance to be found in his disposition, mingled with superstition and a belief in old legends; of the latter, the "Maiden's Tower" forms one subject, which Miss Pardoe narrates in the volume just referred to:—A certain Sultan, whose name has been lost, had an only child, a very beautiful girl; she was growing into womanhood, when the father consulted a celebrated astronomer as to her future destiny. The man of mysteries prophesied that, in her eighteenth year, she was to become the victim of a serpent. Alarmed at so terrible a prospect, the Sultan erected the aforesaid tower, and immured his daughter in it, that by isolating her from the world around, and almost from the very earth itself, he might avert the impending calamity. But who can contend against his destiny? Death reached the fair captive in a basket of new figs from Smyrna, in which a small asp lay hid; and she was found, on her eighteenth birthday, dead upon the sofa, with the fruit beside her: the reptile had fastened itself upon her bosom, from which she was unable to remove it. Another version of the story, however, is,—and it is far more likely to be the true one, if there is any truth

at all in it, and certainly it is a far pleasanter one,—that the serpent, by whom the Sultan lost his jewel, was a young Persian prince, who had been attracted to the tower by the fame of the lady's matchless beauty, and, having effected an interview with her, won her heart, and found opportunity and means of bearing her triumphantly away from her home on the waters.

To judge from the appearance of the "Maiden's Tower," as it stands prominently forward in the pretty little vignette engraving, it must be a charming place of occasional rendezvous and quiet enjoyment, when the sun-light falls upon the shining waters at its feet, and upon the hanging gardens of Scutari and the lofty domes on the opposite shore; but one would almost as soon think of "pitching our tent" in the Eddystone Lighthouse, as to make so misanthropic-looking an edifice our dwelling-place in all seasons and in all weathers, even to share it with the most beautiful Houris that ever walked in the rose gardens of the Prophet's paradise, or sat in the bowers of Amherabad.

BARTHOLOM GEORGE NIEBUHR.¹

NIEBUHR's services to historical literature are so well known and appreciated, that it is presumed the present publication, containing an outline of his life, and large selections from his correspondence, will be warmly and thankfully accepted by the cultivated public. The outward history and inward culture of such a man must be necessarily interesting, and that in a degree far exceeding the attraction which appertains to an ordinary biography. As far as we can judge, the work seems ably and honestly compiled; it being confessedly founded upon a German production, edited by Madame Hensler, Niebuhr's sister-in-law; but several additional letters have been added, and a considerable amount of further information has been woven into, or appended to, the biographical sections. Altogether, we believe, it is the fullest and most complete account of Niebuhr and his pursuits that has hitherto been published in a single book: and it seems to us that the record is one of exalted interest and value, a record full of just and noble teachings, such as may serve alike the uses of the matured scholar, the struggling and ambitious student, the man of the world, the conscientious politician, and indeed, to some extent, of all varieties of thinking and active persons.

The quality in Niebuhr with which we are most impressed, is not his greatness, for except in regard to acquired scholarship he cannot, perhaps, be reckoned a great man,—not his greatness, we say, but his truthfulness. Perfect honesty is his grandest and most commanding characteristic. Whatever may be the matter of speculation, he desires to

(1) "The Life and Letters of Barthold George Niebuhr. With Essays on his Character and Influence." By the Chevalier Burzen, and Professors Brandis and Loebell. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall.

learn the truth of it: to this end all else is to be sacrificed, all labour cheerfully and vigorously undergone. Such a patience in research, such a gigantic faculty for investigation, as he brings with him to his tasks, can scarcely elsewhere be witnessed. And these he employs with the sternest singleness of purpose, his sole aim being to eliminate clearness from confusion, to detach the *true* from the merely traditional or problematical. His main service in relation to history has been *destructive*: with his single arm he cleared away whole forests of mythical error and absurdity; but, after indicating the foundations for the future shrines and temples of historical art, he left the ground to be built upon by others. Yet the work he did was an excellent and needful one; and the temper and spirit with which he wrought commands the frankest admiration. We invite you, therefore, to some slight review of his life and labours; drawn, as you will understand, from the volumes now before us.

• Barthold George Niebuhr was born at Copenhagen, on the 27th of August, 1776. He was the son of the distinguished traveller, Carsten Niebuhr, who appears to have fallen in love for the first time in the fortieth year of his age, and to have married a young orphan girl, with whom, relinquishing all notion of a journey which he had previously planned into the interior of Africa, he set up his household in the Danish capital. A few years after his marriage he obtained his discharge from the military service, to which he had hitherto belonged, and received the appointment of Land-schreiber, or secretary, to the province of South Dithmarsh in Holstein. To Meldorf, its chief town, he removed with his family in 1778; and it was here, among a primitive and homely population, that the young Niebuhr passed his childhood and the first years of his youth.

His parents appear to have paid great attention to the training and education of their children; but the frequent indisposition of Madame Niebuhr, with whom the marsh-air of the country did not agree, and the occasional ill-health of Barthold from ague and other causes, somewhat interrupted the otherwise regular and happy tenor of his childhood. Yet, upon the whole, he and his sister (two years older than himself) led a very pleasant and cheerful life, "romping about with their playfellows in a spacious house, or in large court-yards and gardens." When the boy was about five years old, he took great delight in watching the building of a new house, which was then being erected for his father. "The elder Niebuhr was his own architect, and the child soon learnt to draw plans by watching his father at work, and asking him questions; he was constantly at his side during the progress of the building, and long afterwards retained an intelligent recollection of the proceedings of the workmen." Meanwhile, the worthy father was never weary of providing both his children with suitable occupations and entertainments. "He had a skittle-ground made in the large court-yard, and in the winter a Russian mountain was put

up in the garden. A very considerable collection of seals and coins was made for them, from which on Sundays they were allowed, as a treat, to take casts, and they eagerly studied heraldry in connexion with these. . . . In summer he would help his son to build fortifications in the garden according to the rules of military art, which he afterwards taught the boy and his companions to attack and defend, likewise according to rule. In winter he used to collect other children at his house in the evenings, and then set them to dances while he played for them on the violin. The Christmas festivals were seasons of unbounded enjoyment to Niebuhr in his childish years." Afterwards, when he had grown up to manhood, he writes, with a keen remembrance of these joys:—"A many-coloured tissue of bright memories floats over me from those times. . . . With all of them there is associated a peculiar charm of eager outstretched expectation and dazzling surprise, succeeded by a vehement feeling of delight occupation, and gratitude."

Evidently, this father Niebuhr was a very excellent, sensible, and fatherly sort of man. Under such training and attention as his, it was natural that the children should grow up amiable, intelligent, and well-behaved. The boy, indeed, soon gave indication of extraordinary capabilities. As early as his fourth or fifth year he began to receive instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic; "he early distinguished himself by his quickness, ready apprehension and sure retention of what he learned, and, according to his sister's account, he soon got before her. He had always finished the tasks that were set them sooner than she had, and then would roughly dance round her, singing,

'Rest is sweet when work is done.'

Though both girl and boy had other teachers, their father himself attended very closely to their education. The son says, "He instructed both of us in geography, and used to relate stories to us from history; he taught me English and French, at all events much better than I could have learnt them from any instructor the place afforded, and also a little mathematics, in which he would have gone further had he not been discouraged by the want of liking and talent in myself."

Not without some paternal satisfaction and complacency did the father write to his brother-in-law, Eckhardt, in December 1782, when young Niebuhr was only six years old:—"Barthold has begun to-day to learn the Greek alphabet, and shall now proceed to write German in Greek characters." Somewhat later, writing to the same person, he says, "he studied the Greek alphabet only for a single day, and had no further trouble with it; he did it with little help from me. The boy gets on wonderfully. Boje says he does not know his equal; but he requires to be managed in a peculiar way. . . . He is no longer so passionate with his sister; but if he stumbles in the least in repeating his lessons, or if his scribbles are alluded to, he fires up instantly. He cannot bear to be praised for them, because he believes that he does

not deserve it." Then he continues, "My wife complains that I find fault with Barthold unnecessarily. I did not mean to do so. He is an extraordinary good little fellow, but he must be managed in an extraordinary way, and I pray God to give me wisdom and patience to educate him properly."

The Boje mentioned in this letter was the editor of a literary periodical in Germany, who lived on terms of intimacy with the Niebuhrs. An anecdote related by this gentleman will serve to show the boy's early susceptibility to poetical impressions. Writing in 1783, he says, "A short time back I was reading 'Macbeth' aloud to his parents without taking any notice of him, till I saw what an impression it made upon him. Then I tried to render it all intelligible to him, and even explained to him how the witches were only poetical beings. When I was gone he sat down, (he is not yet seven years old,) and wrote it all out on seven sheets of paper, without omitting one important point, and certainly without any expectation of receiving praise for it, for when his father asked to see what he had written, and showed it to me, he cried for fear he had not done it well. Since then he writes down everything of importance that he hears from his father or me. We seldom praise him, but just quietly tell him where he has made any mistake, and he avoids the fault for the future."

For the first twelve years of his life Niebuhr was educated entirely at home, but his father, feeling at length that the desultory instruction he had hitherto received was insufficient for him, determined on placing him in the Gymnasium, or public school, at Meldorf; a step which appears to have been in accordance with the boy's personal inclinations. He was entered at Easter, 1789, and "found himself at once by far the youngest, and considerably the most advanced in his class." Notwithstanding this, he grew in great favour with his schoolfellows, but he only remained in the school until the Michaelmas of the ensuing year, owing to the circumstance that most of the senior pupils were withdrawn about that time, and he was too far advanced to mix with the younger set of boys who were then admitted into the highest class. The Principal, however, offered to give him an hour's private teaching daily, and this appears to have been continued until Easter, 1794. For a short time he had been sent to a celebrated school at Hamburg, but, growing restless and dissatisfied with the place, he was permitted to return home to Meldorf. Here he remained until the year just mentioned, assisting his father in his official duties, and amassing knowledge with great diligence and rapidity. By this time he had become acquainted with several modern languages, along with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; and, taking into account his enormous medley of information in regard to other matters, it was justly concluded that he was sufficiently prepared to enter the University of Kiel.

Here, accordingly, in 1794, Niebuhr commenced his studies. A somewhat shy, rather awkward, retiring young man; he nevertheless found the society

into which he was introduced in many respects agreeable. Writing home to his parents in the month of May, he says:—"When I remember the anxiety and sorrow we felt at parting, my gloomy ideas of this place, my melancholy at being transplanted from my quiet, peaceful occupations in the midst of you all, to this noisy town, and the deep silence of my solitary room, how glad and thankful I am to have found everything better than my expectations! I would give a great deal—yes, what I prize most of all, some days of my future stay with you—if you could know a little sooner how happy I am—if you could know it at this moment, while I am writing." Then he goes on to tell of his various visits to Professors; among whom he mentions with especial emphasis and respect a certain distinguished Dr. Hensler. This learned notability had been pleased to take an unusual degree of interest in the young student and his pursuits. "My ideas about the origin of the Greek tribes," says Niebuhr, "the history of the colonization of the Greek cities, and my notions in general about the earliest migration from west to east, are new to him, and he thinks it probable that they may be correct. He exhorts me to work them out, and bring them into as clear a form as I can." Hensler likewise prepared a plan of study for him, and seems to have given him a sort of general invitation to his house.

There it was his fortune to become acquainted with one or two intellectual and cultivated women, in whose society it soon became his wont to "cheer himself," when he happened to be getting "gloomy" from a too great severity of study. He very much complains, however, of his painful timidity and bashfulness before ladies generally. "However much I may improve," said he, "in other society, I am sure I must get worse and worse every day in their eyes; and so, out of downright shyness, I scarcely dare speak to a lady; and as I know, once for all, that I must be insupportable to them, their presence becomes disagreeable to me. Yesterday, notwithstanding, I screwed up my courage, and began to talk to Miss Behrens and young Mrs. Hensler." It would appear that he did not acquit himself much to his satisfaction in the conversation; but, as practice in most things gives expertness, he gradually became less diffident, and more gallant in his deportment; and we find him in the course of time, confessing to a tender attachment for Miss Behrens. Her sister, Mrs. Hensler, (widow of a son of Dr. Hensler's,) soon perceived his secret, and with the kindest consideration in the world, spoke to him distinctly on the subject, and brought him to a definite declaration. It was not until he had quitted college, however, and subsequently paid a visit to the Henslers, that the bashful student formally made a confession of his feelings. Then, in the month of August, 1797, he wrote to Madame Hensler in these terms:—"At every moment that I have had to myself for reflection, I have pondered on the idea, and asked myself whether the reality would be as happy as the prospect was entrancing. I found the question very simple,

and the answer was, 'Were I to obtain the blessing of which I am not yet worthy, I should have more than I ever ventured to desire, and my happiness could only be disturbed by my own fault.' It is not necessary to know your Amelia long. Can one help believing in her at first sight? Why should I repeat what you know already, that her presence gave me such unspeakable, heartfelt delight! The first speaking glance of her clear beautiful eyes, her richly cultivated mind, that reveals itself so simply and unassumingly, almost timidly; her purity, her tenderness, shine out in all her words and motions, and would be evident to one less susceptible than I am. I see no shadow, not even a cloud, to dim this sunshine."

But before their marriage can take place, Niebuhr has to win for himself a name and a position in the world. His college days, indeed, are ended, and he is now holding the situation of private Secretary to Count Schimmelman, Minister of Finance at Copenhagen, and also the post of Secretary to the Royal Library; but his personal tastes incline him to aspire after a professorship in Kiel, as the readiest means of leading the quiet and studious life most suited to his disposition; and it is now accordingly his aim to qualify himself in all respects for the duties of such an office.

By way of preparation for the work he had assigned himself, it was decided that Niebuhr should make a journey to Great Britain, that he might have some of the advantages of foreign travel, prosecute and extend his studies, brace up and strengthen his mental and bodily energies, and acquire, as far as possible, a comprehensive view of the relations of the external world. Of his residence here we have no record, save what is presented in a series of letters to his betrothed, extending over a space of nearly eighteen months—from June 1798, to November 1799. These letters are almost entirely of a personal character.

In November, 1799, Niebuhr returned to Holstein, and in May of the following year he was married to Amelia Behrens. He had just been appointed Assessor at the Board of Trade for the East India Department, and Secretary of the Standing Commission of the Affairs of Barbary. In June, he took his wife to Copenhagen, and entered on his official duties. The young couple were in the highest degree happy in each other. Niebuhr writes thus to Madame Hensler in the month of August:—"Amelia's heavenly disposition, and more than earthly love, raise me above this world, and, as it appears, separate me from this life. A life of full employment, combined with serenity of mind, which we shall secure by rigidly maintaining our seclusion, protects and heightens the capacity for happiness. Happiness is a poor word: find a better! Even the toils and sacrifices of business contribute to the calm self-approval, which to me is the essential condition of enduring happiness. Amelia's cheerfulness, her contentment with her lot, untroubled by any wish for something beyond it, afford me as heartfelt joy as the contrary would give me pain. Her

presence and conversation keep my heart at rest and my mind healthy. Thus I am gradually recovering from the impression made upon me in past times by the delusions and contradictions of the world."

Niebuhr resided in Copenhagen for the next six years, during which period the city was bombarded, and the Danish fleet destroyed by Nelson.

Ultimately, however, hostilities were suspended, peace followed, and Niebuhr was left to pursue his official avocations, and the historical investigations in which he now began to be engaged, without further interruption. In these employments, he was occupied until the autumn of 1806; when, growing dissatisfied with his position in connexion with the ministry, he embraced an opportunity which was now afforded him of relinquishing the Danish service, and of entering upon an important office under the Prussian Government. He removed to Berlin on the 5th of October, a few days before the battles of Jena and Auerstädt, when the Prussian army was defeated, and the French advanced upon the capital. For Niebuhr and his associates there was, of course, no quarter to be expected; most of them accordingly took to flight, and after various shiftings, Niebuhr and his wife, with whom alone we are here concerned, took up their residence at Memel, where they appear to have stayed until the following April. Niebuhr then took office in the finance department under Count Hardenberg, and subsequently under Stein, with whom he laboured for some time in an attempt to reorganize and regenerate the kingdom. Having returned to Berlin in December, 1807, he was met by the intelligence of his mother's death; and at this loss his grief was heightened, inasmuch as he was obliged to go upon a financial mission to Holland, instead of proceeding straightway to Meldorf, to visit and console his father. He remained at Amsterdam for upwards of a year, and can scarcely be said to have succeeded in his negotiation; but, nevertheless, he was afterwards nominated a privy councillor of state, and received a superior appointment connected with the administration of the funds. He was more or less engaged in various public duties until 1810, when, distrusting Hardenberg, who was now again installed as Prime Minister, and offended at the opposition given to some of his financial plans, he sought to be released from further service under government, and finally exchanged his situation for an historical professorship, in the new university just opened in Berlin.

Now it was that Niebuhr, for the first time, had ample leisure for those studies to which he had long been secretly attached, and now, accordingly, was published his first literary production—A Treatise on the Amphictyons—written in the summer of 1810. At the opening of the University, he delivered those lectures on Roman history which formed the foundation of the great historical work, by which his name has been rendered famous. The lecture-room was attended by a numerous and distinguished audience of students, professors, and even statesmen.

What Niebuhr proposed to himself, and eventually accomplished, may be gathered (as far as it can be indicated by a few disconnected paragraphs) from the following remarks, taken from Professor Loebell's Essay on his character as an historian. "In his History of Rome," says the Professor, "Niebuhr commenced the erection of an edifice, in the construction of which he would not employ the very smallest stone until he had carefully examined its fitness. Furnished with a comprehensive and profound acquaintance with the languages and literature of antiquity, he was fully qualified to apply the principles of the new tendency in philological criticism on a far wider scale, by the most acute examination and analysis of the original sources of history. What had hitherto (with a few exceptions which attracted no attention) been termed historical criticism, consisted partly in a reckless scepticism, which rejected entirely the remains of whole periods,—as Hume says, "The first page of Thucydides is in my opinion the commencement of real history,"—partly in testing contradictory statements in the accounts of the narrators of isolated events, by their greater or less probability. Another step had been taken shortly before Niebuhr's time. Instead of credulously receiving, or absolutely rejecting the whole, an effort was made to pick out the kernel of historical truth, from the midst of the mythical elements with which it was mixed up in tradition.

Niebuhr retained his professorship until the year 1813, publishing in the meantime the first and second volumes of his Roman History, and making liberal preparation for future works. In that year, however, the recurrence of war between France and Prussia called him once more away from the prosecution of his literary pursuits, and obliged him to take an active part in political affairs. He was now employed in various negotiations with foreign states, and was for some time in attendance at the head-quarters of the Allied Army at Prague, and other places. Returning to Berlin in October 1814, he wrote a pamphlet on "The Rights of Prussia against the Court of Saxony," which excited great attention, and for which he received the formal thanks of the Prussian Government. Whilst he was still occupied with public affairs, he received, in April 1815, tidings of the death of his father. About the same time, his wife's health, which had long been failing, had now become decidedly broken down, and it was evident to him that, in her case also, the end was nigh at hand. His apprehensions, indeed, were very shortly verified. On the 21st of June she died in her husband's arms. "He had never spoken to her of her approaching death, much as he longed to receive her parting wishes, because the physician forbade all excitement. Once only, a few days before her death, as he was holding her in his arms, he asked her if there was no pleasure that he could give her,—nothing that he could do for her sake; she replied, with a look of tenderness, 'You shall finish your History whether I live or die.' This request was ever present to his mind, and he

regarded its fulfilment as a sacred duty, though years elapsed before he was able to resume his work."

And so now he had lost all that was most dear to him in the world, and the weight of his loneliness fell on him as darkness falls over the earth when it is night. The depth of his affection was proportioned to the happiness he had enjoyed, and he passed many solitary months in a state of extreme depression. Still it was not long before he recognised the duty of resignation and endurance. The dark calamity that bound him down, was indeed but an inevitable incident in the common lot. Every day this grave shadow intercepts the sunshine in its passage through some casement. So, with as much patience as was possible, he addressed himself to his wonted tasks, and strove to live in the endeavour and in the prospect of being useful to his fellow men. He could not, indeed, return to his Roman History, as it revived too many painful recollections; but he employed himself in various incidental studies, and, upon the whole, contrived to turn his hours to account.

In the spring of 1816, he prevailed upon Madame Hensler and her niece, Margaret Hensler, to come and live with him; and by their presence he was gradually brought back to a comparatively cheerful state of mind. Shortly, it became apparent to Niebuhr that this young Margaret was a very graceful and interesting girl; she soothed him with pleasant attentions, and delighted him by her singing; and in the end it came to pass that he won her young affections, and married her.

On the conclusion of peace, after the event of Waterloo, Niebuhr was rewarded for his services by the appropriate appointment of Prussian Minister at the Court of Rome. Thither, accordingly, he set out with his young wife in July, 1816, and there he remained for the space of seven years. In Rome and its neighbourhood he had the most favourable opportunities for working out his historical investigations.

The object of his mission being attained, Niebuhr quitted Rome in the summer of 1823, and after a brief stay in the Prussian capital, decided on taking up his residence at Bonn. While in Italy, his wife had borne him four children, the youngest of whom died in the spring of 1824. This event distressed him greatly. He was, at the time, away on a visit to Berlin, and on writing to console his wife, he says, "I have learnt to appreciate you, and your whole worth thoroughly, my Gretchen, and this misfortune has brought us nearer to each other, and perfected my love for you more than any happiness could have done. . . I am buying little presents for the children, but with what a weight at my heart! I feel as though I had lost all security that they were still mine."

Nevertheless, with the commencement of his residence at Bonn, began the quietest, and, as far as concerns posterity, the most important portion of his life. "His freedom from other occupations and cares, enabled him at last seriously to undertake the

accomplishment of the promise given to his Amelia, and continue his Roman History. He returned to the vocation, which had in his youth floated before him as the true ideal of his life, namely, the position of a public instructor; and found ample opportunity to redeem the vow he had made in his early years, to extend guidance and assistance to any young men who might hereafter encounter the intellectual difficulties through which he had had to work his own way." Though holding no official appointment at the university, he yet frequently delivered lectures there—lectures on the History of Greece, Roman Antiquities, Ancient History, Ethnography, and Geography—making in the whole several distinct courses, which were continued up to the year 1830. For a year or two, he also assisted his friends Brandis and Hasse in the editorship of a philosophic journal; for the rest, he lived in pleasant intercourse with various literary and distinguished persons. But he did not confine himself solely to learned circles. "In all the civil affairs of the town and neighbourhood, he took an active interest from principle as well as inclination, for he considered a man as no good citizen who refused to take his share of the public business of the neighbourhood in which he lived; and the loss which left so great a blank in the world of letters, was also deeply regretted by his fellow-townsmen of Bonn."

Niebuhr's mode of life, in these latter years, was very regular, and all his habits simple. "He hated show and unnecessary luxury in domestic life. He loved art in her proper place, but could not bear to see her degraded into the mere minister of outward case. His life in his own family showed the erroneousness of the assertion, that a thorough devotion to learning is inconsistent with the claims of family affection. He liked to hear of all the little household occurrences, and his sympathy was as ready for the little sorrows of his children as for the misfortunes of a nation. He was in the habit of rising at seven in the morning, and retiring at eleven. At the simple one o'clock dinner, he generally conversed cheerfully upon the contents of the newspaper which he had just looked through. The conversation was usually continued during the walk which he took immediately afterwards. The building of a house, or the planting of a garden, had always an attraction for him, and he used to watch the measuring of a wall, or the breaking open of an entrance, with the same species of interest with which he observed the development of a political organization. The family drank tea at eight o'clock, when any of his acquaintance were always welcome. But during the hours spent in his library, his whole being was absorbed in his studies, and hence he got through an immense amount of work in an incredibly short time."

In this way the years span round, until the end which awaits every one, came in his case also. His life was at last shortened by a concurrence of calamities. On the 6th of February, 1830, his new house, in the arrangement of which he had been greatly interested, was accidentally burnt down; and

before order and comfort could be created afresh from the ruins of his domestic existence, the news arrived of the second French Revolution—the notable Three Days of July. With respect to the first, he said, with sad composure, "If only the manuscript of the second volume of my Roman History is found again; I can get over everything else, and, at the worst, I feel I have still power enough left to replace my History, and will set to work again, with God's help, in a few days." The manuscript was found, and was greeted with great joy; but it is said, that the news of the Three Days utterly confounded him, and from that time he was saddened and distracted by what seemed to him the re-commencement of revolutionary outrage. When the trial of the ministers of Charles the Tenth took place, he was much excited by the reports in the French journals; and on the evening of Christmas day, after spending a considerable time in reading in the public news-rooms, without taking off his cloak, he caught a severe cold as, heated in mind and body, he was returning home through the frosty night air. His illness lasted a week, and was pronounced, on the fourth day, to be a decided attack of inflammation on the lungs. His faithful wife, who exerted herself beyond her strength in nursing him, fell ill, and was obliged to be carried from him. Then, with a painful presentiment, he turned his face to the wall, murmuring, "Hapless house! to lose father and mother at once." And to the children he said, "Pray to God, children; He alone can help us!" And his attendants saw that he himself was seeking comfort and strength in silent prayer. Finally, on the afternoon of the 1st of January, 1831, he sank into a dreamy slumber; once awakening, he said that pleasant images floated before him in his sleep; in his dreams he now and then spoke French; and as the night gathered, consciousness faded quite away, and the Great Darkness extinguished the light of his eyes for ever! Nine days afterwards, his wife followed him to the same grave.

The third volume of the Roman History, which Niebuhr had left in an unfinished state, was prepared for the press by Professor Classen. Of this performance we do not feel called upon to speak further in this place; and with respect to the extensive correspondence now before us, we can only say, that it contains the record of his whole literary and political life, and abounds with passages remarkable for sense and wisdom. Want of space has hindered us from making large quotations, but we can confidently recommend the book to the attention of all studious and thoughtful readers. It is full of sound knowledge and practical information: if "Biography" be "history teaching by example," few histories are more pregnant with lessons than this; it shows us what industry can do when combined with talent; and it shows us, also, that which some persons are occasionally inclined to dispute,—that "industry and talent" may be associated, may work together, and together produce the fruits of labour for the benefit of mankind.

A DANGEROUS CHARACTER!

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

ONE of the most tormenting persons who ever came into a neighbourhood is, "a great Quiz,"—a man who, having little or nothing to do, has, nevertheless, an active imagination and not a great deal of mind; who is perpetually injuring your taste by bad puns, insulting your honesty by gross untruths, turning your friends and your feelings into ridicule, and getting up practical jokes in a way that tempts you to call him out, or, if you are able, meditate "a thrashing" in defiance of the law. But your genuine, your perplexing and most dangerous "Quiz" has a provoking good temper; you get angry with him, and are ashamed thereof, for he will not get angry with you. He is full of mirth and mischief, and leaves the malice to you whom he aggrieves and laughs at; and then, if he offends you, and you resent it, your neighbour smiles as you pass, and if your neighbour is displeased, you smile as he passes, and, forgetting altogether how "glum" you looked yesterday, you wonder how it is possible he should look so "glum" to-day, when he knows of old that Mr. Mallay is "such a Quiz," and means "no harm." I am sure, while writhing beneath a joke, you could forgive him much more quickly if he intended harm than if he did not, for a desire to injure could be more easily forgotten than a desire to turn you into ridicule. We all like to laugh *with*, but cannot endure to be laughed *at*. Mr. Mallay never cared what we liked or disliked, so long as *he* had his laugh, and could quiz, or arrest attention by recounting "a capital quiz" he played off on "that dear kind fellow who would never get over it."

A man requires no capital of either wit or understanding to set up for "a Quiz." A certain degree of unrefined humour, and a fertile invention, were Mr. Mallay's stock-in-trade. He made lucky hits sometimes; got hold of a good story or a good listener, or a person whose nature was so truthful that he anticipated no untruth in others, and was loth to believe that any one could be so degraded as to make fun out of falsehood. He had a quick, sly, winking eye, that never looked you straight in the face; an uncertain, undefined mouth, that twisted, and set, and unset itself, in many different ways, sometimes puckering at one corner, and smiling at the other—a mouth, in fact, that looked as if it were born with a lie upon its lips. His carriage was ungentlemanly—for a gentleman must be erect and self-possessed, and your "great Quiz" is never the one or the other. Mr. Mallay exaggerated all things, and was as well read in appearances and omens as a fortune-teller. If a gentleman danced twice with the same lady, he was "violently in love;" if a widow changed her weeds, "she was going to be married," and both must be "quizzed;" if a poor girl got into ill health, and from being a rose, faded into a lily, the Quiz always inquired "if she was suffering from an affection of the heart." Then he had slang terms,

from his Quiz dictionary, for all things—for funerals as well as feasts; and delighted in parodies, which he sung with singular emphasis and expression. He never omitted quizzing "the parson;" and thought it the triumph of his art to have sent four doctors and two undertakers down a dirty lane, to call on an old maid and an old bachelor, who had just quitted their single blessedness for the bonds and bands of matrimony. Whenever a bell-handle or a knocker was missed, Mr. Mallay was accused of the theft—and bad as he certainly was—mean and incomprehensible as were his ideas of that brilliant sparkling wit, which is the very jewel of society—low as was his understanding of the reciprocal duties of the *salon*, where there is neither a butt nor a butter, where each contributes to the pleasure of the whole, and that from the upspringing of a gracious desire to make others happy—incapable as the "Quiz" ever is of justice or generosity—prone as he must be to *maumetogism*, in its most mischievous moods—yet I have sometimes thought he was blamed more severely than he deserved to be. It was entirely for want of moral courage to cut him deliberately and at once that he continued lingering about our pretty neighbourhood—the very genius of mischief and idle talk—peeping in on our working evenings with little fag-ends of suppositions, and the very tatters of scandal—quizzing us all round, and managing to amuse us in the unhealthiest of all ways, by quizzing our neighbours; and while we were innocently sewing muslin, he was sowing mischief—libelling our visiting-societies, casting shadows upon our old maids, and discord among our young ones, setting the two churchwardens together by the ears, until the select vestry were going to call a meeting, and pass a vote of censure on the said most active and peace-loving churchwardens,—he was detected puffing snuff through a blowpipe among the charity children, to set them sneezing when the bishop preached,—circulating evil reports as to the sanity of our parish clerk, and the cretleness and security of our church steeple. We had been long remarkable on the fourteenth of February for the interchange of kindly, if not tender, good wishes to each other; and were justly rather proud of our Valentines—a great many had been inserted in albums, and it was rumoured that more than one had been absolutely printed. No wonder we were proud of our Valentines!—but on one particular fourteenth, the number increased so fearfully, that our postman was obliged to hire an assistant, to ensure their delivery, and instead of being the gentle, good-natured epistles they used to be, many were found to contain nothing but vulgar jests and unpleasant insinuations. "The Quiz" had grown into our evil genius; and yet the absolute dread of ridicule, the fear of being quizzed, or being thought to fear, getting rid of what we frequently whispered to each other, was growing into an incubus; it was quite curious how we endeavoured to qualify our cowardice. Mr. Mallay complained that he was deserted by the friends of his youth; and though we remembered that this complaint is seldom

made by those who deserve to keep them, we either pitied him, or fancied we did so, and excused ourselves to ourselves and each other, by saying, "Poor Mr. Mallay! if we were all to cut him, what would become of him?"

We continued to live in a sort of mental nettles-rash, until relieved in a singular way, by as singular a person—a certain Major Harley took one of our "detached" cottages, a pretty little damp place in a hollow, covered with ivy and matted clematis, and a favourite residence of the insect tribe—a perfect halo of gnats hovered over it during spring and summer; and even in winter, when the sun came out, the gnats came also, and danced and stung as gaily as though the month were July; however, the Major was a naturalist, and seemed to like his companions—earwigs, black-beetles, and spiders—great mottled spiders, with gouty legs, who spun their insides out, and yet increased in size. Like all naturalists, he was a silent, patient person; he listened very quietly to all that Mr. Mallay said, as if it was all plain, straightforward truth, without a shade of colour, or an iota of exaggeration.

Mr. Mallay was delighted; he thought he had got a safe "butt"—he knew he had got a patient listener—one of those tame creatures who never complain, and whom you may know at first sight by the bend of the neck, as if it were bowed down by the weight of words;—the dropping of the eyelids in a sleepy sort of way, and a habit of repressing a half-drawn sigh before it has vigour to become a whole one; uttering occasionally an "Oh!" or an "Oh la!"—a "Dear me!" or sometimes a "Won-der-ful!"—indeed, the Major seemed determined to swallow Mr. Mallay's tales, and endured his "Quizzing," in a way that was unaccountable. One morning they both met at the house of a mutual acquaintance, having taken shelter from a heavy shower of rain.

"Did you ever see such rain?" exclaimed the fair hostess.

"Yes," said Mallay, "I did, in the Bay of Dublin; I saw a shower there that dashed into the Hill of Howth like grape-shot, sweeping the rocks like marbles into the Bay. What do you think of that, Major?"

"Dear me!" was the quiet reply; and he rested his wooden leg upon a footstool.

"However," continued the narrator, "it only lasted five minutes, but at the end of that time there was not a rag of canvass upon seven sail of the line that were awaying about like cockle-shells right in the Bay."

"Won-der-ful!" said the Major.

"But," continued the Quiz, "that was not as 'won-der-ful!' (and he winked at the company while mimicking the Major's voice and expression) as what occurred to me on the Shannon—I never was so near being smothered in all my life. A boat laden with flour was met by a high wind, and it blew all the flour across the water; I could hardly breathe for three days, and you may judge of the quantity when

I tell you that the river was converted into so thick a paste that all the boats at Castle Connell were stuck together. Now 'dear me!' was not that 'wonder-ful?'"—another wink accompanied this mimicry.

The Major only bowed, but "the Quiz" having, as he considered, "caught his hare" in a roomful of young ladies, had no inclination to let him go, and continued, in a way which none but a practical Quiz could continue, probing the little weakness of the old officer's nature, and ridiculing those habits which he knew he was prone to indulge in. Elated with success, and excited by the foolish laughter of thoughtless girls, he surpassed himself, and, not being observant, imagined that the Major's silence meant subjection. The veteran's pale cheek had at first flushed slightly, but afterwards the colour gathered and gathered until it became a deep crimson spot on either cheek bone, and his "Lae!" and "Oh dears!" sunk into a murmur or an inclination of the head, when addressed or talked at.

The rain ceased, and the "great Quiz" departed, eager to repeat "his good things" at the next house he called at. He had not, however, gone far, when he heard the well-known sharp stumping of the Major's wooden leg advancing rapidly—not in the methodical way it usually did, the stump of the leg replying to the "tap" of the cane, but rat-tat, rat-tat, quite fast. Mr. Mallay was *not* a brave man—he never pretended to be a brave man—he only wished to be considered a "pleasant fellow;" and there was something bloodthirsty and determined in the rat-tap that struck upon his ear. He quickened his pace—he was in an awkward predicament; he could not return, and face the man he *felt* at that moment was his enemy; and he was sure to be overtaken by him in a few moments, for fast as he walked, the rat-tap came faster. He heard his name pronounced in the palpitating voice of an angry man, and he commenced whistling one of those popular opera airs which indicate so many moods—defiance, courage, indifference, or impertinence, according to the accentuation. The notes were rather confused, and ceased altogether, when the Major, as erect as a ramrod, passed before him, and turning suddenly round, exclaimed, "Sir! you have insulted me."

"Me, Sir!" replied Mallay. "Insult you? It is quite a mistake—I never insult any one—a little harmless jest—a simple quiz."

"Falschood upon falschood, and lie upon lie!" said the veteran. "Any man who attempts to pawn a lie in jest or earnest upon society, insults both its integrity and its understanding. I demand satisfaction for the affronts you have put upon me."

"Really, my dear Sir, you have misunderstood me."

"But you do not misunderstand me, I trust?" interrupted the Major. "My friend shall wait upon you in the course of an hour."

And so he did; the officer was implacable; he had got the idea firmly fixed in his mind that he had been insulted, and that he must have satisfaction. The

meeting was arranged; the Major and his "friend" walked up and down on the damp grass, at the appointed place, for more than an hour, but they saw nothing of Mr. Mallay. The Major posted him with great form as a coward, and returned with fresh laurels to his animated museum in the pretty damp cottage, while we congratulated ourselves on the fact that Mr. Mallay had disappeared at midnight—that his furniture was to be sold—his house let—and we had got rid of the GREAT QUIZ.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM JERDAN.¹

THE autobiography of a gentleman who has, for more than fifty years, occupied a prominent position in letters, and who has directed for nearly a quarter of a century one of the most influential literary journals of modern times, cannot fail to prove very generally interesting. The press has sent forth the first part of the memoirs of Mr. William Jerdan; he lives to write, to publish, and to abide the issue: the task is one that requires no ordinary courage, and at the same time, no small degree of prudence: it may be dangerous to say too much; it may be dishonest to say too little: many of the persons, freely noticed and despatched upon, are living to praise or to blame; to uphold or to refute: personalities will be unavoidable: strictures will, no doubt, be frequently considered as calumnies: in short, there is no task which an author can set himself at once so difficult and so perilous; or which requires so much either of boldness or of recklessness. This task Mr. Jerdan has but commenced: judgment, therefore, would be premature; we have before us the first of four, five, or six volumes; and that first gives the writer's earlier life and adventures: less embarrassing, no doubt, than his work will be as he proceeds.

It would be, therefore, unwise to anticipate what the whole may be from this sample of the weaker portion: if it increase in interest as it proceeds; if, mingling among the men more immediately our contemporaries, and amid scenes more exciting because more directly associated with our own time, Mr. Jerdan speaks more thoroughly "out," and is original in proportion, he will have contributed to his age and country a work of deep interest and value, and one that will greatly aid the future historian of art and letters in the nineteenth century.

Considering, however, that this work is but commenced, we shall abstain from reviewing it until it is in its entirety before us; contenting ourselves for the present with extracting some interesting portions: and referring our readers to the volumes for the more extended information they will demand. Suffice it, for the present, that William Jerdan was born at Kelso in 1789; he is consequently 70 years of age; and his literary labours have extended over half a century; they are not yet closed, however; grim necessity pur-

sues him even at threescore and ten; and he is still doomed to earn his daily bread by the work of his brain. This is not as it should be: and we will not now pause to inquire whether the fault is or is not entirely that of society, in not having dealt justly with the author. We copy the following passage from the introductory chapter:—

"My life has been one of much vicissitude, of infinite struggle, and latterly of very grave misfortune. On looking back from the harassed, would it were the calm untroubled goal of threescore and ten years, I can trace with a faithful pencil much that has been owing to mistakes, to errors, to faults, and to improvidence on my own side; and more to misconceptions, injustice, wrongs, and persecutions, unprovoked by any act of mine, on the part of others. I believe that the retrospect may be very serviceable to my fellow-creatures, and most signally so to those who have embarked, or are disposed to embark, in the pursuits of literature as a provision for the wants of life. Of all the multitude I have known who leant upon this crutch as a sole support, I could not specify ten who ever attained anything like a desirable status either in fortune or society. On the contrary, the entire class may be assured that although felony may be more hazardous, literature is, of the two, by far the most unprofitable profession."

From the sentiment expressed in the concluding passage, we presume entirely to dissent: we do not think Mr. Jerdan would have recorded it, if he had given himself time to think: it is true that very few have made fortunes by literature; comparatively few have amassed wealth by any profession; but we affirm that many men and women have lived by the pen, honourably and prosperously. This topic might afford scope for an article of some length: and we have no doubt, that as Mr. Jerdan's memoirs proceed, he will name many more than "ten" who have not found literature an "unprofitable profession," taking into account that which it produces, and that to which it leads.

But our present purpose is, as we have said, rather to select some interesting portions of this book than to review it or its author: when the latter is to be done, we shall have some grounds of quarrel with both; especially with such a sentence as this, which does not tell well for the writer, and may be dangerous, nay peripetous, to those who may be influenced by his autobiography:

"For myself, I can say that not many men have enjoyed so much of pleasure, and endured so much of pain as I have done. I have drained the Ciceronian to the lees, but I still gratefully acknowledge the enchanting draught of its exquisite and transporting sweetness, in spite of the emptiness of its froth, and the bitterness of its dregs."

This is not what should be written by an aged man whose highest duty is to train others "in the way they should go." Think we rather, at this moment, of the kindly critic of so many years, who, reviewing thousands, nay, tens of thousands, of books, not only did his spitting gently, but considerably, generously, and with the warm heart of a friend, wherever a tyro was to be encouraged or desert rewarded; we are happy rather in answering his question,

"Will ever those who have known me find interest

(1) Publishers, Hall and Virtue: London.

in the re-awakened memories of scenes which we have shared together?"

And we are happy in answering it by a passage written by L. E. L. in 1833.

"Who lifts the fallen—who cherishes the desponding—who animates the weary—who encourages the fainting—who pities and solaces the unfortunate—who sustains the enthusiastic—who is the friend of talent—who the idolator of Genius?"

All this we verily believe Mr. Jerdan was—and is—for a long series of years, as editor of the "Literary Gazette"—when that Journal enjoyed a power of which we can now have little idea; and surely much of error, much of wrong, may be pardoned in a man who very rarely, if ever, used his strength for evil, but was continually exerting it for good.

We are to consider, then, this volume but as the Induction: and as such, it is highly interesting. It relates the incidents of Mr. Jerdan's early life, and those of his career up to his occupation as Editor of the "Sun" newspaper; of the companions of his younger days, some striking anecdotes are introduced: the following passages are not without their moral: happy would it have been had such ideas occurred to the writer at the commencement, rather than the close of his career.

"David and Frederick Pollock, and Thomas Wilde, were the most active and distinguished contributors, and when I reflect on the circumstance, and that the first died Sir David and Chief Justice of Bombay, the second is Sir Frederick and Lord Chief Baron of Her Majesty's Court of Exchequer, and the third, Lord Truro, the other day Lord High Chancellor of England, the foremost civil subject of the realm, I cannot but marvel at the fate of their fourth and their not very unequal competitor. My prospects were apparently as bright as theirs, my cleverness (not to use a vainer phrase) was only too much acknowledged, and my career has not been altogether fruitless in the service of my country and fellow-creatures. I have laboured, too, as constantly and severely, and produced effects which have had beneficial contemporary influence, and may, I trust, secure for my name a remembrance in times to come; yet look I with my aspirations crushed, from the clouded bottom of the hill, rejoicing in and admiring, not envying, my early comrades, who having bravely climbed the summit, they range along the height, and in happiness enjoy the brilliant region, on which, humanly speaking, warm and eternal sunshine settles.

"But what is the moral lesson I would draw from these facts? Why did my friends so nobly succeed, and why did I, ultimately, so grievously fail? The reasons are not far to seek. Frederick Pollock completed his education in an English University, where the highest honours were awarded to his great abilities, and indefatigable and zealous exertions. In every branch and class he was among the foremost, and, as Senior Wrangler, was the foremost of his year, carrying off the glorious prize from many a splendid and dangerous rival. In short, he had the vision of the future distinctly before his eyes, and he devoted himself heart and soul to its realization. He never flagged, and after the first great College step, his even path needed no more than unflinching perseverance in the course he had so auspiciously begun. From Edinburgh I corresponded with him in his onward movement, and occasionally added my mite of research to his studious investigations, which was of some advantage to me, though it could be of very little to him, and only proves the deep

interest I felt in all that concerned his progress and welfare. A pleasing anecdote may illustrate this part of my narrative, as I had it from the lips of another conspicuous pattern of high exaltation through similar merits, from a humbler walk in life—the Bishop of London. In a conversation with his lordship a few months since, at Hatton, he informed me that his personal knowledge of the Chief Baron was nearly as old as my own, for he said, 'We were at College together forty-seven years ago, when Pollock read Greek with me in the forenoon every day, and I read mathematics with him every evening. This,' he added, 'was good for both, but I then went to my curacy, and he pursued his legal studies; and so we did not meet again together for some time.'

"I now turn to Thomas Wilde, who had to struggle against infinitely greater difficulties than his school-fellow of St. Paul's. In the first place his birth was not so respectable, in the second he had an impediment in his speech, and in the third he had no college connexions or reputation to lift him forward. But he had a strong and indomitable will, and a natural energy that could not be repulsed—unswerving firmness and untiring application were his marked characteristics: he would give up nothing he had determined upon; he would yield to no opposition; and his abilities were already of a very masculine order. Accordingly, when he entered the law as an attorney he was as sure of success as Pollock was at the bar, and thus they speedily outstripped and left me far in the distance.

"For why? I unsteadily forsook the choice of a profession, and, within a few years, found myself leaning for life on the fragile crutch of literature for my support. And here again would I earnestly advise every enthusiastic thinker, every fair scholar, every ambitious author, every inspired poet, without independent fortune, to fortify themselves also with a something more worldly to do. A living in the Church is not uncongenial with the pursuits of the thinker and scholar, the practice of medicine is not inconsistent with the labours of the author, and the chinking of fees in the law is almost in tuning with the harmony of the poet's verse. Let no man be bred to literature alone, for, as has been far less truly said of another occupation, it will not be bread to him. Fallacious hopes, bitter disappointments, uncertain rewards, vile impositions, and censure and slander from the oppressors are their lot, as sure as ever they put pen to paper for publication, or risk their peace of mind on the black, black sea of printer's ink. With a fortune to sustain, or a profession to stand by, it may still be bad enough; but without one or the other it is as foolish as alchemy, as desperate as suicide."

A subsequent chapter contains a minute account of the circumstances connected with the assassination of Mr. Perceval, in 1812. The subject is of little interest: and scarcely merits the importance Mr. Jerdan seems to have attached to it. There was nothing remarkable in the affair. The page which contains a plan of "the lobby" in which it took place, no one will now care for; while the expression of regret that the page was not big enough to give a tracing of the pistol used, savours somewhat too much of "the Victoria."

Subsequent chapters contain accounts of a visit to Paris, in the ever-memorable year 1814. These accounts are meagre: but they are written entirely from memory; unhappily, it was never the practice of Mr. Jerdan to make notes: he lived far too little with the past. From this part of the book we extract the following:—

"It was on the first or the second day I dined at Beauvilliers, that a fair Saxon-looking gentleman came

and seated himself at my table. I think he chose the seat advertently, from having observed, or gathered, that I was fresh from London. We speedily entered into conversation, and he pointed out to me some of the famous individuals who were doing justice to the Parisian cookery at the various tables around—probably about twenty in all. As he mentioned their names I could not repress my enthusiasm—a spirit burning over England when I left it only a few days before—and my new acquaintance seemed to be much gratified by my ebullitions. 'Well,' said he, to a question from me, 'that is Davidoff, the colonel of the Black Cossacks. I shall not repeat my exclamations of surprise and pleasure at the sight of this terrific leader, who had hovered over the enemy everywhere, cut off so many resources, and performed such incredible marches and actions as to render him and his Cossacks the dread of their foes.' 'Is this,' inquired my companion, 'the opinion of England?' I assured him it was, and let out the secret of my editorial consequence, in proof that I was a competent witness. On this a change of scene ensued. My *incognito* walked across to Davidoff, who forthwith filled and sent me a glass of his wine (the glass he was using), and drank my health. I followed the example, and sent mine in return, and the compliment was completed. But it did not stop with this single instance. My new fair-complexioned friend went to another table, and spoke with a bronzed and hardy-looking warrior, from whom he came with another similar bumper to me, and the request that I would drink wine with General Czernicheff. I was again in flames; but it is unnecessary to repeat the manner in which I, on that, to me, memorable day, took wine with half-a-dozen of the most distinguished generals in the allied service.

"While this toasting-bout was going on, a seedy-looking old gentleman came in, and I noticed that some younger officers rose and offered him a place, which he rejected, till a vacancy occurred, and then he quietly sat down, swallowed his two dozen of green oysters as a whet, and proceeded to dine with an appetite. By this time my *vis-à-vis* had resumed his seat, and, after what had passed, I felt myself at liberty to ask him the favour of informing me who he himself was! I was soon answered. He was a Mr. Parris of Hamburgh, whose prodigious commissariat engagements with the grand army had been fulfilled in a manner to prosper the war; and I was now at no loss to account for his intimacy with its heroes. It so happened that I knew and was on friendly terms with some of his near relations; and so the two hours I have described took the value of two years. But the climax had to come. Who was the rather seedy-looking personage whom the *alcove-de-camp* appeared so ready to accommodate? Oh that was Blücher! If I was outrageous before, I was mad now. I explained to Mr. Parris the feeling of England with regard to this hero; and that amid the whole host of great and illustrious names, his had become the most glorious of all, and was really the one which filled most unanimously and loudly the trump of fame. He told me that an assurance of this would be most gratifying to the marshal, who thought much of the approbation of England, and

asked my leave to communicate to him what I had said. I could have no objection; but after a short colloquy, Blücher did not send his glass to me—he came himself, and I hob-nobbed with the immortal soldier. I addressed him in French, to which he would not listen; and I then told him in English of the glorious estimation in which he was held in my country, which Mr. Parris translated into German; and if ever high gratification was evinced by man, it was by Blücher on this occasion. I had the honour of breakfasting with him at his hotel next morning, when the welcome matter was discussed more circumstantially, and he evinced the greatest delight."

We hope and believe that as these volumes proceed, they will increase in interest; no doubt by their aid we shall be enabled to make, or to renew, acquaintance with many of the notabilities of our age and country: we shall learn something too, it may be, of writers whose anonymous works have obtained fame while they are themselves forgotten. But again we warn Mr. Jerdan that he has undertaken a task of great difficulty: upon the issue of which more perhaps than he imagines may depend. The position of a man of letters is, as he well explains, one of peril, at the outset in life. Mr. Jerdan can do what many cannot do—speak of this peril for half a century, from the age of twenty to that of three-score and ten: but he must do so, with the full knowledge he possesses of the causes that make it perilous; and it will be his duty so to expose these causes as to warn, and thus secure, those who are to come after him. We believe he will not seek to wear the mask himself: but he must exhibit others also unmasked. We repeat, that upon the volumes here begun very much may depend. We earnestly hope that Mr. Jerdan will consider how much he may teach posterity. But one thing is certain; we cannot conclude the brief notice of his introductory volume, without bearing testimony to the character of the writer, in so far as regards his public career as Editor of the "Literary Gazette." Upon this subject it will be no doubt our duty to dilate, when we come to consider the publication in its completed state.

That the first part has been loosely put together, without plan or arrangement, is quite clear. Mr. Jerdan seems to have been embarrassed by the multiplicity of his memories, and the mass of correspondence through which he has had to wade; they are confused, mingled together without harmony; and although highly interesting and often valuable, lose much of their effect from the want of apparent purpose in putting them forth.

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A. M. H.

SHARPE'S

LONDON MAGAZINE.

RECOLLECTIONS BY A QUARANTINE DETENU.

TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-EIGHT days, during my wanderings in the Mediterranean, having been unavoidably passed in the lazaretto of France, Italy, Egypt, and Malta, I feel I have some right to record a few jottings—ancient the miseries, impositions, and thousand torments, entailed upon unfortunate travellers by that monster-piece of charlatanism yecept Quarantine. When the Duke of Buckingham laid, as his heaviest anathema, upon the cur that snapped at his ducal fingers the wish that the brute “was married and settled in the country,” his grace evidently knew little of quarantine, or I woen the sentence of a banishment to Chowbent, or the depths of the New Forest, for the term of a life, would no doubt have been exchanged for a month’s residence in the lazaretto of Alexandria, amid the flies and other Egyptian plagues, and perhaps during a Khamseen wind, bearing upon its hot breath clouds of sand, so subtle as to penetrate even the recesses of a watch, to say nothing of the parched and excoiated throat and blood-shot eyes of the traveller but lately landed from Beirut or Jaffa, and stricken, perhaps, with the fatal Syrian fever.

Quarantine, as a sanatory measure, is, in reality, in the Mediterranean states, but of secondary importance, when compared with its other less ostensible uses, although the checking of contagion through its means is made the pretext for its troublesome enactments, and the fussy, provoking puerilities of the legions of officials living by the abuse; who seem, however, I must say, as far as they are concerned, to be in solemn earnest in their ideas of its importance as an efficacious stayer of the progress of the destroyer. The good people of Marseilles are devout adherents to

the system, as they have not yet recovered the fright occasioned by the memorable plague of 1720, which carried off 45,000 persons. The barbarous codes of the Health-office, and their accompanying train of bugbears and extortion, are never-failing sources of patronage and profit, independent of being ready engines of tyranny in the hands of the petty despots who govern some of the shores of this sea. In the first place, shoals of hungry government hangers-on are provided for; secondly, the mulets imposed in the shape of fees are no contemptible addition to their finances; and thirdly, during seasons of popular excitement, the means afforded by the pretext of contagious disease raging in any other country possessing institutions of a liberal order, cut off all intercourse between the respective inhabitants until the dangerous period has passed by.

Malta, which is so dependent upon Sicily for supplies of nearly every description, has at various times suffered much inconvenience by this most arbitrary system, and more particularly during the late outbreak in the latter island, as the Neapolitan authorities were constantly spreading reports of small-pox and other diseases as having broken out in the former, solely owing to British policy having inclined towards the cause of the insurgent Sicilians: these falsehoods, until disproved, and in all cases with much delay and trouble, were the means of interrupting the communication between the islands,—the teeming productions of Sicily rotting in her fields, while the craving Maltese sighs in vain for the picturesque speronara,* with raking mast and tapering

* A kind of large, open boat, with latteen sails, a number of which trade between Sicily and Malta.

yard, and whose gaudily-painted hull, deeply submerged with plentiful stores of pulse, grain, and wine, and gunwales high-heaped with the orange, the grape, and the melon, once gladdened his eyes at the Marina, at the custom-house, and at the stairs of Nix Mangiare,* the *soubriquet* of these famous steps being at such a juncture very appropriate.

The intercourse between Egypt and Syria is greatly trammelled by quarantines, each country being considered, in the Health-office phraseology of the other, as "suspected;" an evil which told heavily upon the comforts of the crew of a little English schooner, named the *Emmetjee*, which for some years conveyed the mails between Alexandria and Beirut. Under this system of retaliatory measures, she rode quarantine at both places, and actually has had, for the period of a year or more, the yellow flag continually flying, and her crew confined to their diminutive bark, not larger than a fishing-smack—a run on shore being as unattainable by them as by the phantom mariners of the fabled ghost-ship of the Cape of Good Hope. The little *Emmetjee* was for some years the retreat of a venerable man, whose white hairs and services in every clime had given him just claims to the "red flag at the fore;" but, lacking friends and interest, he performed, as a lieutenant, the humble duty of guarding the letter-bag. The schooner being a merchant vessel, upon her services being dispensed with by the Admiralty, the fine old officer was sent adrift at Alexandria, nearly 3,000 miles from England, without government having made any provision for his departure, from a coast on which the comforts necessary to his declining years were so much abridged by the pitiless regulations of quarantine. The well-known liberality, however, of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, in giving this gentleman a passage from Alexandria, remedied the shortcomings of the Admiralty.

An absurd anomaly amid the strictness of Egyptian quarantine requires notice. Suppose, for instance, a traveller has arrived at Alexandria, by sea, from the Holy Land, and is desirous of proceeding to Malta by the English steamer; he is of course immured in the lazaretto until the vessel sails, and at the proper time is released from his prison, and placed in a wretched boat, both dirty and leaky, and which is dragged at the stern of another, rowed by Arabs, to the anchorage of

the packet. Upon coming alongside, it is probable he discovers that the vessel is not ready for sea—the "mails" are not on board—and he is in consequence forbidden to ascend the gangway ladder, as such a proceeding would entail an immediate quarantine, and at once cut off all communication between the ship and the shore,—a very serious inconvenience at the busy hour or two previous to departure. In this predicament, the Arabs immediately make the poor *voyageur's* boat fast to the rudder-chains of the steamer, and leave him in solitary grandeur, perched on the summit of a pile of trunks, to contemplate, like another Marius, tawny ruins on the distant beach, their crumbling outlines wavering or trembling in the loom of the hot haze; or, nearer at hand, his eye rests upon the rudder, the cabin windows, and the keel of the jolly-boat which dangles above him; while ever and anon the old adage of "listeners never hearing any good of themselves," is exemplified, to the marvellous disturbance of his equanimity of temper, by facetious early arrivals among the passengers, who, stealing a peep, retreat a few paces from the taffrail, and, *sotto voce*, thus indulge, more candidly than politely, in speculations as to the unknown:—"I wonder who upon earth that is!"—"Did you ever see such an outrageous hat upon any man?"—"I wonder where did that fellow shave last?"—"How they would stare at him in the park!"—"I say, is it not preciously hot? come, let us see if we can't find a bottle of soda water."

Time wears on—one, two, three, four long hours run their sluggish sands out; the sun gets fiercer and fiercer still; in vain the eye, averted from the dusty palms and painfully glittering shore of the South, wanders seaward to the cooler North, in search of the long dark lines, which, making the blue deeper still, and tinging the shallower waters near the reefs with streaks of fainter green, till at last, over-leaping the rocky barriers of El Kot† and El Hout in snowy flakes, herald the welcome sea breezes;—fruitless is the search; the bird-like sail of the humble djerme‡—the white turban and swarthy face of her "rais," or steersman—even the chibouk, with which he soothes himself into a tranquillity rivaling Nature's calm—are faithfully reflected on the unruffled harbour. During these weary hours, our poor traveller has passed through the various stages of annoyance and irritation;

* *Nix mangiare* means, in Maltese dialect, "Nothing to eat;" and the stairs, having been made during a period of scarcity, to give employment to the poor, derive their *soubriquet* from that season.

† Rocks forming part of the barrier stretching across the mouth of the harbour, and between which are the passages.

‡ *Djerme*, a kind of boat with latteen sails.

he, however, is now completely "used up," and, in dreamy resignation, oscillates with the rocking of his boat upon the light groundswell; his head is aching violently; his nose is blistered; does he close his eyes to exclude the glare? millions of little bubbling atoms spring up and down in fantastic polkas, till, quite bewildered, he once more opens them, to cherish a very pardonable delusion of his having become, somehow or other, a denizen of a world in which sea, sky, land, trees, ships—all, are glowing copper; and in this hallucination, caused by the rays of a noontide Egyptian sun at his highest northern declination, at last approaches the welcome period of his release. A greater bustle ensues—the mails and captain come off together; the former are tossed on board without ceremony, and the latter, running up the ladder, says, in a breath, to the officer receiving him at the gangway, "Now, Mr. Topmail, bundle the mails in at once, if you please. Are you hove short?"—"Yes, sir, to a stay peak."—"Run a line out to that corvette to get her head round. Have your jibs clear," &c. &c. The busy skipper, then, at a glance, comprehends the occupants of the thronged quarter-deck,—the grizzled ex-commander-in-chief of Tank-square presidency, the collector of Apollo Bunder, the deputy-judge of Cooley Bazaar, and the senior kettle-drum of the Currywallahbad cavalry, with the political resident at the Ladrone Islands, are the great guns; a crowd of less distinguished liver-affected Qui-His, Ducks, and Mulla,* with a filling-in of little sore-eyed, rice-crammed babies, and their dingy ayahs, parrots, and Persian cats, complete his survey; during which, brief as it is, dire alarm seizes his soul, in consequence of unmistakable manifestations being made by some of the nabobs of a desire to appeal to him, at the early stage of four hours before dinner, to settle the important matter of precedence at table, generally a *questio vexata* among Indian passengers. By an eel-like manœuvre he escapes the snare, and gains the stern, where, looking over the taffrail, the hapless stranger, now almost baked to a turn, catches his eye. Inquiries are rapidly made and answered; the skipper, melted with pity, bawls out lustily, "Mr. Topmail, clear the ship at once of strangers from the shore."—"Bless me, here's a poor gentleman four hours under the stern."—"What a treat he must have had of it under such a sun!"

* *Noms de guerre* given in badinage to the residents of the three presidencies, Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, among themselves.

The orders are quickly obeyed, and our traveller, scrambling up the ladder, rushes to his cabin, and, in an hour, bathed, shaved, and curled, is happily recognised, on his re-appearance, as the very Antinous of Curson-street and the embryo lion of the season, the Rothen of Belgravia.

In the meantime the ship, now placed in quarantine, emerges from amid the pasha's line-of-battle ships, and timber-carrying frigates of that great utilitarian; and, steaming past a perfect grove of windmills, turns sharp to the right, when, abreast of the Tombs of the Kings, and keeping to starboard the lighthouse and palace on Point Eunostos, and far to the left the island and fortifications of Marabut, threads her devious course amid the reefs, forming the Boghaz Pass † or Channel, and regains the open sea.

When the soundings, deepening to sixteen feet, signify to the Arab pilot that his knowledge is no longer needed, he descends from the paddle-box; the clanking engines pause for a space, and a boat, hitherto towed astern of the ship, is hauled up to the gangway, and the follower of the prophet prepares to leave the packet, but first begging the usual "back-sheesh" of a couple of bottles of booz or ale, and a loaf or two of bread; he also receives his certificate of pilotage on paper, and unavoidably comes in contact with the crew when going over the side. It is hardly to be credited, after all the fuss that had been made about the poor passenger, that the pilot and his boat's crew land again, in perhaps an hour, at Alexandria, freed from all restrictions imposed by quarantine; yet were the ship from any cause to put back, she would be subjected to the same length of quarantine as that allotted to the Syrian traveller,—such is one of the inconsistencies of this system!

Cloth, hair, wool, silk, feathers, and many other articles are, in the jargon of quarantine, styled "susceptible," that is, capable of conveying contagion. Does the skirt of a fellow-detenu in the lazaretto touch yours, you are detained to share the remainder of his captivity, even if your quarantine should expire this evening and his to-morrow morning. Does a poor bird escape from its cage, a whole garrison trembles,—as at Gibraltar, when a beautiful Himalayan pheasant, belonging to Lord E—, flew upon the rocks near the New Mole, from the packet on board which his lordship was passenger; yet, strange to say,

† The central channel through the reefs, and possessing the deepest water.

the pigeons of Valletta seem to have a prescriptive claim to set all sanatorial regulations at defiance, and, although feathered, and of course "susceptible," keep up a regular communication between Valletta and the lazaretto in the following manner.

Malta imports large quantities of corn, principally from Ibraila, Galatz, and Odessa, and which is discharged into open lighters while in quarantine; the grain, thus temptingly displayed, attracts numbers of pigeons, that alight upon the rigging of the vessels, and from which clothes, perhaps, are hanging to dry, and thence, perching on the grain-lighters, fill their crops, and when-satisfied, wheel back in airy circles to their dove-cots in Valletta. Vessels, too, from Barbary and Egypt have generally several pigeons on board; I have frequently seen them vary the monotony of their floating homes by flights into the city, the regulations of the marine police being a dead letter to the pretty strayers.

A curious difference is made in the wisdom of this yellow-flag legislature with regard to the "susceptibility" of gold and silver, as specie, or when wrought into those ornaments for the fabrication of which Malta is so famous. All money taken from a person in quarantine is plunged into a bucket of water prior to the receiver touching it, and it is customary, when landing a quantity in bags, to rip the latter open, and pass the treasure through a mixture of vinegar and water, lest contagion should be communicated; yet, in the face of such needless particularity, articles of jewellery are handed from a seller in *pratique** to a purchaser in quarantine on the end of a short board of two feet in length; the buyer handles the articles, and those rejected are again received by the jeweller without his having thought it at all necessary to submit them to the dipping process. Why such a distinction should be made is, I suppose, one of the choice subtleties of quarantine.

While thus arraigning the stupidities and annoyances of this *bête noir* of Mediterranean travel, it must be admitted that, in self defence, our possessions of Gibraltar and Malta are forced to adhere to its *ordonnances*; for, were they infringed by them, Spain, in the first place, and Naples, in the second, would rejoice in finding a pretext for their isolation; and, as it is known how much the comfort of the population of the Rock depends upon a

daily intercourse with St. Roque and Algeciras, and also how indispensable Sicily is to Malta, we cannot marvel at the anxiety displayed by the authorities of our Mediterranean strongholds to maintain a state of free *pratique*.

I once, at Malta, was a witness of the inconvenience caused by that island being put in quarantine, occasioned by the captain of an English brig which had arrived from Alexandria, and was anchored, as usual, in the quarantine harbour. The unsophisticated Northcountryman landed in the most open and natural manner at Marsamuscetto steps, and, unquestioned, walked across the city with his wife tucked under his arm; the worthy couple took it leisurely, remarking this and wondering at that, until they found their way to the Marina, or quay of the grand harbour, where the agent of the skipper meeting them, was of course quite confounded at their appearance, and precipitately hurried the unwelcome visitors back to their brig. The news flew fast, and the foreign consuls in the island lost no time in advertising their various governments of the circumstance. The Neapolitan packet was sent away by the consul without being allowed to land her passengers; the French steamer was driven away in the same manner; the Bull-dog steam sloop-of-war, dispatched on a mission of importance to Italy, was placed in strict quarantine upon her arrival at Genoa, and all Malta declared to be in the same predicament. The poor skipper—the cause of all this hurly-burly—was imprisoned, and people spoke of hanging, or transportation at least, as his probable doom: however, upon its being discovered that he, not having visited the Mediterranean before, was quite ignorant of the subtleties of quarantine, government released him upon the payment of a small penalty.

A proof of the anxiety of the Maltese to preserve their *pratique* may be inferred from one or two anecdotes:—

A poor shopkeeper of Valletta, who, among others, flocked across to the *parlutorio* of the lazaretto to offer his wares to the homeward Indian passengers, had sold a pair of lace mittens to an officer of the Indian army; the latter, dissatisfied with his purchase, threw them back in the man's face. The moment they came in contact with him, the surrounding crowd, like the fellow herd of the hunted deer, at once drove him from amongst them, and sprang off in all directions, screaming "Quarantine, quarantine." The poor fellow was instantly made liable to the twelve days' imprisonment, and, in addition to the interruption

* *Pratique* signifies not being in quarantine; it is also applied to those who, having undergone quarantine, have just been released.

of his business during that period, incurred the usual expense of a *guardiano*: his appeals to the gentleman for some remuneration were piteous; the latter, however, imperious and selfish, turned upon his heel, and again embarking for the good fare and comfort of the packet, bestowed not a thought upon the poor *smaitch*,* thus the victim of the proverbially insolent humours of a spoiled Anglo-Indian.

Another affair of this nature caused much merriment, as the sufferer happened to be one of the principal officials of the lazaretto, who, although attending to their duties at the establishment during the day, still are not in quarantine, by their taking good care to avoid coming in contact with those who are; having seen all the poor wights locked up for the night, they cross the harbour to enjoy the society of their families in Valletta.

The burly and smiling-countenanced Signor Janino had looked up all for the night, and wending his way to the boat, was happy in the anticipation of escorting his fair *sposa* in all her glories of silk *faldetta*,† massive car-rings, and weighty chain, to some *fantasia* | or other—whether the illumination of the church of St. John, the *fête* of St. Publio, or the baptism of the new cathedral bell—when all the *gobe-mouches* of Malta rejoiced in seeing the complaisant governor and his lady becoming its sponsors,—I know not; some pleasure expedition of the kind, nevertheless, he had in view, when a black-bearded, mustachoid, and spectacled *commissaire*, or purser of a French packet from Alexandria, landed for a moment to read some document to Signor J., and which, when perused, was by the polite Gaul torn up and thrown into the water; one tiny fragment, however, wafted back by an eddying zephyr, alighted upon the shiny boot of our poor Signor,—a tremendous assault, which frightened the attendant *guardianos*, and caused them to fly from their tainted chief, all uttering the terrible cry of “Quarantine.” The poor fellow, with rueful face, meekly ordered his own incarceration, and was locked up, to the intense delight of the other inmates, to share their imprisonment.

A young midshipman was very near being the cause of putting the squadron in quarantine

upon one occasion: the little fellow was sent in a boat, with ten or twelve men, to Marsamuscetto harbour, to deliver despatches to one of the Oriental packets, which, as usual, had called at Malta on her way from Alexandria to England; the steamer was surrounded by coal-lighters and other craft, and, instead of putting his packet upon the gunwale of one of these, whence it would have been handed into the ship, the thoughtless boy ran up her side, and gave his letters to one of the crew. An outcry was immediately raised by the host of *guardianos* surrounding the vessel, by which he saw the mistake he had made; however, he rushed back to his boat, and of course placed his crew in the same dilemma. At once, they rowed away manfully to reach the Grand Harbour and regain their ship (one of the line); then ensued a most animating chase on the part of the quarantine and police boats: but our little hero, after a long pull, being unfortunately headed off by one of the yellow pack, was compelled to row to the lazaretto, where, for twelve days, he and his men rusticated,—the lulling melody of the grinding holystones,§ and the four o'clock *reveille*, being unheard by them until exactly one day after the packet had landed her passengers in free *pratique* at Southampton.

Among the many lazarettoes of the Mediterranean, that of Malta is, with regard to comfort, interior economy, and the civility of its officials, immeasurably superior to any other; and as a slight peep into the *menages* of such an establishment may be a novelty to those who “live at home at ease,” I shall place my reader's eye at the little hole in the show-man's box, and let him judge for himself.

On the north-east side of the island of Malta are two deep indentations, which, cutting into the coast for a depth of nearly two miles, form, with the aid of their interior and land-locked creeks of Bighi, Burmola, the Coradino, Missida, and Pietà, two safe and spacious harbours; they are parallel to each other, and on the tongue of land, which like a high ridge separates them, and about half-a-mile across, is built the city of Valletta. The easternmost, or largest basin, is called the “Grand Harbour,” and that to the westward is named “Marsamuscetto,” and appropriated solely to vessels in quarantine. The entrance of the latter haven is very narrow, and has on the right, when sailing in, a small fortress called Fort Tigné, which displays a union jack upon the

* *Smaitch*, the universal appellation bestowed by the English upon the lower classes of the Maltese.

† *Faldetta*, a black silk hood, covering the head, and descending below the waist; a Maltese woman alone understanding how to wear it with grace.

‡ *Pantasia*, a name applied by the Levantines to all public amusements indiscriminately.

§ Soft flattened stones with which sailors scrub the decks, sand and water also being used.

arrival or departure of a packet; on the left, the fortifications and lighthouse-tower of St. Elmo overhang deep caverns, worn by the billows of fierce *grecales*,* and which, in the storms of each revolving winter, rush into their slippery recesses, threatening with hoarse roarings further to undermine the lofty bulwarks, and topple them with their dark tiers of iron cannon into the blue Mediterranean.

The lazaretto is situated on the south side of an island, about half-a-mile in length by a quarter in breadth, and which is on the westernmost shore of the harbour; it resembles, however, a peninsula more than an islet, as it is joined by a short causeway and bridge to the main; on its eastern end, which juts out into the harbour, and directly facing Valletta, is Fort Manoel, sometimes used as a lazaretto, but more frequently as a garrison. The various buildings which form the lazaretto extend, in a slightly curved line, from east to west, for about five hundred yards, and forming hollow squares behind the long and continuous front facing the harbour, the upper part of which front, or screen, is occupied by travellers; the ground floor, as well as the interiors of the buildings, being generally appropriated to merchandize; some, however, of the apartments looking into the courts are fitted up for detenus. The range to the front consists of ground-floor, and one story above, which is reached by flights of stone steps projecting from each house; a flagged promenade, or rather a kind of quay, about fourteen feet in width, lies between the lazaretto and the sea, and having at intervals doors across, which shut off the portion of walk opposite one division of the range from the other. When all occupying the buildings are undergoing the same length of quarantine, the doors are open until night, but when for different periods, they are usually kept closed. Passing through several of these doors, the western extremity of the lazaretto is gained; here the dwellings are very indifferent, and are situated further back from the water, having dirty courts full of puddle-holes before them;—these places are mere dens, swarming with vermin, and are the retreats of the Maltese coal-porters who have been coaling the packets in quarantine, and also of the *hadgis*, or pilgrims from Mecca, who, in hundreds at a time, perform their purification at Malta, so as to sail from the island in *pratique* to their homes in Bengasi, Tunis, or Morocco. More to the westward,

and near the little causeway, is a large isolated building, with extensive courts and cells, intended as an hospital and lodgings for plague patients; however, it is very fortunately but seldom required. Between this establishment and the apartments of the *hadgis* is a steep scrambling space, occupied by the cemetery and farm-yard;—the former is small and crowded with tombs, many of the inscriptions telling of travellers who, bearing in their bosoms the seeds of Syrian fever, found a resting-place in this desolate and neglected little burying-ground—it being a singular circumstance that this malady, in the same manner as the fever of Java, often proves fatal in regions possessing dissimilar climates, and more than a thousand miles distant from its legitimate hunting grounds.

This spot has an uncared-for and dismal aspect—a rank description of tangled weed overruns it—the foot-path has fallen in, in many places, and, owing to the heavy rains of winter and the friableness of the soil, several of the tombs are deflected from the perpendicular, being nearly on their sides, and the headstones of graves, once upright, are nodding in all directions,—sad evidences of the lack of that care which, in happier England, is piously bestowed upon the mementos of those sleeping below, but not accorded in this darker land, now that the hands which had raised the tablets were busy in other and distant scenes, and none remained to bestow a passing care upon the mausoleums of all that was left after the quick-lime—the *only shroud* permitted to those who die in the lazaretto. Among the inscriptions is a tribute offered to the good qualities of a faithful servant, who had attended Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore during their Eastern travel; and many monuments of pretension, erected by the cheerfully-given dollars of our kind-hearted blue-jackets and marines, record, in terms of honest and unmistakable affection, the manly virtues of their mess-mates, some of whom had died of wounds received during the “war in Syria;” and others who, while more peacefully employed in securing to their country the “marbles of the Xanthus,” had inhaled the pestilential vapours of the fever-stricken coasts of Asia Minor.

Quietly walking out of the cemetery, we are piloted through the farm-yard by the good Mr. Borg, who is the “chief” of this part of the premises. It is divided into several large courts, surrounded by stables and sheds, the latter accommodating cattle landed from the Barbary states, and which, with geese from

* *Grecale*, a tempestuous north-east wind, which makes the north coast of Malta a “lee shore.”

Egypt, perform their due portion of quarantine as well as the nobler animal—man; when, at last being quite purified, they find themselves devoted, in the regular course of things, to appease the cravings of the queen's good subjects of Valletta, both civil and military.

In the eastern part of the lazaretto the offices of the superintendent and other officials are situated; the *parlatorio*, or place for conversing with those suspected, and also the savoury regions of the *cucinière*, are at this end.

And now, having seen the outside of the building, we shall have a look at the harbour, and tell of the very strict regulations in force upon this small sheet of water.

Sentries are posted on the shores of Marsamuscetto in all directions where a landing may be effected; and their orders are to fire upon any persons breaking the laws by forcing their way on shore. All ships must hoist a yellow flag, and their boats, when moving on the harbour, have to do the same; but none are permitted to be about after sunset except those belonging to the quarantine establishment, or to whom a special permission has been given, and upon no account without a *guardiano*. Should a boat require to pass from the Grand Harbour to Marsamuscetto a pass has to be procured for her from the office of the captain of the port; this paper, upon entering the latter harbour, has to be exhibited to a soldier, who from Fort Tigné hails before allowing her to pass in. A man-of-war's boat, and having her colours flying, is exempt; but still, should she be bound to the lazaretto, or to speak a vessel in quarantine, she is obliged first to repair to Marsamuscetto steps and embark a *guardiano*. This ceremony, however, is unnecessary when boats are merely crossing from these steps, or have come from the Grand Harbour bound to Sliema, a bathing-place scattered along the coast, which lies between the harbour and the open sea: the western part rounds off into the Bay of St. Julian; and Point Dragut, crowned by Fort Tigné, forms the eastern end.

All merchant vessels, both steam and sailing, must perform quarantine in Marsamuscetto; steamers of war must do the same; sailing ships of war, however, ride out their term in the Great Harbour, the former being more difficult of access, owing to a reef projecting from Point Dragut, and which narrows the entrance materially. When ships have performed quarantine they are obliged to move round to the Grand Harbour.

The duration of quarantine is fluctuating,

being from twenty-one days to twelve and less, and depends much upon the ship having clean or foul bills of health from her last port; some places, also, being deemed more likely to possess contagion than others, are less favoured by the Health-office regulations: one rule is certain, that a sailing merchant vessel has a longer period than a man-of-war or a steamer; but her passengers, by going into the lazaretto, have their quarantine curtailed. Should a steam vessel, however, have susceptible articles on board as cargo, she lands them at once, her days of probation not beginning to count until such goods are discharged; the day of arrival reckons as one, even should she anchor at dark, as long as the island has been seen by those on board before sunset. Once, when thirty-two miles distant, we made Malta like a little streak in the rays of the setting sun, and thereby gained that day as a counting one.

A few words now with regard to those human screws and bolts indispensable in maintaining the integrity of quarantine, and dubbed *guardianos*, may not be amiss. They are generally elderly men, dressed in a blue jacket, with yellow cuffs and collars, the remainder of the costume having no pretensions to uniform; one is attached to each traveller in the lazaretto, unless there be a small family party, and one is stationed on board each vessel riding in quarantine. Should a barge of coal be seen moving up the harbour, a *guardiano* is perched upon the grimy heap; or do you desire to have a moment's chat with some friend incarcerated on board an unlucky packet, which, with sickly looking drooping flag and awning'd decks, simmers away her probation under the walls of *Sa Maison** or off the *Pietà*,† your old man of the sea, the *guardiano*, shares in the little confidences passing between your friend and yourself, as the boat is obliged to lie at a respectable distance from the gangway of the vessel, and barely within ear-shot, for, should a stray end of thread, or an errant morsel of paper (as in poor Janino's case), be wafted from the anchored hulk and alight upon your boat, all it contains are doomed to the same imprisonment as those from whom the mischievous little flutter had descended. Government charges 1s. 3d. per day, and 7d. a day additional (for food) for the compulsory attendance of the *guardiano*, amounting, in twelve days, to 1l. 2s.

* A well-known residence overlooking the quarantine harbour.

† A kind of suburb to Valletta.

I shall now give a sketch of the routine connected with my first day's quarantine, as I think it will embrace nearly all the ceremonies of the Sanità, and no doubt will be recognized by some of my Indian friends. Upon the occasion of having seen Malta at so great a distance, I was a traveller in one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers, employed in running once a month with the Bombay mails on that portion of the route embracing Alexandria and Malta, the latter being the vessel's head quarters; part of the homeward mails being despatched by a government steamer to Marsailles for overland transport to London, and the heavier division, together with the passengers and baggage, transferred to one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's vessels which called at Malta on her way from Constantinople to Southampton; *en parenthèse*, an old naval lieutenant was on board in charge of the letter-boxes, and which he accompanied in the other vessel to England. When the captain, from the summit of the paddle-box, pointed out the little hummocky object which we hoped would that night afford a haven to our capacious ship, spinning towards it at a rate of eleven miles an hour, a very strong faith was necessary to controvert the idea that our foaming iron monster would run over it in the night, and send it rolling to weedy grottoes deep below—awakening, perhaps, the slumbering divinities of this once classic sea.

The night set in dark and calm; our little island disappeared; ten, backgammon, and "Mary Blane" thumped upon the ship's piano by the little doctor from the county Cork, for an hour wiled away the time; when we heard the cry of "Light on the port bow." We went *thudding* and rumbling on; and soon on the port quarter a lumpy indistinct object was seen, which, I was told, was the high, detached, and uninhabited rock of "Tifola;" while stretching before the beam, the loom of Malta is perceptible, our little islet having grown up wonderfully during the last two hours. Several orders were now passed along, such as "All hands ahoy, bring ship to an anchor!"—"Forecastle there! keep a good look-out for fishing boats." A blue light was then burned, lighting up, in its glare, decks, men, boats, and rigging, and giving a druggist's-window kind of tinge to all; its fitful blaze, flickering and dancing upon the white funnels, presenting a strong contrast to the impenetrable gloom of the watery world outside us. In a minute or so, the impish-looking figure which, with outstretched arm, held the

light from the lee paddle-box, hurled it into the sea, where, conquered by the antagonistic element, it yielded its life in a crackling hiss, and left us in deeper darkness than before. This forms one great disadvantage in showing blue-lights from a steam vessel when going very fast, as the vision of the look-out men, before its recovery from the effect of the glare, is unable to penetrate the pitchy murkiness through which the ship is careering, and which may render the best look-out of no avail. A few minutes after our signal had been burned, we saw, nearly a-head, a little light bobbing up and down—the reply of the pilot's boat awaiting us; we now were crossing the mouth of the Grand Harbour, and running at an obtuse angle, with the rows of twinkling lights indicating the whereabouts of the lofty terraces and auberges* of Valletta. Some large objects well up the harbour puzzled us, by their appearing to consist of two and three streaks of light, broken by patches of darkness at uniform intervals; however, some tapering tracery emerging from amid the gloom of town and fortifications, served to explain the mystery,—they were the bristling broadsides of Sir William Parker's squadron. We soon had the lantern of St. Elmo throwing its gleams upon our decks, through the halo which appears to surround a light when near it, and the engines were stopped for the purpose of throwing a rope into the pilot-boat to tow her with, no other communication being permitted while in quarantine. The boat, secured to a rope from the paddle-box, was dragged along at a fearful rate, the prow raised on high, and plunging up floods of silver foam, which, rushing past to the wake, revealed, in its phosphorescent brightness, the stern nearly submerged in a furrow amid high-heaped water, and the grey-headed, bull-necked pilot Paolo standing erect, and guiding his craft with a firm hand, the crew crouching in the bottom to preserve an equilibrium, and showing their pendant Maltese caps alone above the gunwale.

We skirted close to the land on the left side, and when a little way in, a gun was fired as a signal of the arrival of the packet, and which, reverberating loud and long, startled not a little the fairer portion of our passengers, whose curiosity, natural as that of Eve, had at that late hour tempted them to brave the damp decks. Hardly had our cannon's smoke cleared away, ere links of rusty chain, bounding

* *Auberges*, once the magnificent residences of the knights, and now appropriated chiefly to the troops; the club-house is in the "Auberge de Provence."

along the deck and leaping round the windlass, daashing fire from its iron whelps,* proclaimed the fact of the anchor being let go, and which jumped into its sludgy bed, at the upper part of the harbour, in a snug creek called the Pietà. The stern was secured within a few feet of the rocks, and at an easy speaking distance of the fashionable drive which, winding round the various indentations of Marsamuscetto, passes through Sliema, and is terminated by the Bay of St. Julian.

The captain of the port's boat now came alongside, and a printed paper, having blanks left to be filled in by the captain and surgeon, and containing replies to the printed interrogations of "The name of the vessel"—"The port she is last from"—"Whether she has had communication with any other ship while at sea," &c. &c., was put into a little square box, with a handle of four or five feet long, and something like a wooden warming-pan, were such a thing possible. The end of the handle was held by a person in the boat, and the box rested on the ladder of the steamer; the bill of health, the list of passengers, and other business papers were put in; the lid shut close by the persons in quarantine, and the boatmen with their Pandora's box rowed to the lazaretto, where, cautiously handled with a pair of tongs, the documents undergo a depuration prior to their perusal by those who fortunately boast of *pratique*.

Simultaneous with the visit of the Health-office boat, the active officers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, the agent, and the marine superintendent, came alongside, the former politely handing up a supply of the latest "Guligniani's" and English newspapers, as a present to the passengers; he brought besides, to anxious expectants, letters much looked and longed for, and which, at the *posto restante*, awaited their arrival at Malta. One of the steamer's cutters was next lowered, and the iron boxes containing the mails for England, and intended to go through France, were passed into her, and, with the Admiralty agent, were landed at the lazaretto, where a Maltese post-office clerk took charge, and, having given a receipt, transferred them to one of the government steam-packets, which, in a few hours, started with them for Marseilles. The worthy lieutenant returned on board; a guardiano came off at the same time; the cutter was hoisted up; all hands went below; and, after

a quiet cigar on the dew-moistened deck, I also turned in, a little anxious to see what sort of a place we should find ourselves in at daylight.

The earliest dawn saw me *sur le pont*, as the French think proper to call a deck, dispelling the damps and the damps with a cup of coffee and a cheroot, the modicum of sleep I had enjoyed since I laid my head down being certainly an infinitesimal one;—the transition to the quiet of a calm anchorage from the shaking and bumping of our vans while crossing from Suez to Cairo,—the grinding upon sand-banks when descending the Nile,—the jostling against loaded corn djermes on the Mahmoudiyeh canal, and from the pounding and trembling of the powerful engines of our certainly very lively steamer, was rather too sudden to admit of the system fully appreciating the comforts of the former: so I, till morning watched the glimmer of the night-lamp through the zinc ventilators over my door, and, while listening to uncouth music played by the nasal organ of the political agent of the Ladrone Islands, now and then heard a rattling in the sideboard drawers, as the old Irish stewardess, in a *coiffe de nuit* of many plaits, foraged for a spoon, to administer some pappy quietus or another to an ill-tempered Indian child, whose monotonous wailing certainly was no anodyne to those who courted repose. My first impression, upon looking around me, was to wonder how we got into our cosy little creek, and many were my speculations as to which was the entrance, so completely land-locked were we. Alongside of us was moored a French packet from the Levant, and close under the fortifications opposite, and about two hundred yards off, the Oriental Company's steamer also from the Levant, and bound to England, was quietly at an anchor, waiting to receive our passengers. The harbour was as smooth as glass, and, in the deep shadow caused by the lofty ramparts, looked most delightfully cool; a grey-coated sentry was slowly pacing within a few yards of the stern, and a little further on, the cap of another was discernible above a low rocky point; and shortly, the door of the little guard-house being opened, two or three drowsy-looking soldiers, in shirts and plaid trousers, lounged out and commenced their ablutions, which having completed they returned to the guard-house—shortly afterwards emerging to relieve their great-coated comrades, in all the pride of the plumes, kilts, and trows, of the gallant Forty-second. Later in the day, some amusement was caused by a gentleman of the Com-

* *Whelps*, strong iron plates encircling the middle part of a windlass, to prevent its being cut by the chain cables.

pany's civil service, naively asking, "Were those soldiers the Malta Fencibles?"—a doubtful compliment, certainly, to the war-honoured Highlanders.

Acting upon the principle of "the early bird catching the worm," I decided upon finding my way to the lazaretto, as soon as an opportunity offered, to secure good quarters, were a selection possible, and also to avoid the "row" beginning in the cabins below, as the whole hive was now in the full buzz of preparation for flight; red-eyed bristly gentlemen, as loosely girded as Mr. Smangle, of Pickwickian fame, were insanely tumbling against "overland trunks," and tripping over carpet-bags, and shouting loudly for the particular stewards allotted to their sleeping cabins, quite drowning the falsettos more gently piped from beneath coiffures of muslin, both becoming and the reverse, which timidly peeped around sundry doors ajar, the fair visages enshrouded in them exhibiting a most perplexed expression. The half-checked chirp for "stewardess," the anxiety to get the particular "canvass-covered trunk" from the hold, "No. 28," and their fluttering courage, while looking after their peculiar little interests, struggling with their bashful fears, at being seen in so unbecoming a costume, meeting, sorry I am to say, with little sympathy from the bustling "lords of the creation,"—a husband in proper training may certainly be of some use at such a stirring time. On deck things were no better,—the wash-deck pump was going clank, clank; a big black-muzzled boatswain, or some such sea-monster, in enormous boots, was squirting from a canvass hose and copper pipe great jets of water over the sooty ship, while his troop of bare-footed sailors, wielding brooms and scrubbers, cleansed away the abominations springing from chimney-blacks and the slime of muddy hawsers.

Happy at my escape, I took my seat in a boat going to the lazaretto, and was much amused at the anxiety shown by the old guardiano, perched in the bow, to display a little yellow flag from a staff about the size of a walking-stick. On landing at the Sanità I was introduced, by the young officer in charge of the boat, to the accommodating and portly Signor Garcin, to whom is intrusted the allotment of quarters; and following the worthy functionary up one of those flights of steps spoken of before, was shown my apartments, consisting of a large room in front, and looking up the harbour towards the Pietà,—this, with the aid of a folding screen, answered for both bed and sitting room; two small chambers behind, but having no communication with the

large apartment, completed the suite. The floors of the rooms, being composed of soft stone, are easily cut into by ambitious travellers desirous of presenting themselves to the notice of the various twelve-day generations who may succeed them. Most of this sculpture is in the classic style of that school seen to so much advantage on the seats and trees of places of public resort in England. The apartments, although very good, were excessively dirty, having that morning been vacated by some rather uncleanly foreigners, evidences of their national foibles being very perceptible; however, S. Garcin, setting a couple of men to work, soon had them thoroughly cleansed, and, when I returned in the afternoon they were as fresh and tidy as possible—the arrangements with regard to the hire of furniture being also managed by him in a very satisfactory manner. I then walked to that part of the lazaretto dedicated to the *cuisine*, to have an interview with the *chef*, who was a sleek gentleman, boasting of a very comely olive-complexioned countenance and dark roguish eyes; his well-oiled, curly locks were crowned by a most fashionable crape hat; and a well-made, loose, cut-away coat, of some thin black material, a silk waistcoat, black trowsers, and glossy boots of patent leather, adorned the outside man of this pink of *traiteurs*. The *carte* submitted to the traveller enables him to make his arrangements according to his finances or state of health, a fixed tariff being placed by the quarantine authorities upon everything supplied by the *traiteur* of Sanità; however, dinners or provisions can be furnished by any of the hotels of Valletta, but subjected to the great disadvantage of having to cross the harbour, and thereby being cooled before they reach the table. Each morning you write upon the *traiteur's* slate (slate being not susceptible) the order for your various meals, and which, when cooked, are placed upon a large wooden tray, and left at the foot of the steps leading to you/quarters; from thence the tray is taken, and your table spread by the valet; the *debris*, with the soiled *equipage*, are again brought down, and placed at the bottom of the steps, whence they are removed by the *traiteur's* men, who, as well as their master, are in *pratique*, and returning to their homes in Valletta at sunset, after which no cooking is permitted.

I forgot to mention, that upon first coming on deck in the morning, I noticed a boat full of rather well-dressed young men, lying off a few yards from the vessel, and who, upon seeing my attention directed to them, sprang

up, and acted a kind of pantomime, each holding up to view some papers. I was told, on inquiry, that they were *valets de place*, showing their testimonials, with the hope of being hired by persons about to spend their quarantine in Malta. The moment we pushed off from the ship, they followed us to the Sanità offices, and all in a row presented themselves at the barrier of the parlatorio, each endeavouring to insinuate himself into our good graces. A tall gentleman, possessing much *aplomb* in his manner, named Roberto, was the one selected, and proved himself to be a good servant. I dispatched him to Valetta, prior to his losing his liberty, with a commission to Mr. Quintana, of Strada Stretta, for a supply of books from his well-stocked store; Mr. Q. is a great favourite, and his library is much frequented by the *élite* of the English residents.

Having thus made all my dispositions, I returned to the ship by breakfast time, and that meal being finished, accompanied several of the passengers, who were bound to the parlatorio of the lazaretto, to make purchases. Imagine an enormous flagged room on the ground floor, certainly more than a hundred feet long, broad and lofty in proportion, and having a barrier, breast high, running the whole length, and being about twelve feet from each side wall. The avenue up the right side of the building accommodated those in quarantine, while that on the left was filled by a shoal of shopkeepers, who displayed quantities of jewellery (that of Cretion of Strada Forni being the best), Maltese mittens, lace, kid gloves, and articles of warm clothing—the latter being often required by shivering Indians, when nearing the drizzly chops of the English channel. Guardianos occupied the intermediate broad space or aisle, and, armed with pairs of tongs, handed the articles to the purchasers. Some of the travellers were visited amid this hurly-burly by friends, who wished to have a glimpse of them even in this unsatisfactory way, and managed to keep up a conversation as privately as the wide intervening space, and the presence of so many others, would admit of. We all returned to the packet to an early dinner, after which, the party bound to England moved to the other vessel, which sailed that evening for Southampton, and I found myself installed in my now comfortable apartments at the lazaretto, about five o'clock.

I spent my twelve days in one unvaried routine; turned out at daybreak, and eat an orange or some other fruit, then walked up

and down before the buildings for two or three hours, bathed, and went to breakfast by nine; after breakfast, amused myself by sketching the various objects which on the harbour presented themselves before my windows, until at last, the increasing heat and glare compelled me to close the *jalousies*; took up a book, and in the softened light, studied till three; dined, and, for an hour or so, indulged in some lighter reading, until the less powerful rays of the setting sun permitted me again to seek the little promenade before the lazaretto, where, upon each projecting landing-place, an object in the fanciful costume permitted by the license of travel was generally seated, trying to dispel *ennui* by rod and line, while catching very diminutive flat-fish—his *guardiano*, with a bowl of moistened bread, diligently patting up bait, which required frequent renewal, it being continually nibbled away by persevering little tittlebats, which, too small to take the hook, in thousands voraciously twitched off the lure intended for the larger prey. It was quite as they say in dear Erin, regular “bite and sup,” the angler generally varying the bite of a little fish by a sip from a tumbler of golden-coloured brandy and water, which relaxation, accompanied by a hookah or chibouk, served to cherish a species of amiability towards the tittlebats, despite their profitless nibblings. Having bought a rod and line, I fished as well as my neighbours until dark, then took a little turn up and down, and retired to bed about ten.

On Sunday morning I witnessed a distant mass, intended for the benefit of the votaries of the Roman-catholic religion, who were spending quarantine, both in the lazaretto, and on board the ships in the harbour. A bell began to tinkle, and the front of a species of small turret, or sentry box, projecting from one of the bastions of Valetta, opened, and with a spy-glass were distinguished an altar, images, and candles, with a white robed priest, moving and bending hither and thither as he performed the service. Simultaneously, with the first tinkle of the bell, all the guardianos, valets, and washerwomen, emerged from the lazaretto, so as to be in sight of the chapel, and fell upon their knees; the sailors of the Maltese, Austrian, and Italian vessels doing the same on deck, and, with book and rosary, seemed to be as cognizant of the manoeuvres in the little turret as if they had heard the voice of the good padre, he being certainly five hundred yards off, and at a great height above them on the opposite side of the harbour. This seemed to me but an unsatisfactory way of

getting the "benefit of clergy," and merely as a *pis aller* for the more substantial comforts of the church.

My *guardiano* was very particular in seeing all my luggage opened, and the contents put in the sun to air; even a gun, which was soldered up in a tin box, had to see daylight, as well as every other article, no matter how trifling. The evening before my quarantine expired, the doctor attached to the Sanità office inspected me, and pronounced me "all right," my bills at the same time were handed to me and discharged, and the next morning at sunrise my *guardiano* wished me "*Good pratique, sar,*" and I was free. An

hour afterwards found me curiously gazing upon the queer looking people one sees in the streets of Valletta, from a window of Mrs. Dunsford's hotel, in Strada Roale. My expenses in the *lazzaretto* were for the *guardiano* 1*l.* 2*s.*; hire of furniture, about 2*l.*; and wages of servant, with the waiter's bill, about 6*l.*; thus nine pounds, together with twelve days, were immolated to the Moloch of Quarantine, an abuse which, having teased the travelling world in the East for the last three hundred and sixty-five years, should no longer be permitted to remain as a blot upon the institutions of any nation pretending to be removed even one step beyond barbarism.

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY THE REV. PHILIP B. POWER, M.A.

I.

ABOUT three miles from a great city of modern times the ground rises gradually; until you come to a shaded lane, each side of which is bounded by tall fir-trees, with here and there a sturdy oak. The hedges are full of wild roses, that are tangled together, and when a shower has fallen upon them, the bright rain-drops hang pendant from their thorns, or glisten upon their delicate leaves, as we sometimes see the maiden's tear, when it seems as though it would cool the first blush of love stealing over her virgin cheek.

But why talk of love? for love is joy; and there was one in that shaded lane who hated love, and life, and joy,—who could see no beauty in wild roses, and who could learn nothing from the rain-drops on their leaves.

If you had been in the lane, or behind the trees, you could have heard Sir Aubrey talking aloud, for he was in that mood in which men do not care whether the impatience and discontent of their minds be seen or not.

"Fir-trees!" said he, as he strode along, "fir-trees flourish best in cold and inhospitable climes; they did right in planting them here near this cemetery, where one's very heart is frozen with the monuments of death around. And oaks, too! it seems as though they would mock the short lives of men; for these oaks shall be green and gay, and sing in the summer's winds, and defy the winter's storms, long after those who planted them have gone and rotted in the ground, and have been forgotten, even by the unthankful

wretches who lived upon them while they were alive, and have inherited all that they had when they were dead. And here are wild roses, too! dog-roses! who planted these? what good are they? well, perhaps they are as good as the rest; it might be that God himself planted them, but the rain has scattered their leaves, and they are full of thorns; they are all of a piece—and firs, and oaks, and roses, and my miserable self, are cursed all alike."

II.

An hour before Sir Aubrey walked down the lane, a young maiden had been rolled through it in a chair, in which she reclined, propped up with pillows on either side. She was of noble blood, for there was a coronet on the tiny panels of the chair, and the servant that drew it wore the livery of an earl; but you could have seen no signs of rank on the dress of the pale girl, who seemed as though rank and wealth would soon have no concern with her.

"Look, Aileen," said she to her nurse, "how green these fir-trees are! I suppose they were planted here to teach us that some things can survive the winter's storms, and be beautiful when all seems dead around. And there is an oak! perhaps some good man put it there, to teach whoever passes by, that what has a deep root shall outlive the wild blasting winds, and last when age has worn out every thing beside. But stoop down, Aileen, for I cannot speak very loud. There is the rose—the wild rose—God's own flower, and it has

the rain-drops on its thorns and in its cups; look at their colours, Aileen, they are brighter than the diamonds in papa's jewelled star. I am very happy, Aileen; I think God sent them this morning, all hanging at the ends of the thorns, to teach me what I shall have, Aileen, at the end of this."

"Whisht, my lady, whisht," said the old nurse, "ye're young and rich, and may-be ye'll be wearing a coronet some day yer'self, and the jewels at the top of the spikes, just like the earl's—or may-be the young marquis will be asking for you—or may-be——" And perhaps Aileen might not have stopped short of royalty itself, but that she saw her mistress's hands had dropped over the sides of the chair, and that she was entirely unconscious of any thing that had been said.

III.

The nurse knew that it was in vain for her to address herself to her mistress any more, so she muttered her opinions to herself, only looking now and then to her charge, to see if she were still asleep. "An faith," said she, "but it was a mighty shame that the earl was so proud that he turned Masther Henry from his door like a dog, and tould him to show his face in Sheskin Park no more. Belike the day will come when he'll be sorry for his black looks and ugly words, and his heart 'll be broken like the corn in the mill, and he can never coax the sun to shine upon him agin. An faith, Mister Earl, but it's asier to break hearts than it is to mend them, and where 'll ye be when ye'r own Miss Mary is under the sod? The sun 'll shine on her grave that 'll never shine on ye'r sowl, and 'tis Aileen O'Connor I'd rather be myself this blessed day, than yer'self, with Sheskin, and the mountains, and all ye have. And why should n't Masther Henry have ye'r daughter? where did ye ever see the likes of him at court, or dance, or parlamin't, or wake, or fair? isn't his stock as owld as the round tower of Ardmore? and for the look of him, ye might drink the light out of his eyes, as the children do the wather out of the holy well; don't the heavens above wondher how they stole the colour out of it? and sorra a rose in ye'r own great garden that was as red as his cheek before ye made it white like the little lily's cups. May-be ye don't know, Mister Earl, that I nursed him, and that now I'm nursin Miss Mary for his sake; for never a day would I stay in the castle if she warn't to the fore to keep away the curse. Och, murder! and to think of his pride, that no one but a noble should

touch the hand of his daughter, when God lets the poorest pull the roses and lilies, and touch the treasures He has made." And amid these soliloquies the chair passed out of the lane, and the invalid was soon at home.

IV.

Sir Aubrey's quick stride soon brought him to the gates of the cemetery, into which he entered, out of humour with the world, with religion, and himself. For a while he paced the broad gravel walks, as though, by dint of exercise, he would cast out the fever that was consuming him; and then he would stop, and clench his hands, and bite his lips, until the blood almost spirted from them. He was like the maniac who had his dwelling among the tombs; he alone seemed disturbed when all around was peace.

At last he saw a figure kneeling beside a grave that was dressed with flowers; there were two chaplets upon it—one was large, and the other was very small; the larger was composed of blossoms, the smaller of very little buds. The man that knelt was young, and he was so absorbed in his prayer that he did not see that he was watched. It was very strange, whenever he came to pray at that grave he saw two white clouds in the bright sky above his head—one cloud was large, and the other small; he could see many single white clouds over different parts of the cemetery, but over his part alone could he see two; they seemed to him, as they were lit up by the sunbeams, to be like the spirits of the departed, freed from the burden of the flesh, and looking down with joy upon the mourner's love,—such love as outlived the shock of death,—yes, lived with them in the true atmosphere of love—the other life.

At last Sir Aubrey shook the rose-bush behind which he stood, and the mourner saw him and turned round. He was not angry, but looked like Moses when he came down from the Mount,—his face appearing as though it shone. Sir Aubrey wished that he had frowned at him, for he hated all, and desired to be hated himself.

"Good day, sir," said the stranger.

"Good?" replied the other, "to whom? and why?"

The mourner was surprised, for he saw that his companion's eye had a wild and restless look. At last he recovered himself, and said,

"It is a good day, sir; it is good to me, for I have been communing with the dead, and have outrun the world hither, and been at

peace; it will be good to you, if you can do the same."

The stranger passed on, and Sir Aubrey turned to read the head-stone of the grave; there was on it—

"Sarah St. O * * * died * * * * * aged 20 years.

Sarah St. O * * * * died the same day, aged 2 years."

"Ha!" said Sir Aubrey, "there is room for one more upon the stone; I suppose the fool has left it for himself."

Thus the baronet spent the day; funerals came, and from the distance he could hear the hum of the great city; he thought the sound was like that of a battle, and that these were the wounded or the dead carried off the field. But at length the evening came, and at six o'clock the gates were to be shut. The hour struck—the great bell of the cemetery rang—but Sir Aubrey did not stir; he intended to sleep, if he slept at all, among the dead.

V.

The night closed in over the burying-ground with its many dead,—the Lady Mary was sleeping, watched over by her nurse,—the mourner of the morning was in a lonely room, preparing his humble portion by himself; three portions he prepared, and set them upon the table; he placed a great arm-chair opposite his own, and a small chair by its side; he put plates opposite them—he put food on them; then he sat down, and when his meal was ended, he sent the two portions which were untasted to the poor.

VI.

But fine weather does not last for ever, and as the sun was setting the wind arose; small black clouds were driven on before it, and sped along like a pack of hungry wolves rushing after their prey. At last the whole heaven became overcast, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and torrents of rain swept through the avenues, and pierced the trees beneath which Sir Aubrey had hoped to find shelter for a while. At length, when it became evident that it must continue thus for a considerable time, at least, he sought shelter in the doorway of the catacombs, where he had seen a funeral in the course of the day; he leant against the door, and it yielded to his weight, for the attendants had forgotten to turn the key and to bolt it fast. But shelter was all that this place could be said to afford; it was cheerless, and dark, and cold, and the wind whistled through its dreary passages with a mournful sound.

The wind is full of mystery, and has many voices, according to the places and circumstances in which we are. To Sir Aubrey it seemed as though a thousand evil spirits were hurrying along,—as though there was something to come which was very awful, but which he could not understand. Others, also, heard the wind that stormy night. The Lady Mary fancied in her dreams: at one time she thought her lover's voice was whispering in her ears; then she heard music from what she told Aileen was "her home." And the mourner, as he lay awake, and heard it whistling in the doors and chimneys, and moaning through the deserted street, thought that there were voices singing a requiem for those he loved.

The wind is full of inspiration: in the summer it seems as though it were an invisible being, waving the flowers to and fro, drawing out their perfume—God's messenger tithing the invisible fruit for him; it calls up strange memories of things long past,—we hear a voice, and start—but it was "only the wind!"

To-night the hurricane was busy with the subtle inspirations of thought: it swept through the catacombs, and it filled Sir Aubrey's heart with a consciousness of his immortality; it lulled the Lady Mary with the sweet foretastes of paradise; it consoled the mourner by giving him some companionship in his woe; it rushed in through a poor painter's ill-stopped windows, and gave him a conception that made him paint a picture which was the foundation of his fortune; it struck the chord in a poor poet's mind, and he left his scanty morsel to perpetuate a thought that won him deathless fame; and a priest, closeted amid his books, caught from it a thought of the judgment, which, on the morrow, he clothed with fiery eloquence, and, by God's grace, thus saved a soul!

VII.

There was a stone seat at the side of the catacombs, and on it Sir Aubrey sat, exhausted for want of food, and numbed with wet and cold; he would have gladly left his resting-place, if he could; but the storm still raged, and the catacombs were the only place where he could stay.

"It is strange," said he, half aloud; "one would have thought that there was some kind of wisdom in the government of this world of ours; one feels as though there ought to be some ruler of it, but I have been robbed of house and home, and I am a titled beggar, where, a few months ago, I was rich and loved, and a great man—yes!" cried he, with a peal

of unnatural laughter, "a great man!" until the sides of the long passages rang again, and he heard the words echoed a long way off. "Ha! ha!" he cried, "they'll hear that I have been sleeping in the catacombs, and then they'll say, 'Sir Aubrey is a man of fertile wits; when we cast him out from the living he takes up with the dead,'—with old Death himself, if he likes,—and then I'll be in the company of the one they hate the most."

But Sir Aubrey was not allowed to laugh long in this uncomely strain.

"There is no one allowed to laugh here," said an old man, touching him from behind; these are catacombs, and the dead are lying all around. The mourners laugh in their handkerchiefs as they parade the street, but they never smile when they chance to come in here. It is not allowed, sir," said the old man; "and when an heir laughed a few days ago, as they pushed his uncle's coffin into yonder niche, he sealed his own death-warrant,—he was buried here to-day."

The baronet would have given much to have asked who the intruder was, but he felt afraid to know. He stood still, and the old man, who plainly read his thoughts, said, "I am the guardian of these coffins—I am come to count that they are all right, for to-night we make up the muster-roll, and I must know the number exactly; but you disturb me—I cannot count the dead while the living are so near."

While this was being said, strange surmises came over Sir Aubrey's mind; he had not heard the stranger's footstep in coming near him, nor was his voice like that of any one that he had heard before; and he said "we make up the muster-roll"—what could he mean?

At last he made up his mind to ask, for any thing was better than the uncertainty he felt; so, with a subdued tone, he said, "Perhaps my unknown friend will tell me who he means by 'we'?"

"I am not your friend," said the old man, sharply; "keep your hypocritical words for the world; you are now among the dead, and I tell you I am not 'your friend'; I never saw you nor spoke to you until now!"

"Well, then," said the baronet, "good sir—" "Must I correct you again?" said the old man, in a solemn voice. "I tell you, once more, there are no compliments among the dead; keep your titles of courtesy and rank for such as have running blood; when it curdles and dries up they are wanted no more."

"Then tell me," said the baronet, leaving out every prefix which had offended the

stranger so much; "who do you mean by 'we'?"

"We," said the old man, "means DEATH; this is the house of DEATH, and I am a part of DEATH."

VIII.

Sir Aubrey's heart, stout as it was, failed him at this unexpected meeting with one of whom he had spoken so lightly but a little while before, and his terror was increased as the old man proceeded, in his hollow and sepulchral tone.

"You will not leave this place," said he, "or rather, you cannot do it; your legs are stiff with cold, and the damp has curdled your blood; you shall die, then, while I am accomplishing my task, and to leave for a while the living, whom you seem so much to hate, might make you return to them a wiser and a better man."

Then the old man passed his hands over Sir Aubrey's cheeks, and they became colourless; his eyes were closed and hard, his nose became sharp and pinched, his lips grew pale and tight; and when he had touched him all over, he laid him out upon the stone seat; then he counted all the coffins, and when he had done, he retreated into some inner recesses of the catacombs,—and the only thing that moved was a shred of velvet on the corner of an old coffin, which the wind flapped to and fro as it swept through the catacombs, becoming colder as it passed over Sir Aubrey's icy face.

IX.

But the baronet was not dead, as men speak of death. Death is unembodied life; and Sir Aubrey now heard and saw as he had never done before. He was in a large chamber with coffins all around—it was large enough to hold hundreds, and it appeared to be lined quite round, so that not a single niche was without its proper occupant. But there was no one in the vault—there were only the bodies lying in their coffins; the wind was howling in through the iron gate, and he thought that it was louder and seemed more awful than before. At length there came a terrible gust—the grated door flew open, and, attended by a great crowd, a fleshless figure, with an earthen crown upon his head, moved into the vault. They all seemed borne in upon the wind-gust, as though it were their chariot, for it ceased when the last figure passed the gate. Then Sir Aubrey saw how Death holds his court.

X.

There was a high seat in the catacombs, and Death—the fleshless figure with the earthen crown—sat down upon it. But this was not the highest seat; there was one higher still, but he dared not sit on *that*, for it was claimed by one who was ruler over Death himself. They say that Death comes in many shapes to man, and there were many figures there. There was an old man, whose hair was white, and who leaned upon a stick; the stick had a heavy iron ferrule, worn very much, and it had on the top an iron crook. Next to him, there was a young man, hot and angry looking; his eyes were bright, and he seemed restless, as though he would depart, but dared not stir. Then came a maiden, whose cheeks were covered with a damask blush, whose eyes were bright like the evening star, whose gentle tread could scarce be heard, and whose soft touch could scarce be felt. A gloomy-looking man sat next to her; he was rude in his speech, and wore a knife and pistol in his belt, and a thin rope about his neck. Then came a strong, tall woman, dressed in black, and a youth with a silver cup in his hand; and a thousand more, with looks and dresses all varying, yet Sir Aubrey felt that their mission was alike.

XI.

The first voice heard was that of the monarch, as he rose from his throne: "Our trusty friends," said he, "our cousins, yea, our very selves, all know upon what terms we hold our sway; we pay homage as is our wont;"—and then he laid his earthen crown upon the step of the seat upraised above him. All now was silent in the hall, and a hand was put forth, which crowned the king with his diadem of clay again. "And now that we have owned the highest lord, we would hear the numbering of the dead, as touching what we have gained since last we met within these walls."

Then the king beckoned Sir Aubrey to his side, and said, "Thou art my guest to-night; it is thy soul's last chance; be taught by the numbering of the dead."

XII.

The first that stood up was the old man whose hair was so white, and who leaned so heavily upon his staff. Slowly and carefully he unfolded a parchment roll, and, having read from it some fifty names, addressed the monarch in a feeble voice.

"Thy servant," said he "hath done but little; much more would he have done, if

more had been put within his power; he hath brought fifty under thy dominion, and he hath inscribed upon this roll the names of fifty more. Alas! my lord," said he, "thy servant hath but the gleanings of many reapers,—a few scattered stalks which other hands have left after they have passed through the fields,—what can be expected from thy servant, when some here present cut down the stalks while they are yet green? Fifty hath thy servant brought," continued the old man, "and he hath conquered where all else have failed; for some of these stalks are gashed with other sickles, which they withstood, but at last thy servant cut them down; it is, at least, something, that he hath succeeded where all others have failed."

"Are there any notable persons," said the monarch, "amongst those whom thou hast subjected to our sway?"

"Notable persons there are, O king!" replied the grey-haired old man, reading out some of the names inscribed upon the parchment roll. "There is Crusos, whom I tore away from a golden pillar to which he clung; and Senex, who was held so fast by his children's children, that I thought at one time I must have left him, for I had no power over the young; long, indeed, might he have withstood me, had it not been for Poretos, who drew away the children,—and then thy servant was enabled to accomplish his design."

"My servants' work is seldom light," responded the king; "and that which seems the easiest to accomplish is often toilsome and very hard."

"It is true, O king," said the old man; "and for many a year have I carried on my labours on these two, whose names have just been read. It was marvellous to see Crusos sitting day by day amid his gold, and sleeping on it at night; and, though I never left him, he never thought that he should die."

"And how was he brought hither at the last?"

"The price of bread rose a trifling coin, and he grudged the loss. For three days he waited for the markets to fall again, and lived on the crumbs which were in his bag; then I had him at a vantage; and, as on the fourth morning he held a coin in his hand and kissed it, before he parted from his store, I found that he was within my grasp, and I stole the light out of his eyes even while they were fixed upon the coin...."

"So please you," interrupted Poretos, "but the work was slowly done."

"It was slowly done," replied the king,

"but it was done surely. But how was it with Senex?"

"Senex!" replied the old man, "was at one time easy to be overcome, even before he came to my lot; he waited for me as though I were a friend; so calm and even was he in his spirit, that when Purotos ran upon him, and endeavoured to supplant me, he could have him at no advantage. He often thought that it would be sweet to leave the world, when I called: he said that it was the sunset of a fitful day; it was the fruit-gathering of a laden tree; it was peace, and sleep, and rest! Yes!" continued the old man, "but he was like the evening sky, which at times is lit up with a second brightness, before it shrouds itself in night: he was like the tree that throws out a second blossom after the fruit has been gathered in; his children had children born to them, and then he became young again, and he thought of me no more. He might not have been in the roll to-day, O king, had it not been that Purotos killed the children, and then I brought away the old man from life. He fell into my arms. The storm that uprooted the little sprouts around the stem also shed the autumn blossoms upon them, and we gained them all at once."

Then the king said, "I will take the roll;" and the old man, with a low obeisance, laid it by his side.

"We will next hear," said the monarch, "what Purotos hath done;" and as quick as thought the young man started to his feet. His hands were dry and burning, and he held nervously in them a roll, much larger than the old man's.

"May it please the king," said the speaker, "there are a thousand names upon this list. I have been driven from the palace, and from the houses of the nobles, but I have found a home where nothing interferes with my daily work. Thrice have I essayed to do something at the court; but, at the mere mention of my name, every precaution was taken that I might be foiled. They knew my mortal enemies, and they called them in to drive me forth. I could not grapple with the light which oppressed me, and the air which chilled me, and the water which deluged every foot-print that I made within its walls; then I retired to where the menials lodged, but even thence I was driven, without having gained one name upon this roll; until, in despair, I took up my home amongst the poor, and from thence I gathered almost all that I have brought. Some names there are of those who have been maddened by speculation; and there are three

priests who have perished amongst the sick; but all the rest are from the poor."

"Thou hast done too much," interrupted the king; "an alarm will be raised, and thou wilt be driven forth ere long."

"Pardon, my lord!" said the young man. "Thou wilt see that all the names are of the poor, and where the poor dwell I am always safe."

"Thou art not safe," said the king, "if the poor dwell near the rich; for, if the stricken poor be near the rich, then the rich, for their own sake, will drive thee from the poor."

"But herein is my stronghold," replied the young man, "that I am dwelling in alleys and in courts, where no rich men come; the water is measured out, and the light has no entrance; and all that I require is fitted to my hand. If my lord wants proof of my being safe, let it suffice that there are weeks in which I slay the father and the mother, with the children, and no one hears or heeds what I have done. They will not disturb me," said he, with energy, "for, of the thousand upon this roll, five hundred died without a drop of water to quench their burning thirst. I heard them often ask that they might be supplied, but they were answered that their houses had not paid; and then I knew that I was safe."

"Let me see the roll," said the king; and he outstretched his hand, and took it from the young man's burning grasp.

"Who are these? Here are the names of Industria, of Miseria, and Sacerdos. Where are their coffins; are they around us in the hall?"

"They are not," said Purotos; "they are in the portion of the cemetery allotted to the poor."

"Is not Sacerdos here?" said the king.

"Nay," said Purotos; "he had given away all that he possessed; he had not a coin in his possession when he died; and, as no one knew him save the poor, who were unable to help, he was buried amongst those for whom he lived, and no one could tell his grave from theirs."

"We will hear," said the king, "of thy success with these three names."

"Industria," said Purotos quickly, "was the mother of three children. She wrought from morning to night, and almost from night to morning. She had once been rich, but her husband died, and then she had to work for their support. They were a long time before they came within my domain; but, like the moth, when he is doomed for the flame, they came nearer every day. As they lost all their goods, they had to change from house to house,

and each was more wretched than the one before, until at last they were lost to the sight of all who knew them: they were absorbed, as some said, in the great city, but I knew they were engulfed; they were obliged to come to where I was busiest at the time, and I slew them with the rest. And yet she died bravely, too," said Purotos; "she wrought to the very last. Her work was coarse and rough, such as they generally give to men; but she died with the needle in her hand. A neighbour found her sitting in the corner of the cellar where she slept, who drew down the lids over her parched and staring eye-balls, and covered the body with the work she found in its hands. She was an easy prey," said the young man, "for her day's earnings could not buy a small loaf for her children, and, as she tasted but little food, she was very weak. There was great gain, however, in her death, though she was so poor; for, two days after she died, the master for whom she laboured, not having received his work, came to her room to charge her with a theft; and having taken it away from the corpse, I hid myself in the folds, and he died in a week."

"It was well done," said the king. "Let us now hear how Sacerdos died?"

"Sacerdos died, as it were, full of life: he seemed to mock me," said Purotos; "he was so calm and tranquil at the end. I tried to dash his arms about, as I have done to stronger men, but I could not stir them: so fast were his hands joined together in prayer, that no power could sever them, and thus he died."

Then the young man handed the king the roll, and he joined it on to the one he had received before.

"We will now hear Consumptia," said the king; "our fair cousin is generally as diligent as the rest.

At this word the fair girl arose, and read from her roll a multitude of names. There were some titled, and some seemed as though they also belonged to the very poor; for Consumptia was so gentle, that she had access to all.

"I have done much, yet I have done gently," said the sweet-toned voice. "I have bound up some broken hearts with a touch insensible; some who have been worsted in life's battle I have led from the field with a hand invisible: I have not killed, but I have persuaded men to die; and so softly have I whispered to them, that, bending over them, my cheek has rested upon theirs, and I have coloured it with my own bright blush. I have gazed upon them until their eyes have reflected back so bright

a lustre, that none would believe the sick ones were about to die. I love not rude and uncourtous words," said the maiden, "and such have never passed my lips. I have wooed and won. I have filled the heart with hope, while I dried its springs of life; I have floated fairy visions across the eye, even while I stole its light. Men have passed with me from the world as the stars steal silently away before the dawn: while there was a promise of more light, they faded to be seen no more. I have been very patient," said the maiden. "I have sat with the lawyer as he pored over his books; I have stood beside the priest as he preached to the living, and as he buried the dead; I have waited for the mother until she had nursed her babe; and as gently and as gloriously as autumn falls upon the forest tree and lowly shrub, have I laid my hand upon the rich and poor. I have done," said she, "by the peasant in his cot as I have done by the peer in his marble hall; I have lent hope and beauty to them all—I have wooed and won them all."

The grey-haired old man smiled, for he loved Consumptia; she was so gentle, like himself; and the king took her roll, and added it to the rest.

Then followed the gloomy-looking man, who told horrible deeds of suicide and murder; and the strong, tall woman, dressed in black, who read a list of such as had died of Malice or Revenge; and the youth with the silver cup, which he handed to the king as his instrument of death.

All then read the contents of their long rolls, and the king took them, that they might be safely stored up until he held his court again.

XIII.

While the attendants at Death's court gave in their rolls, and told the particulars of their achievements, the mind of the baronet was attentively fixed on each. He was now awed and softened, though, as yet, he was not convinced. He had seen that there was so much misery in the world, that his own was nothing when compared with it; but how a merciful and good spirit could preside over an earth with so much wretchedness in it he could not understand.

But the lesson so well begun was not to be left unfinished. When all these rolls were added together, the king turned to Sir Aubrey, and said:—"There is wisdom in mortality; there is goodness even in death." Then he bade one of the company, whose name was Tempus, read from the roll of his prophecies

concerning all the cases on which the old man, Purotos, and Consumptia had dwelt, that the baronet might learn from death a lesson concerning life.

Tempus, who had wings upon his shoulders and his feet, and a measuring line in his hand, drew from his girdle a roll, which was written with ink so pale, that no mortal eye could have deciphered its contents.

"What saith it of Crusos?" said the king.

"Had Crusos lived but one week more, tempted by the high price of bread, he would have purchased up all the corn in the city; and so fast would he have held it, that thousands must have perished for want of food."

"What saith it of Sonex and of the three children?"

"Had the children lived, the old man would have never been content to die: he would have been wedded to the earth, and have lost his soul."

"What is written concerning Industria?"

"Had Industria remained in affluence, there were two demons commissioned to slay her soul with haughtiness and pride; but, under the guidance of a maiden called Paupertas, who was sent to draw her from their reach, she has escaped, and Purotos has finished the kindly work."

"Sacerdos also died young! What is written of the priest?"

"Had Sacerdos lived, the fame of his doings amongst the poor would have reached the ears of the high ones of the land, and being bent upon rewarding merit, they would have preferred him to a post of honour and of wealth; then Sacerdos must have fallen from his simplicity and charity, and only through a long course of trial and of chastisement, far more bitter than any death, could he have been restored again."

"Thou hearest," said the king, as he turned to Sir Aubrey, "that all that we have done hath been both just and good. Go back to life, and live for death."

Then the king received from the hand that had crowned him a roll, on which were inscribed the names of such as were to die before they all met there again, and portioning out the names amongst his court, he dismissed them to carry out their work.

XIV.

Long while might Sir Aubrey have remained in the catacombs, had not a loud knocking been now heard at the gates. Violently were they shaken to and fro, and in strode a man whose tall figure was bent as though he had

been very aged, and whose hair was white, as though it had been silvered with the snows of many years. His name was Sapiens; and although so young, he had read and studied more than many of the wise men of the city, and had been a philosopher of no small renown. Only a year before, he had been an oracle of wisdom; now his intellect was shattered, the home of thought was desolated, and its tenant had for ever fled. The pockets of the stranger were filled with many small articles of clothing, such as would be used by a little girl of three or four years old, and he held some broken toys most carefully in his hands. Amongst them was a ball of many colours, which had apparently been unused as yet.

"Give me back my child, O Death!" said he; "I never gave thee leave to keep her here so long. Have I not written much in thy praise; then why requite me by stealing my only joy?"

Then he listened, but no one answered; and he cried out again and again, until the heavy velvet on the coffins seemed to absorb the sounds, and they loomed back heavily upon his heart, like the beatings of a muffled drum.

At last he grew weary of his exertions, and sat down opposite the coffin of a child. It was that which held the form of the one he had loved so well. When he had seated himself, he drew from his pockets all his store, and spread them out upon the ground. First, he settled them in one way, and then he changed them to another, until he had made them as attractive as he could; then he stole gently to the coffin, and put his mouth close to it, and whispered in a low, sweet voice, "Amie! we will have no books to-day, but it shall be all sport until the evening comes. Come, Amie, come; for here are Amie's clothes, and Amie's little toys."

He listened for a while, as though he expected to receive an answer, and then returned to his seat, and took up a little toy: it was the figure of a woman, whose dress was bedizened with much tawdry gold, but which had once seemed very fine. He spent a few minutes arranging its ruffled dress and burnishing the dimmed lace upon its cloak, and then rose from his seat, and said, "Come, Amie; here is your favourite! the maid of honour to the queen! Come and play with her again!" Then he took the figure's arms, and made its wooden hands beat upon the coffin-lid. "Here, Amie, she is alive; she is trying to wake you; come and play again." Then he listened as he had done before, but there was no answer.

It was in vain that he tried every art: he

rolled the coloured ball into the dark recesses of the vault, and back again, and called and called, but no one stirred. At last he gathered all the toys and clothes, and put them up, saying, "Amie is not yet awake; the doctor said that her sleep would be very long."

But Sapiens had been missed, and he had been traced to the catacombs; and now his attendants came to take him home; and there they found Sir Aubrey cold and stiff.

They thought that he was dead, for the cold of the vaults had stiffened his damp clothes, and he was so numbed, that at first he gave no signs of life. With care, however, the keeper of the cemetery succeeded in restoring him; and having explained how he happened to

have been there, he was allowed to return to the crowded city—to the small lodging where he lived.

But Sir Aubrey was a changed man; for years he lived in obscurity, spending the remnant of his fortune, and his energies and time, in softening the hardships of the poor, and in reconciling them to their lot; and when the relation that robbed him of his estate was dead, and it was found that the baronet had been left his heir, the only change that it made to Sir Aubrey was one of place: he carried out on his own broad domains, until he died, the lessons which he had learned from "The Schoolmaster of the Catacombs!"

THE MYSTERIES OF A FLOWER.

BY PROFESSOR R. HUNT.

FLOWERS have been called the stars of the earth; and certainly, when we examine those beautiful creations, and discover them, analyzing the sunbeam, and sending back to the eye the full luxury of coloured light, we must confess there is more real appropriateness in the term than even the poet who conceived the delicate thought imagined. Lavoisier beautifully said—"The fable of Prometheus is but the outshadowing of a philosophic truth—where there is light there is organization and life; where light cannot penetrate, Death for ever holds his silent court." The flowers, and, indeed, those far inferior forms of organic vegetable life which never flower, are direct dependencies on the solar rays. Through every stage of existence they are excited by those subtle agencies which are gathered together in the sunbeam; and to these influences we may trace all that beauty of development which prevails throughout the vegetable world. How few there are, of even those refined minds to whom flowers are more than a symmetric arrangement of petals harmoniously coloured, who think of the secret agencies for ever exciting the life which is within their cells, to produce the organized structure—who reflect on the deep, yet divine philosophy, which may be read in every leaf:—those tongues in trees, which tell us of Eternal goodness and order.

The hurry of the present age is not well suited to the contemplative mind; yet, with all, there must be hours in which to fall back

into the repose of quiet thought becomes a luxury. The nervous system is strung to endure only a given amount of excitement; if its vibrations are quickened beyond this measure, the delicate harp-strings are broken, or they undulate in throbs. To every one the contemplation of natural phenomena will be found to induce that repose which gives vigour to the mind,—as sleep restores the energies of a toil-exhausted body. And to show the advantages of such a study, and the interesting lessons which are to be learned in the fields of nature, is the purpose of the present essay.

The flower is regarded as the full development of vegetable growth; and the consideration of its mysteries naturally involves a careful examination of the life of a plant, from the seed placed in the soil to its full maturity, whether it be as herb or tree.

For the perfect understanding of the physical conditions under which vegetable life is carried on, it is necessary to appreciate, in its fulness, the value of the term *growth*. It has been said that stones grow,—that the formation of crystals was an analogous process to the formation of a leaf; and this impression has appeared to be somewhat confirmed, by witnessing the variety of arborescent forms into which solidifying waters pass, when the external cold spreads it as ice over our window-panes. This is, however, a great error; stones do not *grow*—there is no analogy even between the formation of a crystal and the growth of a leaf. All inorganic masses increase in size

only by the accretion of particles—layer upon layer, without any chemical change taking place as an essentiality. The sun may shine for ages upon a stone without quickening it into life, changing its constitution, or adding to its mass. Organic matter consists of arrangements of cells or sacs, and the increase in size is due to the absorption of gaseous matter, through the fine tissue of which they are composed. The gas—a compound of carbon and oxygen—is decomposed by the excitement induced by light; and the solid matter thus obtained is employed in building a new cell—or producing actual growth, a true function of life, in all the processes of which matter is constantly undergoing chemical change.

The simplest developments of vegetable life are the formation of *confervæ* upon water, and of lichens upon the surface of the rock. In chemical constitution, these present no very remarkable differences from the cultivated flower which adorns our garden, or the tree which has risen in its pride amidst the changing seasons of many centuries. Each alike have derived their solid constituents from the atmosphere, and the chemical changes in all are equally dependant upon the powers which have their mysterious origin in the great centre of our planetary system.

Without dwelling upon the processes which take place in the lower forms of vegetable life, the purposes of this essay will be fully answered by taking an example from amongst the higher class of plants, and examining its conditions, from the germination of the seed to the full development of the flower—rich in form, colour, and odour.

In the seed-cell we find, by minute examination, the embryo of the future plant carefully preserved in its envelope of starch and gluten. The investigations which have been carried on upon the vitality of seeds appear to prove that, under favourable conditions, this life-germ may be maintained for centuries. Grains of wheat, which had been found in the hands of an Egyptian mummy, germinated and grew: these grains were produced, in all probability, more than three thousand years since; they had been placed, at her burial, in the hands of a priestess of Isis, and in the deep repose of the Egyptian catacomb were preserved to tell us, in the eighteenth century, the story of that wheat which Joseph sold to his brethren.

The process of germination is essentially a chemical one. The seed is placed in the soil, excluded from the light, supplied with a due quantity of moisture, and maintained at a certain temperature, which must be above that

at which water freezes; air must have free access to the seed, which, if placed so deep in the soil as to prevent the permeation of the atmosphere never germinates. Under favourable circumstances, the life-quickenng processes begin; the starch, which is a compound of carbon and oxygen, is converted into sugar by the absorption of another equivalent of oxygen from the air; and we have an evident proof of this change in the sweetness which most seeds acquire in the process, the most familiar example of which we have in the conversion of barley into malt. The sugar thus formed furnishes the food to the now living creation, which, in a short period, shoots its first leaves above the soil; and these, which rising from their dark chamber are white, quickly become green under the operations of light.

In the process of germination a species of slow combustion takes place, and—as in the chemical processes of animal life and in those of active ignition—carbonic acid gas, composed of oxygen and charcoal, or carbon, is evolved. Thus, by a mystery which our science does not enable us to reach, the spark of life is kindled—life commences its work—the plant grows. The first conditions of vegetable growth are, therefore, singularly similar to those which are found to prevail in the animal economy. The leaf-bud is no sooner above the soil than a new set of conditions begin; the plant takes carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and having, in virtue of its vitality, by the agency of luminous power, decomposed this gas, it retains the carbon, and pours forth the oxygen to the air. This process is stated to be a function of vitality; but as this has been variously described by different authors, it is important to state with some minuteness what does really take place.

The plant absorbs carbonic acid from the atmosphere through the under surfaces of the leaves, and the whole of the bark; it at the same time derives an additional portion from the moisture which is taken up by the roots, and conveyed “to the topmost twig” by the force of capillary attraction, and another power, called *endosmosis*, which is exerted in a most striking manner by living organic tissues. This mysterious force is shown in a pleasing way by covering some spirits of wine and water in a wine-glass with a piece of bladder; the water will escape, leaving the strong spirit behind.

Independently of the action of light the plant may be regarded as a mere machine; the fluids and gases which it absorbs, pass off in a condition but very little changed

—just as water would strain through a sponge or a porous stone. The consequence of this is the blanching or *etiolation* of the plant, which we produce by our artificial treatment of celery and sea-kale,—the formation of the carbonaceous compound called *chlorophyle*, which is the green colouring-matter of the leaves, being entirely checked in darkness. If such a plant is brought into the light, its dormant powers are awakened, and, instead of being little other than a sponge through which fluids circulate, it exerts most remarkable chemical powers; the carbonic acid of the air and water is decomposed; its charcoal is retained to add to the wood of the plant, and the oxygen is set free again to the atmosphere. In this process is exhibited one of the most beautiful illustrations of the harmony which prevails through all the great phenomena of nature with which we are acquainted—the mutual dependence of the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

In the animal economy there is a constant production of carbonic acid, and the beautiful vegetable kingdom, spread over the earth in such infinite variety, requires this carbonic acid for its support. Constantly removing from the air the pernicious agent produced by the animal world, and giving back that oxygen which is required as the life-quickenning element by the animal races, the balance of affinities is constantly maintained by the phenomena of vegetable growth. This interesting inquiry will form the subject of another essay.

The decomposition of carbonic acid is directly dependent upon luminous agency; from the impact of the earliest morning ray to the period when the sun reaches the zenith, the excitation of that vegetable vitality by which the chemical change is effected regularly increases. As the solar orb sinks towards the horizon the chemical activity diminishes—the sun sets—the action is reduced to its minimum—the plant, in the repose of darkness, passes to that state of rest which is as necessary to the vegetating races as sleep is to the wearied animal.

These are two well-marked stages in the life of a plant, germination and vegetation are exerted under different conditions; the time of flowering arrives, and another change occurs, the processes of forming the alkaline and acid juices, of producing the oil, wax, and resin, and of secreting those nitrogenous compounds which are found in the seed, are in full activity. Carbonic acid is now evolved and oxygen is retained; hydrogen and nitrogen are also forced, as it were, into combination

with the oxygen and carbon, and altogether new and more complicated operations are in activity.

Such are the phenomena of vegetable life which the researches of our philosophers have developed. This curious order—this regular progression—showing itself at well-marked epochs, is now known to be dependent upon solar influences; the

“Bright effluence of bright essence increate”

works its mysterious wonders on every organic form. Much is still involved in mystery; but to the call of science some strange truths have been made manifest to man, and of some of these the phenomena must now be explained.

Germination is a chemical change which takes place most readily in darkness; *vegetable growth* is due to the secretion of carbon under the agency of light; and the processes of *floriation* are shown to involve some new and compound operations: these three states must be distinctly appreciated.

The sunbeam comes to us as a flood of pellucid light, usually colourless; if we disturb this white beam, as by compelling it to pass through a triangular piece of glass, we break it up into coloured bands, which we call the *spectrum*, in which we have such an order of chromatic rays as are seen in the rainbow of a summer shower. These coloured rays are now known to be the sources of all the tints by which nature adorns the surface of the earth, or art imitates, in its desire to create the beautiful. These coloured bands have not the same illuminating power, nor do they possess the same heat-giving property. The yellow rays give the most LIGHT; the red rays have the function of HEAT in the highest degree. Beyond these properties the sunbeam possesses another, which is the power of producing CHEMICAL CHANGE—of effecting those magical results which we witness in the photographic processes, by which the beams illuminating any object are made to delineate it upon the prepared tablet of the artist.

It has been suspected that these three phenomena are not due to the same agency, but that, associated in the sunbeam, we have LIGHT, producing all the blessings of vision, and throwing the veil of colour over all things—HEAT, maintaining that temperature over our globe which is necessary to the perfection of living organisms—and a third principle, ACTINISM, by which the chemical changes alluded to are effected. We possess the power, by the use of coloured media, of separating these principles from each other, and of analyzing

their effects. A yellow glass allows *light* to pass through it most freely, but it obstructs *actinism* almost entirely; a deep-blue glass, on the contrary, prevents the permeation of *light*, but it offers no interruption to the *actinic*, or chemical rays; a red glass, again, cuts off most of the rays, except those which have peculiarly a *calorific*, or heat-giving power.

With this knowledge we proceed in our experiments, and learn some of the mysteries of nature's chemistry. If, above the soil in which the seed is placed, we fix a deep pure yellow glass, the chemical change which marks germination is prevented; if, on the contrary, we employ a blue one, it is greatly accelerated; seeds, indeed, placed beneath the soil, covered with a cobalt blue finger-glass, will germinate many days sooner than such as may be exposed to the ordinary influences of sunshine;—this proves the necessity of the principle actinism to this first stage of vegetable life. Plants, however, made to grow under the influences of such blue media present much the same conditions as those which are reared in the dark; they are succulent instead of woody, and have yellow leaves and white stalks,—indeed, the formation of leaves is prevented, and all the vital energy of the plant is exerted in the production of stalk. The chemical principle of the sun's rays, alone, is not therefore sufficient; remove the plant to the influence of light, as separated from actinism, by the action of yellow media, and wood is formed abundantly,—the plant grows most healthfully, and the leaves assume that dark green which belongs to tropical climes or to our most brilliant summers. Light is thus proved to be the exciting agent in effecting those chemical decompositions which have already been described; but under the influence of isolated light it is found that plants will not flower. When, however, the subject of our experiment is brought under the influence of a red glass, particularly of that variety in which a beautifully pure red is produced by oxide of gold, the whole process of florination and the perfection of the seed is accomplished.

Careful and long-continued observations have proved that in the spring, when the process of germination is most active, the chemical rays are the most abundant in the sunbeam. As

the summer advances, light, relatively to the other forces, is largely increased: at this season the trees of the forest, the herb of the valley, and the cultivated plants which adorn our dwellings, are all alike adding to their wood. Autumn comes on, and then heat, so necessary for ripening grain, is found to exist in considerable excess. It is curious, too, that the autumnal heat has properties peculiarly its own,—so decidedly distinguished from the ordinary heat, that Sir John Herschel and Mrs. Somerville have adopted a term to distinguish it. The peculiar browning or scorching rays of autumn are called the *parathermic* rays: they possess a remarkable chemical action added to their calorific one; and to this is due those complicated phenomena already briefly described.

In these experiments carefully tried, we are enabled to imitate the conditions of nature, and supply, at any time, those states of solar radiation which belong to the varying seasons of the year.

Such is a rapid sketch of the mysteries of a flower; "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Under the influence of the sunbeam, vegetable life is awakened, continued, and completed; a wondrous alchemy is effected; the change in the condition of the solar radiations determines the varying conditions of vegetable vitality; and in its progress those transmutations occur, which at once give beauty to the exterior world, and provide for the animal races the necessary food by which their existence is maintained. The contemplation of influences such as these realizes in the human soul that sweet feeling which, with Keats, finds that

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increasing, it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
breathing.

* * * * *
"Such the sun and moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils,
With the green world they live in."

ITALY AND HER FOREMOST MEN.

IN our preceding remarks on Italy, and on the men who are likely, from their abilities or position in society, to exercise an important influence upon her destiny, happy or sinister, according to the principles by which that influence may be directed, we have endeavoured to account for the apathy which England in general has shown towards Italian affairs, by presuming that she is in reality little acquainted with them in their true aspect; and that in proportion as she shall be enabled to form an impartial judgment of them, she will extend to the Italians that generous sympathy which she never long withholds from any cause that she sees to be based upon justice and honour. Indeed, to be utterly indifferent to the welfare of Italy, to the physical comforts and moral happiness of her gifted children, would be to evince ingratitude for all the refinements, social and intellectual, for which Europe is indebted chiefly to her, who has been to modern ages all that Greece was, to surrounding countries, in the days of paganism.

Before, then, we resume our biographical sketches of Italy's "Foremost Men," we will give a brief statement of the circumstances that have called forth the energies of those men; what they are in search of, what they require, what they wish for; whether they have a right to demand it, and, if refused, to endeavour to obtain it; leaving the delicate question of "how?" the *modus operandi*, for discussions more purely political than we pretend to enter into.

All historical evidence, as well as the daily experience of civilized society, will bear us out in the assertion that a country can only be happy and prosperous, intellectually, morally, and physically, in proportion as it is justly, wisely, and virtuously governed. Under a tyrannical government, the national character, however happily it may have been endowed by nature, must deteriorate, physically or morally; almost invariably it does so in both respects.—An oppressed people, forbidden to give utterance to their complaints, to assert their rights as rational beings, gradually succumb to brute force, and take refuge in sensuality and the vices invariably attendant upon it. Under this sort of *régime*, however, whole nations would finally disappear from the face of the earth, did not the wisdom of Him who rules over the whole of it decree, that even

among the most degraded and abject there should always be found, when most needed, some master spirits, who, rising above the trammels that surround them, not only shake off their own fetters, but turn all their energies to the relieving of others also from them. They look around—they call on their more fortunately situated fellow-creatures for aid—and shall not the call be responded to? Yes, surely; as long as that sacred bond of sympathy exists by which the human race is held together. But they must show their claim to this sympathy. They complain—they must show their complaint to be well founded.

"Thrice is he arm'd who hath his quarrel just."

and in England, at any rate, none but a just quarrel will find champions. Let us then ascertain, if we can, how far the quarrel of the Italians with their rulers is just. They complain of their government—is their complaint just? Let us inquire. We will not go back century after century, through the annals of oppression and misrule: where is the country that could not show the same, at one period or other? No: "let by-gones be by-gones;" excepting as far as occasional reference to them may be useful, from the prudential consideration that what has been may be again, if not guarded against in good time. So for the present we will confine ourselves to the present, and limit our inquiries into the actual estate and administration of "Imperial Rome;" for if absolutism be any claim to that proud title which she once assumed, she has as good a right to it now as Imperial Paris may have, under the fiat of her wonder-working dictator.

In considering modern Rome, however, we cannot help referring to ancient times; for this very good reason, that, with respect to her constitution, she has nothing modern in her whole composition.

The Roman government is at this moment, as it has ever been, a government entirely *sui generis*, and therefore difficult to be comprehended by any one unacquainted with its internal principles. All other governments in the world are changeable, according to times and circumstances, and are reformed or modified, according to the different conditions of different generations; for, as reasonable governments, governing rational beings, they aim at benefiting civilisation, by keeping pace with

civil progress. The Papal government alone maintains other principles: pretending to derive its existence, and its consequent claims to implicit deference and passive obedience, from the divinity of the Word of God, and the sanctity of Christian revelation, it professes to be immovable, immutable, and infallible; and hence it of necessity abhors all change—at least all change from bad to better; though from bad to worse it by no means sets itself so obstinately against.

Many governments, aiming at absolutism, have promulgated the doctrine that the *right of ruling* is conferred by God; but none of them have ever carried this divine right so far as to attest that the *laws* framed by *themselves* were unalterable, as descending from on high. To the Papal government alone, belongs this monstrous and absurd falsehood. Its civil legislation consists in a heterogeneous mixture of sundry ancient Roman laws, such as are contained in the digest of the Justinian code and the Pandects. How is it to be expected that decrees and regulations promulgated centuries ago, under totally different forms of government and states of society, can be equally applicable to the manners and requirements of the present generation? These laws, moreover, are subjected to all the modifications of the Canon law, which is declared to be of so far more noble a character than any other, as to be held supreme in the Roman states. Let us then see what this redoubtable law is, and in what its excellence may consist.

In remote ages, times of barbarism and ignorance, the Church, and especially the Roman *Curia*, undertook to decide and decree in lay affairs—a right which properly belongs solely to the civil government; these decisions and decrees were put forth sometimes by the Roman Pontiff, sometimes merely by individual bishops: they were first formed into serial order by the monk, Gratian, in 1050; they were thus continued by Raimondo di Pennafort, in 1230; by Clement V., and John XXII. in 1317; these were respectively termed *Decretali*, *Clementine*, and others more recently, and we may add more appropriately, *Straganti*.

It is these united decrees that form the Canon law, through which the popes, in the middle ages, ventured upon every kind of usurpation; even so far as to declare themselves supreme judges, and absolute masters of all monarchies, and the rightful sovereigns and lawful distributors of all newly discovered territories. This law, according to the assertion of the Church of Rome, is sacred, immutable and unalienable because it is not derived

from human reason, and the contingencies of the age, like other human legislative systems, but from an anterior divine right, from the very source of religious authority and faith, from Christianity itself. It is the unjust pretensions founded upon it that have kept the Papacy in a continual struggle with the whole of civilized Europe for the last five centuries. Science, reason, and progress have constantly resisted it, as an obstinate and inveterate enemy; and civilization has so far overthrown it, everywhere else, that we have been obliged to enter into this account of it, as it yet exists, in its last stronghold, Rome, in order to make the influence it still maintains there, and its effects upon the unfortunate people still subject to its rule, evident to our readers.

In all civilized countries, it is a grand and fundamental axiom, that in the eye of the law all men are equal. But, according to the Canon law, a priest is held to be so far elevated above his fellow-creatures, as not to be subject to the common judgment of an ordinary tribunal. A priest or clerk, therefore, only depends on his bishop, or on the ecclesiastical authorities. This privilege extends not merely to his personal safety, but to his property and interests also; not only his ecclesiastical benefices, but likewise his private fortune, hereditary or acquired. Hence, a layman, who is unfortunate enough to have a clerk or priest for his debtor, cannot summon him before a civil tribunal, but only before that of the bishop, or some other ecclesiastical authority: these worthies, again, being ignorant themselves of the law, are obliged to keep an auditor, who is nominally paid with a pittance miserable enough, but who generally manages to make himself amends for its deficiencies by his power over the fortunes and properties of the citizens, thus submitted to him, instead of, as they ought to be, to the collegial tribunals which were introduced into the Papal States, under the government of the *regno Italico*, or kingdom of Italy.

This absurd and much abused privilege of the Canon law, carries its claims so high as to assert a retrospective influence on such individuals as may formerly have been clerks, and have afterwards assumed the secular garb; and if any public company or society should be found to contain one single clerk or ecclesiastic, any lawsuits connected with that company or society, either as plaintiffs or defendants, even if entirely of a commercial nature, must be submitted to the ecclesiastical tribunal, which has the absolute power of decision on the case; although, by the Canon law itself, priests are forbidden to interfere in commercial matters, in

any way, directly or indirectly. By a still more extravagant regulation, neophytes and Jews are also required to plead before the ecclesiastical tribunals, in purely lay and civil suits.

In order to understand the full importance of this abuse, which continually gives rise to contrary decisions between the civil courts and the episcopal tribunals, it is necessary to recollect the enormous extent of ecclesiastical property in the Roman States, and the great number of young men who assume the clerical garb, in order that they may enjoy the privileges annexed to it: and if even the humblest grade of the ecclesiastical order thus derive advantage to themselves, individually, over their fellow-citizens, it may easily be imagined that the higher the grade, the more offensively unjust these advantages become. A cardinal, for instance, can never be summoned, even before an ecclesiastical tribunal, for any debt, contract, or obligation whatsoever; unless, like the Irishman, in the more pleasing case of matrimony, he "gives his own consent;" and this consent is only to be obtained by sending a petition for it to the office of the secretary of state. Would such proceedings be tolerated in England? would they be tolerated in France, even under the paralysing effects of the late *coup d'état*? would they, in short, be tolerated in any civilized country in the world? What then are we to think of the restoration of such a system of law, under the force of French arms! Nor let it be thought that we are speaking of things obsolete, or abandoned—the forgotten abuses of former ages—we can bring forward too many instances of their present actual existence, in all their original force. Cardinal Cesari, for example, Bishop of Jesi, was, according to a very emphatic phrase of common parlance, "over head and ears in debt," but it was only after many and repeated petitions on the part of his unfortunate creditors, that he could be summoned; nor did they even then derive any benefit from the success of their perseverance; for though his "Eminence" acknowledged his debts, he declined to liquidate them; and as his person was *sacred*, in virtue of his rank, his creditors had no other remedy open to them but that of seizing his property: and even this was somewhat in the predicament of that proposed by the rats in council, in the fable, that a bell should be hung round the neck of the cat that worried them, to give notice of his approach: but "who was to bell the cat?" and who was to serve the warrant? Not a single bailiff throughout the whole territory of Jesi could be

found sufficiently courageous to carry it into execution; for every one was aware that the Bishop could reply to it by immediately ordering the arrest, under any pretext whatsoever, of the individual who might have the hardihood so to do. At length a bailiff in a neighbouring diocese undertook the office, and presenting himself before the Cardinal, courteously begged leave to know on what part of his property his Eminence would prefer the execution to be made. The Cardinal ironically offered him his episcopal crozier, which the prudent bailiff declined, as being a sacred object; his Eminence then, not to be behind-hand in courtesy, politely advised him to lose no time in getting out of the diocese of Jesi, as quickly as he could; as he might otherwise find himself provided with lodgings in it, longer than he had either anticipated, or might desire, even though rent-free,—in gaol.

To avoid, however, any appearance of invidiousness in selecting a single example of this kind, we will lay one more before our readers, from the number that we could cite, if called upon.

Cardinal de Gregori, Penitentiary of Holy Church, hired the Palazzo Mignanelli from its proprietors of the same name. They were wards, in straitened circumstances. Nevertheless, the Cardinal only paid them four hundred scudi, for a palace which now produces four or five times that sum; but, his Eminence, on entering, took the precautionary measure of obtaining a rescript from the pope, that the rent should not be increased during his natural life; nor could he ever be summoned for the arrears of it, even at that inadequate rate; partly through fear of incurring his displeasure, and partly through the privileges he enjoyed in virtue of his rank. It was still worse at his death, for a body of priests belonging to the Penitentiary Office had interest enough to get it established in the palace, and as the institution was one of the very many "declared to be dependent only on God, and as such not subject to the summons of any human tribunal," they persisted in retaining possession of the premises, despite the remonstrances of the proprietors, who at last drove them out by the ingenious device of planting a body of bricklayers and whitewashers upon the common staircase, not to "repair and beautify," but to bespatter the ascendants and descendants with mortar, and whitewash them, as they passed.

It may be difficult, in our fortunate land of justice and equity, to believe in the existence of such disorderly proceedings in any country pretending to the administration of a civil

government; but we have yet more arbitrary measures to relate.

We have just shown how the Canon legislation sanctions all these acts of injustice, which are declared to be sacred, unalienable privileges, derived from the very essence of Christianity itself. Sometimes, however, it happens that these very arbitrary and exorbitant laws are not respected by the executive power. One of the means resorted to for the alteration of them is the issuing of *declaratorie*, or declarations assuming the force of laws, from the office of the secretary of state. If, for instance, a legal question be in discussion between two litigants, the secretary of state, by a *declaration of the law*, obliges the tribunal to decide in favour of the party who may have the strongest interest at court; and this power, again, gives rise to a world of arbitrary and unjust decisions. A single example will suffice to exhibit its effects; and this example we will select from the time of Gregory XVI., when ministerial despotism was at its zenith. A declaration was obtained upon a petition of a litigant party, from the secretary of state, cutting the matter short in favour of the applicant, in direct opposition to the opinion of the Rota Tribunal. The tribunal, however, stuck to its decision, maintaining that in this instance the good faith of His Holiness and the secretary of state had been abused. On this, a new *declaratoria* appeared, in the name of His Holiness, stating that he had not been deceived at all; and this, again, was followed by another decision of the Rota Tribunal, confirming its first sentence, on the supposition that His Holiness would not decide upon a question reserved for the sacred tribunal. This courageous conduct was finally sanctioned; but for one such instance of independent justice there are hundreds to the contrary, especially in the inferior tribunals, which would never dare to enter into a contest of the kind.

Another mode of exercising arbitrary decision is by papal rescripts. By a papal or *most holy* rescript, as it is termed, though in most instances the epithet *unholy* would be much more appropriately applied, Count Menaldo Leopardi, a man of extremely bad conduct, and of a character altogether opposite to that of his estimable son Giacomo, the celebrated *letterato*, was authorized not to pay his debts, for a certain number of years, during which term his creditors were forbidden to commence or prosecute any suit or action against him: the consequence of which was that many of these unfortunate creditors were put to the greatest inconvenience, embarrass-

ment, and loss; one of them, indeed, was utterly ruined, and finally thrown into prison; in consequence of being thus long deprived of the sums due to him from his *noble debtor*.

Much about the same period, Cardinal Lambruschini, then secretary of state, by virtue of one of these same *most holy* papal rescripts, cancelled and erased from the sacred mortgage register a mortgage on the Caffarelli Palace, made over to the Hereditary Prince of Prussia, as security for the sum of twenty thousand scudi, advanced by his Royal Highness, and of which he was thus wronged upon some frivolous accusation of Protestant propagandism.

We cite these two instances in order to show the height to which ministerial despotism may be carried in matters of civil justice in Rome. We do not mean to say that such very flagrant ones are of frequent occurrence; but examples daily present themselves of rescripts, termed *interdictions of administration*, which, at the good pleasure of the *most holy auditor*, deprive honest citizens of their civil rights, frequently without any ground or motive whatsoever being alleged for so doing, and often honourable advocates and solicitors are suspended from the exercise of their professional functions by the police, solely for having defended the rights of persons thus aggrieved.

But if civil justice be thus arbitrarily interfered with by the ecclesiastical authorities in the Roman States, what shall we say of the administration of the criminal courts, which, at this most calamitous period more especially, are stained with cruelties and atrocities fully equalling those dragged forth from the dungeons of Naples, by the manly feeling of Mr. Gladstone, and by him held up to the just indignation of all who lay claim to humanity, or possess one spark of feeling for the sufferings of their fellow-creatures.

Every citizen of the Roman States is liable to be imprisoned at any moment, and without any charge against him being specified, by one or all of five different authorities. First, by the legate or delegate of the province in which he may reside; secondly, by the director of the police; thirdly, by the commander of the political force, or *gendarmarie*; fourthly, by the bishop or cardinal-vicar; fifthly, by the father inquisitor. We do not speak of civil or criminal tribunals, because they, when the arrest of an individual is agreed upon, at any rate follow the regular course of justice, by serving a warrant in due form, and alleging some reason for it; whether that reason be really a true one, or only a pretext suited to the occasion.

The length of these arbitrary detentions is

determined by no law; the bishop and the inquisitor being independent of ordinary tribunals, and the other authorities having no fixed term, at the expiration of which they may be obliged to bring the prisoner forth for examination. There is, indeed, a nominal period of thirty days, during which the police may detain any one at their own sole will and pleasure; but as they are never called upon to render any account of their conduct, and as their victim or his friends have no competent tribunal to appeal to, this period may be prolonged month after month, and even year after year; moreover, a recent secret circular authorises this indefinite prolongation, in order to give the examining judge sufficient time to look into the cases of the prisoners. And time enough, indeed, it must require, when we consider that in one single prison alone—that of Monte Citorio—in the first seven months of the past year, the names of 3745 persons consigned to incarceration between its walls, were inscribed upon its books! and this, too, in a city of which the population did not exceed 120,000 souls, even before the commencement of its troubles, and which is now reduced full one-fourth of the number, by exile, banishment, imprisonment, the galleys, and capital punishment,—to say nothing of the fearful state of privation, bordering on actual misery and want, to which thousands more are reduced by the deportation or imprisonment of their natural protectors, and providers of their means of sustenance.

It may easily be believed that, under such a system of things, respectable persons may be detained in prison for months without being brought to trial. Signor del Frate, a most estimable young man, was incarcerated, utterly ignorant why, for seven months, and at last was set at liberty without any sentence being passed upon him; indeed, without any charge having been made against him. Signor Pistrini has, in the same manner, been thirteen months in prison, equally ignorant of his offence, but without the same prospect of release. Upwards of 240 custom-house officers have been in prison nearly two years, without any hope of being brought to trial; in that time, one of them has gone mad, and two others have attempted suicide—a crime hitherto more rare in Italy than in any country in Europe; but, under the present circumstances of the country, who can be surprised if suffering and despair should render it more frequent!

Even at the very moment we are writing these pages, a tragical instance of long detention in prison, terminating in the mockery of

a secret trial, and a most cruel and unjust sentence to death, by decapitation, is exhibited in Rome, in the case of Edward Murray, the son of a brave British officer, he himself being married, and the father of a family.

This young man was made an inspector of the police, at Ancona, where he had resided ten years, in the time of the Republic, during which he received orders from the then existing authorities to imprison a certain Count Severino, and another individual, both of them staunch adherents to the Papal cause. An order afterwards came from the governor that they should be released, and safely conveyed out of the city. Murray accordingly informed them that they were at liberty to depart, and walked with them himself out of the prison gates at night, arm in arm with Severino. Unhappily, the prisoners were attacked in the street almost directly after, and stabbed, and Murray was arrested, under the pretended accusation of being in league with the assassins. Nearly three years he languished in prison, first in Ancona and subsequently at Rome, under privations and amid filth which brought him into a pitiable state of suffering. All that time he was refused permission to consult with a legal adviser, and was debarred the consolation of visits from his mother, his wife, his child, or his friends, save through the bars of his prison, and in presence of two *sbirri*, alias spies, who insisted that all the communications which passed should be made in the Italian language. All that time his unhappy mother, an Ionian lady, besieged, and is even now besieging with her tears and entreaties, the secretary of state, the British consul, and every one whom she imagines to have a shadow of influence in her son's behalf: meanwhile, his trial has taken place, if trial it may be called. The amnesty granted by the Pope, after his return from Gaeta, prevented this unfortunate young man from being treated as a political offender; the proper way, therefore, of proceeding against him was to try him before the ordinary criminal tribunal of Ancona, with a right of appeal to the superior tribunal there, and of final appeal to that of the Consulta at Rome, as well as allowing him to choose his own advocate. Instead of this, he has been tried at once by the Consulta, without power of appeal to any other tribunal—without being allowed any other advocate than the one allotted to him by the government—without any knowledge of the witnesses against him, that advocate being sworn to reveal nothing to his client respecting them—without any public hearing; in short, without

any of the observances which, in England, are so inseparably interwoven with the administration of justice, that without them no sentence or decision whatever would be considered valid, more especially in the solemn and most responsible question of life and death.

The question of this treatment of our unfortunate countryman is now under discussion in a British parliament, and advocated as it is by some of the most able and energetic members of both the upper and the lower house, it will have the effect, doubly advantageous, of showing the English what wrongs the Italians labour under, and the Italians, what privileges the English have secured to themselves, by a rational appliance of the principles of liberty, civil equality, and justice, which render their political constitution the admiration of the world, and their own security and happiness.

It would swell our pages into volumes were we to enumerate one half the instances of unjust detention in Roman dungeons that we might do; we might bring forward cases of obscure individuals being actually forgotten for years, in the confusion of the prison administration. One of these unfortunates, who, with others, was set at liberty at the accession of Pio Nono, had been incarcerated twenty years; his very name was unknown to his gaolers, and as for the original accusation against him, there was not even a tradition or conjecture remaining. An unfortunate Levant woman was imprisoned by the police authorities, because her passport was not quite *en règle*. As she spoke nothing but Arabic, she could not, of course, vindicate herself, and as the police could not understand her, the officers of the police pronounced her mad, and sent her to recover her senses in the hospital of the *Longara*, where she remained three years: at the end of that time, happily for her, an inspection of the patients took place, and suspicions arising that she was not insane, the Bishop of Valperga was requested to see her, and interpret for her. He did so, and found her to be in perfect possession of all her mental faculties. She was accordingly set at liberty; but how many miserable wretches may have languished out their days under similar circumstances!

The power of the police, as if not already too wide and unrestrained, received additional extent and license in 1850, under the restored government,* by certain articles authorizing it to condemn an honourable citizen not to leave the *commune* in which he resides; to oblige him to retire to his home at a certain hour—often, at sunset; not to leave it before an hour equally specified; not to attend spectacles,

festivals, theatres, fairs, or markets; not to frequent particular places, or associate with particular persons, mentioned by name! And all these tyrannical and insulting restrictions, known by the name of *precetti*, are to be warranted by an order from the head of the province, the assessor-general, the director of the police, or the local governor, with a summary verification of his motives. The person thus arbitrarily condemned can appeal to no one but the head of the province, who is himself, as we have just stated, one of the authorities with whom the power of condemnation rests.

The police may also levy fines at their own will and pleasure, of from one to thirty scudi, with restriction to the house, barrack, or prison, for any period they may think fit, of from one to thirty days. Can we imagine for a single moment what such a state of things would be in London!

Nor let it be thought that these odious *precetti* are inflicted only for serious causes, or after mature deliberation. During the carnival of 1850, Dandini, the director of police, summoned before him, in virtue of his office, eighty individuals, mostly of the most honourable personal character and professional position, among whom it may be enough to those who know Roman society, to mention Dr. Clito Cartucci, Advocate Petrocchi, Signor Ballanti, the brothers Doria and Castellani, making it known to these eighty that he should hold them responsible for any disorder whatsoever, that might occur during the approaching carnival. This Dandini, a *count*, by the bye, was known, on account of the harshness, malignity, unceasing watchfulness, and unrelenting obstinacy of his disposition, by the cognomen of the *Hyena of the police*. An unhappy lady, a widow, waited upon him humbly to inquire—not to dispute them—into the grounds upon which her four sons, her consolation and her maintenance, had been arrested, by his order. He kept her waiting three long hours, weeping, languishing, almost fainting; at length he condescended to appear in person before her; but it was only to tell her that he was astonished at her assurance, in coming to him on behalf of such *mauvais sujets* (*anglice*, good-for-nothings); that she ought to be ashamed of herself for having such worthless sons, and that it was evident she must have given them an extremely bad education, for it to have produced such abominable fruits. What wonder that parties respectable as those we have just named, should have preferred *rusticating* altogether at Albano, Tivoli, and other places within reasonable distance, during the carnival, rather

than be answerable for anything that might occur in the course of it, among the thousands of discontented still left in the population of Rome, even imprisoned, watched, exiled, confiscated as it has been, and continues to be? But it was not only for a brief season that hundreds left Rome on this account; many, many of those hundreds expatriated themselves entirely solely from the same cause; and of the refugees that sadly track the streets of this busy metropolis, reading in the face of every hasty passer-by occupation which they cannot hope to obtain, viewing in every splendid equipage either a type of the rank they themselves have been accustomed to, or of which the patronage, under happier influences, would have given them the means of honourable subsistence, under their own azure skies,—of these unfortunate refugees—we may venture to pronounce that one-third have been compelled to seek an asylum

in our own generous world-embracing England *solely through disgust, not dread* of the debasing thralldom, bodily and mental, of the *presetti*. And shall England ever withdraw her protection of the oppressed, the calumniated, the wronged? No! she holds the principle of social liberty and equal rights too sacred a blessing from Him who is the Giver of all good, to appropriate it to herself, and to deny its benefits to others, as long as she has the inestimable privilege of extending them to all who step upon her honoured shores.

Great as are the abuses we have already shown as existing at this moment in the Papal dominions, greater remain to be unfolded; but of these at a future opportunity. Enough has been said already to prove that the Romans, at any rate, do not complain *without cause*, and that, complaining *with cause*, they have a right to our sympathy, and consequently to our aid.

A VISIT.*

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

ONE winter evening, it so happened that I was alone at home. A slight indisposition had kept me for two or three days within doors, and, though I was now well, it was thought advisable for me to remain quiet this night, and not go to any of the parties that carried off the rest of the family. And I was quite satisfied—then I used most to enjoy myself, when all alone at home; and with much good humour and many good wishes I said adieu to father and mother, sisters and brothers, as some went to the opera, and some to a ball, and some to a concert. Then, though we were generally a very quiet household, with a drop or two of gloominess coming from no matter what—we had just obtained a brighter place than usual: my eldest sister having become engaged to an excellent young man, and my youngest brother being just returned from college with very flattering testimonials, and full of hope and joyfulness, and love of his youngest sister, who also was equally in love with her brother. For myself, I was at that interesting period in a woman's life where she, young still, but not in her first youth, feels disposed to settle down in some way, and is not

without offers or opportunities, but still does not feel bound to sacrifice her freedom to anything below her heart's choice.

Well, they—my kith and kin—all went out, and I was left alone. I felt quite pleased with it. Putting out the lights, except one in each of the chandeliers in the two drawing-rooms, I began to walk slowly up and down the soft carpets, enjoying the solitude, and the pleasant light shedding itself from above over the rooms and their furniture. It was a romantic *clair obscur*, soft, and a little melancholy—and this evening I felt very romantic. A slight, not unpleasant, weakness remained after the past illness; but I was perfectly well, and with every moment a fresh gush of health and delicious life seemed to swell my heart and pervade my whole being: a certain soft motion kept rising within me. On the whole, I felt not quite so happy at being alone the *whole* evening, I wished somebody would come and partake of my solitude; it was too full for me. My heart bounded with sympathy towards my fellow-creatures; with good will to love, and to be loved; to interchange endearing words and good offices. I wanted only to give; I wanted only somebody good enough to receive; I felt my heart overflowing with good will for all the world and all the people in it. I left the door to the vestibule unlooked, in hope—not as in the extravagant fancies of my childhood—

* It will no doubt add to the interest with which this paper may be read, to know that it was written in English by Miss Bremer, and that it has not been necessary to alter a dozen words. Ed.

in hope that robbers and burglars would come in and give me an opportunity to develop some wonderful acts of courage or *présence d'esprit*;—no, I did not wish for robbers to come, but I did wish for somebody; and I had a strong presentiment that somebody would come, that I should not remain alone the whole evening. I felt sure that I should have a visit—a visit that could not but become of importance either to me or to somebody else. Then, anybody that would come in this evening must feel my influence—must experience something uncommon from the very volume of life that rolled in my veins, and that I would roll on him or her. A thousand feelings—a thousand thoughts—were in my heart and mind. But I walked silently to and fro in the rooms, now and then looking curiously down the street. Our house was a corner house: at the corner of the house opposite hung a street-lamp, not very bright nor brilliant, but still shedding a light clear enough on the spot under it, and on the objects nearest around. Right under the lamp hung, and swung in the evening wind, a huge red wooden glove (a glovemaking's sign), with the forefinger (a very long forefinger) pointing right down. The snow fell in large flakes round the lamp and the red glove on the frozen white ground. Now and then came persons—mostly men—wrapped up in their cloaks, passing right under the lamp and the red glove, and were, as they passed, lighted up by the former. I thought I recognised friends or acquaintances in some of them, and often it would seem as if they steered their way directly towards my house, but then again they were wrapped up in the darkness, and the great red glove swung, and the lamp shed its light, and the snow fell fast over the solitary spot—and again I paced the carpets of the drawing-rooms. No matter: it was yet good time for visiting, it was early yet, and a visit I should certainly have that night; and many a face passed in the *camera obscura* of my mind—many a vision of my expected visitor. First, I saw one that had been very kind to me, but that I had been less kind to; one of those that we esteem, but can neither like nor love, but now, this night, if that person would come, I should be so kind, so—it would not be my fault if that person did not feel amiable and loveable. And then there was somebody who had wronged me, and made me suffer. Oh! that *she* might come, that I might do her good instead—that I might make her rich and happy; it would give me the greatest pleasure. And then there was a man that was more to me than I to him—that I liked; a brilliant, interesting man,

that did not like me, but who was interested by me, liked to talk with me, and was a friend of mine. Oh! if he should come; he would love me, perhaps fall in love with me that evening! There was in me so much of that fire which makes everything light up and radiate. Was he quite fireproof? Well, still his spirit would light up by the light of mine; I knew it, and we would have such a talk about stars and showers of stars; about Copernicus, and Taylor, and Newton; and about electricity, and alchemy, and Berzelius: we would have such a great intellectual treat and conversation! And then there was another man, that liked me well, and would offer me heart and hand, if I would like him. Like him I could not; but feel very kindly, respectfully, almost tenderly for him, that I could—I did; and then he was a very good and very stately gentleman, and of a rank and fortune that well could flatter a little worldly vanity, and I had my share. Ah! if he should come this evening, and ask the question, I fear that I should not find heart to ask delay to consider, and so forth; I fear I should say "Yes," at once, and fix my destiny before I was sure it was well. My heart was too warm to be wise. I almost feared that he would come and ask me. But then there was an elderly married man, and a genius, that I loved as young women love elderly gentlemen who are geniuses, and are kind to them—adoringly, passionately. Oh! that he might come. No danger of his asking dangerous questions; no danger of becoming engaged to him, and fixing one's destiny before the heart was right fixed. If he should but come—what a delight to indulge looking at him—to give vent to the flow of thoughts and feelings with such a mind—to be inspired, and foolish, and nonsensical, in a sublime sense, as well he could be—to hear the effusions of that great heart, great as the world. He never had quite understood me; I never had been quite myself with him; this evening I should be so, he should know my heart. May-be he would ask me to do something for him—to give my purse, every shilling I possessed, to some poor persons—what a delight! And how I should treat him with tea, and wine, and cake, just as Hebe did Jupiter; and how he should enjoy it. Dear me, what an Olympian treat it would be! And then I saw a lady, whose very shadow on the wall I loved. Oh! that if she would but come, my dear, my bosom friend! What a delightful time we should have together, with tea and chat, and the outpourings of the heart. I would tell her everything: she would counsel me

wisely, as she was wont to do. Dear soul, how I loved her; tears filled my eyes in thinking of her, and that she would come—to be sure she was a hundred miles away, on her estate; but, no matter, it could very well happen that she should come. She liked to surprise people, and come unawares upon them, like the Emperor Nicholas. Very likely she would come this evening. My heart asked for it, and then I looked out of the window; the street-lamp flamed and flickered red; the great red glove swung to and fro, with the long forefinger pointing right out; the snow fell fast. I heard sleigh-bells ringing—a carriage was coming—may-be my friend in it. There it comes, right up against the house—my house. The light of the lamp glances over it—how snow-covered! Oh! I will kiss off the snow from her clothes—I will make her so comfortable and happy!

Away flew the carriage, with the lady and the snow-cloak, and the merry jingling bells. But there, now, the great red glove stands still, and the long forefinger points right down on a man wrapped up in a big cloak! I am sure it is the genius, and he is coming to pay me a visit. Dear great man! he comes right up to the house,—yes, no—he comes not—he turns to the left hand, it could not be he, he would not have passed me so! There, again the glove stands still, the finger points, and a slender figure passes under it—how like my friend the naturalist!—and he is coming right here,—no, he is not—he turns to the right hand. And the light flickers, and the snow falls, and the glove swings over the now solitary spot,—and I am still alone, and walk up and down the soft carpets in the romantic twilight.

After all, how gaudily life wears away! why should we not make the best of it? why not take the love and kindness that are offered, and make happy those that we can make happy? why should we think so much of ourselves alone, and be so afraid of not being so happy as happy can be? we must think also of others, and be content for ourselves with a moderate share of happiness.

Well! if the friend so kind and noble-hearted, whose heart I can claim, now claims my hand, this evening he shall have it, I believe! I will make him happy, and his whole house comfortable, and everybody about him! I must have something to do, to love, to live for! Well!—if he comes! . . . And then I looked out of the window. There now, this time the forefinger of the red hand points most decidedly down on a tall, stately figure,—and he is coming—yes, he is certainly coming—coming

right to this house; he enters the door! It must be he! how I felt my heart beat! I almost wished it was not he. And to be sure, if it were he who entered the house, he never came up the steps, nor opened the unlocked door of my house and heart—no, not this time; and the half-dreaded, half-wished-for question, was not asked now.

The next time I looked out of the window the lamp was obscured by a lowering mist, and the great red hand was swinging—and black figures were seen passing under it, as through a black veil—my heart began to feel a little low and sad. But—it was not too late yet for a visit; some of our friends used to come very late; somebody would yet come!

Next time I looked again for my visitor, the mist had fully come down, and I could not see a bit more of the lamp, nor the red glove, nor of the mystical figures passing under it. But as I happened to look upwards, I saw that the sky had cleared, and that the stars shone bright and brilliant; the City of God stood all in light over the earthly city, obscured by mist and darkness. I was struck by the sight of a constellation that I had not seen before; and the truth was, that taken up by earthly objects since a time, I had forgotten to follow up the study of the firmament, that I had begun, with the help of my friend the naturalist. Now I took my map and globe, and began to study; I put out the light in the great drawing-room, so as to leave the star-light alone, and made there my observatory. That side of the room looking towards a square was a fine space of sky to range over; and I began to range among the stars. After a while, I ascertained the names of several of the constellations new to me, and the names of their brightest stars; I made the acquaintance of several greater and smaller notabilities of the higher sphere, and read about them what wise men have thought and said. Then would come of themselves enlarging thoughts about the connexion of our planet and its human beings, and those shining worlds where lights and shadows, and weight and measure, are the same as here, and who, consequently, are related to us in soul and matter, in weal and woe, and who tell us of it in lovely shining stars. All this gave me great pleasure.

The servant came with the tea-tray; I was sitting alone, but had forgotten it. I enjoyed my tea and sandwiches, but only to return fresh to my study; and continued visiting among the stars, and making friends with them, till I felt bodily weary. I looked at the watch,—it was near midnight; I sat down on

the sofa in the small drawing-room; the light shone calmly and romantically as before; and I was as before—alone. Yet there was a pleasant calm—a feeling of plenitude and elevation in my soul—my heart was at rest. What was it that made me feel so well, though I had been disappointed in my visit? Left alone, I had not felt lonely nor at loss; I had studied the works of the Great Father; I had

learned and adored, and so forgotten time, solitude, myself, earth and earthly wishes, and my expected visit. Oh! was it not clear that I had had a visit after all—a visit, not from mortal friends, but from immortal? They had whispered to me, "Hereafter thou shalt never feel lonely when alone; then we will come to thee." And I was glad and thankful!

BIRDS IN CAPTIVITY.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE immediate subject of consideration is one of the most popular of the day—the management in health and treatment under disease of our indigenous and imported birds.

There cannot be a doubt of the increasing interest upon the subject of Natural History, various treatises teem from the press receiving their impetus from the *vox populi* calling aloud for wholesome food. Alack a day! the era of fables has passed away; wiser in our generation, the veriest toddler would lisp out its incredulity on the subjects of "Red Riding Hood" and "Puss in Boots," were a nurse-maid to be found daring enough to promulgate any history less veracious than the predatory habits of the wolf, or the amiable instincts of the domestic cat.

The opportunities afforded by the increase of steam navigation, for the importation of foreign birds, has an obvious tendency to induce the scientific naturalist to write of their habits, their instincts, and their homes; such histories treating only of the subject in a wild state, involve the serious considerations of voluminous matter and great expense. Yet, while admitting the full merit of learned disquisitions, I fearlessly assert the *want* of *practical* information for the management of our little helpless prisoners.

A treatise adapted to the daily use of the possessor of a bird or birds, free from the errors of prejudice and inexperience, is much required; and this deficiency has suggested, through the medium of a popular channel, the offer of a correct guide, for the preservation, in health and in song, of our caged favourites, affording to the public the results of long observation and practice, together with tried and approved remedies, under the many ills, that even the feathered race are "heirs to." I write *avec connaissance de cause*; there is no teacher like experience; the medical treatment of my numerous dependents was once a source of

perplexity; a foreign authority knew nothing of our British song birds—(the sweetest in the world!)—an English writer treated the German canary as if, instead of the stove-rearing among the miners, the dainty importation had all its lifetime fed upon rank seeds and inhaled our fogs. Being for many years the possessor of both home and foreign specimens, and bringing to the aid of my object the results of inquiries personally instituted among amateurs of every class, I may say I have "taken my degree," and shall, I trust, be found "qualified" to furnish a *desideratum*, the absence of which I have too frequently regretted.

I have found that the best informed upon the subject of birds in captivity, are those persons whose habits of life are sedentary; their monotonous pursuits lead them to observation, and a well-directed enthusiasm producing care, gentleness, and kindly feelings; and it may be set forth as an axiom, that where healthy and lively birds are found, their possessors love their pets, and have their advantage in the reflected gratification afforded by their meed of care, while others, only self-indulgent, weary of the charge.

I trust I may be able to induce a more general acquaintance with the nature and habits of our little cheerful companions, to the advantage of both parties. It is an old saying, and a good one, that "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well;" and, when to this aphorism is added a consideration involving animal suffering, or the contrary, I feel assured I shall not have spoken in vain, by trying to serve that class in creation which more than any other has a peaceful and holy influence on our nature. A bird can only by mute signs complain, but in its contentment has a voice of gladness and of praise.

Birds and flowers are among the inexpensive elegances of life; their possession adds to the

pleasures of the rich, and the labours of the poor are refreshed from a purifying source. In proportion to the means of each class will be found their several belongings. The gorguous bird, transplanted from his native land; the gentle linnet, taken from the nest; the captured nightingale, that "bears no rivalry," are each and all sufferers through ignorance—an ignorance not wilful, but from the want of a proper guide—a plain, practical adviser.

The "too much" or the "too little" of advice must be ever a matter of opinion. I have very much to say about cage management, which must be reserved until brought under the heads of the several birds to be discussed, confining myself in this place to a few brief hints as to the general care of hard-billed and soft-billed birds. The necessity for condensing even a popular theme in the pages of a periodical, as well as the consideration that the possessor of any particular bird would seek its history and interests under its name, have induced this arrangement.

The distinctive appellations of "hard and soft billed" have given rise to much error in the treatment of the former. Being styled "granivorous," they are too frequently limited to seed. The class so called includes Grosbeaks, Finches, and Buntings. Of the first-named and the latter we have but few natives. Each and all require, in addition to seed, soft food, as a substitute for the variety provided by nature. Canary, millet and hemp are common to the home and foreign birds; rape and flax are shunned by the latter, and paddie (or unshelled rice) avoided by the former. In an aviary these little variations are of no consequence, the supply being equal to the demand; but where each bird has its own habitat, the provision should be made accordingly.

The soft food, to be given in glass, japanned tin, or zinc vessels, should be *changed daily*. Bread and milk, (*toast* and milk is even better,) German paste, chopped egg and crumbs of roll or sweet bun, potatoes mashed alone or with oatmeal added, bread and butter cut thin and finely chopped, and in most cases a little bit of scraped or chopped raw beef. A vessel of new milk, and green food *in season*, (never to be given during frost,) of which I consider the small-leaved chickweed, salad, cresses, and grass-seeds the best. Lettuce and maw (or poppy) seeds should be sprinkled over the vessel of bread and milk occasionally.

A little watchful care will soon point out the preference shown by a bird to any particular supply; yet it frequently happens that

he will leave untouched one day the food that the next he may enjoy. These little caprices are in accordance with all animal nature. I therefore enjoin it as a rule to give the regular bill of fare *daily*, and *withdraw in the evening that portion liable to become objectionable*.

Exercise, air, and cleanliness do more for birds than even an abundance of food. By the former I mean suitable cages, and in some cases a flight about the room, under due precaution from accidents; by the latter I am to be understood as advising well-cleansed cages weekly, fresh sand or fine gravel, sometimes clay, every other day, water-fountains and baths renewed daily, the latter cold in summer, tepid at other seasons.

The evils of an unnatural state of confinement can only be alleviated by our just and careful attendance; by these the owner of a little dependent being will find his reward—through the contrary, sad suffering must be the result. We are bound to foster and protect the little creature whose life is at our mercy—whose melody is at our service. A few minutes each morning will serve to avert the merited reproach of cruel neglect; deaths by starvation; bad feet, from soiled perches; parasites, from unwashed cages; asthma and consumption, from sour soft food, and withered vegetable matter, from exposure to draughts of air, an uneven temperature, a broiling sun, or an easterly wind, leaving the defenceless, unsheltered bird in misery, leading on to death. Let not my readers look lightly upon sufferings inflicted upon that which is a portion of the creation. "The sparrow on the housetop" is not despised of God!

The soft-billed birds are generally called *Songsters*, and embrace several genera. The LARK SPECIES may be pronounced as on the outskirts, being to a certain degree granivorous; the bill varies from both orders; the claw is peculiar; and these birds dust themselves, instead of bathing; the food must therefore accord. For SKYLARKS it should be German paste, mixed with crumb of roll, and occasionally hard boiled yolk of egg added; also oats, varied by substituting groats—the former being heating. Hempseed is given by some amateurs, and it is difficult to deprive the bird afterwards of it; but it is objectionable. Fresh water and sand, chopped cabbage and cress, with a fresh sod of turf, a cheerful sunny aspect, without draughts of air, will, combined, preserve both health and song. The cage best adapted will be noted elsewhere.

The WOODLARK'S food should consist of German paste, crumb of roll or sweet bun,

crushed hemp (one-fourth), and occasionally chopped egg; fresh water daily. Clay, dry, not too fine, is better than sand; their feet being delicate, it cuts like glass. A small sod of peat, in addition to a perch, is necessary.

The lark species, together with the bullfinch and chaffinch, are generally classed under the head "granivorous and insectivorous." I am inclined to place the two latter birds with the seed-eaters, which, according to my rule, get soft food in addition. Larks eat ants and mealworms, and ant-mould improves their condition.

THRUSHES AND BLACKBIRDS are berry and insect eaters; but an artificial state of life brings them readily to prepared food. German paste, with bread-crumbs, is the most nourishing; a little scraped raw beef, bread and butter, and occasionally chopped egg. Fruit, slugs, and mealworms, *ad occasio*, may form a desert. Many disorders may be averted by giving a change of food to soft-billed birds. To this hardy kind an alteration in diet once a week is desirable: crushed scalded hempseed, made into a paste with bread-crumbs, or bean-meal and potato, the latter blended, and the meal mixed through it; but observe if the thrush or blackbird will partake of these varieties; they are capricious—some disliking moist food, others loathing the dry. The latter has great advantages, giving strength, liveliness, and song. Fig-dust and crushed hemp are given to nestlings.

NIGHTINGALES were once a puzzle: they are too delicate for experiments, and the only suitable food is the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, pressed through an iron sieve, with an equal quantity of scraped raw beef, moistened with water. Ants, ants' eggs, and the mould in which they are found, are all desirable; mealworms occasionally, if ailing especially. When nightingales are not fat, (they become so generally in autumn,) the water may be omitted, prescribed for moistening the egg and beef. Apoplexy is threatened, when any soft-billed bird begins to totter; *immediately* change the food from dry to moist. Sand, water, cleanliness, and *quiet* management are essential. The skin of the nightingale is so porous, that a bath in winter would cause death. At no time allow the water given for bathing to be *below the temperature of the room*.

ROBINS must also have a change of food at times: the best for general use is German paste, roll-crumbs, and hard-boiled yolk of egg, reduced to a pulp by a few drops of water, and a little raw scraped beef. A change may be made to German paste, bread-crumbs, and bullock's liver grated fine and mixed: the latter

ingredient creates thirst, and the flavour it once possessed is disappearing. These birds like bread and butter also, and mealworms entice them to great familiarity. They are wonderful bathers. At the spring season they droop, their feathers look ruffled, then clammy—*before the last state* emancipate a bird unfit for the cage, for the imprisonment of which its captors are doubly culpable; for this little friend of man volunteers his visits, and asks but liberty in return, for his merry bow and his song. One taken from London to the neighbourhood of Dublin was mercifully set free when the spring gladdened his little heart. *Every day until the year following* "Bob" paid his visit at the window; he then introduced his wife; the cares of paternity caused a decline in his diurnal salutations, but I have no doubt the returning autumn will find him at his post. A white feather marked him above his kind; indeed, he permitted "no (robin) near his throne."

Of the *wholly* insectivorous class it is *here* useless to write: they are the most delicate birds, mostly unfit for confinement, and their various treatment requiring separate heads. The wren family—the wagtail species—the redstarts, wheatears, blue-breasts, stone-chats, and black-caps are the true *syliade* (warblers). In the proper place, I purpose giving to each bird its history, with all the attention and effects of research in my power. I cannot add much of personal experience in this most difficult division, for, with *very few* exceptions, I think the hand of man is fatal.

A chapter will be devoted to the "large-beaked birds:" a few words will in this place suffice.

PARROTS are as injudiciously treated as petted children: where any sensible management is shown them (the birds), they thrive well, and repay all care. Subject to many ailments, in consequence of an ill-adapted climate, want of exercise, and over-feeding, attention on the part of the owner should be directed to *great simplicity of diet*. Bread soaked in water or tea, and squeezed rather dry, with a few chillies throughout; a vessel containing biscuit, or, better still, toast, on which boiled milk has been poured. In a division of the feeding vessel place wheat, (new if possible,) Indian corn pounded, also canary seed; water to drink —(the most comical error has been bruited about that *parrots do not drink*, originating, I conclude, in some of the tribe inhabiting spots far from streams; but in a free state how juicy are the fruits they obtain!) Eschew hempseed; it is, as a *dietary supply*,

deleterious to the feathered race. A few grains of the small or Russian hemp may be admitted to the store-closet, but only "exhibited" as a treat, indicative of a *rendre* being looked for—your bullfinch to "pipe" an extra waltz, your canary to perform his feats of love—but parrots are more than any other birds subject to ailments, the "cure" for which has puzzled learned ornithologists; the "prevention" should be addressed to preserving a pure state of blood. A chicken-bone is not hurtful to a healthy bird; but, to the pampered, gouty "individual," plain fare is advisable: fruits are wholesome. On these matters I shall hereafter fully treat, confining myself to this additional observation, that atrophy is among their complaints; therefore, nourishing plain food will best avert the evil. The French call one disorder "*s'arracher les plumes*," and it is among the most serious. The greediness of this class is proverbial, indigestion results, and, like all over-indulged "darlings," they carry out by temper those unwholesome measures once injudiciously indulged. The food of parrots being succulent, they do not appear to drink; but so necessary are liquids to them, that sugar-candy is frequently added to the water in the cup to tempt them.

One great and general error is the cold to which these poor sufferers are exposed. In neither the Old nor the New Continent are they to be found, *with few exceptions*, in a colder latitude than 25 degrees. I therefore recommend a *night covering*, only descending, for obvious reasons, half-way downwards,—a plan I adopt successfully with all my birds. If the cage is circular, the covering fits the upper portion; if oblong, it extends over *half* of the two sides, one end and top; thereby giving warmth and seclusion, with pure air

and morning light—the instinctive attraction with all unsophisticated nature.

I have been, in this *resumé*, desirous to preserve to their possessors these justly-deserved favourites. While, in reality, they are sufferers from captivity, they are supposed to be gifted with endurance proportionate to their size,—a too common error!—their endearing ways—their extraordinary powers of imitation, both of words and actions, would almost argue a sense beyond that of instinct. Companionable, capable of strong attachment, and ready to forgive us the misfortune of imprisonment, are strong appeals to considerate treatment.

These prefatory pages touch only upon general management; the peculiarities of individual species will elicit, in future chapters, observations upon natural tendencies, seasonable distribution, and migratory impulses, so far as to render easy the transition from birds on the wing to those in confinement.

Birds are, to the observer, harbingers of all changes in nature; they are the keys to natural history, and, if we persist in keeping them in a state never designed, let us, at least, substitute care, kindness, and the nearest approach, in their treatment, to the provision so bountifully supplied where they are indigenous to the soil.

It may here be observed, that while some of our natives and strangers require to be placed in separate cages, as much from their shy habits as from some peculiarity in their allotment of food, others—and by far the most numerous—delight in the freedom of an aviary or aviary-cage. Of the provision necessary—of the suitability of the proposed inmates—I am prepared to write, having been the possessor of birds, in both positions, for many years.

INNOCENCE.

THE works of Jean Baptiste Greuze, the painter of the elegant little picture from which the engraving entitled "Innocence" is taken, may be cited as exemplifying the general character of the French school of art during the past century, prior to the appearance of David, who seems to have arrived just in time to rescue it from the low state of inanity, feebleness, and falsehood, into which it was rapidly sinking; though he perpetuated many of its errors, especially its affectations; from these it seems almost impossible for the majority of the French artists to disengage themselves.

The terms here applied may seem somewhat harsh and unjust in the opinion of those who regard art as intended only to confer a transient enjoyment, and feel not that its highest and holiest end is to exercise an efficient moral power on mankind.

The corruptions which had spread over the whole surface of society in France before the great Revolution, and which broke out in those terrible convulsions that to this day still agitate it, penetrated even to the retirement of the artist's studio, and too often infected his labours with their unhealthy and unworthy influences;



so that the result of those labours, as a modern writer eloquently and enthusiastically remarks, when speaking of the state of art generally, "has never taught us one deep or holy lesson; it has not recorded that which is fleeting, nor penetrated that which is hidden, nor interpreted that which was obscure; it has never made us feel the wonder, nor the power, nor the glory, of the universe; it has not prompted to devotion, nor touched with awe; its power to move and exalt the heart has been fatally abused, and perished in the abusing. That which ought to have been a witness to the omnipotence of God has become an exhibition of the dexterity of man, and that which should have lifted our thoughts to the throne of the Deity has encumbered them with the inventions of his creatures."*

It is impossible to separate national art from national tastes and habits; the philosophy of the studio, so to speak, is derived from the pursuits and the predilections of the community. The mythology of the ancient Greeks peopled their groves and temples with the statues and paintings of their deities; the saint-worship of the middle ages called into existence the host of great names which have immortalised the schools of Italy and Spain, and, later still, a few in that of the Low Countries; while Watteau and Greuze found amid the gaieties and frivolities of the time of Louis XIV and his successors fit subjects for their pencils. The argument applies equally to every period and country; few among us but would prefer a group of dogs by Landseer, a "Boy's School" by Webster, or a landscape by Creswick, to any "St. Jerome" or "St. Agnes" that ever was painted. But we are not prepared to argue that such preferences are, in all cases, to be encouraged; apart from the pleasure to be derived from pictures, is the consideration—certainly of no less importance—what mental enjoyment will their possession afford? Like books, unless they teach us something, they are comparatively worthless, and may be classed only among the ornamental furniture of the apartment where they hang.

Greuze was born in 1726, at Tournus, in Burgundy, and studied painting first in Lyons, afterwards at the Academy of Arts in Paris, and subsequently in Rome. His pictures are chiefly of what is called the *genre* kind, that is, they refer to domestic scenes and ordinary incidents of life, and he frequently painted

portraits; the only historical work from his hand is "Severus reprimanding his son for calling." The titles of some of his most popular pictures will best explain the sort of subjects he usually selected: "The Good Father," "The Little Girl and the Dog," "Good Education," "The Blind Man cheated," "The Broken Pitcher," "The Village Bride," &c. &c. He had a decided partiality for exciting and pathetic scenes, but generally treated them with a degree of extravagance and affectation that destroyed their natural truth and simplicity. The same remark will apply to his portraits, especially of young females; they are graceful but not refined, and sometimes not chaste in expression of character. Greuze was long an associate of the French Academy; but upon being elected a full member, he was placed in the *genre* class, which he considered below his deserts, and therefore retired altogether from the institution. He died at an advanced age in 1805.

Within the last few years the pictures of this painter have been much sought after in this country by collectors, but for what reason it is difficult to understand, inasmuch as they have comparatively little merit as works of real art. His figures are generally correct and vigorous in drawing, but, as previously remarked, extravagant in expression; his colouring, except his flesh tints, is cold, feeble, and inharmonious, and his light and shade are unskilfully and ineffectually managed. But he has recently grown into fashion, and consequently large sums are now offered for productions that scarcely exhibit either mind or matter. As an instance of this, the writer was present at a sale of pictures a year or two since, when a small oval painting, representing only the head of a young girl, was knocked down to the present Marquis of Hertford for upwards of eight hundred guineas; a dozen works, better in every respect, might have been purchased out of our annual exhibitions for less than the sum paid for this single piece of prettiness.

The original of the "Innocence" is certainly among the best pictures of its class which Greuze painted; it is more free from affectation, and charms no less by its sweetness of expression than by its purity; it shows, that if the artist had been thrown amid other scenes, or had his mind been directed by more elevated principles, he might have risen to the rank of a great painter; but now, as one of his countrymen writes of him, he is only "unique" in the French school.

* Preface to the second edition of Ruskin's "Modern Painters."

THE LUCKY PENNY.

DR MRS. S. C. HALL.

CHAP. I.

"AND what will you do with yours, Willy?"

"I dun know," replied the heavy-looking urchin, while he turned the halfpence over and over in his hand; "two hap'nees; it's not much." Ned pirouetted on one broad bare foot, and tossed a summerset on the pavement, close to the pretty basket shop at a corner of Covent Garden Market, while "Willy" pondered over the halfpence. When "Ned" recovered his breath, and had shouldered the door-post for half a minute, he again spoko:

"And that one, just riding away on his fine responsible horse, thought he'd make our fortunes, this frosty new-year's morning, with his three pence betwixt three of us—and his grand condition—that we should meet him on this spot, if living, this day twel'months, and tell him what we did with the pennies! Hurroo! as if we could remember. I say, Willy, suppose you and I toss up for them—head wins?"

"No, no," replied the prudent Willy, putting the halfpence into his pocket, and attempting to button the garment; an unsuccessful attempt, inasmuch as there was no button: "No; I'll not make up my mind jist yet; I'll may-be let it lie, and show it him this day twal'month. He may give more for taking care of un."

"Easy, easy," persisted Ned, "let tail win, if you don't like head."

"I'll not have it, no way."

"But where's Richard gone?" inquired the careless boy, after varying his exercise by walking on his hands, and kicking his feet in the air.

"I dun know" replied the other; "it's most like he's gone home: that's where he goes most times: he comes the gentleman over us because of his education."

"He has no spirit," said Ned, contemptuously; "he never spends his money like—like me."

"He got the 'lucky penny,' for all that," answered Willy, "for I saw the hole in it myself."

"Look at that now!" exclaimed Ned; "it's ever the way with him; see now, if that don't turn up something before the year's out. While we sleep under bridges, in tatur-baskets, and 'darkies,' he sleeps on a bed; and his mother

stitches o'nights, and days too. He's as high up as a gentleman, and yet he's as keen after a job as a cat after a sparra."

The two boys lounged away, while the third—the only one of the three who had *earned* his penny, by holding a gentleman's horse for a moment, while the others looked on—had passed rapidly to a small circulating library near Cranbourne Alley, and laying down his penny on the counter, looked in the bookseller's face, and said, "Please, sir, will you lend me the works of Benjamin Franklin—for a penny?"

The bookseller looked at the boy, and then at the penny, and inquired if he were the lad who had carried the parcels about for Thomas Brand, when he was ill.

The boy said he was.

"And would you like to do so now, on your own account?" was the next question. The pale pinched-up features of the youth crimsoned all over, and his dark deep-set eyes were illumined as if by magic.

"Be your messenger, sir?—indeed I would."

"Who could answer for your character?"

"My mother, sir; she knows me best," he replied with great simplicity.

"But who knows her?" said the bookseller, smiling.

"Not many, sir; but the landlady where we live, and some few others."

The bookseller inquired what place of worship they attended.

The lad told him, but added, "My mother has not been there lately."

"Why not?"

The deep flush returned, but the expression of the face told of pain, not pleasure. "My mother, sir, has not been well—and—the weather is cold—and her clothes are not warm." He eagerly inquired if he was wanted that day. The bookseller told him to be there at half-past seven the next morning, and that, meanwhile, he would inquire into his character.

The boy could hardly speak; unshed tears stood in his eyes, and, after sundry scrapes and bows, he rushed from the shop.

"Holloa, youngster!" called out the bookseller, "you have not told me your mother's name or address." The boy gave both, and again ran off. Again the bookseller shouted, "Holloa!"

"You have forgotten Franklin."

The lad bowed and scraped twice as much as ever; and muttering something about "joy" and "mother," placed the book inside his jacket and disappeared.

Richard Dolland's mother was seated in the smallest of all possible rooms, which looked into a court near the "Seven Dials." The window was but little above the flags, for the room had been slipped off the narrow entrance; and, stowed away into a corner, where there was space for a bedstead, a small table, a chair, and a box; there was a little bookshelf; upon it were three or four old books, an ink bottle, and some stumpy pens; and the grate only contained wood ashes.

Mrs. Dolland was plying her needle and thread at the window; but she did not realize that wonderful Daguerrotype of misery which one of our greatest poets drew; for she was *not* clad in "Unwomanly rags,"

though the very light coloured cotton-dress—the worn-out and faded blue "comforter" round her throat—the pale and purple hue of her face, proclaimed that poverty had been beside her many a dreary winter's day. The snow was drizzling in little hard bitter knots, not falling in soft gentle flakes, wooing the earth to resignation; and the woman, whose slight, almost girlish, figure, and fair braided hair, gave her an aspect of extreme youth, bent more and more forward to the light, as if she found it difficult to thread her needle; she rubbed her eyes until they became quite red; she rubbed the window-glass with her handkerchief (that *was* torn); and at last her hands fell into her lap, and large tears coursed each other over her pale cheeks; she pressed her eyes, and tried again; no—she could not pass the fine thread into the fine needle.

Oh, what an expression saddened her face into despair! she threw back her head, as if appealing to the Almighty; she clasped her thin palms together, and then, raising them slowly, pressed them on her eyes.

A light quick bounding step echoed in the little court—the mother knew it well; she arose, as if uncertain what to do—she shuddered—she sat down—took up her work; and when Richard, in passing, tapped against the window, she met the flushed excited face of her son with her usual calm, quiet smile.

"Here's a bright new-year's-day, mother!" he exclaimed.

"Where?" she said, looking drearily out at the falling snow, and dusting it off her son's coat with her hand.

"Everywhere, mother!"—he laid the book on the table—"I earned a penny, and I've got a place—there!"

"Got a place!" repeated the woman; and then her face flushed—"with whom? how?"

He detailed the particulars. "And I gave the penny, mother dear," he added, "to read the 'Works of Benjamin Franklin,' which will teach me how to grow rich and good; I'll read the book to you this evening, while you work."

The flush on her cheek faded to deadly paleness.

"I don't know what's the matter with my eyes, Richard—they are so weak."

"Looking on the snow, mother; mine grow weak when I look on the snow."

How she caught at the straw!—"I never thought of that, Richard; I dare say it is bad. And what did ye with the penny, dear?"

"I told you, mother; I got the reading of the 'Works of Benjamin Franklin' for it, and it's a book that will do me great good; I read two or three pages here and there of it, at the very shop where I am to be employed, when I was there for Thomas Brand, before he died. It was just luck that took me there to look for it—the book, I mean—and then the gentleman offered me the place; I'm sure I have worn, as Ned Brady says, 'the legs off my feet,' tramping after places—and *that* to offer itself to *me*—think of that, mother! Poor Tom Brand had four shillings a-week, but he could not make out a bill—I can; Benjamin Franklin (he wrote 'Poor Richard's Almanac,' you know) says, 'there are no gains without pains;' and I'm sure poor father took pains enough to teach me, though I have the gains, and he had the—"

The entrance of his future master arrested Richard's eloquence; he made a few inquiries, found his way into a back kitchen to the landlady, and, being satisfied with what he heard, engaged the lad at four shillings a-week; he looked kindly at the gentle mother, and uncomfortably at the grate; then slid a shilling into Mrs. Dolland's hand, "in advance."

"It was not 'luck,' Richard," said she to her son, after the long, gaunt-looking man of books had departed; "it's all come of God's goodness!"

There was a fire that evening in the widow's little room, and a whole candle was lit; and a cup of tea, with the luxuries of milk, sugar, and a little loaf, formed their new-year's fete; and yet two-pence remained out of the book-seller's loan!—

When their frugal meal was finished, Mrs. Dolland worked on mechanically, and Richard

threaded her needle; the boy read aloud to her certain passages which he thought she might like, he wondered she was not more elated at his success; she seemed working unconsciously, and buried in her own thoughts; at last, and not without a feeling of pain, he ceased reading aloud, and forgot all external cares in the deep interest he took in the self-helping volume that rested on his lap.

Suddenly he looked up, aroused by a sort of half-breathed sigh; his mother's large eyes were fixed upon him,—there was something in the look and the expression he thought he had never seen before.

"Richard," she said, "is there any hope in that book?"

"Hope, mother! why, it is full, full of hope; for a poor lad, it is one great hope from beginning to end. Why, many a copy my father set from Poor Richard's Almanac, though I don't think he knew it. Don't you remember 'Help hands, for I have no lands,' and 'Diligence is the mother of good luck,' and that grand long one I wrote in small-hand—'Since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.'"

"Yes, dear, those were pleasant days; I mind them well; when *he* went, *all* went.

"No, mother," replied the boy; "and I don't know what is the matter to-day, you are not a bit like yourself; you used to say that God was always with us, and that hope was a part of God.—And it is new-year's-day, and has begun so well; I have got a place—and a nice one; suppose it had been at a butcher's or green-grocers?—we should have been thankful,—but among books, and such like, with odd minutes for reading, and every penny of four shillings a-week;—mother, you need not work so hard now."

"I can't, Richard," she said; and then there was a long pause.

When she spoke again her voice seemed stifled. "I have been turning in my own mind what I could do; what do you think of ballad-singing—and a wee dog to lead me?"

"What is it, mother?" inquired the boy; and he flung himself on his knees beside her. "What sorrow is it?"

She laid her cheek on his head, while she whispered—so terrible did the words seem—"I am growing *dark*, my child; I shall soon be quite, quite *BLIND*." He drew back, pushed the hair off her brow, and gazed into her eyes steadily.

"It is over-work—weakness—illness—it cannot be blindness; it will soon be all right again; they are only a very little dim, mother."

And he kissed her eyes and brow until his lips were moist with her tears.

"If God would but spare me my sight, just to keep on a little longer, and keep me from the parish (though we have good right to its help), and save me from being a burden—a millstone—about your neck, Richard!"

"Now don't, mother; I will not shed a tear this blessed new-year's-day; I won't believe it is as you say; it's just the trouble and the cold you have gone through; and the tenderness you were once used to—though I only remember my father a poor schoolmaster, still he took care of you. You know my four shillings a-week will do a great deal; it's a capital salary," said the boy, exultingly; "four broad white shillings a-week! you can have some nourishment then." He paused a moment and opened his eyes. "I suppose I am not to live in the house; if I was, and you had it *ALL*—Oh, mother, you would n't be so comfortable!"

Presently he took down his father's Bible, and read a psalm—it was the first Psalm:—

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the council of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful;

"But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night;

"And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."—

The boy paused.

"There, mother! is there not hope in that?"

"There is, indeed—and comfort," answered the widow; "and I am always glad when you read a book containing plenty of hope. The present is often so miserable that it is natural to get away from it, and feel and know there is something different to come; I have often sat with only hope for a comforter when you have been seeking employment; and I have been here without food or fire, or anything—but hope."

"And I used to think you so blythe, mother, when I came into the court, and heard you singing."

"I have often sobbed through a song, Richard, and yet it was comfort, somehow, to sing it. I dare say there is a deal of hope in that new book of yours, but I wish it may be sanctified hope—hope of the right kind. Your poor father used to talk of unsanctified philosophy, but he was too wise, as well as too good for me—you ought to be good and wise, my child—God grant it!"

"To look at it, mother," said the boy, with an earnestness beyond his years; "I was so full of joy at being employed, that I thought my heart would break, and *now*—" his young

spirit bounded bravely above the trial—"no—not now will I believe what you fear; rest and comfort; you need not embroider at nights now; you can knit, or make nets, but no fine work."

Strangers, to have heard him talk, would have imagined that his luxuriant imagination was contemplating four pounds instead of four shillings a-week; only those who have wanted, and counted over the necessities to be procured by pence, can comprehend the wealth of shillings.

These two were alone in the world; the husband and father had died of consumption; he had been an earnest, true, book-loving man, whose enthusiastic and poetic temperament had been branded as "dreamy"—certainly, he was fonder of thinking than of acting; he had knowledge enough to have given him courage, but perhaps the natural delicacy of his constitution rendered his struggles for independence insufficient; latterly, he had been a schoolmaster, but certain religious scruples prevented his advancing with the great education movement beginning to agitate England; and when his health declined, his scholars fell away: but as his mental strength faded, that of his wife seemed to increase. She was nothing more than a simple, loving, enduring, industrious woman, noted in the village of their adoption as possessing a most beautiful voice; and often had the sound of her own minstrelsy, hymning God's praise, or on week-days welling forth the tenderness or chivalry of an old ballad, been company and consolation to her wearied spirit.

Books and music refine external things; and born and brought up in their atmosphere, Richard, poor, half-starved, half-naked, running hither and thither in search of employment, and cast among really low, vicious, false, intemperate, godless children, was preserved from contagion. It was a singular happiness that his mother never feared for him; one of the many bits of poetry of her nature, was the firm faith she entertained that the son of her husband—whose memory was to her as the protection of a titular saint—could not be tainted by evil example. She knew the boy's burning thirst for knowledge; she knew his struggles, not for ease, but for labour; she knew his young energy, and wondered at it; she knew the devotional spirit that was in him;—yet in all these things she put no trust: but she felt as though the invisible but present spirit of his father was with him through scenes of sin and misery, and encompassed him as with a halo, so that he might walk, like the prophets

of Israel, through a burning fiery furnace unscathed.

These two—mother and son—were alone in their poverty-stricken sphere; and that new-year's-day had brought to the mother both hope and despair: but though an increasing film came between her and the delicate embroidery she wrought with so much skill and care,—though the confession that she was growing "dark," caused her sharper agony than she had suffered since her husband's death,—still, as the evening drew on, and she put by her work, her spirit lightened under the influence of the fresh and healthful hope which animated her son. She busied herself with sundry contrivances for his making a neat appearance on the following day; she forced him into a jacket which he had out-grown, to see how he looked, and kissed and blessed the bright face which, she thanked God, she could still see. Together they turned out, and over and over again, the contents of their solitary box; and Richard, by no means indifferent to his personal appearance at any time, said, very frankly, that he thought his acquaintances, Ned Brady and William, or Willy "No-go," as he was familiarly styled, would hardly recognize him on the morrow, if they should chance to meet.

"But if I lend you this silk handkerchief, that was your poor father's, to tie round your neck, don't let it puff you up," said the simple-minded woman, "don't; and don't look down upon Ned Brady and William No-go (what an odd name); if they are good lads, you might ask them in to tea some night (that is, when we have tea); they must be good lads, if you know them."

And then followed a prayer and a blessing, and, much later than usual, after a few happier tears, another prayer, and another blessing, the worn-out eyes, and those so young and fresh, closed in peaceful sleep.

"Neddy, my boy!" stammered Mrs. Brady to her son, as she staggered to her wretched lodging that night, "it's wonderful luck ye' had with that penny; the four-pence ye' won through it at 'pitch and toss' has made a woman of me; I am as happy as a queen—as a queen, Neddy." The unfortunate creature flourished her arm so decidedly that she broke a pane of glass in a shopkeeper's window, and was secured by a policeman for the offence; poor unfortunate Ned followed his mother, with loud incoherent lamentations, wishing "bad luck" to every one, but more especially to the police, and the gentleman that brought him into misery by his *mean* penny;—if it had

been a sum he could have done anything with—but a penny! what could be done with one poor penny, but spend it!

Willy's penny went into a box with several

other coins; his mother lacked the common necessaries of life,—still Willy hoarded, and continued to look after his treasure as a magpie watches the silver coin she drops into a hole in a castle wall.

THE BIRMAN EMPIRE—THE SEAT OF WAR.

BY HORACE ST. JOHN.

THE British are once more carrying on war in Asia; the succession of their conquests is close and rapid. Scarcely was the army returned from Afghanistan, than Sir Charles Napier was routing a host at the gates of Sindh; and no sooner was his victory ratified by peace in the valley of the Indus, than a hundred great guns were roaring along the banks of the Sutlej. All these episodes awakened in England much interest concerning the independent territories contiguous to our own in the East; and it became important to inquire into the nature and condition of the countries thus connected with British India. We are now again at war, not with a petty state, but with the most extensive, and one of the most ancient sovereignties in the neighbourhood of Hindustan. It is, therefore, interesting to glance at its situation, extent, resources, and actual advance in the arts and advantages of civilization. The information is the more necessary to be diffused, because a considerable division of its territory will probably fall under our rule.

In the south-eastern extremity of Asia, or India beyond the Ganges, is situated the extensive empire of Birmah. It is enclosed between Assam and Tibet on the north, the Indian Ocean and Siam on the south, and on the east the unexplored regions of Laos, Laetho, and Cambodia; the river Nauf and a ridge of hills separate it on the west from the British districts of Tipperah and Chittagong, in Bengal. From the rapacious character of its sovereigns, however, the limits of the Birman Empire, except where confined by the sea, have perpetually fluctuated, and generally continued to enlarge. Conquest has added province after province to its original dominion; its length may now be estimated at about a thousand miles, and its breadth at six hundred; while its total area has been computed at a hundred and ninety-four thousand. Ava Proper, however, which constitutes the seat of the ancient monarchy, is a moderately-sized country in the centre,—various subjugated territories lying

around,—Pegu, Martaoan, Junk Ceylon, Yunshan, Lowashan, and Cassay, with, formerly, Arracan, Tenasserim, Mergui, and Tavoy, which were conquered by the British in 1826. There are some good harbours on the coast, with several rivers of considerable size,—the Irrawaddy, the Kinduen, the Lokiang, and the Pegu, besides one or two beautiful lakes.

Throughout the cleared tracts of this large country, except over the hot and moist lands of the Delta, there prevails a very healthy climate; its seasons are regular, and the extremes of temperature are seldom experienced, except just previously to the rains, when the heat becomes, for a few days, sultry and oppressive. Indeed, with the exception of a broad delta, formed by the mouths of the Irrawaddy, the surface is generally hilly and dry. In the south are provinces with a remarkably fine soil, producing crops of rice as heavy as are yielded by the richest lands in Bengal, which is considered the Lombardy of Asia. In the north, the rugged and mountainous tracts are comparatively poor, as all such regions are, but the small plains and valleys are everywhere of superior fertility; they grow excellent wheat, with all kinds of grains and legumes found in other parts of India. Among the indigenous productions are sugar-canes, tobacco of remarkable quality, indigo, cotton, and innumerable tropical fruits. In one province, towards the north-east, tea is cultivated, but of a poor flavour, and seldom used by the inhabitants, except as a pickle. Several districts contain forests of the celebrated *Avan* teak-tree, flourishing principally among hills. Every species of timber found in Hindustan thrives in Birmah, with the fir, though this, on account of its soft wood, is of little value, except for the turpentine it yields. Unfortunately, also, the forests are exceedingly unhealthy, and none can follow the occupation of wood-cutters except men of certain particular tribes, born and bred on the mountains: even these are said to be very short-lived.

There are few Indian countries more rich in

minerals than Ava. In the north, about six days' journey from Bunoo, are mines of gold and silver. On a hill near Kinduen are others, and rubies and sapphires are found there in great numbers, as well as near the capital. So long have these localities been famed, that in the sixteenth century the jewellers of Europe travelled to them for their costly gems. Iron, tin, lead, antimony, arsenic, and sulphur, are found in vast abundance; amber, pure and pellucid, is dug up near the streams, in the beds of which rich auriferous deposits are discovered. One which flows between the Kinduen and the Irawaddy is called among the natives the "River of Golden Sand." There are no diamonds or emeralds in Birmah, but amethysts, garnets, chrysolites, and jasper, with marble, which, when polished, is almost transparent, and equals the finest of that from which the unrivalled genius of Italian art has created forms of all but living beauty. The Emperor monopolises this article, which is held sacred, because from it are sculptured the images of the gods, to be seen in the bell-shaped temples of the country. Among royal privileges, also, is that of possessing the celebrated wells which yield petroleum oil, universally used in Birmah, and producing for the crown a large revenue.

Between Amarapura, in Ava, and Yunnan, in China, is carried on a lucrative trade. The principal export is white and brown cotton, which is carried up the Irawaddy in capacious boats as far as Bamoo, where a number of merchants from the Celestial Empire congregate to buy, and transport it to their own city in caravans. Amber, ivory, jewels, betel nuts, and edible birds' nests, from the blooming islands of the Indian Archipelago, are also exchanged with them for raw and wrought silks, velvets, gold leaf, preserves, paper, and hardware. Several thousand boats are continually passing up and down the great stream with rice, salt, and pickled sprats; the Irawaddy, indeed, is the principal channel of commerce into the heart of that extensive population. A few trains of men, however, proceed once a-year over the mountains, from Arracan, bearing on their heads packs of various merchandize—English broad-cloths, Bengal muslins, silk handkerchiefs, china, and glass. Cocoa-nuts from the Nicobar Isles are esteemed a great delicacy, and sold at a high price. In return, these primitive traders carry back precious stones, gumlac, and silver, though the export of that metal is prohibited.

Teak and other timber is exported to British India, but being a royal privilege, the trade is

restricted. At one time, the king, having granted a monopoly of it to some favourite, the teak planks were sold at more than five pounds sterling a pair—that is, the equivalent of so much English money; for in Birmah, as in China, there is no minted coin,—the currency is silver bullion and lead. All common articles are exchanged for so many weights of lead, a metal which has thus acquired an artificial value: the finer substance is reserved for more dignified negotiations; it is not very plentiful, but highly prized. Among the laws of the empire is one,—“that no females and no silver be exported.”

The king of Ava, monarch of the Birman Empire, is the inheritor of enormous pride. Like his neighbour of China, the brother of the Sun and Moon, and the ruler of Assam, whom he conquered, though he was styled “Sovereign of Heaven,” he acknowledges no equal on earth, entitles himself *Boa*, and, with the arrogance of feeble and inflated vanity, pretends to dispose, his own majestic way, the destinies of Asia. Occasionally, he has been condescending enough to concern himself, also, for the settlement of affairs in Europe. Thus, in 1810, during the general war, he was so far kind as to inform the British envoy, that if England had made application to him “in a proper manner,” he would have sent an army, beaten all her enemies, and put her in possession of “the whole continent of France.” About the same time, among the “vassals” of his Birman majesty, was formally included “the king of England;” he described us, in a letter, as a petty nation, inhabiting a small island in a remote sea, and took to himself credit for more than mortal magnanimity, when he offered to forgive the governor-general “for the numerous falsehoods he had told,” because he was not desirous of breaking the general peace by calling forth his armies to drive us out of India!

It was this wretched Chinese vanity that induced him then to risk a conflict with us, and the same ignorant presumption prevents him yielding reparation for his continual offences. With his chief ministers of state, his assistant-ministers, his ministers of the interior, his secretaries, his notaries, his great chamberlains, his receivers and readers of petitions, his banners, umbrellas, globes, swords, thrones, canopies, and imperial seals, he imagines himself in his capital—the “City of the Immortals”—to be a potentate, excelling in wealth, splendour, and power, the most awful monarchs of the earth. He is the fountain of all grace in his realms, for there are no hereditary honours

except his own; all officers holding their functions at the pleasure of the king, who rewards them meanly, but allows them pernicious privileges in trade. To his viceroy in Pegu he once granted a monopoly of supplying coffins; but as this favour depends on the temperament of an hour, the reverse is frequently experienced, and the governor of a province may one week be rioting in the oppression of a large population, and the next be dragged to court with a chain about his neck. One of them was punished in this manner for too much leniency in his administration, though only a few days before he had ordered the stomachs of twelve men, women, and children, to be ripped up, because they were suspected of disaffection. This horrible massacre was prevented through the influence of the British,—an influence which directly, as well as otherwise, has been an unmingled blessing to the races of India.

The population of the Birman empire is probably less than eight millions, though it appears to have been larger at a former period. Its condition is one of decay; weak and wicked governments, tyrannical conscription, and cruel burdens, reduce to misery a region capable, from its natural resources, of so much prosperity. Cities have sunk to villages, villages disappeared; cultivation has dwindled, and general industry decreased. Those who cannot pay their taxes are sold as slaves—and this often occurs from the severity of the imposts. One-tenth of all produce nominally belongs to the government; but this is far from the proportion usually exacted. Consequently, in spite of the impoverished state of the country, the treasures of the sovereign appear to be immense—the revenues accumulating; since it is a maxim, that whatever goes into an Oriental exchequer, very little ever gets into circulation again. However, the British seem likely to sink his coffers a little. They have already demanded a quarter of a million sterling of him, and will charge him £10,000 a day, as the cost of the war, until its conclusion.

The Birman are a military nation, every man being liable to be called upon to serve as a soldier. The standing army, however, is very small; and the largest force ever levied was sixty thousand men. The infantry are armed with muskets and sabres, and the cavalry, mounted on small but active horses, with spears. Every considerable town on the river's bank furnishes, in addition, a number of war-boats, which constitute the most respectable part of the imperial armaments. As many as five hundred have been collected at one time. Each has from forty to fifty rowers, with thirty soldiers, and one gun.

Their fire-arms are of the worst description; their artillery, though numerous, ineffective and ill-served; and their fortifications, though sometimes imposing to the eye, possessed of few qualifications to resist the assault of Europeans. Almost all the towns and villages, however, are cleverly stockaded.

Though close neighbours of the slim, effeminate, and listless Bengalese, the people of Birman differ essentially from them. A narrow range of hills, indeed, appears there to form a division between two distinct families of mankind. They are an active, energetic, inquisitive race; irascible and impatient, but with the capacity to learn. They do not confine their women, allowing them, indeed, all the freedom they enjoy in Europe; yet the condition of the sex is degraded, and their treatment, far from being delicate or chivalrous, is not even humane. They are sold without repugnance to strangers, but are never allowed to be taken out of the country. All the children of Europeans born there, also, are subjects of the Avau King, and forced to remain, leading a life of misery and humiliation. In general, the women are faithful to their husbands, whose servants, in fact, they are. Marriage is purely a civil contract, and one wife only is allowed, though numerous female slaves are included in a rich man's household. When he dies, without writing a will, three-fourths of his property go to his lawful children, and one-fourth to the widow. The dead are not burned, but buried; though, in Avau, a priest's body was formerly shot out of a huge cannon, which, it was supposed, sent his spirit to Heaven on a flash of fire!

The people have a Chinese cast of feature, and obviously are to be reckoned among the Hindu-Chinese nations. The men are of low stature, but athletic and active, long preserving a youthful appearance, because, instead of shaving, they pluck the hair from their faces. The women are fairer, but less delicately formed than the Hindus. Both sexes blacken the teeth, and the lids and lashes of the eye. They are comparatively an uncleanly race; and, though to kill domesticated animals is forbidden, game is eagerly sought for as food by the rich, and all kinds of reptiles by the poor. If a stranger happens to shoot a fat bullock, they are not, like some in India, fanatical to revenge the offence. Indeed, though a vain, presuming people, encouraged by the example of their rulers to arrogance and barbarian pride, their demeanour is far from insolent or supercilious. Some travellers have erroneously described them as rude in manners, because they do not rise from their seats on the approach

of a stranger, but among them the sitting posture is considered most respectful. In their mode of living a general simplicity prevails, their habitations being slight structures of bambus and mats, with a thatch of leaves, raised on posts three or four feet from the ground. No subject is permitted to employ any gilding in the decoration of his house, and only a few favourites are allowed to paint or lacquer the pillars.

The king reserves as his own prerogative the use of these ornaments. Everything appertaining to him has the word "shoe" or "gold" prefixed to it. Even his person is never mentioned except in conjunction with the imperial metal. When the petition of a subject has been transmitted to his majesty, "it has reached the golden ears;" when audience is granted, you have been "at the golden feet;" attar of roses is "grateful to the golden nose." Gold, therefore, is of too exalted a quality to be commonly used, and only very rich women wear ornaments of it, while none but a highly-privileged noble can put rings of it into his ears.

From this it may be imagined that the pride of rank in Birmah runs somewhat high. A chief journeying on the river will not sit in the same vessel with the oarsmen, who there go ahead in a boat, and tow his barge along. Neither will he enter the habitation of any inferior man, but sends servants on in advance of him, to build a house for his reception. A few bambus, a little grass, and some pliant rattans, are all the materials required; not a nail is used, and the whole might fall without injuring a lap-dog. Formerly, however, as many ruins remain to testify, masonry was well understood by the Birmese; but wooden buildings now supersede all others, and the degeneracy of the useful arts has followed the decay of the people.

The laws and religion of the Birmese are fundamentally Hindu; but they have no caste prejudices, and education is largely diffused among them. Music and poetry are highly admired; and the king has an immense library, the books being deposited in chests, with the contents described in letters of gold on the lid.

There are three important personages, or "estates of the realm," in Birmah. The first, is the king; the second, is the white elephant; the third, is the queen. To the white elephant all presents from foreign ambassadors are made.

The one seen by Captain Canning was a small animal of a sandy colour, apparently diseased. His residence is contiguous to the royal palace, and consists of a lofty hall, hung with velvet curtains, and supported by gilded pillars. His forefeet are secured by silver chains to two posts, and his hinder feet by links of a baser metal. Thick soft mattresses, covered with blue cloth and crimson silk, serve him as a bed; his body is adorned with trappings of cloth of gold, studded with diamonds, sapphires, and rubies; his feeding-trough is equally rich; and a thousand attendants wait upon him. This extraordinary custom originates in the belief that a white elephant is the last stage of a human soul, in millions of transmigrations, after which the spirit is absorbed in the essence of divinity, to enjoy the pure beatitude of heaven. "Lord of the White Elephant, and of all the Elephants in the World," is one of the king's titles, and he is actually lord of all the elephants in Birmah, since no one but a noble, privileged by the sovereign, is permitted to possess or employ one of these animals.

The king, the queen, and the white elephant dwell at Amarapura, or the City of the Immortals, built on the shores of a deep and extensive lake, enclosed by a curving sweep of hills, and embosomed amid scenery the most fresh and picturesque. It is reputed to contain vast treasures, and its fortifications are said to be strong; but there is no doubt of their easy reduction by an English force. The principal defence of the country, indeed, is the heat of its climate; for this, though salubrious to the natives, is formidable to Europeans, compelled to expose themselves in the sun. Otherwise, as we have said, Birmah is healthy, and among its hills may be found spots with an atmosphere as genial as that of the pleasant valleys lately discovered in the Himalaya.

Since the war is only now begun, and every mail may be expected to renew and increase the public excitement as to the Birman empire, this slight sketch, affording an idea of its actual characteristics as a country, may be found interesting by our readers. The information is the most authentic, and such as is not yet popularly diffused. It will be seen that a very important region, a very curious people, and a very singular state of manners exist there, to be brought under the influence of British power and, gradually, of British civilization.

THE PROGRESS OF THE ROSE.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

THE days of old—the good old days,
Whose misty mem'ry haunts us still,
Demand alike our blame and praise,
And claim their share of good and ill.

They had strong faith in things unseen,
But stronger in the things they saw;
Revenge for mercy's pitying men,
And lordly right for equal law.

'Tis true, the cloisters, all throughout
The valleys, rais'd their peaceful tow'rs,
And their sweet bells ne'er wearied out,
In telling of the tranquil hours.

But from the craggy hills above,
A shadow darken'd o'er the sward;
For there—a vulture to this dove—
Hung the rude fortress of the lord;

Whence oft the ravening bird of prey
Descending, to his cry wild,
Bore, with exulting cries, away,
The pow'rless serf's dishonour'd child.

Then Safety lit with partial beams
But the high castled peaks of Force,
And Polity revers'd its streams,
And bade them flow but for their Source,—

That Source from which, meandering down,
A thousand streamlets circle now;
For then, the monarch's glorious crown
But girt the most rapacious brow.

But individual force is dead,
And link'd opinion late takes birth;
And now a woman's gentle head
Supports the mightiest crown on earth:

A pleasing type of all the change
Permitted to our eyes to see,
When she herself is free to range,
Throughout the realm her rule makes free;

Not prison'd in a golden cage,
To sigh or sing her lonely state—
A show for youth or doating age,
With idiot eyes to contemplate.

But when the season sends a thrill
To ev'ry heart that lives and moves,
She seeks the freedom of the hill,
Or shelter of the noontide groves;

There, happy with her chosen mate,
And circled by her chirping brood,
Forgets the pain of being great,
In the mere bliss of being good.

And thus the festive summer yields
No sight more happy, none so gay,
As when amid her subject-fields
She wanders on from day to day.

Resembling her, whom proud and fond
The bard doth sing of—she of old,
Who bore upon her snow-white wand
All Erin through, the ring of gold.

Thus, from her castles coming forth,
She wanders many a summer hour,
Bearing the ring of private worth
Upon the silver wand of Power.

Thus musing, while around me flew
Sweet airs from Faney's amaranth bow'rs,
Methought, what this fair Queen doth do,
Hath yearly done, the Queen of Flow'rs.

The beauteous Queen of all the flowers,
Whose faintest sigh is like a spell,
Was born in Eden's sinless bowers,
Long ere our primal parents fell.

There, in a perfect form, she grew,
Nor felt decay, nor tasted death;
Heaven was reflected in her hue,
And Heaven's own odours filled her breath.

And ere the angel of the Sword
Drove thence the founders of our race,
They knelt before him, and implor'd
Some relic of that radiant place,—

Some relic that, while time would last,
Should make men weep their fatal sin—
Proof of the glory that was past,
And type of that they yet might win.

The angel turn'd; and ere his hands
The gates of bliss for ever close,
Pluck'd from the fairest tree that stands
Within Heaven's walls—the peerless Rose;

And as he gave it unto them,
Let fall a tear upon its leaves—
The same celestial liquid gem
We oft perceive on dewy eves.

Grateful, the hapless twain went forth
The golden portals backward whirl'd
Then first they felt the biting north,
And all the rigour of this world;

Then first the dreadful curse had power
To chill the life-streams at their source,
'Till e'en the sap within the flower
Grew curdled in its upward course.

They twin'd their trembling hands across
Their trembling breasts against the drift,
Then sought some little mound of moss,
Wherein to lay their precious gift,—

Some little soft and mossy mound,
Wherein the flower might rest till morn;
In vain! God's curse was on the ground,
For through the moss outgleam'd the thorn!

Outgleam'd the forked plant, as if
The serpent tempter, in his rage,
Had put his tongue in every leaf,
To mock them through their pilgrimage.

They did their best; their hands eras'd
The thorns of greater strength and size;
Then 'mid the softer moss they plac'd
The exil'd flower of Paradise.

The plant took root; the beams and showers
Came kindly, and its fair head rear'd;
But lo! around its heaven of flowers,
The thorns and moss of earth appear'd.

Type of the greater change that then
Upon our hapless nature fell;
When the degenerate hearts of men
Bore sin and all the thorns of hell.

Happy, indeed, and sweet our pain,
However torn, however tost;
If, like the rose, our hearts retain
Some vestige of the heaven we've lost.

Where she upon this colder sphere
Found shelter first, she there abode;
Her native bowers, unseen, were near,
And near her still Euphrates flow'd.

Brilliantly flow'd; but ah! how dim,
Compar'd to what its light had been;
As if the fiery cherubim
Let pass the tide, but kept its sheen.

At first she liv'd and reign'd alone,
No lily-maidens yet had birth;
No turban'd tulips round her throne
Bow'd with their foreheads to the earth.

No rival sisters had she yet—
She with the snowy forehead fringed
With blushes; nor the sweet brunette
Whose cheek the yellow sun has ting'd.

Nor all the harbingers of May,
Nor all the clustering joys of June;
Uncarpeted the bare earth lay,
Unhung the branches' gay festoon.

But Nature came in kindly mood,
And gave her kindred of her own;
Knowing full well it is not good
For man or flower to be alone.

Long in her happy court she dwelt,
In floral games and feasts of mirth,
Until her heart kind wishes felt
To share her joy with all the earth.

To go from longing land to land
 A stateless queen—a welcome guest—
 O'er hill and vale—by sea and strand—
 From North to South, and East to West.

And thus it is that every year,
 Ere Autumn dons his russet robe,
 She calls her unseen charioteer,
 And makes her progress through the globe.

First, sharing in the month-long feast—
 "The Feast of Roses"—in whose light
 And grateful joy, the first and least
 Of all her subjects reunite.

She sends her heralds on before :
 The bee rings out his bugle bold,
 The daisy spreads her marbled floor,
 The butter-cup her cloth of gold.

The lark leaps up into the sky,
 To watch her coming from afar;
 The larger moon descends more nigh,
 More lingering lags the morning star.

From out the villages and towns,
 From all of mankind's mix'd abodes,
 The people, by the lawns and downs,
 Go meet her on the winding roads.

And some would bear her in their hands,
 And some would press her to their breast,
 And some would worship where she stands,
 And some would claim her as their guest.

Her gracious smile dispels the gloom
 Of many a love-sick girl and boy;
 Her very presence in a room
 Doth fill the languid air with joy.

Her breath is like a fragrant tune,
 She is the soul of every spot;
 Gives nature to the rich saloon,
 And splendour to the peasant's cot.

Her mission is to calm and soothe,
 And purely glad life's every stage;
 Her garlands grace the brow of youth,
 And hide the hollow lines of age.

But to the Poet she belongs,
 By immemorial ties of love;
 Herself a folded book of songs,
 Dropp'd from the angels' hands above.

Then come into his heart and home,
 For thee it opens, for thee it glows;
 Type of ideal beauty, come!
 Wonder of Nature! queenly Rose!

June, 1852.

THE TRIAL BY BATTLE.

A TALE OF CHIVALRY.*

CHAPTER I.—THE CORONATION.

EASTER-EVEN, in the year of our Lord 1099, was held as a high festival in the fine city of Barcelona: it was the coronation-day of the young Count Raymond Berenger the Third, whose twelvemonth's mourning for his lamented father and sovereign was to close with his own solemn inauguration. The count had accordingly, by his letters patent, convoked to his good city of Barcelona the bishops, barons, knights, and also the ambassadors from foreign courts, to witness him take his knighthood, and receive from the altar, and place upon his head, the garland of golden roses which formed the coronet of the Counts of Arragon.

At the appointed day, not only the prelates, barons, and chivalry of Spain repaired to the festival, but a great many foreign lords and princes: the Judge and the Archbishop of Albeda, from Sardinia; the King of Arragon, from Saragossa; and the King of Castile, from Madrid. The Moorish sovereigns of Meccen and Granada, not being able to come in person, had sent rich presents to the count, with congratulatory epistles by the hands of their ambassadors. Indeed, so great was the concourse to Barcelona on this day, that thirty thousand stirrups belonging to gentlemen of condition were counted in the city and its environs.

This concourse was too great for the count to receive at his own palace of Aljaferia, which stood a short distance from Barcelona: he was therefore compelled to limit the number of his guests to kings, prelates, princes, ambassadors, and their suites; and there were present in Barcelona at that time four thousand persons who claimed his hospitality as their right.

Throughout the day an immense crowd traversed the streets, visited the churches, or

amused themselves with the tricks of the jugglers and mountebanks, passing from devotion to mirth, and from mirth to devotion; but towards evening every one took his way to the palace, for the count was to watch his arms that evening in the church of St. Saviour. The whole road to the palace, two miles from the city, was illuminated by torches, which were kindled before the close of the day, the moment the vesper-bell was rung. This broad avenue of light defined the route to the church of St. Saviour, and as soon as this was effected, the heralds appeared with the banners of the Count of Barcelona, and marshalled the people on each side, that the *cortège* might have room to pass, unobstructed by the pressure of the crowd. At the last stroke of the vesper-bell, the gates of the palace opened, amidst the joyful shouts of the multitude, who had been awaiting that event since the hour of noon.

The first who appeared in the procession were the noble knights of Catalonia, on horseback, wearing the swords of their forefathers; valiant blades, gapped by hard service in battle or tournament, bearing names like those of Charlemagne, Roland, and René.

Behind them came their squires, bearing the arms and naked swords of their masters, which, unlike the ancestral brands the knights had displayed, were bright and unstained; but they knew that in the hands of their owners they would soon lose their virgin brightness and lustre in the turmoil of battle.

Next appeared the sword of the lord count, made in the form of a cross, to recur continually to his mind that he was the soldier of God before he became an earthly prince. Neither emperor, king, nor count had ever before worn a sword better tempered, or more richly embossed with jewels on the hilt. It was in the hands of Don Juan Ximenes de la Roca, one of the bravest knights in the world, who held it till the time should arrive when it would pass into those of its master. He was supported on each side by the Baron Gulielmo di Cervallo and Sir Otto de Monçada.

After the sword of the lord count came his equerries, in two chariots, bearing lighted torches, and charged with ten quintals of wax, to be offered as a gift to the church of St. Saviour, because the count had vowed a taper to the altar, to expiate the fault his filial duty had obliged him to commit, since, detained in his

* This tale of chivalry is a free translation from one entitled *Praxède*, by Alexandre Dumas, and presents a complete description of the ancient trial, or appeal by battle, as formerly practised in the middle ages. The champion was supposed to depend upon God for making the cause he had undertaken good, provided the party he represented were clear of the crime of which he or she was accused. This law remained on the statute book of Great Britain un repealed until a few years since, when it was finally abolished. To those who love ancient customs, this translation from an eminent living author, deeply versed in such lore, may not prove either unacceptable or uninteresting.—JANE STRICKLAND.

own country by the long illness of his father, he had not departed for the Crusade. This wax taper had gone in solemn procession through the city, to prove the penitence of the count, who felt grief as a knight, and remorse as a Christian.

After the chariots came the lord count himself, mounted on a steed magnificently caparisoned. He was a beautiful youth between eighteen and nineteen, wearing long ringlets on his shoulders, waving on either side, but restrained from concealing his open brow by a fillet of gold. He wore his close-fitting coat of war, for during the watch he would have to assume his armour; but this vestment was covered with a large mantle of cloth of gold, which fell even to his stirrups. Behind him followed his arms, carried by two nobles, consisting of a helmet, with the visor closed; a coat of mail of polished steel, inlaid with gold; a buckler, on which was engraved the garland of roses, the well-known sign of sovereignty of the Counts of Barcelona. The nobleman who bore these arms was accompanied by Roger, Count de Pallars, and Alphonse Ferdinando, Lord of Ixer, both with their swords drawn, to defend, if necessary, the royal armour.

After the armour of the lord count came, in pairs, the nobles upon whom he was to confer the honour of knighthood. They were twelve in number; and these, in their turn, were each to arm ten knights as soon as they had received the order; and these hundred and twenty came also in pairs, their fine horses magnificently caparisoned, and covered with cloth of gold.

Last of all, four abreast, came, first, the prelates; then the kings and the ambassadors from foreign courts, who represented the persons of their sovereigns; then the dukes, counts, and knights; each degree separated by the musicians, who rent the air with their trumpets, timbrels, and flutes. The last rank in the pageant was followed by the *jongleurs*, or jugglers, in the costume of savages, running on foot, or mounted on little horses without bridle or saddle, on whose backs they exhibited a variety of tricks.

Thus, by the aid of the flambeaux, which changed night into day, and darkness into light, and with the mighty sound of drums, tymbals, trumpets, and other musical instruments, aided by the shouts of the *jongleurs*, and the proclamations of the heralds, who called out "Barcelona! Barcelona!" the count was conducted to the church, having been seen by every one, on account of the slow progress of the procession, and the length of way between

the palace and the sacred edifice. The hour of midnight, indeed, struck the moment the count alighted at the porch, where he was met by the Archbishop of Barcelona and all the clergy.

The lord count, followed by all the nobles who were to receive their arms, entered the church, and watched them together, according to old custom on such occasions, reciting prayers and singing psalms in honour of their Saviour. They passed the night very happily in these devotional services, and attended matins, which service was performed by the archbishops, bishops, priors, and abbots.

When the day broke, the church was opened to the congregation of the faithful, who filled it in such a fashion, that it was wonderful how so many men and women could be so closely crowded together without injury to themselves or their neighbours. The archbishop then made himself ready to say mass, and the lord count put on a surplice, as if he intended to assist him; but over the surplice he wore a richer dalmatica than emperor or king had ever appeared in, clasped at the throat with a diamond star, set round with pearls of inestimable value. Then he assumed the manipule or girdle, which was also very splendid; and every time he was invested with a new garment, the archbishop repeated a prayer. This ceremony being finished, the archbishop said mass; but when the epistle was ended he paused—when the two godfathers of the count, Don Juan Ximenes de la Roca and Don Alphonse Ferdinando, Lord of Ixer, approached the count, and one affixed the spur to his right heel, the other to his left—the solemn notes of the organ accompanying this part of the ceremonial. Then the count, approaching the altar, knelt before the shrine, and repeated to himself a whispered prayer, while the archbishop, standing by his side, prayed aloud.

When this prayer was ended, the count took the sword from the altar, kissed meekly the cross that formed its handle, girded it to his loins, and then, drawing it from its scabbard, brandished the knightly weapon three times. At the first flourish he defied all the enemies of the holy Catholic faith; at the second, he vowed to succour all widows, orphans, and minors; and at the third, he promised to render justice all his life to high and low, rich and poor, to his own subjects, and to foreigners who might require redress at his hands. At this last oath, a deep sonorous voice replied "Amen." Everybody turned round to see the person from whom this response proceeded: it came, however, from a Provençal *jongleur*, who had crowded

into the church, notwithstanding the opposition made by those who did not consider him fit to be in such good company; but the count, having heard the quality of his respondent, would not allow him to be turned out, declaring, "that it would ill become him at such a moment to refuse the prayer of any one, be he lord or vassal, rich or poor, provided it came from a pure and contrite heart." The *jongleur*, in virtue of this declaration on the part of the lord count, was permitted to keep his place.

The lord count then, returning his sword to the scabbard, offered his person and his blade, by a solemn act of dedication, to God, praying him to take him into his holy keeping, and to give him the victory over all his enemies. The archbishop, after the lord count had uttered this prayer, anointed him with the holy chrisme on the right shoulder and arm; then he took the crown of golden roses from the altar and set it on his head, the godfathers of the lord count supporting the diadem on each side. At the same instant, the archbishops, bishops, abbots, kings, princes, and the two godfathers of the lord count, chaunted in chorus, with loud voices, *Te Deum laudamus*, during which the lord count took the golden sceptre in his left, and the globe in his right hand, and held them while the *Te Deum* was chaunted and the gospel read. He then replaced them on the altar, and seated himself in his chair of state, before which twelve nobles led up twelve knights, whom they armed one after the other; these, in their turn, retired to one of the twelve chapels belonging to the church, and armed, in like manner, ten knights.

The coronation being concluded, the lord count, with his crown on his head, bearing the golden sceptre and globe in his hands, and wearing the dalmatica, star, and belt, came out of the church, and mounted his horse; but as he could not guide his steed, encumbered as he was with these insignia of his high power and dignity, two pairs of reins were attached to the bridle, that on the left being held by his godfathers; the others, which were of white silk, and forty feet in length, were held by the barons, the knights, and the most eminent citizens of Catalonia; and after these came six deputies from Valencia, six from Saragoessa, and four from Tortosa; those who held the reins to the right or left marched on foot, to denote their subjection to the count their lord paramount, who in this stately manner, and with this magnificent *cortège*, towards noon returned to his palace of Aljaferia, amidst loud hurrahs and flourishes of

trumpets. As soon as he alighted, he entered the dining-room, where a high throne had been prepared for him between two golden stools, on which he deposited the sceptre, the globe, and the crown. Then his two godfathers seated themselves near their sovereign, and the kings of Arragon and Castile, the archbishops of Saragoessa and Arboise, placed themselves by their side. At another table the bishops, dukes, and all the new-made knights, took their places; after them, the barons, envoys of the provinces, and the most eminent citizens of Barcelona, all marshalled according to their degree, were seated in due order, the whole assembly being waited upon by the junior nobility and knights.

The lord count himself was served by twelve nobles. His *major domo*, the Baron Gulielmo di Cervallo, brought in the first dish, singing a roundel; he was followed by twelve noblemen, each carrying a dish, and joining in full chorus. As soon as the roundel was concluded, he placed the dish before the lord count, and cut a portion, with which he served him; then he divested himself of his mantle and vest of cloth of gold, trimmed with ermine and ornamented with pearls, and gave them to a *jongleur*. As soon as he had arrayed himself in vestments of the same rich material, the *major domo* brought, in like manner, and followed by the same nobles, the first dish of the second course, singing a roundel, as before, and concluding the ceremony by the gift of his magnificent costume. He conducted, after this fashion, ten courses, with songs, and concluded with the usual rich largess, to the great admiration and astonishment of the whole assembly.

The lord count sat three hours at table, after which he rose, took up the globe and sceptre, and, entering the next chamber, placed himself on a chair raised on a platform, with steps. The two kings were seated on each side the throne, and round them, on the steps, all the barons, knights, and eminent citizens. Then a *jongleur* approached, and sang a new *sirvente*, which he had composed for this august occasion, entitled "The Crown, the Sceptre, and the Globe"—

"The crown being quite round, and this circle having neither beginning nor end, signifies the great power of God, which he has placed, not on the middle of the body, nor yet on the feet, but on your head, as the symbol of intelligence; and because he has placed it on your head, you ought always to remember this omnipotent God; may you, with this earthly and perishable crown, win the celestial crown of glory in the eternal kingdom.

"The sceptre signifies justice, which you ought to maintain and extend to all ranks; and as this sceptre is a long rod with a curve, fit to strike and chastise, thus justice should, in like manner, punish, that the wicked may leave off their bad ways, and the good may become better and better.

"The globe signifies, that as you hold the globe in your hand you also hold your country and your power; and since God has confided them to you, it is necessary that you should govern with truth, justice, and clemency, that none of your subjects may sustain injury from yourself or any other person."

The lord count appeared to hear this *sirvente* with pleasure, like a prince who laid the good counsel it contained to heart, and intended to put it in practice. The *sirvente* was followed by a song in twelve parts, and the song by a poem in three cantos; and when all was said and done, the lord count, who was much fatigued, took up the globe and sceptre, and went into his chamber to get a few minutes' sleep, of which, indeed, he was much in need. His attendants had scarcely unclasped his mantle of state, before he was informed that a *jongleur* must speak with him, having affairs of interest to communicate, which would not bear delay. The lord count ordered him to be admitted.

The *jongleur* advanced two steps, and bent his knee to the ground.

"Speak!" said the count.

"May it please your lordship to order that you should be in private with your servant?"

Raymond Berenger made a sign to his people that he wished to be alone with the *jongleur*.

"Who are you?" asked he, as soon as the door was shut.

"I am," said the *jongleur*, "the person who answered 'Amen,' in the church of St. Saviour, when your lordship vowed, sword in hand, to render justice to the high and low, the rich and poor, to foreigners as well as your own subjects."

"In whose name do you ask justice?"

"In the name of the Empress l'Axida of Germany, unjustly accused of adultery by Guthram de Falkenberg and Walter de Than, and condemned by her husband, the Emperor Henry the Fourth, to die, unless a champion, within a twelvemonth and a day, successfully defend her innocence against her accusers."

"Why has she chosen such a singular messenger for this important mission?"

"Because none but the poor *jongleur* dared expose himself to the anger of a powerful prince, and the vengeance of two renowned

knights like Guthram de Falkenberg and Walter de Than; and certainly I should not have ventured to do so myself, if my young mistress, Douce, Marchioness of Provence, who has such fine eyes and such a touching voice that no one can refuse what she asks, had not required it of me. I went, therefore, by her command, in search of a knight sufficiently brave to defend, and sufficiently powerful to dare to vindicate, the fame of an injured and innocent lady. I have traversed, in obedience to my mistress, France and Italy in vain, and even Spain, the very holy land of chivalry, and found no one disposed to championise the Empress of Germany. On the way to Barcelona I heard you named as a generous and courageous gentleman. I entered the church at the moment you vowed, sword in hand, to defend the oppressed against the oppressor; and it appeared to me that the hand of God had led me there. I raised my voice, and cried 'Amen, so be it!'"

"So let it be, then," chivalrously replied the count; "for the honour of my name, and the increase of my renown, in the name of the Lord, I will hold myself ready to undertake this enterprise."

"Thanks, my lord, for this grace; but, saving your good pleasure, you have no time to lose, for ten months have already elapsed, and you will have little left for your journey to Cologne."

"Well; these festivals will be ended by Thursday night; on Friday we shall offer up our public thanks to God; and on Saturday we will put ourselves *en route* for Cologne."

"Let it be so, according to your lordship's pleasure," replied the *jongleur*, making his farewell devoir to the Count of Barcelona. Before he could withdraw from his presence, the count detached from his neck a magnificent gold chain of great value, and threw it round that of the *jongleur*; for the lord count was as generous as he was brave, and the union of these qualities acquired for him the surname of Great, an appellation which the judgment of posterity has confirmed to the sovereign of Barcelona. He was pious, too; for these festival-days were designed to do honour to Easter, the day of the resurrection of the Redeemer; and the gracious rain that, after a long period of drought, descended on Catalonia, Arragon, and the kingdoms of Valencia and Murcia, the evening on which these religious *fêtes* concluded, gave to his people the presage of a long and happy reign, of which, indeed, Barcelona still preserves the memory.

YOUGHALL CHURCH.

I do not think we sufficiently appreciate the power we enjoy in these our days of easily and rapidly passing from country to country, accompanied by the actual living beauty of the land, associated with histories of the past; this combination of sight and memory makes travelling so full of interest, and so delicious to an observant and cheerful spirit. The mere power of looking upon the beautiful—of imbibing its essence—of feeling its necessity and fulfilment—of thanking GOD for its holy and purifying influence—is a mighty blessing,—and then, the memory of a pleasant journey, in a pleasant country, is

"A joy for ever."

Ireland, so full of beauty and legend—the one so actual, the other so suggestive—affords ample theme for all who wield either pen or pencil, and YOUGHALL, situated at the mouth of the beautiful Blackwater, has an English as well as an Irish immortality; for there Sir Walter Raleigh lived, and there he held communion with his friend, the poet Spencer. In a garden, still preserved with care and attention, it is believed the first potatoes planted in Ireland took root and flourished,—whether for the good or evil of the "green Island," is a disputed point; I believe it has not been a blessing, because it gave a bare animal subsistence—a "living" without thought, or skill, or labour, to a people whose ambition did not tend to elevate their comforts.

"The earth yielded its increase;"

the potato grew while the mother begged, and the father delved a master's soil; and, like the squirrel or the mole, they returned to their horde in the winter, and were abundantly content with what, after a few years' residence in other lands, they would spurn.

Since we sat in Sir Walter Raleigh's garden at Youghall, beneath the shadow of the yew-trees which, it is pleasant to believe, were planted by his hands—pestilence, famine, and emigration, have swept over the country; its great features remain unchanged; but the pleasant faces, the pleasant voices, are gone from us for ever!

The house in which Raleigh lived is still standing close to the church and the wall of the ancient city. When we were there, it was occupied by Colonel Fount, who carefully preserved all the objects that are associated with the memory of the gallant but unfortunate knight. It has, however, undergone many modern "improvements."

"Ah!" exclaimed the aged gardener, "it was a fine ould ancient place on't; the wardens of the holy church lived and died in it, and a great man, by name Sir Richard Boyle, and another, Sir George Carew, besides the great man entirely, that Queen Elizabeth smiled on, who loved 'the sod' with all his heart;—and sure he was happy under them trees, dreaming of the goolden country, which brought his head to the block in the end!"

The collegiate church of Youghall is one of the most interesting in the kingdom; part of it is still used for service, but a large portion is a ruin, and, we fear, one of those which neglect is consigning to utter destruction. The east window is considered especially beautiful, although its effect is considerably impaired by being partially built up. It is divided into two distinct compartments, each consisting of two slight mullions, surmounted by open circular tracery, and terminating in a trefoil ornament. These compartments become one window by the outside line of their arches uniting in a common point over the double massive mullion, thus made the centre; and the intervening space is filled up by a Catherine wheel. The nave is now used as the parish church; it has six pointed arches, supported by pilasters, with two transepts and two side aisles.

In the south transept, "the great Earl" of Cork is buried beneath a monument that was erected by him during his life-time; he is represented in armour, in a recumbent posture; on each side is a female figure, kneeling (his two wives), and underneath are figures of his nine children, with the dates of their several births. The church is full of curious and remarkable monuments, among which those of the Boyles and Fitzgeralds are the most conspicuous.

Now that English capital is, with English energy, influence, and example, making way in Ireland, Youghall and its beautiful neighbourhood cannot fail to attract the attention of those "producers" who see in a fine harbour, a rapid river, and a fertile soil, the sure means of obtaining wealth, and the thousand blessings that may come with it. There are few districts in the island, indeed, which possess so many beauties, in combination with so many real and practical advantages; and Youghall will, we doubt not, ere long, be familiar to the tourists from all lands.

A. M. H.



THE ART-INDUSTRY FESTIVALS AT CORK.

THE newspapers have been full of reports concerning Ireland; and, almost for the first time in its history, the theme has been one of Peace! An Exhibition of the Works of Irish Industry, and the Natural Productions of Ireland, was opened at Cork on the 10th of June, by the Lord Lieutenant, in a building specially erected for the purpose. The structure is one of very considerable elegance; the collection of objects of manufacture highly important; and the *fetes* which accompanied the Inauguration were of a nature more than commonly interesting, as associating all parties in the great triumph which their City had achieved. This Exhibition of art and industry is, then, the first successor of the great gathering of the world's wealth in Hyde Park. It will, no doubt, be followed, in time, and in due course, by all the leading cities of the Kingdom; thus introducing a rational means of enjoyment, and a wholesome stimulus to trade. We therefore look upon the success of this experiment in Cork as an earnest of good to come.

We do not intend to enter upon this topic at length, although the "natural capabilities" of Ireland may supply us with a rare theme hereafter; but, in recording the event, we desire to print the Inauguration Ode, written by John Francis Waller, (the "Slingsby" of the *Dublin University Magazine*), and composed by R. P. Steward, Mus. Doc. This ode was sung by two hundred voices, and its effect was exceedingly grand and effective, in the building, opened for the first time, and for a purpose so entirely good. It is a graceful and vigorous poem—one of the very best of its class which the modern age has produced—doubly beautiful, and doubly welcome, because its theme is so novel, but so truly august.

INAUGURATION ODE

FOR THE
OPENING OF THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION
OF

ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND MATERIALS,

AT CORK,

On the 10th of June, 1852.

STROPHE a.

Man arise! and speed thy mission—
Labour of the brain and brow.
God assigns a high ambition;
Glorify thy Maker now.

ANTISTROPHE a.

Genius! for thy heaven-taught heart
Bring the jewels of thy thought—
Pensive Science, keen-eyed Art,
Toll give all thy hand hath wrought.

EPODE a.

Earth, which Deity at first
For the sin of man had cursed,
Conquered by his tameless will,
Yield thy treasures to his skill:
All thy bosom, all thy heart,
Yield to Labour, yield to Art.
Air lend all thy favouring wings.
Ocean give thy hidden things.
Elemental Fire inflame,
Till the stubborn ore thou tame,
Plastic to man's stern command
As the wax to infant's hand.

STROPHE b.

See with soul the canvass glow!
See to life the marble start!
Hear from string and syphon flow,
Sounds that soothe and shake the heart!

ANTISTROPHE b.

Raise the song to praise and bless—
Raise the song with glad accord.
GOOD to Man and HAPPINESS—
HOLINESS unto the LORD.

EPODE b.

Thine the fulness of the land,
Lord we lay it at thy throne.
In the hollow of thine hand
Thou dost hold the earth thine own
Lauding thee with hearts o'erflowing
Who dost make the morn's outgoing
Evermore to give thee praise,
Lord, to thee our souls we raise.
Let Peace and Wealth upon us smile,
Bless our Monarch! Bless our Isle!

STROPHE c.

Shadows of the deep, long night,
Draping all the moonless sky,
Darkest ere the coming light
Of the morning dawns on high.—

ANTISTROPHE c.

Lo! they melt before the glancing
Of the radiant light advancing,
Till the glorious day arise
Lustrous o'er the reddening skies.

EPODE c.

See the sun above the hills
All the earth with splendour fill.
Hues of Beauty—Shapes of Glory
Such as bard ne'er feign'd in story
Burst upon the wondering sight—
Forms of Wisdom—Forms of Might
Throng the world, from slumber waking,
While the morning pean breaking.

In the vast and mellowed voice
Of a Nation's heart, upspringeth,
Till with praises heaven ringeth
And the Isles rejoice !

STROPHE *d.*

Honour to the swinking arm,
Glowing brow and earnest heart !

ANTISTROPHE *d.*

Honour to the potent charm
Wizard Science gives to Art !

EPODE *d.*

Spirit adorable ! whose will doth move
All life to be thy ministrant—
Spirit of Wisdom, Potency, and Love !
To Thee we raise our loftiest chant,
Great primal Mind ! great primal Hand !
Artificer of all that Thou hast planned.

The fast foundations of the beauteous world
Into the deep dark chaos Thou hast hurled.
What time pealed out the grand sidereal song :
Thyself invisible—serene—alone—
Amid the clouds and thunders round thy throne,
Thou did'st control each orb that moved along.

And Thou didst breathe into man's lifeless frame
The sacred breath of thine Almighty flame,
Making thy last, best work—a living soul ;
Then all the sons of God, in loud acclaim,
Shouted for joy Jehovah's holy name,
And to the farthest bounds
Of space, in thunder sounds,
Creation's jubilant hymn to God did roll !

Although we do not at present propose to treat this subject—interesting and important as it is—we may avail ourselves of the occasion to make note of the Exhibition as, at this moment, adding to the other motives for visiting Ireland. Under any circumstances, indeed, it is impossible for a tourist in search of enjoyment to visit a country that will repay him so amply. Formerly, a tour to Ireland was a matter that required time: it was costly; a tedious sea-voyage was to be encountered, and there were many difficulties and obstacles in the way. These have all vanished: the journey from London to Dublin involves but twelve

hours; only four and a half of which are on ship-board—or rather on board a large and comfortable steam-packet—where sea-sickness is rarely or never felt in summer weather. The Chester and Holyhead Company have issued tickets which take the traveller all the way, and all over Ireland, for a few pounds: there are railways through the principal districts of Ireland; neither difficulties nor obstacles are to be encountered now; and certainly it is impossible to devise a party of pleasure so comfortable, in all respects, as a visit to Killybegs, to the county of Wicklow, to the Giant's Causeway, or even to Connemara, may be to-day.

No country in the world will so largely recompense the Tourist. In Ireland, "the stranger" has been always welcomed—welcomed heartily: whatever quarrels may be going on there, they never affect him; all parties combine to give him pleasure, and keep annoyance from his path. The scenery in no country of Europe is more grand or more beautiful: nowhere is there a people so full of character—so interesting to study, or so agreeable to know; a drive upon "the outside car," through any district, will exhibit much of both, while affording a clear insight into its wildly poetic superstitions, and its mournful history of the past, as exemplified by the ruins—ancient castles and venerable abbeys—that are met with upon every road. We repeat, therefore, that while in Ireland, the tourist travels in *greater safety* than he can do in any other country of Europe—safety from imposition, insult, and annoyance of any kind—nowhere can he be so amply furnished with so many or so varied sources of enjoyment.

We presume, then, to counsel those who are just now considering where they can most pleasantly, and most profitably, spend a month of autumn, to arrange to spend it *somewhere* IN IRELAND.

THE POETRY OF DAVID MOIR.*

LITERATURE, like life, has its accidents of good and bad fortune, and while the names of some writers are greater than their works, the works of others are greater than their names. To the former class belongs the author of these

volumes. The chance which made him the standing poet of *Blackwood's Magazine*, during the palmy days of its vigorous manhood, gave him a position in the current literature of the day, higher than that of many writers of far superior powers, and which the strength of his own genius would never otherwise have achieved. Some little lustre he may have given to the pages of the dashing and success-

* "The Poetical Works of David Macbeth Moir—Delta. Edited by Thomas Aird, with a Memoir of the Author." 2 vols. Blackwood and Sons.

ful magazine, but his own name borrowed more from the brilliancy of those with whom it was associated. His graceful verses, poured forth month by month, read with the rapid eye, which glances not too critically over the pages of a periodical,—and forgotten almost as soon as read,—habituated the public to the name of "Delta," in connexion with the prevailing power of the popular magazine, and hence his poetry took a rank, in general estimation, less upon its own merits than upon the merits of the medium through which it was presented. That this was so, has been always felt by critical observers of our poetical literature of the last thirty years; but it becomes strikingly apparent, on a perusal of the present selection of the best of Delta's voluminous works. Were his reputation now to make, these volumes would not make it; and the reader of another generation will probably deal with them as we do now with the unread authors of "The British Poets." Something of the repute in which the poet was held was, no doubt, owing to the worth and amiability of the man; and for a time this will give a charm to his poetry in the eyes of those who knew him, however slightly. But all such influences are necessarily short-lived, and they cannot be taken into account in estimating the value of what Delta has contributed to poetical literature, or the position which he is entitled to take upon the muster-roll of the Sons of Song.

It was natural that Moir's biographer, Mr. Aird, should set a higher value upon the productions of his friend than will be accorded by less interested critics. In his case, the personal charm of their author necessarily mingles with the verses themselves, and gives to them a significance and beauty which they cannot have for other eyes. Being himself, moreover, one of "Maga's men," he falls into the mistake of assuming the fact of being a writer in that periodical, as of giving itself the stamp of excellence. In this respect, Mr. Aird might have taken warning by Delta's "Lectures on the Poetical Literature of the Last Half-Century," where this tendency is carried to an extent that is almost ludicrous. Wilson, Hogg, Lockhart, Aird, and Aytoun are there placed in the front rank with the "dear sons of memory, great heirs of fame;" and the whole poetry and poets of the day are looked at from the *Blackwood* point of view, and subjected to the *Blackwood* standard, and condemned or praised according to the poetical creed of that somewhat wayward and dogmatic Aristarch. In like manner, Mr. Aird, looking at his friend's works with the partiality of a brother

contributor, bursts into apostrophes of admiration, in which he is not likely to carry with him the sympathies of those who have not breathed the atmosphere of Christopher North's *sanctum*. His criticism is consequently the least valuable part of his contributions to the present volumes.

With all Mr. Aird's admiration of his friend's power, however, he has found it necessary to act upon Professor Wilson's judgment, that the selection for these volumes "should be a searching and severe one," excluding "all decidedly inferior matter, and all slight, hasty sketches, with touches of good poetry in them, but yet not poems, properly so called;" and all "poems of tolerable merit, superseded, however, by after poems, finished and fine, which have obviously taken birth and shape from the inferior predecessors." Taking this statement of the principles which have guided the selection, along with the selection itself, the reader cannot but feel, that amid all the verses written by Delta, the proportion of poetry must have been very small indeed, when, after a winnowing of all "decidedly inferior matter," so much should have been left that does not rise above the level of musical common-place. Delta's habits of composition were hasty and desultory. The hours devoted to composition during the best years of life were stolen from sleep, when the fatigues of a country medical practice, occupying from twelve to sixteen hours of every day, must have exhausted both body and brains. He did not pause to correct or condense what was written under circumstances so little favourable to the display of power. Is it then to be wondered at, that the characteristics of these volumes should be a level and far from original turn of thought; versification smooth, but monotonous, and marked by none of that subtle music by which all fine poetry is individualized; and a strain of feeling genial and pleasing, but rarely deep, and never continuous? Except in one or two instances, arising out of emotions purely personal, the poems in these volumes bear few traces of originality, either in subject or manner. You are continually reminded of something better, which seems to have given both impulse and tone to the writer. An undoubted command of the usual poetical metres, an ear for verse, not "numerous" in its highest sense, but in some degree refined, and an eye for observing the features of nature, are the best qualities of Delta's poetry. Where he wrote from direct observation of particular features of nature, he is generally excellent, as, for example, in the following description of some

of the characteristics of an inclement winter season, in his poem of "The Fowler":—

"I do remember me the very time—
(Though thirty shadowy years have laps'd between)
'Tis graven as by the hand of yesterday.
For weeks had rav'd the winds, the angry seas
Howl'd to the darkness, and down-fallen the snows ;
The redbreast to the window came for crumbs ;
Hunger had to the coleworts driven the hare ;
The crow at noontide peck'd the travell'd road ;
And the wood-pigeon, timorously bold,
Starv'd from the forest, near'd the homes of man.
It was the dreariest depth of winter-tide,
And on the ocean and its isles were felt
The iron sway of the North ; yea, even the fowl—
That through the polar summer months could be
A beauty in Spitzbergen's native isles,
Or on the drifting icebergs seek a home—
Even they had fled, on southern wing, in search
Of less inclement shores."

But where, as is but too often the case, the poet is merely reviving the echoes of another's music, or embodying in respectable verse the feeble impression of what has been said much more vividly before, the habit of the magazine writer, urged not by poetic impulse, but writing for writing's sake, is alone apparent ; take, for example, the following verses :—

"THE STORMY SEA.

"Ere the twilight bat was flitting,
In the sunset, at her knitting
Sang a lonely maiden, sitting
Underneath her threshold tree ;
And, as daylight died before us,
And the vesper star shone o'er us,
Fitful rose her tender chorus—
'Jamie's on the stormy sea !'

"Warmly shone that sunset glowing ;
Sweetly breathed the young flowers blowing ;
Earth, with beauty overflowing,
Seem'd the home of love to be,
As those angel tones ascending,
With the scene and season blending,
Ever had the same low ending—
'Jamie's on the stormy sea !'

"Curfew bells remotely ringing,
Mingled with that sweet voice singing ;
And the last red rays seem'd elinging
Lingering to tower and tree :
Nearer as I came, and nearer,
Finer rose the notes, and clearer,
O ! 'twas Heaven itself to hear her—
'Jamie's on the stormy sea !'

"Blow, ye west winds ! blandly hover
O'er the bark that bears my lover ;
Gently blow, and bear him over
To his own dear home and me ;
For when night winds bend the willow,
Sleep forsakes my lonely pillow,
Thinking of the foaming billow,
'Jamie's on the stormy sea !'

"How could I but list, but linger,
To the song, and near the singer,
Sweetly wooing Heaven to bring her
Jamie from the stormy sea :

And, while yet her lips did name me,
Forth I sprang—my heart o'ercame me—
'Grieve no more, sweet, I am Jamie,
Home returned to love and thee !'

It is obvious that the suggestion of these lines was taken from the concluding verses of the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray ;" but how poor and feeble are they, compared with the direct pathos and concise expression of that ballad !

On the whole, of all Delta's poems, those only are likely to secure a niche for him in the temple of Fame which are based upon his personal experiences, and touch upon those chords common to all who have loved deeply, and lost what they have deeply loved. Here the beautiful nature of the man, simple, affectionate, and earnest, finds expression. Strength of feeling in some measure does the work of genius. His heart overflows in music ; and that facile "accomplishment of verse," which was fatal to him when he went in search of a theme, did not interfere with, but aided, while it regulated the utterance of emotions that might otherwise have struggled in vain to shape themselves in language. Of all his poems of this class, the best—and it is one which our readers will thank us for repeating—is his poem on the death of a favourite child, who was self-styled

"CASA WAPPY.

"And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond, dear boy—
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy ?
Pure at thy death, as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth,
Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,
Casa Wappy !

"Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye ;
Tears of our anguish may not tell,
When thou didst die ;
Words may not paint our grief for thee,
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathom'd agony,
Casa Wappy !

"Thou wert a vision of delight
To bless us given ;
Beauty embodied to our sight—
A type of Heaven :
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thine own self, than a part
Of mine, and of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy !

"Thy bright, brief day knew no decline—
'Twas cloudless joy ;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy !
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay ;
That found thee prostrate in decay ;
And, ere a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy !

"Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled,
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

"Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st at my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still—
A form of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek,
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,
Till oh! my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy!

"Methinks, thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow
In buoyant health:
I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
Thy dimpled cheek carnation'd bright,
Thy clasping arms so round and white,
Casa Wappy!

"The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat, thy bow,
Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball;
But where art thou?
A corner holds thine empty chair;
Thy playthings idly scatter'd there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

"Even to the last, thy every word—
To glad—to grieve—
Was sweet, as sweetest song of bird
On summer's eve;
In outward beauty undecay'd,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And, like the rainbow, thou didst fade,
Casa Wappy!

"We mourn for thee, when blind blank night
The chamber fills;
We pine for thee, when morn's first light
Reddens the hills;
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All—to the wall-flower and wild-pen—
Are changed: we saw the world thro' thee,
Casa Wappy!

And though perchance a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, what'er may seem,
An inward birth:
We miss thy small step on the stair;
We miss thee at thine evening prayer;
All day we miss thee—everywhere—
Casa Wappy!

"Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
In life's spring-bloom,
Down to the appointed house below—
The silent tomb.
But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo and "the busy bee,"
Return; but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy!

"Tis so; but can it be—(while flowers
Revive again)—
Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain!

Oh! can it be, that, o'er the grave,
The grass renew'd should yearly wave,
And God forget our child to save!—
Casa Wappy!

"It cannot be; for were it so
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery—Thought were woe—
And Truth a lie—
Heaven were a coinage of the brain—
Religion frenzy—Virtue vain—
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy!

"Then be to us, O dear, lost child!
With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above!
Soon, soon, thy little feet have trode
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Casa Wappy!

"Yet, 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, fairest boy,
That Heaven is God's, and thou art there,
With Him in joy!
There past are death and all its woes,
There beauty's stream for ever flows,
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy!

"Farewell, then—for a while, farewell—
Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn apart:
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;
And, dark how'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy!"

In the biography prefixed to these volumes, Mr. Aird has furnished a most interesting memorial of his friend. Delta's life was singularly uneventful. It served, however, to illustrate the strength of perseverance and of manly worth, which made his character respected by all who knew him. An earnest student—a good husband—a wise and loving father—a true friend—most active in a profession, which he practised with honour, and with an amount of unostentatious beneficence towards those who, while they most needed, could least have purchased his help—an accomplished man of letters, who contributed much both to the instruction and the amusement of the public, by his works in prose as well as verse, at the same time that he discharged all the duties of a good citizen—David Macbeth Moir may not take rank with the great poets of the world; but he has left behind him the pattern of a life in which all the powers with which he was endowed were used to their fullest extent, and to the noblest ends. This exemplar Mr. Aird has set before his readers with much skill, and with a feeling worthy of his friend. Higher praise he cannot desire.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

The Life of Marie de Medicis, Queen of France, has been written by Miss PARDOE, and published by Colburn and Co., in three goodly volumes, embellished with portraits of Marie, Louis XV., and Cardinal Richelieu. It is known in the literary world that Miss Pardoe has been exclusively occupied about this comprehensive biography for three years, and that she resided in France during that period, where she was liberally supplied with the necessary documents, and had access, through private influence, to others which have never before been referred to. Of her industry, those who recall her labours can have no doubt; and after the publication of a former work, when she was accused of having quoted "second hand," and drawn her materials from the "historical romances of the day," we chanced to know that she had applied herself with intense pains to select and collate facts; and that, far from having quoted "second hand," she had, in every instance, gone to the highest and best sources for information. Some years ago, history was "hedged in" with so much mystery, that, like the "holy of holies" of the Jews, it could only be entered upon by sacred priests; the historian was a *myth*, rather than a man—a dweller amongst catacombs, and those closed-up holdfasts of literature, monastic libraries, where the light entered through painted windows, where footsteps fell wearily, and shadows were pale and indistinct.

"The dignity of history" was a fine-sounding, sonorous sentence: kings and queens, princes and nobles, passed in array before the reader, sceptred and crowned, and chronicled, until it became difficult to imagine that such creatures were ever endowed with the actual life which animates the pulses of the kings and queens of our time. This opinion has been gradually changing: a belief has gone forth that the records of the past may be rendered interesting without descending to familiarity; and that history, hallowed by time, and dignified by circumstances, does not need the ceremonies of dry and stately sentences to preserve it to our children. The brilliant and animated history which MACAULAY has given to the world—toned, as all histories must be, by the author's individual belief in what may be true or false—proves that the past can be brought to the present, teeming with the activity and energy—the very life and soul—of our ancestors. But for biography, that pleasant handmaid of the *myth*, we should really know nothing of the secret springs—the *under current*—which moved the stately machinery of past centuries: and yet, with some few exceptions, but for the sacred sake of truth, it would be much more pleasant to admire the *exterior*, than to dive into the *interior* of the courts of kings. When closing the last volume of Miss Pardoe's careful biography of the proud, affectionate, impetuous, ill-used, and most unfortunate Marie, we felt that all the bright romance with which, in our youth, we enshrined HENRI QUATRE floated away like a vapour, leaving the gorgeous apostate, despite the vastness of his intellect, the greatness of his conceptions, a heap of sensuality so gross, that only the admirable care and tact of an Englishwoman saves the biography (until Henri is removed by the dagger of Ravillac)

from being a catalogue of debauchery and court intrigue.

The Duc de Sully stands out in fine relief from the tainted canvas; and the *widow*, as regent and queen-mother—tossed on the unsettled waters of France—buffeted by circumstances which she had neither the power nor the temper to control—abandoned by her family and friends, after having occupied the throne of France, presided over its councils, and given birth to the ancestor of a long line of princes—was indebted to the sympathy and attachment of a foreign artist, of whom she had once been the zealous patron, for a roof under which to terminate her existence!

Well may her generous, yet truthful biographer, say that "Marie's" life was full of startling contrasts, from which the mind shrinks back appalled: "Her active career is so freighted with alternate grandeur and privation, that it is difficult to reconcile the possibility of their having fallen to the share of the same individual; and this, too, in an age when France, above all other nations, boasted of its chivalry, and when some of the greatest names that ever figured in its annals gave grace and glory to its history."

The work, though sometimes overlaid with ornament, is so accurate in its facts, and yet conducted with so much spirit, that it is a living panorama from first to last. The period is as remarkable as the men by whom it was illustrated. The arts flourished amid the beat of drum and ring of trumpet; political liberty sounded her note of preparation for the deadly contests which, in due time, became fatal to the aristocracy and to the instruments of the law,—paving the way to the absolutism of Louis XIV.—to the "saturnalia" of the Regency—to the degrading excesses of the fifteenth Louis, who may justly be said to have prepared by his licentiousness the scaffold of his successor.

We cannot close this too brief notice without complimenting Miss Pardoe on the womanly chivalry which has erected a lasting monument over the remains of a *great woman* and an unfortunate QUEEN.

THE POET MOORE.—It has been announced that LORD JOHN RUSSELL (one of the earliest and most cherished friends of the poet) has undertaken the task of editing his memoirs—thus complying with a request contained in his Will. It is known that Moore left a carefully and regularly kept journal—a Diary, in fact—and that for some years past he assiduously collected from his friends such letters as he had, from time to time, addressed to them on topics of importance. It will, therefore, be from no meagre or exhausted mine that Lord John Russell will have to draw the treasure that cannot fail to prove of rare interest and value. He will discharge the honourable duty that devolves upon him with loving kindness to the memory of his friend; and the world will learn—with surprise, no doubt—that the most luxurious of all the poets was simple in his habits; almost childlike in his amusements; one whom the comparatively humble enjoyments of home were the truest of delights, and

whose highest hopes, brightest joys, and purest pleasures were centred in "wife, children, and friends." Of all the great men we have ever known, Moore was the sweetest and best "at home;" in his small cottage, at Sloperton, he seemed to have no wish associated with the world beyond; in all his words, looks, and actions there was a total oblivion of self; and of a surety there could be no mistake in believing that he was most happy when pleasing those about him most. It was, indeed, a delicious treat to pace with him up and down the terrace (so to call it) which separated his garden from the adjacent field, and chat with him of the many graceful things that make "joys for ever." Millions owe him gratitude for exceeding delights; but these delights are enhanced a thousand-fold to those who knew the man—the most lovable man, perhaps, that ever lived, judging him in the shade of his own home, apart from the artificial glare of society. But our present business is limited to the announcement of his "Memoirs"—an autobiography, under the editorship of Lord John Russell. It will be a monument more worthy, more honourable, and more enduring than Art can raise. It is cheering, however, to find that a monument, other than his works, is to be erected to his honour: meetings have been held in Dublin, and sums subscribed, after many excellent speeches by the most eloquent of the poet's countrymen. We earnestly hope the project will be carried out to the full.* Yet, when some mass of sculptured marble shall be raised—as it ought to be—in the city of his birth, there will be, in the humble and out-of-the-way churchyard of Bromham, a plain stone, that will more truly touch the hearts of all who loved the poet and the man. It contains this inscription:—

ANASTATIA MARY MOORE,
BORN MARCH 16, 1813,
DIED MARCH 8, 1829.

ALSO

HER BROTHER, JOHN RUSSELL MOORE,
WHO DIED NOVEMBER 23, 1842,
AGED 19 YEARS.

AND THEIR FATHER,
THOMAS MOORE.

TENDERLY BELOVED BY ALL WHO KNEW THE
GOODNESS OF HIS HEART:
THE POET AND PATRIOT OF HIS COUNTRY,
IRELAND,
BORN MAY 28, 1779,
SANK INTO REST, FEBRUARY 25, 1852,
AGED 72.
GOD IS LOVE.

Not many years have passed since it was our high privilege to visit this lonely churchyard, accompanied by the poet, discoursing with him of the good youth who had been interred there but a short time previously, and whose promise had been to do honour to both his names. Now, of his children none remain; and, as with so many other renowned men, the poet Moore is succeeded by no member of his family. His admirable widow survives, to cherish the memory of one she loved with the holiest and most beautiful devotion; whose life she gladdened by a perpetual sunshine; the dearest theme of his muse, the joy and hope of his manhood, and the trust and faith of his age.

MISS BREMER'S *Homes of the New World* will be published in the autumn, by Messrs. VIRTUE,

* A meeting to aid the Dublin Committee has been since held, at the house of the Marquis of Landowne, and a committee for England was named there. We fear, however, it is of too aristocratic a character to be in "working order."

HALL, and VIRTUE. Part of the M.S. is now in the hands of Mrs. Howitt, who has undertaken the translation. The work cannot fail to excite much attention, both in England and in the United States. It will be *original*, notwithstanding the many works to which America has given rise; for Miss Bremer saw perhaps more than any living writer has seen of the "domesticity," so to speak, of the Americans. We have reason to know that her impressions were highly favourable: that, indeed, she is greatly attached to the United States, and her warmest affections are with the great people of the New World. Nevertheless, with her keen and inquiring mind, and her justly-balanced faculties—notwithstanding the exceeding charity and amiability of her disposition—she will have seen the faults it will be her duty to examine and dissect. The volumes will, we are sure, be not only interesting, but instructive, and become additions to our literature of the very highest value. Miss Bremer was, altogether, nearly three years in the States; she is now at home, in the neighbourhood of Stockholm, having spent but a few weeks in England on her way to Sweden.

Mr. GROVERIDGE has published two interesting volumes—*Lydia, a Woman's Book*, by Mrs. NEWTON CROSLAND, and *The Days of Bruce*, by the late GRACE AGUILAR. Mrs. Newton Crosland, in an introduction—by which much meaning is conveyed in few words—writes that, "as long as the world lasts, each sex will have its separate sphere of trials and temptations, so that many of the lessons of life must be more appropriate to the one than to the other." Mrs. Crosland is essentially a feminine writer: she has studied, understands, and sympathises with her own sex thoroughly; the character of "*Lydia*" is conceived and worked out in the very spirit of truth, not that we consider the heroine a type of women generally, but she represents a very extensive class, brought up as "*Lydia*" was—beautiful and vain—when loving, loving blindly, but rising against appalling circumstances which awaken all that is right and brave in her nature, and conquering herself at the last with entire heroism. There is more power in this *Woman's Book* than in any work its author has yet produced: it must add to her reputation as a thinker and a writer. Mrs. Crosland, as many of our readers know, obtained her earlier fame as Miss Camilla Toulmin. She has written much that is of interest and value both for old and young.

The Days of Bruce, by the author of the *Women of Israel*, may be accepted as another proof of the "catholic," or universal spirit of the admirable Jewish lady—whose enlightened mind and genuine charity were never limited to the service of sect or class. Her devotion to her own people was simply her *first* duty; her heart was of "kin" with the whole world. This book was written so far back as 1841, when in the vigour of intellectual strength, she was planning many things—and all for good; it was, we know, her especial favourite: it is full of deep interest, and the characters are well drawn. It is not, however, equal, in originality and power, to those productions of her pen in which she is unrivalled, because they illustrate a "peculiar people;" but it may be read with profit, and certainly with pleasure. Grace Aguilar died at Frankfort, and is buried in the Jewish cemetery there.

Castle Deloraine, a novel, in three volumes, published by Mr. BENTLEY, and written by a cousin of Miss Maria Jane Jewsbury's, (who married the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, and died at Bombay, when all who knew her looked for the fulfilment of the rich promise of her youth,) is a very remarkable book, penned in the fervour and enthusiasm of a frank young spirit, eager to arrive at truth, but mistaking the bubble on the surface for the jewel at the bottom of the well—misled by a desire to say all she thinks, without considering that she may not always think correctly, and that it is possible to argue wrong from right principles. The mere story, though an often told tale, is well conceived, and well developed; the characters are skilfully drawn, and cleverly contrasted; the scenes are natural and forcible; there are occasional passages of great power and pathos, and the interest continues even through long political and religious disquisitions, which recel a passage in one of Lady Dufferin's clever songs—

"What a pity when charming women
Talk of things that they don't understand."

The author, Miss MARIA PRICILLA SMITH, makes vigorous war with what she calls *prejudices*, and doubtless in many cases she has reason on her side; but she is too impetuous and too unskilful to bring about social reformations, even if a novel were the legitimate arena for political contention. Every Christian mother in England would avoid a heroine of seventeen who eulogises Shelley to a young man during their first interview. There is no doubt Shelley would have recanted his heresy; he had the *fashion* only of infidelity, and his manly spirit, when he put away his childish and sinful follies, would have acknowledged its error. There is a strange opinion expressed by the young philosophy school—that *great* minds are prone to *doubt*. The contrary is the fact—poor minds, uncomprehensive minds, weak minds, "doubt," because they can neither comprehend nor trust. The author of *Castle Deloraine* has studied, at times, in a dangerous school. She has not been true to her better nature. Her desire to throw off what is old and feeble leads her into the danger of shaking off what is venerable, frequently mistaking boldness for strength, and rashness for bravery. We had almost forgotten to mention her Irish scenes, which are vigorous and life-like. We shall look anxiously for this author's next book, convinced that all she requires to become one of the ornaments of our literature, is a more extensive acquaintance, not with theories, but with life, and greater patience to "mark, learn, and inwardly digest," before she takes up a cause or a party.

The publishers of this Magazine have issued a curious volume, and one for which the scholar and the poet must be deeply indebted to them—*Specimens of Old Indian Poetry*, translated from the original Sanscrit into English verse. We must refer to the gracefully printed little book all those who have the good taste to appreciate the learning and poetic feeling which Mr. GRIFFITH, of the Royal Asiatic Society, has brought to bear upon this "labour of love;" for such it has undoubtedly been. It cannot fail to enlighten and interest those who have hitherto considered Indian poetry—like Eastern flowers—

"In ellmes full of sunshine, though splendd their dyes,
Yet faint is the odour the flowers shed about."

These poems breathe a delicious "odour;" and those who have tasted Sir William Jones's paraphrase of one of the Persian Hafiz's exquisite songs, or felt the beauty of Professor Wilson's translation of a fragrant little poem—*The Cloud Messenger*—which is well known at Hailesbury College, will joyously avail themselves of this treasury of Eastern gems. If we should really have no summer this year in "Merrie England," this sweet book may make a sunshine in the shady place of many an English home.

We believe it is not generally known that Mr. AGUILAR, who has been gaining so much on the public as a *pianiste*, is brother to the late Grace Aguilar, whose recently-published tale of *The Days of Bruce* we have just noticed. Despite the sums we pay for music, we are as yet only on the threshold of this ennobling art: we understand but little of its philosophy, and are seldom thoroughly roused by its humanizing sympathies, our popular idea of an "artist" is connected with painting, and even now—with two Italian Operas, and concerts innumerable—the great body of the English people consider music neither an art nor a science—simply a trade. May we not hope for better days! when music, in its highest and holiest sense, will be appreciated as it deserves, and its professors—no longer undervalued as "mere musical men"—take their places amongst "the teachers" of a noble science—the propagators of an enlightening art—veritable artists, as in truth they are. We avail ourselves gladly of this occasion, to render to the accomplished brother of our lamented friend homage akin to that he has so abundantly received in Germany—indeed, in all parts of Europe—and which he is gradually but surely obtaining in England, as the reward of genius combined with industry.

Messrs. ADDEY & Co. are aiming to sustain the reputation which Mr. Cundell, their predecessor, acquired by the publication of juvenile books. We are greatly indebted to those publishers who introduce good taste into our nurseries. We should not have been so far behind our neighbours in Art, had it not been for the distorted quality of the so-called "establishments" of children's books. Well do we remember when the *art* of such publications taught nothing that was not evil: distorted forms in daubs of colour were the "familiar friends" of the very young, with pernicious lessons to eye and mind. We cannot be over-grateful to Mr. Cundell for largely assisting to introduce a better state of things. In his children's books—those more especially which bear the name of "Felix Summerly"—the best artists were auxiliary to instruction; and those who learned from them had nothing to unlearn in after-life. But the most important step Mr. Addey has yet taken is in the publication of a Magazine, "for boys and girls," and boys and girls "putting away childish things"—this being rather a magazine for the schoolroom, with tales which may be read aloud in the nursery. The first numbers are pleasant and profitable. The editor gives an assurance that *The Charm*, (the title given to the magazine), shall ever have "the charm of *PURITY*;" that its moral tendency shall be plainly apparent; that it shall inculcate brotherly love, gentleness, and kindness to all God's creatures; that it shall endeavour to instil

into young minds the love of the beautiful, and lead them to appreciate "the smiles of Nature and the charms of Art." So far all is well; but, while we would carefully avoid all cant or sectarian teaching, we cannot altogether approve of any publication for the young without a devotional principle pervading and hallowing the whole. It may be "felt, though unseen;" never intrusive, but always influencing; inculcating all the virtues—none of which can ever have a solid foundation, where Religion is not the corner-stone.

It will, we are assured, give many of our readers much pleasure to know that AMELIA OPIE is still living and enjoying life, her bright affectionate spirit creating sunshine in the pretty home where she resides, opposite to the time-honoured Castle of Norwich.

Mr. WILLIAM HOWITT has left, or is about to leave England, to visit Australia—for a few months to visit the "diggings," to place there two of his sons, perhaps under the charge of his brother, who ranks among the highest physicians of the colony—and, we take for granted, on his return, to publish a book. Such are the wonderful facilities for travelling in modern times, that this voyage, to and from Australia, is about upon a par with what a journey to Ireland was some fifty or sixty years ago. There will be little or no time lost to a busy man—for Mr. Howitt will have pen, ink, and paper in his cabin on board; and he may see, with his practised eye and observant mind, a vast deal in half a year or so on shore. Of a surety, the world will derive much profit from his trip; and we heartily and cordially bid him *bon voyage*.

A very charming book has been issued by Messrs. CONSTABLE, of Edinburgh—*Art and Nature under an Italian Sky*. There is nothing strictly new in its pages, yet much that is fresh, while all is pure: many well-known objects are placed in a novel light. Occasionally it recalled to us passages in that most graceful of all books of travel, in which Mrs. Jameson made her *début* in literature—*The Diary of an Ennuyée*. In *Art and Nature* we have a happy mingling of both: Nature is felt and Art is understood by the writer. The tone of the volume is healthy: the observations are generous and full of true sympathy; and, as a contribution to a class of literature far too scanty, it is of no ordinary value. Moreover, the book is welcome, as again bringing before us the time-honoured name of Constable. The publishers are the representatives, in blood and station, of those whose repute is inseparably associated with that of Sir Walter Scott.

England will be inundated with "Christmas Books" at the close of the present year. Information has already reached us concerning at least ten of them. We cannot say that any one of their authors is of the highest literary rank, although they each and all enjoy a share of popularity. There may be so many of these books, however, as to elbow one another out of the way; and the chances that would be very favourable to two or three may be as nothing when divided among a dozen. It may be well to put forth this warning in time.

Few books of its class came to us more unexpectedly than did *Mistress Margaret Maitland*.

The author, in many scenes, assumed the wisdom of age; but the freshness of youth at once endeared the volumes to the reader; and, followed as they were, fleetly and bravely, by *Merkland*, they established an almost new generation of Scotch novels in our hearts and homes. *Adam Grene, of Moss Gray*, will not be as popular with the "general reader" as either of those we have mentioned; though, in many respects, its tone and feeling are higher than the tone and feeling of its predecessors. There is something painful in commencing an acquaintance with the hero of a novel when he is old; the burden falls on memory, and not on hope. It is pleasanter to pass through life, and its adventures with our hero of the hour, than to hear how he suffered and triumphed—won or lost—when his oil is nearly burnt out, and the flickering light shows that the world, and the things thereof, must soon pass away. Those who read merely for amusement, and enjoy the whirl of "novel life"—going hand in hand with its activity, its hopes, its fears, its miseries, its excitements—may lay these volumes aside, and declare that the author has "fallen off;" but those who love to trace patiently the workings of the "actual," and note how this brought that to pass—will enjoy to sit with us at the feet of the Scottish Gamaliel, and learn the gentle, loving, and unselfish lessons of a well-spent life. The author, we imagine, felt that she commenced *Adam Grene* in an unpopular fashion: the volumes are divided into "books," and, with considerable skill, the second "book" brings forward a new generation, with whom *Moss Gray* is linked, and to whom, as well as to the conduct of the story, he is necessary. This introduction of new life was certainly indispensable, as the tale was trembling beneath the malediction of three volumes, which has brought many a finely-conceived story to an untimely grave; but, despite the fascinations of the young and the trials of the good, the old man is the hero and the interest. *Adam Grene, of Moss Gray*, is a perfect treasure to mothers who dread the influence of careless modern novels in their domestic libraries: every page is sanctified by the pure spirit of its author: it might be read on a Sabbath evening, beneath the shadows of the "ivied tower" of an old church.

We presume that there is no breach of confidence in mentioning that the author of these books—Miss Wilson—has very recently changed her name, and is now Mrs. Oliphant.

We believe it is not generally known that JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, U.S. Consul at Tunis, who died lately, was the author of *Hone, sweet home*,—a song that made the celebrity of Mary Tree, now Mrs. Bralshaw, and which Madame Otto Goldschmidt has been singing in America to the delight of all hearers. In his early life Payne was a dramatic performer, and a man of versatile genius. He was appointed consul in 1851, and had just established himself under his flag, when he was called "home."

When we read in the dedication to *The Head of the Family*, that it was the "last novel the author would write for some time," we hoped she might not be tempted to break her resolve; yet we learn that another tale, of altogether different construction from those before the public, is nearly ready for the press. This is hardly doing herself justice: her forte lies in the development of sympathies and

feelings; and to develop them well entails not only a great deal of thought and comparison, but much positive suffering, on the writer.

We are indebted to Mr. HORATIO TOWNSEND, an Irish barrister, for a singularly interesting account of the great HANDEL's *Visit to Dublin*. The book is published by James McGlashan, the proprietor of our able and brilliant cotemporary, the *Dublin University Magazine*. No musical library should be without it. Its pages contain undoubted proofs that the *Messiah* was first performed in Dublin. This fact Mr. Townsend has placed beyond the possibility of doubt, and he has drawn together, with a judicious and sympathising hand, all that is of interest (and what is not) connected with the great high priest of music—the MILTON of sound. We might extract pages from this charming book, all tending to elevate HANDEL's moral character and benevolent heart to the height of his genius; but we have said enough to create a desire to possess it; and we expect the thanks of our readers for showing where they can obtain so much pleasurable information at easy cost.

Those who desire to take note of the Irish superstitions, once so popular, but now passing rapidly away before the utilitarian spirit of the age, will be more than pleased with a volume—one of the *Readings in Popular Literature*—from the versatile pen of DOCTOR WILDE, of Dublin. He says truly, in his animated preface, that had not Shakespeare embalmed, in the *Midsommer Night's Dream*, the popular superstitions and fairy lore current in England at the time of Elizabeth, the present generation could form but a very faint idea of the ancient belief of our forefathers, in the witcheries of their sylvan deities and household gods. "No man in Ireland" was better able than the brilliant Doctor to gather these things together: his knowledge of, and well-known sympathies with, "the people"—his wanderings among them—his partisanship with whatever is quaint or peculiar—his national enthusiasm—his energy, and the terms of intimacy he has been on, at one time or other, with everybody who was anybody—rendered "Willie Wilde," as he is affectionately called in Dublin, the fittest of all chroniclers for these *Irish Superstitions*. He is "up to" fun and frolic, as well as to those graver disquisitions on all manner of things—antiquarian, social, medical, and political—which are not half so pleasant to deal with as that which he has here so skillfully set forth. We shall endeavour to make room some day for an especial article on these superstitions—where all is not mythical. Doctor Wilde is too true to his subject, and understands his country too well, not to mingle tears and smiles together.

Mr. MACREADY, whose early retirement from the dramatic world, will long be deplored by all who remember his exertions before, as well as behind, the curtain, to maintain the honour and purity of the stage, has given an eloquent lecture, at the Victoria Rooms, in aid of the Bristol Athenæum: the subject was—*On the Influence of Poetry as an Element of Popular Education*. It was heroic in Mr. Macready, when poetry is at such a

fearful discount, to spring into the breach, and stand forth its champion. The *Bristol Mirror* has published the lecture, and we hope to see it in the second edition of a most valuable book, just given to the world by the Griffins, of London and Glasgow—*The Importance of Literature to Men of Business; a Series of Addresses delivered at various popular Institutions*.

They know how to honour great men in the United States. An "association" has been formed, with the view to erect a worthy monument to the memory of FENIMORE COOPER; and not that only, a volume has been printed, which contains the tributary speeches and eloquent letters of a very large proportion of the "men of mark" of America—Bryant, Bancroft, Washington Irving, Webster, Emerson, Prescott, Dana, Longfellow, and others. Such "testimonials" are, truly and indeed, the best excitements to a career of "glory in letters." In England, perhaps, a triumphant soldier, or a successful sailor, might have as many from his contemporaries—"brothers in arms;" but the writer of a hundred books occupies here a very different position from the victor in a hundred fights: it is much, if he go down to the grave glorified by half a dozen newspaper paragraphs to keep his memory green for a month.

We are glad to read the announcement of a THIRD edition of *The Physician's Holiday*, by Dr. FORBES. It is a charming and very useful work: it was literally the result of that rarity to the physician—a holiday; and it is so full of genuine nature, of the love of the beautiful and good, that the reader is continually tempted to regret that the excellent Doctor has not had his month's relaxation at least once a year. The name of Dr. Forbes is so intimately associated with so many Metropolitan Charities—he is so well and so widely known for pure philanthropy—he has so many friends, because he is the friend of so many—that no wonder his book has obtained popularity: but it is valuable for itself; and if it had been written by an apprentice to virtue, instead of by one of its highest professors, it could not but have found favour with all who love the pure and the true.

THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A., has added another to the many useful and instructive books he has produced. It is entitled *The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon*, and is published by Messrs. VIRTUE, HALL, and VIRTUE. To collect, condense, and render available for the uses of the general reader, the mass of scattered facts which have been given from time to time to the world through the explorations of the antiquary, and thus to construct a history of early Britain from the facts its relics adduce, was a worthy labour; it was more than usually necessary, inasmuch as it was avoided by the general historian, as the few pages devoted to this portion of the subject in ordinary histories of England will show; even this scanty detail generally abounding in errors which modern research has refuted. As a clever *résumé* of all that has been done in this way for many years past, Mr. Wright's book is without a rival.

A LADY'S NARRATIVE OF CAPTIVITY AMONG ALGERINE PIRATES.

In the early part of the month of June, 1827, I embarked on board the trading brig, "Perseverance," to accompany its captain, my husband, in a voyage to Seville. Although we sailed at the commencement of summer, the weather proved boisterous and winterly in the extreme: continued heavy gales and incessant rain attended our progress. I have been a bad sailor under all circumstances, but upon this occasion I suffered even more than I usually do. My husband himself, though long inured to the exposure and hardships of a sea life, was not insensible to the unpropitious circumstances that attended the beginning of our voyage; for before we had been many days out of sight of English shores, he was attacked by a severe form of ague and fever, and the mate assured me that his master would not hold out long if the same dreadful fits persisted in returning daily. Aroused from the lethargy of sea-sickness by this alarming assurance, I betook myself to the medicine-chest, and learned from the book of directions accompanying the drugs, that powdered bark was the only remedy. On examining the contents of the bottles, I found, to my great relief, an abundant store of the precious substance. For twelve long days I gave the bitter dose, without the slightest sign of good resulting from its use: at the self-same hour, the chills, and then the burning heats, returned. But afterwards I had the exceeding joy to see the severity of the fits decline: at first they were slighter, and lasted a shorter time; soon they came but on alternate days, then the intervals lengthened, and at last my patient was his own strong self again.

During the progress of this cure, external circumstances were keeping pace with my inner experiences. We had now crossed the Bay of Biscay, and had done with its storms. The air was getting warm, the weather became gradually fine, and the adverse tempest was changed into a balmy and propitious breeze. On the 6th of July, the ship's officers conversed at breakfast regarding the beautiful sunrise they had witnessed over Cape Finisterre, then ten leagues east of us. The sunset proved as fine. Even now I can see, in fancy, the clearness of that evening atmosphere, the glory of its fleecy clouds with their crimson and gold fringe, and the fulness of the vast undulating waves, that swept, with their little load of rippling billows, onwards towards the circular

line that bounded the watery field. I felt lighter and better than I had done since we had left England. I remembered to have read somewhere of a king, who could only recall to his mind eight happy days out of a life of sixty years; and I thought, as I had already enjoyed three calm and peaceful sunsets in succession, how much more favoured I had been. But this state of pleasurable repose was not to be long continued. I was lying on the sofa in the cabin, about noon the following day, when I was suddenly startled by the report of a heavy gun. I felt the concussion as well as heard the sound, and in an instant I was on my feet. A second report followed, and then a third; at the same instant, my husband called to me down the companion not to be alarmed, as it was a French man-of-war that was firing the guns, and he supposed they wanted some information from him. I had just reached the foot of the cabin stairs, when a fourth explosion shook the vessel, and one of the sailors exclaimed, "That was a shot, sir, and pretty near us too." Creeping up the stairs, and looking out from the companion-hatches, I saw all the ship's company gathered round their master, upon the quarter-deck, in consultation. Immediately afterwards, the carpenter, who had been eying our noisy neighbours suspiciously, shouted out, "They are Algerine pirates, sir, by —!"

How little can we tell beforehand how circumstances will affect us! As I stood there, a conversation of the previous day flashed across my memory, in which I had stated my belief that I should die of terror if we were stopped by pirates. I did not now die, however, when I heard the carpenter's exclamation; on the contrary, I was impelled by an anxious desire to gaze upon the object I had imagined I should so much dread to see. Accordingly, I cautiously advanced under cover of the high rails, and peeped through a small aperture in the quarter-boards. There, close under our lee, I beheld a large brig of war, with crowds of strange-looking figures upon her deck. Most of them were of large stature, with dark copper-coloured, naked limbs, wearing long beards, and turbans and sashes of scarlet colour, after the Moorish fashion. Now, indeed, a sensation of sickening horror crept over me. Our brig had been lying-to from the time we were favoured with the third shot. The captain had taken his speaking-trumpet,

and he now commenced a bellowing duet, in Italian, with the question, "What do you want?" A seven-foot high negro answered in the same language, "Send your boat on board."

I found that I had seen enough, and, during the little bustle occasioned by getting out and manning the boat, I made my escape to the cabin. The boat was placed under command of the chief mate, who was ushered, when he reached the stranger's deck, into the presence of a dignified Moor, reclining upon a couch, and surrounded by a staff of officers standing. This potentate managed by some means to make the mate understand that he was high admiral of the Emperor of Morocco's fleet, and he further told him, that he held a commission under the British Government, and examined all ships he fell in with to ascertain whether they had with them a proper Mediterranean pass. The mate's captain must, therefore, himself come on board, and bring his papers with him to be overhauled.

The boat came back with the mate, and then went again to the Algerine with the captain and his papers. Soon, however, the captain returned, and brought with him some of the Moors. They descended at once into the cabin, and entered upon a polite system of plundering. They requested the steward to oblige them by handing out his stores of tea, sugar, and vinegar, and they unceremoniously took possession of some articles of wearing apparel and a looking-glass. A few dozens of wine, and some fine salt and eggs, they considerably seized in the name of the admiral. I remained concealed in the state room until these unwelcome neighbours were again on deck; I then went out to my husband, who had remained behind them. He told me we were certainly in the hands of pirates, but that they seemed inclined at least to carry on their depredations civilly, and under the pretence of legal authority. They had not, however, done with us yet: he had returned merely for some document he had omitted to take with him the first time, and was going back with it to the Moorish vessel; the Moors on deck were waiting for him.

I know not how I passed the period of his second absence. I shut myself up in the state room, and knelt down and prayed fervently for divine protection. I then took a large draught of wine, and endeavoured to feel resigned and patient; but apprehension for my husband's safety, and lengthened suspense, were too much for me, and I was just going up on deck again, when the steward met me,

and told me that the captain was returning with what he called "a boat-load of Turks." I looked out, and there I saw a larger second boat accompanying our own, with two-and-twenty Moors on board. The ship's company were gathered round the companion, and the second mate was detailing to them his knowledge of pirate proceedings. "First," said he, "they murder all on deck, then they go below."

When stout-hearted men quailed at the prospect which was before them, it was hardly surprising that a woman should find herself quite unnerved. Terrified and trembling, I hastened back to my hiding-place, and tried to collect my scattered thoughts and reason down my fears. I endeavoured to convince myself, that the Moorish admiral would not have taken so long to decide upon his proceedings if his purpose had been open violence and plunder.

The boats reached our ship just before sunset, and the Moors, as they jumped on board, performed their evening devotions, prostrating themselves, and bowing with their faces towards the east. The captain immediately came to me, to tell me how matters stood. The suspicious-looking ship he had left so recently was really in the service of the Emperor of Morocco, although under French colours when it stopped us. During the previous winter, the "Perseverance" had lain beside it at the Mole of Gibraltar, and its commander used frequently to cross our decks. Upon one occasion, he jestingly said to my husband, as he passed, that he should very much like to have his brig as a prize. My husband remembered his face the instant he entered his presence, and also recognised some of the surrounding officers. The Moorish ship had been fitted out in the Government dockyard of Gibraltar, but had been slightly altered in the appearance of her hull, by the substitution of two red streaks along the side for one white one. The self-styled admiral, after pretending to examine the ship's papers presented to him, had held a long consultation with his officers, and then reprimanded my husband in a vehement tone for coming to sea without a formal Mediterranean pass. The captain answered as vehemently that he did not need any such license, seeing that he was bound to a port without the straits. The reply to this remonstrance was, that he had better not cause them any trouble, as his ship and crew were the rightful prize of the Emperor of Morocco, and he must, therefore, forthwith receive an officer, a prize-master, and twenty men on board the

brig, and proceed under their guardianship to the port of Tangier. This, then, was the meaning of the steward's "boat-load of Turks."

My husband having put me in possession of these facts, next endeavoured to allay my fears. He told me he had no doubt we should fall in with a British ship of war on our way to Tangier, but that, if even we did not, we had no cause for dread, since England had a consul resident at that port. Prudence forbade all show of resistance on his part so long as no direct violence was attempted, seeing that the Moorish vessel was a ten-gun brig, manned by somewhere about 150 hands, while his own crew numbered but twelve men, and had only four small guns to serve. His wisest course was manifestly to temporise, rather than to give his antagonists the excuse, they might be themselves desiring, for open attack, and to make a virtue of necessity as far as he was able. He, therefore, had acquiesced in the arrangements with as good a grace as he was able to assume, and hoped soon to lose sight of the ugly-looking craft that was at present in such dangerous proximity. By the time I had comprehended all these particulars, the Moorish boat was on its way back to the gun-brig; and as soon as it had reached its destination, the high and mighty admiral of the piratical empire held on his honourable course. Our sails were then once again set, and our bows turned towards the coast of Africa. The "Perseverance" for once was untrue to her name. The thing I had feared so much had really come to pass: we were captives, and going towards the land of captivity.

The Moors, who had first come on board, were aware that our ship was soon to be entirely at the mercy of some, at least, of their messmates; they had, therefore, satisfied themselves with a very cursory examination of the cabin, and I had remained in the privacy of my concealment. As our second party of visitors had, however, unceremoniously established themselves in possession of our home, I saw that all further hiding must be useless. The prize-master had given notice of his intention of living at the captain's table, and sleeping in one of his state rooms. I therefore took the opportunity of making my *début* in Moorish society during the evening meal. As I came forward, the Moor's eye fell upon me, and he started to his feet with an exclamation, extending to me both his hands. My husband placed himself between us, however, when he immediately recovered from his surprise, and endeavoured to make me under-

stand that he was a good and benignant man, and would not injure us. I sat myself down opposite to him, and contrived at length to take a close survey of his person. He appeared to be between forty and fifty years of age, and was of middling size, with a narrow chest and stooping shoulders. His countenance was handsome, on the whole, but marked with a sinister and treacherous look, at least so I thought. I could not help fancying that I must have seen it before somewhere, its general aspect seemed so familiar to me. I afterwards remembered that it was its striking resemblance to the head of Judas Iscariot, in Rubens' painting of the "Last Supper," which I had recently seen at Antwerp, that had given me this thought. The man appeared to be very desirous of making himself sociable with me. He had only two English phrases in his vocabulary—"Sit down," "Never mind;" these he continued to repeat, and gave me his name, Allan Ruberic. He seemed greatly delighted when he heard that my name was Ellen, imagining that we both bore the same designation. His favourite beverage was English gin, which he constantly demanded in large quantities, and relished greatly, notwithstanding the prohibitions of Mahomet and the precepts of the Koran.

On the morning following our capture, Allan Ruberic told the captain, while at breakfast with him, that his mate must give up his berth to the chief officer of the Moors, who was sick. I saw by the flash of resolution and anger in my husband's eyes, that he would not submit to this, and feared it would be the signal for some desperate affray. He answered that this was an arrangement he could by no means allow, and that the sick officer must remain on deck where he was. The object of the dispute at this instant entered the cabin, and presented an apparition that I had never before even dreamed of, as possibly connected with the human form. Imagine a hideous countenance of a greenish-black hue, with the mouth extravagantly wide, all on one side, and unable to keep the huge projecting teeth hidden within its aperture; with the chin covered by a long black beard, and with large prominent dark eyes, overhung by a bush of coarse black hair: place this ugly head upon a pair of stalwart shoulders, and you will have a fair notion of the giant who was now introduced under the name of Abdallah. The captain immediately requested Abdallah to take himself off to the deck again, as he did not intend to permit more than one stranger to dwell with him below. Abdallah refused to go, and an angry

altercation ensued, consisting chiefly of vehement expostulation on one side, and determined refusal on the other. This alarming scene was at last terminated, by the captain telling the Moors firmly, that while he remained on board the ship he would be master of his own cabin; for, if they took his head off, he should still defy them, seeing that they could not put it on again. This, to my surprise, settled the matter, for the Moorish officers gave up their point, and Abdallah moved his huge body off to the deck again.

During this morning, Allan Ruberice partook very freely of gin, and, when he came to the dinner table, seized the mate by the collar and hurled him from his seat, that he might take possession of it himself. The mate had in some way affronted him on deck, regarding the steering of the ship, and, in his rage, he now said, that he had but to give the word and his people would murder the whole of us; we were entirely at his mercy, and he would punish us by taking the ship to Salee instead of Tangier, where our doom would be a sure one.

When the captain came down this conduct was reported to him, and he at once determined that he would not go to Salee, if he could find any means of helping himself. Salee, in the kingdom of Fez, was everywhere known as a nest of lawless pirates, while Tangier was at least half civilised, and was the residence of a British consul, to whom we had all along been looking as our hope. The captain affected to feel drowsy in the afternoon, and at last pretended to be asleep. This was too agreeable an example to Ruberice, after his own heavy potations, to be long withstood; his head, therefore, soon declined, and he fell into a heavy sleep. The captain then rose lightly, and went forward among his own crew to impart to them his suspicions, and to sound their resolution. Ruberice soon after awoke, and, missing the captain, went up on deck, and joined the little council of war that was sitting on the fore-castle. He was now wide awake enough, for he dogged the captain's steps wherever he went, following him backwards and forwards from the deck to the cabin, and from the cabin to the deck, as he restlessly shifted his position in the hope of shaking him off. All was, however, to no purpose: the suspicions of Ruberice were evidently aroused, and the captain had no further opportunity of communicating with his men.

But where, all this while, was the giant Abdallah? The strong man was sick unto

death. His huge frame was extended upon a mattress we had sent to him, on the quarter-deck, and there he lay groaning and writhing with pain. When I heard this, I went to him, and took his hand to feel his pulse. I looked at his tongue, and then touched his head, his chest, and his side, making signs to express to him my desire to know where he suffered. At length he suddenly apprehended my purpose, and uttered some uncouth words; then, finding that Arabic was Greek to me, he pointed to his stomach. Upon this hint, I undertook the treatment of his disorder; administered some laudanum in hot brandy and water, and then had him carefully covered up with cloaks and the warm cabin carpet. My patient fell into a sound sleep, and from this time recovered so rapidly that, two or three days after, he was able nearly to starve his doctress, by watching the steward and seizing from him the larger portions of the little delicacies that had been prepared for her especial use. I had occasion, more than once, to wish that my remedies had not led to so rapid a restoration of the sick Moor's appetite.

Shortly after the day when Allan Ruberice had attacked the mate in his fit of intoxication, my husband found an opportunity to reproach him with his conduct, and told him he had made himself drunk. To this bold charge he coolly answered, that gin always made him feel brave, and on that occasion led to his using the language he had employed. But this had been merely done to frighten the mate; for the fact was, that he did not himself know our destination, as the admiral's instructions were in a sealed packet, which he had orders not to open until the ship had crossed the 36th parallel of north latitude. This, as well as all other dialogues that passed between the prize-master and the captain, was carried on in the Italian tongue; and, as neither spoke this language so that the other could understand it without a considerable amount of hesitation and guessing, I was always impressed with the idea that the stammering and gesticulating which I witnessed, boded some immediate outbreak of violence.

The vessel continued to hold on her proper course for Tangier. All on board, nevertheless, anticipated treachery, and were prepared to see the direction of her progress altered at any moment. Allan Ruberice had frequently sworn by his beard that he was going to Tangier; but notwithstanding this, he manifested constant fear lest we should fall in with some British cruiser. We were by no means surprised, therefore, when, at noon on the 16th of

July, being then on the parallel of 36 degrees north latitude, and somewhere south-west of Cape St. Vincent, he produced his secret instructions, and said, "I read here that it is the will of the admiral that we go to Salce." The captain answered him, with an air of indifference, "If we must go, we must;" but added in English, "It is now time, then, for us to be doing." He took a box of dominos, and sat down with me to play; Allan Rubrice smoked and watched the game. During the game my husband detailed to me, in broken sentences, the plan he had prepared in anticipation of our present emergency. Towards evening, he intended to ply the prize-master again with spirits, in the hope that he would once more intoxicate himself. Having done this, he and the mate were to thrust him under the cabin deck, and I was to stand guard over him there, with a loaded pistol pointed at his head, and, if he attempted to release himself, or to give any alarm, I was to silence him for ever by drawing the trigger beneath my finger. The captain was then to seize the instant of the sunset prostration of the Moors on deck, to hand up a supply of cutlasses and fire-arms through the window of the state room, and, as he ascended the cabin stairs, he was to give the signal by firing a pistol; the apprentices and mates were then to join in the *melée*; the men from the fore-castle were to rush upon deck with handspikes, the steersman was to give the ship a shake up in the wind and lend a hand, and thus the Moors were to be driven down the open hatchways and battered in. The ship was immediately to be put about for Gibraltar. Our men were all prepared and anxious for the onset, my husband having contrived to communicate with them in spite of the close watching to which he had been subjected.

Allan Rubrice left us this afternoon, as usual, to take his repose, for he never slept at night. During his absence, my husband instructed me in the art of loading the pistol, in case I should find any further occasion to use it after despatching the prize-master. He was now thoroughly roused, and sanguine of success, although the odds were fearfully against us: with only nine nearly unarmed men, three youths, and a woman on one side, and twenty-two well-armed barbarians on the other. I did not think the attempt altogether desperate, for my husband had served fourteen years in the navy, in active times, and was an experienced as well as a high-spirited man, and he had charged me never to be disheartened until I saw him cast down.

About an hour before the sunset that we expected was to prove so eventful to us, three of the strongest of our men, two Englishmen and one Dutchman, lounged sullenly up to the captain, and told him they had thought again of the affair, and would not fight; they had had fighting enough in their time, and did not want any more of it; it was of no consequence to them where they went; for aught they knew, they would be as well off at Salce as elsewhere. But if they were wounded and disabled, what were they to do with themselves? This was, in truth, a heavy blow to all our hopes. Our little force could ill spare what had been reckoned on as its most effective portion. From this time the poor captain's countenance fell. He did not altogether abandon his purpose; but what had before appeared to him to be an act of well-considered courage, now took the form of fool-hardy temerity.

Circumstances, however, deprived him of all power of making the desperate attempt with these diminished numbers. The Moors on deck had noticed the dogged, sulky look of the men, who had failed us in the hour of need, and the angry bearing of their indignant comrades; and this was enough. Abdallah roused himself as a lion from his lair: he shook himself and tightened his girdle, discharged his pistols and re-loaded them, loosened his dagger in its sheath, tightened his sandals, stretched his brawny arms, and sat himself down far aft upon the taffrel-rail, so that no one could get behind him. There he remained all that night, with his eye incessantly upon the compass, prepared for any emergency that might arise.

Allan Rubrice was now no whit behind his companion in caution. Neither food nor gin had any longer power to tempt him down below. From this time, ten Moors, with drawn sabres in their right hands, and loaded pistols in their left, incessantly paced the deck, so that some were always going in one direction while the rest went the opposite way. A stationary sentinel was placed at each side of the companion doors; and the Prophet had henceforth to rest satisfied with having his devotions offered to him from standing votaries.

During this sad night we were left to ourselves in the cabin. The captain was afraid, as we neared Salce, our captors might become more imperative in their demand for spirits, and that this might lead to some ungovernable outrage; he, therefore, with the assistance of the steward, emptied a cask of brandy, another of rum, and several gallons of gin,

through the stern windows into the sea. This was a work of several hours, for it had to be done in darkness and silence, and by small portions at a time, while I stood sentinel at the state-room window to prevent surprise. I also wrote upon paper a notice of our capture, which was placed in a dry bottle and sealed in. The bottle was taken into the hold and put into a cask, while the Moors were changing their watch, and this was carried up to the fore-castle deck and left standing there. It was unnoticed, as it had a harmless, empty look, and was subsequently dropped quietly over the bows into the water, under favour of the darkness.

From the 15th of July, Allan Ruberice and Abdallah kept watch alternately: the former paced the deck from sunset to sunrise, the latter from sunrise to sunset. Our own men were compelled to work the ship, but the Moors watched them narrowly, and had enough of seamanship to detect the slightest deviation from the proscribed course.

As we approached Salce, an expiring effort was made, by attempting to bribe Allan Ruberice to take the ship to Tangier. The captain with great difficulty succeeded in getting him into the cabin once more, and offered him one hundred Spanish dollars, a gold and silver watch, four silver table spoons, twenty sovereigns, and a quadrant, if he would connive at the alteration of our course, and induce his men to let us resume our possession of the ship. He evidently felt the temptation of the bribe, and was much agitated. He intimated, however, that Abdallah was too much for him; and said that, as he had but one head, he could not afford to lose that.

How strange and unstable are the currents of human thought! I now began to feel it a relief that we were to have no fighting, and imagined that Providence had kindly interfered to keep from our hands the responsibility of bloodshed. Hour by hour we neared our destination. Soon we saw a continuous line of uneven rocks ahead of us, with the sea breaking over their rugged summits. This we were told was Salce, but we could discover no trace that indicated the presence of a town. The anchor was shortly afterwards dropped in about forty fathoms water, at a distance of three miles from land, and the "Perseverance" swung round in her chains, thus near to the inhospitable-looking coast of that Africa which had been associated from childhood in my thoughts with torrid suns and desert sands.

We contemplated for a short time, in silence and sadness, the uninviting prospect before us,

and then turned seriously to the consideration of what our own destiny might possibly have in store for us. We had no doubt whatever that we must look forward to an early removal from our ship; most probably, we might be separated from each other as soon as we were taken to the land. With this fearful thought present to our minds, we went below, and busied ourselves in making such preparations for whatever was to come as prudence seemed to dictate. I hastily stowed away, in a small carpet-bag, a change of raiment for each of us, and we then concealed the large sum of ready money, which we chanced to have with us on board, in long canvas cases, rolling them as girdles round our waists, beneath our outer clothes. We left two sovereigns in gold, and nineteen dollars in silver, within my husband's desk, in the hope that our inquisitive friends might estimate our probable personal wealth by their own, and take this sum as our principal capital. We had barely time to complete these hurried arrangements before we heard the splash of ours, and the confused sound of approaching voices. We went on deck, and found that a large number of boats had come off from several Moorish vessels lying in the anchoring ground. When these boats had approached sufficiently near, the crews by which they were manned vociferously insisted upon boarding our ship; but our old acquaintance, Allan, did not seem at all desirous for the visitation, and persisted in refusing to permit it. In the end, he exerted his authority so strenuously, assuring the boisterous crew that no one could possibly be allowed to touch our decks until the captain of the port had inspected the prize, and interrogated the prisoners, that all the boats were again pulled towards the respective vessels to which they belonged, amidst the shouts and yellings of their discomfited and discontented occupants.

About noon, the captain of the port arrived on board, accompanied by a rather imposing retinue of Moors and negroes. The entire party seemed to view themselves as expected guests, for they proceeded forthwith to the cabin, and established themselves at the dinner-table, that had just been prepared for our mid-day meal, without the slightest exhibition of ceremony. They saved the steward all the trouble of furnishing them with knives and forks, by plunging their jewelled fingers at once into the dishes, and upon several occasions I observed that one snatched from his neighbour some morsel that had especially captivated his fancy. During the progress of the dinner, a violent altercation was going on upon deck.

Some of the port captain's boatmen, who had been left there, were attempting to carry off the British flag, that they might disgrace it, by hanging it over the ship's head; and my husband and the mate were resolutely defending it from the threatened indignity. The captain of the port went up on hearing the increasing noise of the scuffle, and gracefully interposed his authority, by presenting the object of contention to my husband. There was evidently something in this dignitary's reception that had tended to please and conciliate him. My husband, emboldened by this proceeding, and finding that he spoke a little Italian, asked him if he could inform him how it chanced that an Englishman had been forcibly captured, and brought against his will to the port of Salee, where there was no consul to protect him, when his nation was at peace with all the powers of the world. The port captain answered, that he was of opinion the admiral had disbelieved that we were British subjects, and had taken possession of our ship because we could not show a Mediterranean pass. He then requested us to let him see some of our books and money. My husband gave him an almanac and a large prayer-book, bearing the stamp of the ensign-armorial of the Sovereign of Great Britain. He inspected them closely, and then gravely assured us that he was perfectly satisfied that we were what we asserted ourselves to be, and added, "There is a British consul here; I will go to him, and tell him you are English subjects, and at sunset I will send off a boat, that you may come on shore, and meet him in the presence of the Governor of Salee."

Surprised by the agreeable turn affairs were thus unexpectedly taking, we addressed ourselves to wait, with what patience we could, the arrival of the governor's boat. The assurance that we should find a resident consul on shore had greatly relieved our fears, and already the hope was rising within that something like a fair inquiry might be obtained. But almost immediately this hope was crushed; for our men, with that singular facility for gleanings information, which is acquired by constant intercourse with foreigners, and frequent sojourn in foreign lands, had contrived to make out from the Moorish boatmen that a large brig anchored near to us was an Austrian vessel, which had been captured a few days previously, and was now manned only by Moors, her own crew being prisoners at Salee. Thus suddenly was the brightening horizon of our future obscured again. Anticipations of evil, in which gloomy prisons and clanking chains formed the prominent fea-

tures, once more took possession of my own reflections.

At sunset, the governor's boat arrived, manned by about thirty Moors and negroes. One of the Moors had been frequently at Gibraltar, and knew a little of the English tongue; he also seemed to have acquired there a small notion of what the courtesies of civilized life required, for he came up to me smilingly at once, and said, "Oh! mam, you no fraid;—at Salce, all gentlemen;—you go, me think, on camel, to Tangier;—and ship go Gibraltar;—me no know;—but you no be fraid;—you go you consul." Then, turning to the captain, he asked, "You ready, sir?" The captain replied by demanding to know what his orders were concerning us. He answered, "You take lady wife, and four you men; Salce governor and you consul there on shore; take bed for sleep,—but no more." "Who is the consul, and can he speak English?" asked the captain. "No speak English, sir," was the answer. "Consul no Englishman; consul Jew and Algerine." Our consul, the object towards whom our hopes had been directed since we had heard of his existence, an Algerine Jew, and unable to speak English! Here was indeed a reversal of the morning's promise. If even this problematical personage were possessed of the consular dignity, there could be no doubt we should find him exercising his office as a creature of the Moors, and abetting the pretences of our captors, whatever those pretences might at last turn out to be. I had heard too much of the plans of Mahometan rulers, for an instant to entertain a thought that a Jew consul was at all likely to prefer the interests of unprotected strangers to the safety of his head.

We selected a mattress, in accordance with the direction we had received, and with some difficulty we at last procured permission to take with it the poor little carpet-bag, that I had stored so scantily with the necessaries of our toilet. We then placed ourselves in the boat, and very soon were on our way to the shore. As we passed through the three miles of distance that intervened, I watched narrowly for the first appearance of the town; but all in vain; not a trace of any human habitation could I perceive. An uninterrupted line of bare, rocky coast stretched itself out before us, and it was not until we were close in upon this that I was able to notice a trifling break in its outline, with a small, sandy point projecting therefrom. This point proved to be one side of the entrance to the River Rabat. The boat rounded a little promontory, and

came into comparatively smooth water, and almost immediately afterwards it touched the land.

As soon as we had effected our disembarkation, we were led up a precipitous ridge of rocks, stretching in front of us. Upon attaining the summit of the ascent, we looked before us, and there, towards the south, the town of Salee was spread out beneath our view. Impossible would it be for me to express even the shadow of an idea of the surprise which this singular scene occasioned in me. A cluster of square, isolated buildings was scattered around, without either chimneys or windows to break the uniformity of their lines. Low quadrangular doors opened in the front of each block, and the walls were everywhere covered with whitewash, as a protection against the plague. In front of these sepulchral-looking structures, or mounted upon their level tops, there stood a crowd, each figure in it enveloped in folds of snow-white flannel, and with naked legs and feet protruding from beneath. This crowd was composed of the entire population of Salee, assembled to witness the arrival of the barbarians. All grades of the community were there, and all were clad alike. Priests and soldiers—gentry and beggars—nobles and plebeians—women and men—and young and old—all wore the same white wrappings. It seemed to me as if I had suddenly come upon some vast cemetery of a race of the olden time, and the dwellers of the tombs had all arisen from their long repose at my approach, and come in their ceremonies to offer me their greeting. The first glimpse of Salee that I caught presented it to me as a town of enormous sepulchres, with a ghostly population of recently-arisen dead. I shall never forget the sense of awe that crept over me as this strange and unearthly spectacle burst upon my sight.

But I was soon recalled to myself, and my more worldly fears. The instant after we appeared above the ridge, shouts and yells burst forth from the terrific and now no longer ghostly multitude: and my feeling of apprehension was by no means diminished, when I saw advancing from the crowd a band of tall flannel men, with knotted cords in their hands. Were these cords to be our scourges or our bonds? My friend, the Gibraltar-taught Moor, now rendered me really kind and effective service, for he managed to get close to my side, and said, "You see you no want fruid;—governor send soldiers;—take care lady;—take lady custom-house." Here he was separated from us, and our military escort surrounded us.

As we proceeded in our march, I was able to observe that there were numbers of women in the crowd. They were marked out from the men by the particulars of their costume; their faces were all covered over, excepting where small holes were left for the eyes to peep through; their arms also were enveloped in the folds of these head-muffings. We were afterwards told that it was a very unusual thing for the Moorish females to leave their houses; but, upon this occasion, curiosity was too strong for custom, or even Moorish notions of propriety; for, although not less than three thousand of the interesting recluses were abroad, some few only of the oldest had ever beheld a Christian woman. I, then, in my own person, was the great centre of attraction to this heterogeneous crowd: for myself in particular, the honours of this flannel reception had been designed.

During our advance towards the custom-house, our escort had to ply their knotted thongs with vigour and activity; but even their utmost exertions did not entirely succeed in protecting our persons from outrage. Again and again we were spat upon, and struck with sticks. I received one blow upon the back of my head that nearly stunned me. My husband caught many similar proofs of the extent of Moorish humanity, in warding off strokes that his quick eye perceived to be aimed at me. As we walked through this crowd of malicious savages, I felt that at least I had come to a school where I might learn lessons of thankfulness. I could not but contrast the life of civilization, in which my favoured lot had been hitherto cast, with the barbarous scene around me, in which an unprovoked multitude were showing themselves so wretchedly dead to every generous feeling of human nature, that not a hand, save the hircling soldier's, was raised in the cause of two defenceless and offending captives.

Fortunately for us, the distance from the landing-place to the custom-house was very short, for our guard found the difficulty of their task increasing with every step. When we reached this building of pretending name, we found ourselves opposite to a spacious mud barn, defended in front by heavy, prison-like iron gates. The soldiers, as we arrived at this place, all at once made a furious onset upon the crowd with their knotted scourges, and, during the scuffle which ensued, we were safely lodged within the welcome shelter its portals afforded. Looking round upon the interior into which we now advanced, we saw, ranged along on its sides, a tribunal of ten or twelve churchyard-

looking old fathers, in fleecy hosiery robes, sitting cross-legged upon piles of carpets, and finished off above by scarlet turbans. One of them was elevated upon piles of carpets, and was at once distinguished from them, as well by his august presence as by his splendid turban of green and white. This dignitary I soon discovered to be the Governor of Salce, and a very fine specimen of masculine Moorish beauty he seemed to be. The complexion of his face was rich olive-brown; his forehead high and massive; his eyes black, brilliant, and full of intelligence; his nose delicate and well formed; his mouth handsome, and furnished with brilliant teeth. His gigantic limbs and upright bearing, as he sat there majestically rolled in the folds of his full-long, flannel robes, assured me that if he rose he would stand at least a head and shoulders above his fellows of the council. The only trace of the ninety years, that I afterwards found had passed above his venerable head, was presented in his full moustache and ample beard of snowy whiteness. His person was scrupulously neat and clean, a qualification which I had already discovered to be a highly exceptional one among the Algerines. The dignified appearance and deportment of this patriarchal Moor at once impressed me with an involuntary feeling of respect, such as I had been far from feeling towards any other member of the race I had yet seen. I subsequently learned that he was in reality of princely descent, and had a reputation with the populace for exceeding sanctity, having won his green turban, the only one I observed in Salce, by a pilgrimage to the prophet's shrine, at Mecca.

Behind this conclave of fathers there stood two figures, who appeared in strong relief, in consequence of the contrast afforded by their dress. Their costume consisted of blue cloth cloaks and velvet caps. One of them was old, the other young. The fine agreeable face of the elder was strongly stamped by the distinctive mark of Israel's sons: I at once knew that he was the consul, to whom we were looking with so much anxiety. His companion was a handsome youth, having also the Jewish cast of countenance. The inclination of the body, and the respectful attitude of both these figures, at once assured me that my anticipation had been correct, and that the so-called British consul was not a very likely person to trouble the council of the Moors with any inconvenient interference.

As my husband and myself were placed immediately in front of the president of this turbaned conclave, and as we had to wait the

arrival of the Moor who spoke English before any proceedings could commence, I had ample opportunity to observe what I have described. When this important and accomplished personage had at length succeeded in joining us again, the governor opened the business, by asking how much money there was concealed on board the prize. As the interpreter delivered this question, he added a caution to the captain to be careful in his replies, for, if he told any falsehoods, the governor would relieve him of his head without asking permission of the consul. My husband answered that "there were not twenty dollars on board." This was literally true, for we had only left them nineteen. The next question seemed a very puzzling one. The old fox wished to know "why we had been sent to Salce." My husband, however, was ready with his reply. He said he must refer that for solution to the questioner, as "he was himself very anxious to know why he had been molested on the high seas, and brought against his will into the dominions of the Emperor of Morocco, when his own king was on perfectly friendly relations with that potentate." The governor answered him, that the admiral of the emperor's fleet had written to him, "that we had no contra signal, or Mediterranean pass, and that we had refused to show him the papers of the ship." "That," said my husband, "is altogether false: I can prove by the testimony of my officers and men that I did show my papers when asked to do so; and, as to the Mediterranean pass, what had I to do with that, if I was not going to the Mediterranean?" He then, to my horror, proceeded to censure vehemently the conduct of the Moorish commander, remarking that "he supposed it would not be long before he sailed up the London river, and captured the ships at anchor there, because they were without passes for the Mediterranean." This boldness and freedom of speech seemed, however, to amuse, rather than to irritate, the old man, who smiled from time to time, merely edging in, now and then, a word of cautious inquiry about the money we had left on board the brig.

So agitating and fatiguing had the occurrences of the day been, that I now began to find they were all too much for me. During the continuation of this dialogue concerning our capture, and our hidden wealth, the white-bearded governor and his corpse-like companions of the red top-knots began to dance and float about before my eyes. All at once my consciousness left me, and I fell to the ground. When I recovered my senses, I found that I had been placed on a sort of ottoman, close to

the president of the assembly, and that he was himself trying to re-assure me, by making the interpreter tell me "I had nothing to fear now, as I was close to him." I do not think the information did much for me, for, clean and venerable as the old man was, I should have been more relieved to have learned that I was a hundred miles away from him.

As soon as the disturbance which this little episode had caused was passed, the governor gravely told my husband that it was necessary he should write a letter to the Emperor of Morocco, admitting the legality of his capture, and stating that neither he himself, nor any of his crew, had been ill-used. A pointed cane was then presented to him as the instrument

wherewith he was to effect this deed of exoneration; but the captain did not find either the instrument or the order to his liking. He, therefore, adroitly managed to get permission that the letter should be written from the consul's house, to which we were to go to wait the emperor's pleasure concerning us. But the consul was made responsible for the letter being written in accordance with the governor's order; and he was further directed to despatch it for its destination, by a special courier, at daybreak. With this final determination the court of inquiry broke up, and consigned us to the care of our Jewish friend of the blue cloak. It was at least a relief to find we were not to go with any of the flannel grave-clothes.*

ADELAIDE.

BEING FRAGMENTS FROM A YOUNG WIFE'S DIARY.

(Communicated by the Author of "Oliver," "The Head of the Family," &c.)

* * * * I HAVE been married seven weeks. * * * I do not rave in girlish fashion about my perfect happiness—I do not even say I love my husband. Such words imply a separate existence—a gift consciously bestowed on one being from another. I feel not thus: my husband is to me as my own soul.

Long, very long, it is since I first knew this. Gradually, not suddenly, the great mystery of love overshadowed me, until at last I found out the truth, that I was my own no more. All the world's beauty I saw through his eyes—all the world's goodness and greatness came reflected through his noble heart. In his presence I was as a child: I forgot myself, my own existence, hopes, and aims. Everywhere—at all times and all places—his power was upon me. He seemed to absorb and inhale my whole soul into his, until I became like a cloud melting away in sunshine, and vanishing from the face of heaven.

All this reads very wild and mad; but, oh! Laurence—Laurence! none would marvel at it who had once looked on thee! Not that he is a perfect Apollo—(his worshipped husband of mine: you may meet a score far handsomer. But who cares? Not I! All that is grand, all that is beautiful, all that makes a man look godlike through the inward shining of his godlike soul,—I see in my Laurence. His eyes, soft, yet proud—his wavy hair—his hand that I sit and clasp—his strong arm that I

lean on—all compose an image wherein I see no flaw. Nay, I could scarce believe in any beauty that bore no likeness to Laurence.

Thus is my husband—what am I? His wife—and no more. Everything in me is only a reflection of him. Sometimes I even marvel that he loved me, so unworthy as I seem: yet, when heaven rained on me the rich blessing of his love, my thirsty soul drank it in, and I felt that had it never come, for lack of it I must have died. I did almost die, for the joy was long in coming. Though—as I know now—he loved me well and dearly; yet for some reason or other he would not tell me so. The veil might never have fallen from our hearts, save for one blessed chance. I will relate it. I love to dream over that brief hour, to which my whole existence can never show a parallel.

We were walking all together—my sisters, Laurence Sheldermine, and I—when there came on an August thunder-storm. Our danger was great, for we were in the midst of a wood. My sisters fled; but I, being weak and ill—alas! my heart was breaking quietly, though he knew it not—I had no strength to fly. He was too kind to forsake me: so we stayed in an open space of the wood, I clinging to his arm, and thinking—God forgive me!—that if I could only die then, close to him, encompassed by his gentle care, it would be so happy—happier far than my life was then. What he thought, I knew not. He spoke in hurried, broken words, and turned his face from me all the while.

* To be continued.

It grew dark, like night, and there came flash after flash, peal after peal. I could not stand—I leant against his arm. At last there shone all round us a frightful glare, as if the whole wood were in flames—a crash of boughs—a roar above, as though the heavens were falling—then, silence.

Death had passed close by us, and smote us not—and Death was the precursor of Love.

We looked at one another, Laurence and I: then, with a great cry, our hearts—long-tortured—sprang together. There never can be such a meeting, save that of two parted ones, who meet in heaven. No words were spoken, save a murmur—“Adelaide!” “Laurence!”—but we knew that between us two there was but one soul. We stood there—all the while the storm lasted. He sheltered me in his arms, and I felt neither the thunder nor the rain. I feared not life nor death, for I now knew that in either I should never be divided from him.

* * * * * Ours was a brief engagement. Laurence wished it so; and I disputed not—I never disputed with him in anything. Besides, I was not happy at home—my sisters did not understand him. They jested with me because he was grave and reserved—even subject to moody fits sometimes. They said, “I should have a great deal to put up with; but it was worth while, for Mr. Shelmerdine’s grand estate atoned for all.” My Laurence! as if I had ever thought whether he were rich or poor! I smiled, too, at my sisters’ jests about his melancholy, and the possibility of his being “a bandit in disguise.” None truly knew him—none but I! Yet I was half afraid of him at times; but that was only from the intensity of my love. I never asked him of his for me—how it grew—or why he had so long concealed it: enough for me that it was there. Yet it was always calm: he never showed any passionate emotion, save one night—the night before our wedding day.

I went with him to the gate myself, walking in the moonlight under the holly trees. I trembled a little; but I was happy—very happy. He held me long in his arms ere he would part with me—the last brief parting ere we would have no need to part any more. I said, looking up from his face unto the stars, “Laurence, in our full joy, let us thank God, and pray Him to bless us.”

His heart seemed bursting: he bowed his proud head, dropped it down upon my shoulder, and cried, “Nay, rather pray Him to *forgive* me. Adelaide, I am not worthy of happiness—I am not worthy of you.”

He, to talk in this way! and about me! but

I answered him soothingly, so that he might feel how dear was my love—how entire my trust.

He said, at last, half mournfully, “You are content to take me then, just as I am; to forgive my past—to bear with my present—to give hope to my future. Will you do this, my love, my Adelaide?”

I answered, solemnly, “I will.” Then, for the first time, I dared to lift my arms to his neck; and as he stooped I kissed his forehead. It was the seal of this my promise,—which may God give me strength to keep evermore!

We were laughing to-day—Laurence and I—about *first loves*. It was scarcely a subject for mirth; but one of his bachelor friends had been telling us of a new-married couple, who, in some comical fashion, mutually made the discovery of each other’s “first loves.” I said to my husband, smiling happily, “that *he* need have no such fear.” And I repeated, half in sport, the lines—

“‘He was her own, her ocean treasure, cast
Like a rich wreck—her first love, and her last.’”

So it was with your poor Adelaide.” Touched by the thought, my gaiety melted almost into tears. But I laughed them off, and added, “Come, Laurence, confess the same. You never, never loved any one but me?”

He looked pained, said coldly, “I believe I have not given cause—” then stopped. How I trembled; but I went up to him, and whispered, “Laurence, dearest, forgive me.” He looked at me a moment, then caught me passionately to his breast. I wept there a little—my heart was so full. Yet I could not help again murmuring that question—“You love me? you *do* love me?”

“I love you as I never before loved woman. I swear this in the sight of heaven. Believe it, my wife!” was his vehement answer. I hated myself for having so tried him. My dear, my noble husband! I was mad to have a moment’s doubt of thee.

* * * * * Nearly a year married, and it seems a brief day: yet it seems, also, like a lifetime—as if I had never known any other. My Laurence! daily I grow closer to him—heart to heart. I understand him better—if possible, I love him more: not with the wild worship of my girlhood, but with something dearer—more home-like. I would not have him an “angel,” if I could. I know all his little faults and weaknesses quite well—I do not shut my eyes on any of them; but I gaze

openly at them, and *love* them down. There is love enough in my heart to fill up all chasms—to remove all stumbling-blocks from our path. Ours is truly a wedded life: not two jarring lives, but an harmonious and complete one.

I have taken a long journey, and am somewhat dreary at being away, even for three days, from my pleasant home. But Laurence was obliged to go, and I would not let him go alone; though, from tender fear, he urged me to stay. So kind and thoughtful he was too. Because his engagements here would keep him much from me, he made me take likewise my sister Louisa. She is a good girl, and a dear girl; but I miss Laurence; I did especially in my walk to-day, through a lovely, wooded country, and a sweet little village. I was thinking of him all the time; so much so, that I quite started when I heard one of the village children shouted after as "Laurence."

Very foolish it is of me—a loving weakness I have not yet got over—but I never hear the name my husband bears without a pleasant thrill; I never even see it written up in the street without turning again to look at it. So, unconsciously, I turned to the little rosy urchin, whom his grandam honoured by the name of "Laurence."

A pretty, sturdy boy, of five or six years old—a child to glad any mother. I wondered had he a mother! I stayed and asked.—I always notice children now. Oh! wonderful, solemn mystery sleeping at my heart, my hope—my joy—my prayer! I think, with tears, how I may one day watch the gambols of a boy like this; and how, looking down in his little face, I may see therein my Laurence's eyes. For the sake of this future—which God grant!—I went and kissed the little fellow who chanced to bear my husband's name. I asked the old woman about the boy's mother. "Dead! dead five years." And his father? A sneer—a muttered curse—bitter words about "poor folk" and "gentle-folk." Alas! alas! I saw it all. Poor, beautiful, unhappy child!

My heart was so pained, that I could not tell the little incident to Laurence. Even when my sister began to talk of it, I asked her to cease. But I pondered over it the more. I think, if I am strong enough, I will go and see the poor little fellow again to-morrow. One might do some good—who knows?

To-morrow has come—to-morrow has gone. What a gulf lies between that yesterday and its to-morrow!

* * * * Louisa and I walked to the village—she very much against her will. "It was wrong, and foolish," she said; "one should not meddle with vice." And she looked prudent and stern. I tried to speak of the innocent child—of the poor dead mother; and the shadow of motherhood over my own soul taught me compassion towards both. At last, when Louisa was half angry, I said I would go, for I had a secret reason which she did not know.—Thank heaven those words were put into my lips!

So, we went. My little beauty of a boy was not there; and I had the curiosity to approach the cottage where his grandmother lived. It stood in a garden, with a high hedge around. I heard a child's laugh, and could not forbear peeping through. There was my little favourite, held aloft in the arms of a man, who stood half-hidden behind a tree.

"He looks like a gentleman: perhaps it is the wretch of a father!" whispered Louisa. "Sister, we ought to come away." And she walked forward indignantly.

But I still stayed—still looked. Despite my horror of the crime, I felt a sort of attraction: it was some sign of grace in the man that he should at least acknowledge and show kindness to his child. And the miserable mother! I, a happy wife, could have wept to think of her. I wondered, did he think of her, too? He might; for, though the boy laughed and chattered, lavishing on him all those pet diminutives which children make out of the sweet word "father," I did not hear *this* father answer by a single word.

Louisa came to hurry me away. "Hush!" I said: "one moment, and I will go."

The little one had ceased chattering: the father put it down, and came forth from his covert.

Heaven! it was *my husband*!

* * * * I think I should then have fallen down dead, save for one thing—I turned and met my sister's eyes. They were full of horror—indignation—pity. She, too, had seen.

Like lightning there flashed across me all the future: my father's wrath—the world's mockery—*his* shame.

I said—and I had strength to say it quite calmly—"Louisa, you have guessed our secret; but keep it—promise!"

She looked aghast—confounded.

"You see," I went on, and I actually smiled, "you see, I know all about it, and so does Laurence. It is—a friend's child."

May heaven forgive me for that lie I told: it was to save my husband's honour.

Day after day, week after week, goes by, and yet I live—live, and living, keep the horrible secret in my soul. It must remain there buried for ever, now.

It so chanced, that after that hour I did not see my husband for some weeks: Louisa and I were hastily summoned home. So I had time to think what I was to do.

I knew all now—all the mystery of his fits of gloom—his secret sufferings. It was remorse, perpetual remorse. No marvel! And for a moment my stern heart said, "Let it be so." I, too, was wronged. Why did he marry me, and hide all this? O vile! O cruel! Then the light broke on me: his long struggle against his love—his terror of winning mine. But he did love me: half-maddening as I was, I grasped at that. Whatever blackness was on the past, he loved me now—he had sworn it—"more than he ever loved woman."

I was yet young: I knew little of the wickedness of the world; but I had heard of that mad passion of a moment, which may seize on a heart not wholly vile, and afterwards a whole lifetime of remorse works out the expiation. Six years ago! he must have been then a mere boy. If he had thus erred in youth, I, who knew his nature, knew how awful must have been the repentance of his manhood. On any humbled sinner I would have mercy—how much rather must I have mercy on *my husband*?

I *had* mercy. Some, stern in virtue, may condemn me; but God knoweth all.

He is—I believe it in my soul—he is a good man now, and striving more and more after good. I will help him—I will save him. Never shall he know that secret, which out of pride or bitterness might drive him back from virtue, or make him feel shame before me.

I took my resolution—I have fulfilled it. I have met him again, as a faithful wife should meet her husband: no word, no look, betrays, or shall betray, what I know. All our outyard life goes on as before: his tenderness for me is constant—overflowing. But oh! the agony, worse than death, of knowing my idol fallen—that where I once worshipped, I can only pity, weep, and pray.

He told me yesterday he did not feel like the same man that he was before his marriage. He said I was his good angel: that through me he became calmer, happier, every day. It was true: I read the change in his face. Others read it too. Even his aged mother

told me, with tears, how much good I had done to Laurence. For this, thank God!

My husband! my husband! At times I could almost think this horror was some delicious dream, cast it all to the winds, and worship him as of old. I do feel, as I ought, deep tenderness—compassion. No, no! let me not deceive myself: I love him; in defiance of all I love him, and shall do evermore.

Sometimes his olden sufferings come over him; and then I, knowing the whole truth, feel my very soul moved within me. If he had only told me all: if I could now lay my heart open before him, with all its love and pardon; if he would let me comfort him, and speak of hope, of heaven's mercy—of atonement, even on earth. But I dare not—I dare not.

Since, from this silence which he has seen fit to keep, I must not share the struggle, but must stay afar off,—then, like the prophet who knelt on the rock, supplicating for Israel in the battle, let my hands fall not, nor my prayer cease, until heaven sendeth the victory.

Nearer and nearer comes the hour which will be to me one of a double life, or of death. Sometimes, remembering all I have lately suffered, there comes to me a heavy foreboding. What, if I, so young, to whom, one little year ago, life seemed an opening paradise—what, if I should die—die and leave *him*, and he never know how deeply I have loved—how much I have forgiven?

Yes; he might know, and bitterly. Should Louisa tell—But I will prevent that.

In my husband's absence, I have sat up half the night writing; that, in case of my death, he may be made acquainted with the whole truth, and hear it from me alone. I have poured out all my suffering—all my tenderness: I have implored him, for the love of heaven, for the love of me, that he would in every way atone for the past, and lead for the future a righteous life; that his sin may be forgiven, and that, after death, we may meet in joy evermore.

I have been to church with Laurence—for the last time, as I think. We knelt together, and took the sacrament. His face was grave, but peaceful. When we came home, we sat in our beautiful little rose-garden: he, looking so content—even happy;—so tender over me—so full of hope for the future. How should this be, if he had on his soul that awful sin? All seemed a delusion of my own creating: I doubted even the evidence of my

own senses. I longed to throw myself on his bosom, and tell him all. But then from some inexplicable cause, the olden cloud came over him; I read in his face, or thought I read, the torturing remorse which at once repelled me from him, and yet drew me again, with a compassion that was almost stronger than love.

I thought I would try to say, in some passing way, words that, should I die, might afterwards comfort him, by telling him how his misery had wronged my heart, and how I did not scorn him, not even for his sin.

"Laurence," I said, very softly, "I wish that you and I had known one another all our lives—from the time we were little children."

"Oh! that we had! then I had been a better and a happier man, my Adelaide!" was his answer.

"We will not talk of that. Please God, we may live a long and worthy life together; but if not—"

He looked at me with fear. "What is that you say? Adelaide, you are not going to die? you, whom I love, whom I have made happy, you have no cause to die."

Oh, agony! he thought of the one who *had* cause—to whose shame and misery death was better than life. Poor wretch! she, too, might have loved him. Down, wife's jealousy! down, woman's pride! It was long, long ago. She is dead; and he—Oh! my husband! may God forgive me according as I pardon you!

I said to him once more, putting my arm round his neck, leaning so that he could only hear, not see me. "Laurence, if I should die, remember how happy we have been, and how dearly we have loved one another. Think of nothing sad or painful; think only that, living or dying, I loved you as I have loved none else in the world. And so, whatever chances, be content."

He seemed afraid to speak more, lest I should be agitated; but as he kissed me, I felt on my cheek tears—tears that my own eyes, long sealed by misery, had no power to shed.

I have set my house in order. Now, whichever way God wills the event, I am prepared. Life is not to me what it once was: yet, for Laurence's sake, and for one besides—Ah! now I dimly guess what that poor mother felt, who, dying, left her child to the mercy of the bitter world. But, heaven's will be done. I shall write here no more—perhaps for ever.

It is all past and gone. I have been a mother—alas! *have been*; but I never

knew it. I woke out of a long blank dream—a delirium of many weeks—to find the blessing had come, and been taken away. ONE only giveth—ONE only taketh. Amen!

For seven days, as they tell me, my babe lay by my side—its tiny hands touched mine—it slept at my breast. But I remember nothing—nothing! I was quite mad all the while. And then—it died—and I have no little face to dream of—no memory of the sweetness that has been: it is all to me as if I had never seen my child.

If I had only had my senses for one day—one hour: if I could but have seen Laurence when they gave him his baby boy. Bitterly he grieves, his mother says, because he has no heir.

My first waking fear was horrible. Had I betrayed anything during my delirium? I think not. Louisa says I lay all the time silent, dull, and did not even notice my husband, though he bent over me like one distracted. Poor Laurence! I see him but little now: they will not suffer me. It is perhaps well: I could not bear his grief and my own too: I might not be able to keep my secret safe.

I went yesterday to look at the tiny mound—all that is left to me of my dream of motherhood. Such a happy dream as it was, too! How it comforted me, many a time: how I used to sit and think of my darling that was to come: to picture it lying in my arms—playing at my feet—growing in beauty—a boy, a youth, a man! And this—this is all—this little grave.

Perhaps I may never have another child. If so, all the deep love which nature teaches, and which nature has even now awakened in my heart, must find no object, and droop and wither away, or be changed into repining. No! please God, *that* last shall never be: I will not embitter the blessings I have, by mourning over those denied.

But I must love something, in the way that I would have loved my child. I have lost my babe; some babe may have lost a mother. A thought comes—I shudder—I tremble—yet I follow it. I will pause a little, and then—

In Mr. Shelmerdine's absence, I have accomplished my plan. I have contrived to visit the place where lives that hapless child—my husband's child.

I do believe my love to Laurence must be such as never before was borne to man by woman. It draws me even towards this little

one: forgetting all wife-like pride, I seem to yearn over the boy. But is this strange? In my first girlish dreams, many a time I have taken a book he had touched—a flower he had gathered—hid it from my sisters, kissed it, and wept over it for days. It was folly; but it only showed how precious I held everything belonging to him. And should I not hold precious what is half himself—his own son?

I will go and see the child to-morrow.

Weeks have passed, and yet I have had no strength to tell what that to-morrow brought. Strange book of human fate! each leaf closed until the appointed time,—if we could but turn it, and read. Yet it is best not.

I went to the cottage—alone, of course. I asked the old woman to let me come in and rest, for I was a stranger, weak and tired. She did so kindly, remembering, perhaps, how I had once noticed the boy. He was her grandson she told me—her daughter's child.

Her daughter! And this old creature was a coarse, rough-spoken woman—a labourer's wife. Laurence Sheldermine—the elegant—the refined—what madness must have possessed him!

"She died very young, then, your daughter?" I found courage to say.

"Ay, ay; in a few months after the boy's birth. She was but a weakly thing at best, and she had troubles enow."

Quickly came the blood to my heart—to my cheek—in bitter, bitter shame. Not for myself, but for him. I shrank like a guilty thing before that mother's eye. I dared not ask—what I longed to hear—concerning the poor girl, and her sad history.

"Is the child like her?" was all I could say, looking to where the little one was playing, at the far-end of the garden. I was glad not to see him nearer. "Was his mother as beautiful as he?"

"Ay, a good-looking lass enough; but the little lad's like his father, who was a gentleman born: though Laurence had better ha' been a ploughman's son. A bad business Bess made of it. To this day I dunnot know her right name, nor little Laurence's there; and so I canna make his father own him. He ought, for the lad's growing up as grund a gentleman as himself: he'll never do to live with poor folk like granny."

"Alas!" I cried, forgetting all but my compassion; "then how will the child bear his lot of shame!"

"Shame!" and the old woman came up

fiercely to me. "You'd better mind your own business: my Bess was as good as you."

I trembled violently, but could not speak. The woman went on:—

"I dunnot care if I blab it all out, though Bess begged me not. She was a fool, and the young fellow something worse. His father tried—may-be he wished to try, too—but they couldna undo what had been done. My girl was safe married to him, and the little lad's a gentleman's lawful son."

Oh! joy beyond belief! Oh! bursting, blessed tears! My Laurence! my Laurence!

* * * I have no clear recollection of anything more, save that I suppose the woman thought me mad, and fled out of the cottage. My first consciousness is of finding myself quite alone, with the door open, and a child looking in at me in wonderment, but with a gentleness such as I have seen my husband wear. No marvel I had loved that childish face: it was such as might have been *his* when he was a boy.

I cried, tremulously, "Laurence! little Laurence!" He came to me, smiling and pleased. One faint struggle I had—forgive me, poor dead girl!—and then I took the child in my arms, and kissed him as though I had been his mother. For thy sake—for thy sake—my husband!

I understood all the past now. The wild, boyish passion, making an ideal out of a poor village girl—the unequal union—the dream fading into common day—coarseness creating repulsion—the sting of one folly which had marred a lifetime—dread of the world, self-reproach, and shame—all these excuses I could find: and yet Laurence had acted ill. And when the end came: no wonder that remorse pursued him, for he had broken a girl's heart. She might, she must, have loved him. I wept for her—I, who so passionately loved him too.

He was wrong, also, grievously wrong, in not acknowledging the child. Yet there might have been reasons. His father ruled with an iron hand; and, then, when he died, Laurence had just known me. Alas! I weave all coverings to hide his fault. But surely this strong, faithful love was implanted in my heart for good. It shall not fail him now: it shall encompass him with arms of peace: it shall stand between him and the bitter past: it shall lead him on to a worthy and happy future.

There is one thing which he must do: I will strengthen him to do it. Yet, when I tell him all, how will he meet it? No matter; I must do right. I have walked through this cloud of misery—shall my courage fail me now?

He came home, nor knew that I had been away. Something oppressed him: his old grief, perhaps. My beloved! I have a balm even for that, now.

* * * I told him the story, as it were in a parable, not of myself, but of another—a friend I had. His colour came and went—his hands trembled in my hold. I hid nothing: I told of the wife's first horrible fear—of her misery—and the red flush mounted to his very brow. I could have fallen at his feet, and prayed forgiveness; but I dared not yet. At last I spoke of the end, still using the feigned names I had used all along.

He said, hoarsely, "Do you think the wife—a good and pure woman—would forgive all this?"

"Forgive! Oh! Laurence—Laurence!" and I clung to him and wept.

A doubt seemed to strike him. "Adelaide—tell me—"

"I have told. Husband, forgive me! I know all, and still I love you—I love you!"

I did not say, *I pardon*. I would not let him think that I felt I had need to pardon.

Laurence sank down at my feet, hid his face on my knees, and wept.

* * * The tale of his youth was as I guessed. He told it me the same night, when we sat in the twilight gloom. I was glad of this—that not even his wife's eyes might scan too closely the pang it cost him to reveal these long-past days. But all the while he spoke my head was on his breast, that he might feel I held my place there still, and that no error, no grief, no shame, could change my love for him, nor make me doubt his own, which I had won.

My task is accomplished. I rested not, day or night, until the right was done. Why should he fear the world's sneer, when his wife stands by him—his wife, who most of all might be thought to shrink from this confession that

must be made? But I have given him comfort—ay, courage. I have urged him to do his duty, which is one with mine.

My husband has acknowledged his first marriage, and taken home his son. His mother, though shocked and bewildered at first, rejoiced when she saw the beautiful boy—worthy to be the heir of the Sheldermidnes. All are happy in the thought. And I—

I go, but always secretly, to the small daisy-mound. My own lost one! my babe, whose face I never saw! If I have no child on earth, I know there is a little angel waiting me in heaven.

Let no one say I am not happy, as happy as one can be in this world: never was any woman more blessed than I am in my husband and my son—*mine*. I took him as such: I will fulfil the pledge while I live.

* * * The other day, our little Laurence did something wrong. He rarely does so—he is his father's own child for gentleness and generosity. But here he was in error: he quarrelled with his Aunt Louisa, and refused to be friends. Louisa was not right either: she does not half love the boy.

I took my son on my lap, and tried to show him the holiness and beauty of returning good for evil; of forgetting unkindness, of pardoning sin. He listened, as he always listens to me. After a while, when his heart was softened, I made him kneel down beside me, saying the prayer—"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

Little Laurence stole away, repentant and good. I sat thoughtful: I did not notice that behind me had stood *my* Laurence—my husband. He came and knelt where his boy had knelt. Like a child, he laid his head on my shoulder, and blessed me, in broken words. The sweetest of all were:—

"My wife! my wife who has saved her husband!"

SHAKESPEARE'S SOUTHWARK, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

It has been frequently said that, "Paris is France,"—the saying has become proverbial, and it is true in the main, inasmuch as in that capital we see French character fully develop itself, while its influence gives the tone to every provincial capital in its opinions, its habits, and its fashions. But if we were to say that

"London is England," we should not meet so tacit an acquiescence, inasmuch as our provincial cities have an independent character of their own, and do not look up to the capital for their guidance so entirely; neither are they without the pride of provincialism, and are less inclined to honour the capital at the ex-

pense of their own native city or town. Yet London may be taken as a fair epitome of England. Like the English Constitution, it has modified itself to every age, has adapted itself to every

"Change of many-coloured life,"

and thus preserved its supremacy in the nineteenth century, until the "Modern Babylon" has become the wonder of the world. Increasing in size, as England has increased in power, its warehouses are the receptacles of the industry of the world; its port the centre to which all vessels steer; it shops the mart for every trader of the universe. As England has possessions in every hemisphere, so is its cosmopolitan character shadowed in its streets; the very names which meet the eye show the mixed character of the population; and the still increasing vastness of the enormous city is but a type of the commercial greatness of the Nation. Is not, then, London—England?

It was far otherwise within comparatively recent times. We need not go back to the early or middle ages, when commerce was neglected or crippled by the most absurd of Custom-house regulations, when "Protection," in the fullest sense of the word, was accorded in the blindest manner to all who had a shadow of claim to it, and trade meant business bounded by our own seas. In those days, London was a small, snugly-walled city, with one bridge well fortified, and a Tower strongly formed to repel an enemy. Like England at that period, it was warlike and insecure; throwing around itself restrictive and mural protection. As England has progressed its capital has increased in wealth and importance; but where now are its wall and bastions, its gates and drawbridges—a true type of the nation, it has learned the wisdom of the moral strength of universal trustfulness based on native honour.

Any one who has the opportunity and inclination to look at the old "bird's-eye" view of London, executed in the reign of Elizabeth, will at once be struck with the small space it then occupied. Its walls were entire, and enclosed the ground east and west from the Tower to Blackfriars, reaching from the Thames northwardly to Smithfield, Barbican, and Finsbury; while, from Cripplegate to Bishopsgate, "the maidens of London dried their clothes" on the grass plots immediately under the walls, and the eye had an uninterrupted range over "fresh fields and pastures new," where the young men of London met to practise shooting with the bow, beyond which

were the windmills, where many a "lusty miller" drove a brisk trade with the city; and far away the villages of Islington and Hackney, and the hills of Hampstead and Highgate. Within the walls was a dense population in streets of narrow dimensions, the houses overhanging the pathways, on many of which the sun never shone, and which were ill-drained and ill-cleaned; some idea of them may be now formed by a visit to the still existing streets of the *cité* of Old Paris, or the *roynde* of Old Edinburgh. The pestilences which once depopulated Old London have departed with the manners which occasioned them.

The inhabitants of the Ancient Town, crowded thus within their walls—literally in "populous city pent"—escaped whenever they were able; those who could leave the alleys congregated in the wider principal thoroughfares, or met to talk and walk in the nave of St. Paul's; or if they could get beyond the walls, walked in Finsbury-fields, where the youths went to practise with pike or bow, and the maidens to dance; while those "on pleasure bent," crossed the Thames, and sought it on the Surrey side.

"Southwark from an early time appears to have been to the Londoners what "the playing ground" was to the Indian—a place adjacent to his home, devoted to his amusement. Here were "garden houses," selling cakes and ale for the old citizens; bear-baiting and plays for the younger ones—and, by natural consequence, here also congregated the infamous of both sexes, who had sought to gain by the stimulus excited. Paris-garden achieved an early notoriety in evil; it frequently occupied the attention of satirists; one Crowley, a poet of the reign of Henry VIII., as quoted by Pennant, declares:—

"At Paris Garden each Sunday a man shall not fail
To find two or three hundred, for the bear-ward's
vale,
One half-penny a-piece they use for to give."

But it was not the poor and vulgar only who patronized these debasing amusements. Collier, in his "History of the Stage," relates that the Earl of Northumberland went there to see bears baited in 1520; and a gentleman of the suite of the Spanish ambassador in 1544, narrates his visit to the same "fashionable" locality; he describes the bears as "driven into a circus, where they are confined by a long rope, while large and courageous dogs are let loose upon them, and a fight takes place." He narrates that horses were also baited there; and describes a pony thus tormented with a monkey on its back, com-

placently saying, "that the shrieks of the monkey, when he saw the dogs hanging from the ears and neck of the pony, rendered the scene very laughable."

This place is said to have obtained its name from Robert de Paris, who had a house and grounds there in the reign of Richard II. The manor became royal property afterwards, and comprised the land lying opposite Blackfriars. Paris-garden Stairs, where Londoners debarked, were facing Puddle-dock, and were in existence till the year 1816, when the site was purchased by Mr. Devey, a coal merchant, and converted into a wharf.

Honest John Stow has left the best account of the neighbourhood, at a time when the success of the one bear-garden had caused the erection of another. Speaking of Southwark, he says, "on this bank is the beare-gardens, in number twain; to wit, the old bear-garden and the new, places wherein be kept bears, bulls, and other beasts, to be bayted at stakes for pleasure; also mastives to bait them in severall kennels are there nourished. These bears, bulls, and other beasts, are oft times baited in plots of ground, scaffolded about for the beholders to stand upon safe." Hentzner, the German traveller in England, whose itinerary relates to what he saw here in 1598, gives a still more minute description, when speaking of theatres near London, he says—"There is still another place, built in the form of a theatre, which serves for the baiting of bulls and bears; they are fastened behind, and then worried by great English bull-dogs, but not without great risk to the dogs, from the horns of the one, and the teeth of the other, and it sometimes happens they are killed on the spot; fresh ones are immediately supplied in the place of those that are wounded or tired. To this entertainment there often follows that of whipping a blinded bear, which is performed by five or six men standing circularly with whips, which they exercise upon him without any mercy, as he cannot escape from them because of his chains. He defends himself with all his force and skill, throwing down all who come within his reach, and are not active enough to get out of it, and tearing the whips out of their hands and breaking them." He then dilates on the company who "constantly" smoke tobacco," and adds, "in these theatres, fruits, such as apples, pears and nuts, according to the season, are carried about to be sold, as well as ale and wine." But for the tobacco-smoking, we might think he was describing the Southwark minor theatres of the present day.

In the old map of London, already noticed, these two theatres are clearly shown: they are circular, open at top to the sky, and spectators are represented seated all round, looking at the combats of beasts in the centre. Outside, the curious pry through windows and crannies, and rows of bears and dogs appear chained as a *corps de reserve*; large square pools of water are also provided, in which the animals were washed, after the fashion described by Brown, in 1656, of those he saw in the bear-garden at Dresden, where, he says, "they have fountains and ponds to wash themselves in, wherein they much delight." The gallery which ran round the old amphitheatre was double, and was calculated to hold a thousand people; and here, on Sundays, congregated masses of the idle and dissolute. Prynne has related the awful accident which happened here on the 13th of January, 1583, which "being the Lord's Day, an infinite number of people, men, women, and children, resorted unto Paris-garden to see beare-fighting, playes, and other pastyme," when, "being altogether mounted aloft upon these scaffolds and galleries, and in the midst of their jollity and pastyme," the building being old and rotten, the scaffolds fell; "five men and two women were slain outright, and above 150 persons were sore wounded and bruised, whereof many died shortly after." With the same taste for high-flown terms to hide "blackguardism" chosen by modern prize-fighters, who term their doings "manly art" and "noble science," the old bear-garden proprietors termed their show "royal pastime!"

The Drama at this time was weak and poor. The blustering of Tamburlaine was incomprehensible to the mass; clever writing, poetic thought, had not yet appeared naturally before them. No wonder, then, that, like Ben Jonson's gossips in the "Staple of News," they valued "no play without a foole and a devil in't!!" to cut capers and make sport with buffoonery of the lowest kind. The attractions of the stage, however, triumphed, and four theatres occupied "the Bankside" in the early part of the seventeenth century, one ultimately becoming world-famous by its connexion with Shakespeare;—not, however, that bear-baiting ceased, for we find in the year 1682 it was still carried on, and "a horse baited to death," which "formerly belonged to the Earl of Rochester."

By the end of the sixteenth century there were eleven theatres opened in the suburbs of London; but the four in Southwark were the

Swan, the Hope, the Rose, and the Globe. The least celebrated was the Swan, which stood close to the water's edge, but the exact spot is not easily definable; it was the most westerly of the theatres on the Bankside, and stood near the Phoenix gas-works. In 1618 it was shut up; and we learn from an old pamphlet, published in 1632, that it had then fallen into decay. It was totally demolished, with several others, by order of the Parliament, at the commencement of the civil wars. The Hope, originally used as a bear-garden, was converted into a theatre early in the seventeenth century; but it was again made a bear-garden, and then again a theatre, in 1614, when Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair" was played there, he declaring "that therein the author hath observ'd a special *decorum*, the place being as dirty as Smithfield, and as stinking every whit." The Rose stood close to this theatre, but nearer the water; it was built before 1598, and Collier considers it "the oldest theatre on the Bankside;" it was deserted in 1613. The Globe nearly faced the Hope; it was erected about 1594, and was burned in June, 1613, when the wadding of a small cannon, shot off in "a play called 'All is True,' representing some principal pieces in the reign of Henry VIII." (and probably Shakespeare's), set fire to the thatched roof, and burned it to the ground in less than two hours. It was rebuilt shortly in an improved fashion, and here Shakespeare's finest works were first given to the world; the players were styled "the King's servants;" and it continued open till 1642, when the puritanical parliament issued an order for the suppression of stage plays. Collier thinks that "after 1647 it was most likely pulled down."

The connexion of our greatest poet with the Globe, and his fortune therewith, are so frequently related as to need no fresh narrative here; we may, therefore, confine ourselves to notes on the Southwark of his time.

The straggling houses that dotted the water's edge from Lambeth-marsh to Paris-garden grew thicker as they approached that place, and formed a line of houses, with gardens and groves of trees behind them, until they reached the three theatres last described, round which they appear to have clustered thickly. Close beside them were "the Stews," and the garden-house known as "Holland's Leaguer," a building with a pleasure-ground and arbours, surrounded by a ditch and approached by a drawbridge, and which was of infamous notoriety. The Stews, as Stow tells us, had signs painted on their fronts towards

the river, and their inhabitants are alluded to by Shakespeare as "Winchester geese," the place being under the protection of the Bishop of Winchester, whose palace and gardens stood close beside them, reaching nearly to St. Saviour's wharf, where the houses clustered thickly, until they formed the High-street of Southwark.

Much of this neighbourhood was inhabited by persons who did not altogether approve of these scenes; and we find them complaining of the incessant noise and tumult of the Bear-garden, then the property of Edward Alleyne, the founder of Dulwich College. Among them occurs the name of Shakespeare, proving that in July, 1596, he was a resident in Southwark. At this time, the poet, though still a very young man, had been a successful adventurer in London; was part proprietor of the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres; and early in 1597 purchased one of the best houses in his native town of Stratford (New Place, where he died). The biographical facts connected with the poet are few and far between, but all of them tend to prove he was by no means deficient in worldly wisdom. We find him purchasing houses and land at Stratford, and dealing with the corporation for stone and corn; applied to by friends there for loans of money "on good security," and receiving letters of advice as to the purchase of land. In London, not again to speak of his property in theatres, we find him assessed in 1598 for property in the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate; and the original counterpart of the conveyance to him of a house in Blackfriars is now in the library of the Corporation of London, signed by the poet himself. Some idea of his income may be formed from that portion obtained from his share of the Blackfriars, thus narrated in the document drawn up for the Corporation of London, when they wished to purchase and suppress it:—

"Item. W. Shakespeare asketh for the wardrobe and properties of the same playhouse, 500*li*.; and for his 4 shares the same as his fellows, Burbidge and Fletcher, viz., 933*li*. 6*s*. 8*d*. . . 1433*li*. 6*s*. 8*d*."

Therefore, says Mr. Halliwell, in his admirable life of the poet, "the shares which Shakespeare possessed in the Blackfriars Theatre alone produced him, as it appears from this list, £133 6*s*. 8*d*. a year; and Mr. Collier adds an annual £50 to this for the loan of 'properties;' so that, supposing his income from the Globe were of the same amount, his theatrical property in 1608 was worth £366 13*s*. 4*d*. per annum." In May, 1602, he purchased 107 acres of arable land in Old

Stratford; and in July, 1605, he gave £440 for a lease of the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopston, and Welcombe. When we consider the value of such sums in these days, we can form a good idea of the personal wealth of the prudent dramatist. His will gives the fullest account of his possessions at his decease, and enumerates much that is here mentioned. The sums above named may be multiplied by four, to bring them to an equal value with what they would be worth in our own day.

Having thus completed a survey of Southwark in Shakespeare's time, let us now see what remains at the present day to mark the famous localities of two centuries ago.

Passing across Blackfriars-bridge, the first turning to the left—Holland-street—leads directly to Bankside, and a few yards brings you acquainted with names that belong to the Shakesperian era. The Falcon Glass Works, the Falcon Brewery, and the Falcon Coal Wharf, all perpetuate the name (and the latter place the site) of the Falcon Tavern, the traditional resort of Shakespeare and his dramatic companions, and which was pulled down at the commencement of the present century. It was one of those roomy old inns, with large projecting windows, which have ceased to be seen in modern London. There is a very good engraving of it in Wilkinson's "*Londina Illustrata*." The names of the streets about the place have a suburban sound—Green-walk, for instance—one of the country lanes converted into a dirty street of small houses.

Built into the modern houses, at intervals may be traced the quaint old wooden erections which originally stood in their "garden-plots," jotted over the land like a Dutch village. They are generally about the time of William III, but some may date back to that of Charles II. In Gravel-lane and Guildford-street are several; and the pedestrian who will be at the trouble of passing through a dense neighbourhood, where cat's-meat shops, dealers in old rags and bones, and other unsavoury commodities abound, may again trace old names in "the Hope" Iron Foundry, and its former importance in such as *Ely*-place, *Essex*-street, &c. The black dolls hung over the doors; and the barbers' poles with their acorn tops, sloping from them; have interest as the last relics of Old London tradesmen's signs. Indeed, with the exception of the dog and porridge-pot for the brazier, the golden arm and hammer for the goldbeater, and the golden fleece for the mercer, these signs may be said to have ceased to exist.

In this neighbourhood, Pye or Pike-gardens mark the locality of the Pike-ponds, which are so carefully distinguished in the old maps, where many a bear was washed; and passing on to Park-street, we observe, nearly opposite Noah's-ark-alley, a very old public-house, "the Smith's Arms," which has often rung to the uproarious mirth of the "roaring boys" who frequented the Bear-garden opposite. But we are now a little too far south; so, returning to the Falcon, we will keep by the Bankside. It is not an attractive walk now, whatever it may have been in the days of Elizabeth. The ground is covered with coal-dust, and the air with gas-smoke; the wharfs and large mercantile establishments give you an idea of wealth, the wretched courts and densely-crowded alleys of dirty and neglected poverty. The most contradictory names are given to these places, as if in jest of their own misery. A dirty dark alley, nearly closed from the light of day by wood-yards and gas-works, is called Love-lane; and another equally dirty and woe-begone passage, near St. Saviour's, is termed Primrose-alley.

The place is sacred to trade and its dependents, yet old associations remain in old names, and in Cardinal-cap-alley we trace the locality of the Bordellos, or Stews, the licensed property of the Bishop of Winchester. A few steps farther, and "the Globe" Coal Wharf reminds us of the building that gives undying celebrity to this neighbourhood; while the gateway at Shears' factory, bearing the name "Bear-garden" at its side, induces a pause. It was here that Allen's bear-garden stood, the racket of which was complained of in Shakespeare's time. The "Bear-garden Wharf," and the public-house having for sign "the White Bear," are also reminiscences of olden time. "The Rose and Bell" has a low archway beside it, leading into Rose-alley, the site of the theatre of that name; but it is now a singularly contradictory name for the place; the grounds and walls of the houses are covered with coal-dust and smoke, the air is heavy with the same, the dull whirr of the factory-wheels, and the oppressive smell of the open drains and gutters, in which neglected children paddle, to amuse themselves, as they sluggishly creep towards the Thames, past the confined habitations of their parents; is both physically and morally depressive. Bred among such filth, brought up to labour in the bad air of the various "works" in the neighbourhood, we need not wonder to meet middle-aged men decrepid, asthmatic, and haggard; flying to spirits, beer, and tobacco, as solaces for the discomfort with

which they are surrounded. "Wealth has its victims—too much takes from too little:" both dwell together on the Bankside.

The site of the Hope Theatre is, as nearly as we can guess, where the Southwark-bridge-road now runs. Shakespeare's theatre, "the Globe," stood a little beyond where now Barclay and Perkins' brewery is built. Before the approaches to Southwark-bridge were formed, the localities could be much better defined, and "Globe-alley" was in existence; but it has been swept away, and with it the most interesting name of the district.

We have now reached the end of the Bankside: the open terrace to the Thames is interrupted by closely-built wharfs. We turn, however, down Clink-street, and soon reach Winchester Wharf, the site of the palatial residence of the Bishops of Winchester, who had a suburban residence here as early as the time of King Stephen, which was progressively enlarged by succeeding prelates, who continued to occupy it till the end of the seventeenth century, when the palace at Southwark was deserted for one at Chelsea. The house and grounds, with its parterres and fountains, have been carefully delineated in Hollar's great view of London. A fire, in August, 1814, destroyed the whole; but a portion of the walls of the Great Hall still remain, and a window, with carved work in the spandrels, may be seen in the open piece of ground opposite the wharf; the party-wall of one of them, by Stoney-street, is formed of the solid walls of the episcopal residence; and a very fine rose window is built in in this way, which the writer of the present notice well remembers,

twenty years ago, when the ruins left by the fire were more extensive and untouched. The wonder is, that the ground has been so long unoccupied.

We now reach the little inlet from the Thames, known as St. Saviour's Wharf. The fine old conventual church is beside it; between it and the church a pointed arch and gate led, but a few years since, to Montague-close, where stood the old house of the Lord Mount-eagle, and where tradition affirms he received the famous letter which led to the discovery of the Gunpowder-plot. All is swept away now, and enormous warehouses and wharfs occupy the site. The tower of St. Mary Overy's, or St. Saviour's, looks down now on a very different scene to that which Hollar has so carefully depicted from its summit, where he had frequently and patiently employed himself in delineating the London of his day. Green fields were then in Southwark, and others around the city walls—open country within view: now the close-built, mirky streets are everywhere as far as the eye can reach, and the country beyond them obscured by smoke. The racket of wheels and railway—the dense crowds that throng London-bridge—the busy employment of wharves, warehouses, shops, and market—the anxious and hurried bearing of passers-by, all thinking of the present, and its claims—preclude reflexion here on things of the past; but the thoughtful man, who indulges in retrospection, may find much "food for contemplation" on the Bankside; and the few *disjecta membra* thrown together in this paper may prove how much can result from an hour's walk in Shakespeare's Southwark.

THE LUCKY PENNY.*

BR MRS. S. C. HALL.

CHAP. II.

THE next morning saw Richard at the bookseller's door, full ten minutes before the appointed time. Around his slender throat was the promised handkerchief; and there was an air of gentility about the lad, though under evident restraint, in his threadbare best clothes. He was neither tall nor large of his age, yet he had outgrown his dress: to look at him when his cloth cap (from which depended a worn tassel, brown with age) was on, you would have thought that his eyes were too large for his

small, delicate features; but when that was removed, and the pale, full, well-developed brow, shaded by an abundance of light-brown hair, was displayed, then the schoolmaster's son had an air, despite his ill-fitting clothes, his patched shoes, his sunken cheeks, and the cold, mercilessly blue "handkerchief" round his throat, of the highest and most earnest intelligence. What most rendered him different from other boys however, was his frequent habit of uplooking: there was nothing weak or silly in this manner, nor did his eyes wander away from the things around him, as if he heard them not; his large, quick eyes, bright

* Continued from page 42.

and grey, wore rapid and observant; but it was as if he carried what he saw *below* to be judged *above*; his leisure looks were "uplooking," his slight figure was erect, and he never slouched in his gait, or dragged his feet after him, as many lads are apt to do. As he stood at his new master's door, in the grey fog of a London morning, he longed for the door to open; he longed to begin work; he thought the clocks were all wrong; and, though there was hardly a creature moving in the streets except a stray cat or a slip-shod charwoman, he would have it that the entire London population were a set of slug-a-beds, unworthy of the name of Britons; for he had great veneration for Britons, and when he used to write impromptu copies on the broken slate, his favourite sentence was "Rule Britannia."

At last he heard doors opening beneath the area gratings, and in due time the shop-door was unbarred by a not very clean-faced woman, who inquired—

"Are you the new boy?" Richard said he was. "Well," added the woman, looking him over carefully, "when master had a mind to get a new boy, he might have got something with flesh on its bones, and stout arms. Sorra a much joy I'll have wid a shrimpeen of a child like you in the house. Sorra a helping hand at the knives, or shoes, or messages, I'll go bail!"

"Indeed, I can do everything you want, and bring you all you wish," said Richard, cheerfully.

"Bring me all I wish!" repeated the Irish servant, in a low, desponding tone. "Oh, then, hear to the presumption of youth! May be, you think I'm like yer mother, and that all my wishes end in a half-pint of beer, or a glass of gin?"

Richard felt his susceptible blood rush over his face. "My mother," he said, "never took a glass of gin in her life!"

She looked fixedly at him, and gradually her large mouth expanded into a smile. "Yer a better boy than I thought you, though you can't bring me all I wish; you can't bring me my two fine boys back from the withered churchyard; you can't bring me back my strength, my heart, my youth, my gay, bright youth! All I wish! Och, wirrasthue! if I had all I wish, it's not in slavery I'd be in an ainee all day, with a poor lone man for a master, that thinks the world and its sunshine is made out of musty books—and newspapers—that I can't get the reading of. Can you read?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you'll read me a bit of the news—the raaile newspaper, political news—not your po-leece thrash, but the States of Europe—I'll stand yer friend."

Richard followed her down stairs, wondering what interest such a deplorable looking woman could possibly take in the "States of Europe." She told him what to do, concerning knives and shoes and coat-brushing, and left him to do it; but the "all" was so very little, that, in addition to her directions, he made up the fire and swept the hearth; and his habits of order and quickness gave the small, dismal kitchen an air of neatness approaching to comfort, which perhaps it had never before exhibited during the dynasty of "Matty Hayes." It was this good woman's habit always to speak in a tone of injured innocence. She anticipated that everything must go wrong, and she met the evil half-way with a sort of grim exultation. She delighted in contradiction; and would contradict herself, rather than not contradict at all. There was, however, as is usual with her "people," an under-current of good-nature coursing round her heart, which rendered her speech and action two different and opposite things.

"Master's shoes nor coat aint ready, of course?" she called from the landing. In a moment Richard's light feet flew up the stairs, and he laid them on her bony arms.

"Then I'm sure he's let the fire out, if these are done," she muttered to herself. "There never was a boy that did not undo ten things while he did one!"

When she descended, she looked round, silenced by the change Richard had wrought in the den of a kitchen, and hardly knowing whether she ought to blame or praise.

"I don't mean to pay you for all this fine work," she said; "and there's no breakfast for you—no, nor bit nor sup—it's as much as I can do to manage for us three—master, and I, and Peter."

"I have had my breakfast, thank you; and as I can do nothing here, I will go up stairs, if you will be so good as to tell me what I can do there."

"Tell you what to do," she repeated. "Are you an apprentice, that you want teaching? A pretty boy, indeed, you are for a place, if you can't take down shutters, and sweep and dust a shop, and clean windows—(I daresay you'll break 'em when you do)—and mop the pavement—(always do *that* in frosty weather, like the doctor's boy next door, to break people's legs, and make a job of their precious limbs)—and sweep the snow over the slides,

that the old people may *slider* about for your amusement."

Richard felt a choking sensation at his throat, and as usual he flushed, but tried not to look angry.

"There!" she exclaimed, "don't give me any impudence: quick lads are always impudent. I thought how it would be when you were so *mighty neat*."

During this unsavoury dialogue, and in direct opposition to her declared intention, she was cutting a remarkably thick piece of bread and butter; and having done so, she pushed it to the boy, saying, "There, go to your work now, and don't say you are starved by Matthew Whitelock's housekeeper."

Richard was a peace-loving lad: he saw the storm gathering in Matty's face, and notwithstanding his boasted breakfast (he had slipped back one of the pieces of bread his mother had given him) he could, from any other hands have eaten the bread with great *gout*; but the hands that fed him from infancy were delicately clean and white, and—it might be the darkness and murkiness of a January morning, but everything, and above all things Matty, looked fearfully dirty—a favourite proverb of his mother's took possession of his mind—

"Cleanliness is next to godliness."

But he loved peace, and he thanked "Matthew Whitelock's housekeeper;" simply repeating, that he had breakfasted. Matty was a resolute woman; she had made up her mind he should eat what she had prepared; and, consequently, laying her massive hands upon his shoulders, she forced him suddenly down upon a chair, from which he as suddenly sprang up as from an air cushion, but not before a most unearthly howl intimated that he had pressed too heavily upon "Peter," a rough, grey terrier, who, in these days, when tangled, ragged dogs, are the fashion, would have been called a "beauty."

"And that's your thanks, Peter, my darlin', for not biting him, to have him scrunch down upon you, as if you war a cat," she exclaimed; then, turning suddenly upon poor Richard, she commanded him to eat at once, and be done with it, and not stand there aggravating her, and murdering her dog.

At first Richard eat with a feeling of disgust; but the bread was good, and he was hungry. Peter seated himself before the lad, rising every second moment on his haunches, and making little twitching movements with

his fore-paws: Richard gave him a piece of the crumb.

"Look at that, now," said Matty; "ye' just give the poor innocent baste the crumb, because ye' don't like it ye'rself."

Richard presented him with a bit of the crisp brown crust.

"See, now, if that brat of a boy ain't trying already to break every tooth in the crature's head, with his crusts."

Richard finished without offering Peter another morsel.

"Well!" ejaculated his tormentor; "if ever I saw such a selfish boy of yer age, and that's speaking volumes, as master says; not to give the brute the last crumb, for good luck; but some has no nature in 'em; and the poor baste bobbing at you, as if you had never scrooged him into a pancake. There, go along, do; and harkce! if you run the window-bars through the glass, you'll have to pay for every pane you break; and mind the trap that's over the cellar: but sure you war here before, when I was sick. Ah! I dare say you'll go off in consumption, just as the last boy did: it's all along the smell of the old books, and the *ile* of the papers, to say nothing of the gas. I wonder how master and I live through it; but it won't be for long, I'm certain of that; I'm a poor fading-away crature."

As Richard ran up the dark stairs, he could not avoid turning to look at the "fading-away crature." The cheerful blaze of the fire threw her figure into strong light, and her shadow on the wall grew up into the ceiling. She recalled all Richard had ever heard of "ogres"—so gaunt, and strong, and terrible—tremendous people who trouble the world for ever, and never die.

Richard entered the shop with the feeling of a governor going to take the command of a new province. Could it be absolutely real, that he was the appointed messenger to go in and out, backwards and forwards, amongst such a multitude of books! To him, the store seemed more than ever immense. Surely Mr. Whitelock must have added hundreds to his hundreds since he stood upon that threshold to help the poor dying boy. He recalled the feeling of awe with which he regarded that dingy interior; he thought Mr. Whitelock must be the happiest man in the world, not only to live amongst so many books, but to be their absolute owner; he wondered how he could bear to sell them: he resolved to count them; and thrilled from head to foot at the new-born pleasure—even in anticipation—that perhaps he might be permitted to

read them. There was a delight! to read every one of the books that filled these shelves! But then came the thought that, however delicious it would be to get all that knowledge into his head, it would do his mother no *real good*, unless he could put the knowledge so acquired in practice: yes, put it in practice, to make money and means sufficient to keep his mother—his loving, tender, gentle mother—who seemed threatened with a terrible affliction; to keep her from want—from cold—from every apprehension of distress. Richard never stood idly to muse: no, *he thought*. His thoughts were active—strong, too, for a boy of his years; and they came abundantly while he occupied himself with his duties; fine, healthy, earnest thoughts they were—sanctified by an unexpressed, yet fervent, prayer to the Almighty, to bless his mother and his own exertions for her happiness.

There is something most holy and beautiful in the attachment between mother and son: it is not always so tender or so enduring as the love between mother and daughter; but when circumstances arise to call forth the affections of a large-hearted, lonely boy towards his mother, there can be no feeling more intense or more devoted.

Again Richard's habits of order increased his usefulness fourfold. He arranged all things in the neatest way, resolving to ask leave to dust the shelves, after the shop was shut; and determined to keep the windows clean; his mother's window was the cleanest in the court, why should not his master's be clean also?

He was finishing his morning's work by mending an old stumpy pen—the last of three belonging to a leaden inkstand—when his master entered.

"So, you can mend pens?"

"Yes, sir, I think I can: would you be so good as to try this one?"

He good-naturedly did so, and, as it suited him, he was really pleased; and then told Richard where to find some things, and where to keep others, until it was time to carry out certain library books, and make sundry calls, to inquire after those that had not been returned.

Richard thought it no harm to peep into the books as he went along. The first novel he opened was all about great lords and ladies, and what they did and said, and how they looked and walked, and spent their time; and Richard, when he had read half a page, came to the conclusion that those grand folk must be different in every respect from any human beings he had ever seen. He had resolved to be very quick in his messages; but as he read,

his pace insensibly slackened, and his master (a long, lean man, whose benevolent countenance was somewhat hardened by a firm set mouth) met him at the door.

"You have loitered."

"I just looked into the book, sir; and I am afraid I did not come as fast as I intended."

"I sent you to carry books, not to read them; and this sort of books would not do you any good, but rather harm."

"Please, sir, I thought I had time enough."

"Remember what Poor Richard says, 'that what we call time enough always proves little enough.' Besides, I have a right to your time; it is all you have to give in exchange for my money, and it is as dishonest to squander the one as it would be to squander the other."

"I will never look in a book again, sir, without your leave."

It was perhaps strange that, though the bookseller had seen as much of what is called "the world"—that is, of his own particular "world," with now and then a peep into its higher and lower regions—as most men, and been—as kind-natured men invariably are—frequently deceived, yet he never doubted the integrity of his little messenger's promise, believing he would keep it to the letter; and he turned away without a single additional word of reproof or displeasure; but Richard heard sundry murmurings and grumblings on the stairs—ascending and descending—which convinced him that Matty would not be as easily pacified as her master. The bookseller told him he might go down and have his dinner.

"Your room would be more pleasing than your company," said Matty. Without a word he was returning whence he came.

"Where are you going?" she inquired, vehemently.

"You did not wish me to stay."

"But yer master did; he's no'er content but when he fills up this bit of a kitchen with tagrag and bobtail; but, no matter—there, eat your dinner."

"Am I always to dine here?" he said, in a hesitating voice.

"Just like the rest of them! Yer going to find fault with the blessed food—I knew ye would—I said so to-day. Says I, 'He was too fond of giving his bread to the dogs, to care for his dinner.'"

The woman's contradictions perplexed the boy so much that he could not speak. Moreover, he felt a sort of self-reproach for eating all that meat, when his mother wanted; this

made him more than once lay down his knife and fork, and look upwards.

"Mighty fine eyes ye' have, to be sure, and fond of showing them!" said the sarcastic Matty.

"I'm quite done, thank you," he said, after murmuring a grace he truly felt.

"Come back: what's to come of what ye' choose to lave on yer plate? Do you mean that I don't give Peter enough? He wouldn't think it worth his while to ask for all you'd eat in a month. Why ye've left the best cut of the silver side!—the daintiness of some boys! I'll go bail ye've eat yer own weight of pudding or hard-bake while ye' were out; but as master said, 'Give him his dinner,' I've no notion of yer not eating it; so, put it up in paper, and let me see the last of ye' this blessed day."

Richard thanked her so warmly, that she knew, with instinctive feeling, there was some one at home he loved better than himself. Her heart softened—or, rather, her mood changed. But while she paused, Richard thought, and held the piece of meat on the paper she had given him without folding it up.

"I'd rather not take it, thank you," said the boy, gently. "I'd much rather not take it."

"Poor and proud—poor and proud," muttered Matty; "but ye' *shall* take it. I'm not to be contradicted by the likes of you."

"I will not take it," he said, firmly; "Master ordered me my dinner, but did not say I was to take away anything; and as it is his—not yours—So, thank you—all—"

He dared not finish the sentence: Matty struck down the knuckles of both hands violently on the table, and advanced her strongly-marked face close to his: it was illumined by fierce anger, and her small, piercing, black eyes flashed fire. "Do ye' mean to tell me, ye' *waspeen*, that I'm a thief?"

"No—no—no, indeed," said Richard, backing out as fast as he could. Still the flaming face and flashing eyes followed him; but something arrested his progress—he could retreat no farther: it was the bookseller, who inquired what was the matter? Matty multiplied and exaggerated: the little "nagur" had as good as called her a thief. After many fruitless exertions to obtain silence, the master at last succeeded in hearing the truth from Richard. "She gavo me a beautiful dinner—a fine dinner, sir—too good—too much—and I could not eat it all; so she desired me to take up what I left, and carry it home. It was so kind of her; but I thought you would not approve of my taking it. It

was no longer my dinner, when I had eaten all I could: it did not appear to me quite hers to give."

"To doubt my right!" commenced Matty; but Mr. Whitelock commanded her to listen, in a tone she was little accustomed to.

"The lad is right, Matty, it is the proper sense of justice and honesty. I am glad to see it, Matty, it is not common. You may take what you leave in future, my boy; Matty was right, and you were right. No words, Matty." And the master—who was really, like many peace-lovers, fearful of noise, and consequently gave way more frequently than he ought to do, merely to avoid it—seeing that he had, in this instance, the advantage, and being well pleased with himself, resolved to make a dignified exit, and withdrew, thinking—"An evidence of truth, and an evidence of honesty—both in one day—both in one day; very pleasing, very remarkable."

Matty, however, had been offended, and she determined to show it. She paced up and down the kitchen, talking loudly to herself. "I'm not the sort to squander my master's property on comers or goers: I know what's enough for a boy's dinner; and, whether he eats it or not, there it is, and I have nothing to do with it after; for Peter scorns scraps. There—be off with ye'rsel—there's nothing keeping ye that I know of now, ye got yer answer. Setting up for honesty, indeed! as if there was no one ever honest before ye."

The boy's eyes filled with tears. "I do not know," he said, "why every one should be so kind to me."

"You young villain!" exclaimed Matty, with a flourish of a broddignag poker, which seemed forged by the Cyclops. "Get out of my kitchen this moment! What do ye' mean by saying I'm *kind*—kind enough! A mighty fine thing ye' are to take away my character! Botheration! *is that* what I'm come to!"

Richard flew up the stairs, concluded his evening's shop-work to his master's satisfaction, again went out to distribute and gather books, and religiously kept his promise; never paused before a print-shop, nor under a tempting lamp-post, to read a sentence; thought it would not become him to be proud, so nodded to Ned Brady, at his old corner! Ned hopped after him, first on one leg, then on the other, and after a brilliant somerset stood right in his path. "Come and watch for a job," he exclaimed.

"I don't want it, thank you; I've a place."

"A place! Britons never should be slaves! I like odd jobs, and freedom! Lend us a bob."

"I have not got it."

"Well, then, a brownie."

"I have not even that," replied Richard.

Ned eyed him closely. "To think of your turning out like *that*," he said; and he then walked round and round him. "We did not think we had such a fine gentleman for a friend, when we said he'd got the lucky penny."

"We were never *friends*," observed Richard, coldly.

"Don't be too up," was the reply, "and cut a poor cove because his toggery is not as fine as your'n. Rather small, though, ain't they? Would just fit me!" He made two or three mocking bows round Richard, and vanished, playing the cart-wheel—turning over and over—along the street.

"He carried many a heavy load for me, though, when I was in my former hard place, and it's a pity he is such a bad boy in some things," thought Richard, as he trudged on. He left the books, offering to do anything else he could, at his master's, and felt all the anticipations of "*home*" more delightfully than ever, when he saw the candle-light glimmering through the chinks of his mother's shutter. The tiny room seemed to him a paradise. The widow had finished her embroidery, and was netting, so her eyes did not look as strained and weary as usual. There was something simmering and smelling very savoury on the fire; but Richard put back his hand to pull out his piece of beef. It was gone!

Richard had no doubt that his quondam "friend" had picked his pocket, more in fun than malice; and he was confirmed in the idea by seeing a boy's shadow on the wall of the opposite house—Ned, doubtless, waiting to see how he bore his disappointment. His first impulse was to run out and thrash the thief; but the memory of their nodding companionship, and of the loads the unfortunate lad had carried for him twice or thrice—running off with what Richard had staggered under—harmonized by the perfume of the *pot au feu*, taught him forbearance, and the evening passed, as the widow said, "full of hope." Many such succeeded. Richard well satisfied his master, although he was a reserved, peculiar man, not much known, and less liked; he frequented no public places, and kept little society, spending his evenings in making up his accounts, arranging his books, and reading. Matty had often told her confidential friend, the milk-woman, that "one might as well live in the house with a *corpse*," adding her belief "that all would be *corpses* one day,

for certain; and the sooner she was one the pleasanter it would be for herself, only that, being a lone woman, she thought while people had the holy breath of life in their bodies they might as well be alive—that was all."

Richard had numbered more than fourteen years when he entered Mr. Whitelock's service. He managed to keep on speaking terms with Matty, for when she would not talk to him she talked at him. He frequently remained half an hour after all was shut up to read to her; and once when Mr. Whitelock called to her to inquire who was below, she answered, in a tone of fierce indignation, that it was only "the stato of Europe, the French at another revulsion, and Spain on the top of the Pyramids."

Richard's life passed very happily: he was gaining knowledge, he was assisting his beloved mother, he was inhaling the atmosphere of all others he most enjoyed. He had permission to take home any book at night, provided he brought it in the morning; at first he greedily devoured all that came in his way, but the reading stock of a third-class library was not likely to feed a mind eager for actual knowledge, and largely comprehensive. Poetry he imbibed fervently; but whenever he could get biography or scientific books, he dispensed with the luxury of sleep, and came with pale cheeks and haggard eyes to his employment in the morning. "Sandford and Merton," with its bright lessons of practical independence, was his favourite relaxation, and frequently, as he told his mother, "he took a plunge" into Franklin's life as a refreshment. Then he wrote copies upon stray slips of paper; worked sums and problems on a rough piece of common slate; read what he most admired to his mother, though he was often grieved that her enthusiasm did not keep pace with his, and that she had little relish for anything that "had not *more* in it." Then she would insist on his going to rest, when he was all eagerness to finish a book or unravel a mystery—not the transparent mystery of a novel, but the mystery of some mighty worker in the business of life; some giant amongst men, who achieved greatness though born in obscurity; some artist, whose fame towered towards the heavens, like the tree produced by the grain of mustard-seed; some Lancaster, or Washington, or Howard, or Watt, or humble, benevolent Wilderspin, revolutionizing sloth into activity, touching the eyes of multitudes with a magic wand, so that they cried out as one man, Behold, we see!—electrifying nations, calling into exist-

ence the dormant powers and sympathies of nature and of art!

Often his eyes refused to slumber or sleep, when, in obedience to the gentle request, which love turned into a command, he lay down, beneath the shadow of his mother's blessing; and his brain would throb, and his heart beat; and when *she* slept, he would creep from his humble pallet and read by the light of the one lamp which illumined the court, and was (so he thought) fortunately placed opposite their window. Not that the boy understood all he read, but he imbibed its influence, and, clasping his large brow within his palms, he would weigh and consider, and feel, within that narrow room, where poverty still lingered—(though *then*, with their simple and few wants, rather as a shadow than a substance,) and his heart throbbing as he thought, "What shall I do to be *great*?" even, it might have been, when the chastened and subdued spirit of his young but almost sightless mother murmured in her half broken sleep, "What shall I do to be *saved*?" And then, as the spring advanced, and night and morning blended sweetly together, he hastened to his work joyfully—for he loved the labour that gave him food and knowledge—Matty would say his "food went into an ill skin—never did credit to *mum* or *mortal*;" while his silent master, absorbed in his occupations, and pretty much abstracted from the every-day goings on of his establishment—having, as he said of himself, an honest curse of a housekeeper and a jewel of a boy—was nevertheless sometimes startled by the singular questions Richard asked, meekly and modestly seeking for information, from him whom his enthusiastic nature believed one of the mild lights of literature.

What will youths who are pampered or wooed into learning say of the circulating boy of a circulating library, performing the menial offices of his station, yet working his mind ardently and steadily *onward*?

One evening, after he had gone out with his books, his mother entered the shop, timidly and with hesitating step, which those who struggle against blindness unconsciously assume. Matty was there, removing some papers; Peter, the most silent of all dogs, lay upon the mat, and Mrs. Holland stumbled over him; Peter only gave vent to a stifled remonstrance, but that was enough, to set Matty into a passion.

"Couldn't you see the dog!" she exclaimed. "If you war a customer tin times over you had no call to the baste; he's neither pens,

ink, wafers, books, nor blotting-paper—no, nor the writer of a book—to be trampled under your feet."

"I did not see him," she said meekly.

"Can't you use your eyes?"

The unconscious roughness cut like a razor.

"I did," she replied, turning her large, sorrowful, and dimmed eyeballs towards Matty—"I did; I used them night and day until it was the will of God to take away their light."

"God look down upon you!" exclaimed the woman, tenderly. "Sure it isn't going blind you are—a young woman like you to go blind!"

"I wanted to see Mr. Whitelock," she said, without heeding Matty's observation. "I wanted to speak a few words to him."

Matty loved a gossip. She never suspected the fair, frail, trembling woman, "going blind," to be Richard's mother. He never mentioned his mother's blindness; he could not speak of it; he hoped it would never be *worse* than it was. She could still read, and do plain work; and so Matty heard not of it. She had nothing particular to do that evening, and the sight of a stranger did her good, because she expected a gossip.

"Master can't always be interrupted," she replied, "particularly by them he doesn't know; but if you will tell me your name and business, I'll see what can be done for you."

"I am Richard's mother."

"Think of that now! We do our best with him, poor boy!—but he's an unruly member."

"Richard!" exclaimed the poor woman, in a tone of dismay.

"Aye, indeed; that is, he's not so jist at the present time, but he'll become so, like all the rest of them boys, one of these days."

"God forbid!" ejaculated the widow.

"Amin!" said Matty; "but he'll be sure to come to it at last."

"Come to what?" enquired the alarmed mother.

"To all sorts and kinds of contrariness," replied Matty, rapidly; "boys can't help it, you see; it's their nature; they're not patient, bidable, gentle creatures like *us*—not they! Mischief, and all kinds of murder, and up-setting, and latch-keys, and fidgets, and police courts, and going out at nights, and staying out all day (though that's a good riddance), and boxing, and apple stealing, falling in love, and kicking up *shindies*."

"I beg your pardon, but I do not understand you," interrupted Mrs. Holland, with more determination than she had exercised

for years. She felt as if this strange, abrupt, half-mad woman was stringing together a set of accusations against her child.

"I'm obleeged to you, ma'am, for the compliment," said Matty, dropping a curtsy; "but, as that's neither here nor there, what's your business with the mather?"

"That I can only tell himself," she replied.

"Well," muttered Matty, "that beats —! But the women now have no modesty. Them English is all a silent set — no sociability in them. Tell himself! — as if it wasn't more natural for a half-blind craythur like that to disoorse a woman than a man. Well, well! No wonder my hair's gone gray and my heart hard!"

There was something almost courtly in Mr. Whitelock's manner of addressing women. People in his own class of life, who observed it, thought it ridiculous, and never speculated as to how this politeness became engrafted on his nature. He placed a seat for Mrs. Doland in his little parlour, and, though it was a warm autumn evening, he moved it to keep her out of the air, that blew over a box of yellowish, stunted mignonette, and two sickly wallflowers, which graced the sill of his back window; he also pushed his own chair as far as he could from the widow's, but, like all persons with impaired vision, she moved nearer to him, and turned her restless eyes towards the door.

"It is shut close," said the bookseller.

VIRGINIA DARE.

BY L. H. SIGOURNEY.

[The first-born child of English parents in the Western World was the grand-daughter of Governor White, who planted a short-lived colony at Roanoke, Virginia, in the year 1587.]

'Twas lovely in the deep greenwood
Of old Virginia's glade,
Ere the sharp axe amid its boughs
A fearful chasm had made;
Long spikes of rich cantalpa flowers,
Hung pendent from the tree,
And the maquidia's ample cup
O'erflow'd with fragrance free;

And through the shades the antler'd deer,
Like fairy visions flew,
And mighty vines from tree to tree
Their wealth of clusters threw,
While winged odours from the hills
Reviving welcome bore,
To greet the stranger-bands that came
From Albion's distant shore.

Up rose their roofs in copse and dell,
Out peal'd the labourer's horn,
And graceful through the broken mould
Peer'd forth their tassell'd corn;
While from one rose-encircled bower,
Hid in the nested grove,
Came, blending with the robin's lay,
The lullaby of love.

There sang a mother to her babe —
A mother young and fair —
"No flower like thee adorns the vale,
O sweet Virginia Dare!
Thou art the lily of our love,
The forest's syph-like queen,
The first-born bud from Saxon stem
That this New World hath seen;

"Thy father's axe in thicket rings,
To fell the kingly tree;
Thy grandsire sails o'er ocean-brine —
A gallant man is he!

And when once more, from England's realm,
He comes with bounty rare,
A thousand gifts to thee he'll bring,
Mine own Virginia Dare!"

As sweet that mother's loving tones
Their warbled music shed,
As though in proud baronial hall,
O'er silken cradle-bed;
No more the pomps and gaudes of life
Maintain'd their strong control,
For holy love's new gift had shed
Fresh greenness o'er her soul.

And when the husband from his toil
Return'd at closing day,
How dear to him the lowly home
Where all his treasures lay.
"O Ellinor! 'tis naught to me,
The hardship or the storm,
While thus thy blessed smile I see,
And clasp our infant's form."

No secret sigh o'er pleasures lost
Convuls'd their tranquil breast,
For where the pure affections dwell,
The heart hath perfect rest.
So fled the Summer's balmy prime,
The Autumn's golden wing,
And Winter laid his hoary head
Upon the lap of Spring.

Yet oft, with wily, wary step,
The red-brow'd Indian crept
Close round his pale-faced neighbour's home,
And listen'd while they slept;
But fierce Wingina, lofty chief,
Aloof, their movements eyed,
Nor courteous bow'd his plumed head,
Nor check'd his haughty stride.



John White leap'd from his vessel's prow,
He had braved the boisterous sea,
And boldly rode the mountain-wave,—
A stalwart man was he.
John White leap'd from his vessel's prow,
And joy was in his eye;
For his daughter's smile had lured him on
Amid the stormiest sky.

Where were the roofs that fleck'd the green?
The smoke-wreaths curling high!
He calls—he shouts—the cherish'd names,
But Echo makes reply.
"Where art thou, Ellinor! my child!
And sweet Virginia Dare!
O silver cloud, that cleaves the blue
Like angel's wing,—say where!"

Hartford, Connecticut, May 10th, 1852.

"Where is the glorious Saxon vine
We set so strong and fair!"
The stern grey rocks in mockery smiled,
And coldly answered "where!"
"Ho! fitting savage! stay thy step,
And tell—" But light as air
He vanish'd, and the falling stream
Responsive murmured—"where!"

So, o'er the ruin'd palisade,
The blacken'd threshold-stones,
The funeral of colonial hope,
That old man wept—alone!
And mournful rose his wild lament,
In accents of despair,
For the lost daughter of his love,
And young Virginia Dare.

THE VALE OF TINTERN.

THE banks of the Wye, in Monmouthshire, present to the traveller a continued series of the most beautiful and varied landscapes that the eye can dwell upon; and perhaps the fairest portion, certainly that which contains the greatest combination of picturesque objects, will be found in that known as "The Vale of Tintern." How grandly the hills sweep down on either side to the winding river, sheltering from the wintry blast the magnificent ruins of the ancient Abbey, and forming, in the distance, a noble background to the picture, lessening in intensity of colour till earth and sky are scarcely distinguishable from each other. "The Devil's Pulpit," from which point the artist has taken his view, seems a strange misnomer; it should rather have been designated the "Altar of the Deity,"—if the term might be used without profanity,—whence He manifests His power, and goodness, and glory, in decking the earth with beauty, and giving it to us "richly to enjoy."

Excellent judges of what would administer to the pleasures of sense, as well as of that retirement generally considered conducive to study and meditation, were "the monks of old." Look where one will for the remains of monastic and religious houses, we invariably find them standing among pleasant pastures and beside refreshing waters—meadows yielding their fruits, and streams their finny tribes, for the gratification of those who had fled from the follies and vanities of the world, but who could still find pleasure in its natural beauties, and were by no means insensible to the advantages derived from a well-conducted *cuisine*. Tintern, Netley, Bolton, Kirkstall, and a score other names that one might readily

recall to mind, are left to proclaim the fact, that they considered there was a time for all things, and that it formed no part of their duty to reject the good things the bounty of Providence had spread out before them, or rather, it was more becoming to seek out and apply them to their own purposes, spiritual and corporeal.

Tintern, which looks in the picture scarcely larger than a dove-cot embosomed in trees, stands on the right bank of the Wye, about nine miles below Monmouth. It was founded in 1131, by Walter de Clare, for the Cistercian monks, or Bernardines, a branch of the Benedictines, who were also called White Monks, from the colour of their habit. It has been remarked, that this order, or fraternity of monkhood, almost invariably erected their monasteries in secluded localities, and they were always dedicated to St. Mary. The Cistercians were transplanted from Normandy, in 1128, by Walter Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, who placed them in his newly-founded abbey of Waverley, in Surrey, of which no vestiges now remain. This was the first house of the order established in England, though for a long time precedence was given to the abbey of Furness, in Lancashire. The extent and power of the Cistercians may be gathered from the fact that, when Henry VIII. suppressed all monastic establishments, they possessed thirty-six greater monasteries and thirty-nine of less importance, besides twenty-six nunneries; and their revenues amounted to nearly nineteen thousand pounds—an enormous sum in those days.

The chapel of Tintern Abbey was commenced by Roger de Bigod, Earl of Norfolk; the abbots and monks celebrated their first

mass within it in 1268. At the dissolution, the site was granted by Henry VIII. to Henry, second Earl of Worcester; the entire property now belongs to the Duke of Beaufort.

The speed of the "iron horse" has now brought this most attractive spot within an easy day's journey of our vast metropolis; and, indeed, if we remember rightly, during the last great year of sight-seeing, "excursion trains" started from London early in the morning, whirled hundreds down to Bristol, who were there embarked upon steam-boats, carried up the Avon to its junction with the Wye, then past Chepstow, another most beautiful locality, up to Tintern, and, sufficient time being allowed for full inspection of its loveliness, were brought back by the same route, arriving at London on the evening of the same day.

Sailing up the Wye, the traveller cannot but be impressed with the charming scenery that surrounds him on all sides; but his delight receives a fresh and vigorous impulse when he approaches the ruins of the old abbey, which afford the most striking indication of the wealth, magnificence, and taste of the religious brotherhood to whom it belonged. It stands on a gently rising eminence, and was originally built in the form of a cathedral,

having a nave, north and south aisles, transept, and choir, with a tower rising from the intersections. The roof and tower have fallen, but the exterior, viewed from a distance, is still eminently beautiful, but excelled by the yet more striking appearance of the interior, as the visitor enters the western doorway. From this point the eye traverses along the range of stately columns, and, passing under the lofty arches that once supported the tower, rests upon the grand eastern window at the termination of the choir. From the length of the nave, the height of the walls, the imposing form of the pointed arches—the style of the edifice is that known as Early English decorated—and the size of the east window, the first impressions one receives are those of grandeur and sublimity; but, on a closer examination, these feelings are combined with those of admiration at the regularity of the plan, the elegance and lightness of the architecture, and the exceeding delicacy of the ornamental work, mingled, and partly covered in some portions, as it is, with a profusion of wild flowers, and masses of ivy and other climbing plants. We are accustomed to exclaim against the barbarisms of past ages, but how much have not these ages taught us of the noble and the beautiful!

BIRDS IN CAPTIVITY.*

THE CANARY.

(*Fringilla Canaria*; *Passerine Order*.)

"Thou little, sportive, airy thing,
That trimm'st so oft thy yellow wing,
And cheerful pour'st thy lay,
In sprightly notes, clear, rapid, gay;
As jocund in thy grated dome.
As thou at liberty did'st roam."

THE antecedents of this deservedly popular species are now of little importance, the whole aspect of the race differing from the original stock. Accidental circumstances first caused the introduction of the canary-finch into Europe, about the fourteenth century. Aldrovandus and Gessner are the first naturalists, in the sixteenth, who named it as "a great rarity."

The earliest tame birds in Europe were reared in Italy: the *venturon* of that country bears more resemblance to the wild stock, that had dark plumage, and but little song, than to our "musician of the chamber." It is, however,

worthy of remark, that birds with *dark* eyes are stronger than those with *red*: the latter are the pale and yellow colour. The effects of naturalisation, alliances formed, changes of climate, and art, combine to produce more beautiful birds, and better songsters, in the domestic canary.

A description of this bird, *sui generis*, would be useless, when to the thirty varieties in Buffon's time so many have since been added. The two principal distinctions adopted by the "London societies" for the rearing of the "fancy finch" are technically "jonks, or jonquils (plain), gay or spangled (variegated)." The mealy, or dim white, is the ordinary colour of the German canary; the Dutch birds are of a brighter hue. Richness of colour is the great object sought for in the "fancy finch;" and this state of regularity and perfection has taken generations to perfect. The "properties" requisite for "a show bird" it is here unnecessary to detail—the peculiar mode of rearing them causing great delicacy and deterioration of

* Continued from page 36.

voice. As a general rule, *match your birds with their opposites*. A fine jonk cock, paired with a green hen, produces pied birds, rich in colour, hardy, and good songsters. Clear birds are preferred by many amateurs: they are to be obtained by "putting up" a bright jonquil cock with a mealy-coloured hen. The results will be doubtful, unless some knowledge has been obtained of non-adulteration of colour in the progenitors on both sides—that male and female have been bred from clear birds—as canaries "throw back" to the old colour, which, if it had an admixture of black, may be reproduced. These startling particulars are immaterial, unless for the indulgence of pleasing the eye. I should attend more closely to temper, disposition, health, and song. A good bird is straight and taper, he has power over his notes, sings with ease, and beats out, by his insinuating language, "the little fat man."

My experience is so decidedly in favour of the true German canary, that I am only prepared to advocate the system I pursued. I matched my birds, both Germans, (irrespective of colour,) and found that, although at first an expensive arrangement, the production had all the hardy health of the English, with the truest perfection of song: beyond the fact of the parent bird remaining in the same apartment, no particular tuition was afforded. One "family," especially, named *par excellence* "the Smiths"—most numerous!—kept up a first-rate character; and, after enjoying connubial bliss, in "semi-detached houses," "Mr. and Mrs. S." were turned into my large aviary-cage, which was six feet in length, with a dome sufficiently large to furnish sleeping apartments for forty birds, home and foreign. In one end of the cage the matron established herself, to my regret, in a box appropriated to WAXBILLS, and there she lived and loved. One of her heirs, born in a crowd, is now six years old, and a splendid bird, without an hour's ailment.

It is easy to account for the superiority I state. Our birds are mostly ill-treated in cages; hung out of windows, in an easterly wind or a hot sun; unprotected, even within the house, from draughts of air; left uncovered during moult, and exposed to nightly change of temperature from the same cause: the consequences are, their notes become harsh, (may have been originally so by descent,) both by imitation of the notes of other birds, and from the effects of cold—too much dependence being placed on native strength. There are some—we hope many—exceptions: if the birds selected for breeding can be procured

from a good stock, direct from Manchester, York, or Norfolk, or from a London dealer, on whom dependence may be placed as to early associations and pedigree, if possible; but, as these are remote contingencies, I prefer the German stock; the objection on the score of delicacy is removed by the young being acclimatised.

Canaries should not be paired before the end of April. The birds of the latest broods have the sweetest notes: the first are fierce and impatient in song; besides, early nestlings have the chances of a severe spring to contend with. Both for song and for breeding, the male should be two years old: he is then past the age for taking up false notes, and will have dignity in his paternal department of feeding his offspring. It is advanced by experimentalists, that the lady being older causes an increase of male birds.

The breeding-cages should be placed in a room having the morning sun: the effect on the temper and temperament of the parents is great; the aspect has a direct influence on the young, making them more softly beautiful, and more healthily prepared for their earliest trial—the first moult. I recommend a large wire-fronted cage—top, sides, and back of mahogany—with a moveable division; two nests at the ends (which should each have a wire door). I never use nest-bags or boxes: the latter are harsh, the former subject to red mites. My plan is this: I paste a piece of calico over an oil-flask; when dry, cut it across, to remove it from the bottle, and thus two nests are ready. Line them with one fold of flannel, very smooth, cutting away superfluous pieces. The custom of furnishing hair and moss, I think objectionable; the cage, the water, and the food are soiled, and the bird makes and unmakes her nest before incubation, becoming restless and dissatisfied. An experienced matron does not always approve of a deficiency in the "raw material," and will borrow a few feathers from her breast. At the same time, as birds, like men, have their antipathies, let not a good hen be disappointed on rational grounds, I propose the adoption. Some are sufferers from "perspiration," originating, I think, in the excessive heat and small size of box-nests; parasites, that destroy their nestlings, are produced by this ailment. I do not advise any remedies such as I have read of—"salt and water," and warm bathing—either would drive the hen from her duties. Good strengthening food should be given; and if her weakness continues, prevent her from sitting again for the season. Some keep two

hens in one cage, and a division between. Polygamy does not answer: ladies are jealous, the progeny ill-tempered. Birds having the range of the room, select their own partners; and unless some choice birds are to be matched, let nature alone.

I close this portion of my subject, by enjoining that cages may be so constructed as not to disturb the parent bird, and at the same time convenient for the supply of food, and for the usual attention to cleanliness; on which latter subject there have been mistaken opinions—I trust, now obsolete—that it is hurtful. The arrangements for an aviary must proceed on a more extended scale. The period of incubation is thirteen days; for fifteen more the parent birds must be provisioned, *twice daily*, with *scalded rape-seed*, in one vessel, and the fourth portion of a hard-boiled egg, mixed with roll, squeezed out of water in another; and take care, or your nestlings will perish, that this food is not left to sour. On the fifteenth day, the young feed themselves; then begins the trying time. The food is the same; the males begin to warble; the lady sits again; the father gives his daily lessons, and at a month old the new generation may leave the maternal wing*—find a new home. Then it is the period when succulent food is replaced by seed: then the danger. Let the transition be *gradual*, or the “wasting fever,” or “surfeit, intervenes. I found but one cure: a handful of groundsel to a pint of water, boiled down to half the quantity; make fresh as required, and give it in the drinking vessel. In *all* my cages I put a lump of rock salt, and pounded mortar.

The diversity of opinions as to the superiority of the German canaries, being best esteemed for their song, yet objected to on the score of liability to loss of voice, suggests a glance at the causes of the good and the evil. In the Hartzgebürge there is a mining district, called Andresbürg: the occupants of the ranges of the little dwellings are the families of the miners, who rear from 40,000 to 50,000 canaries yearly. At three weeks old their education begins, they hear but the best singing, from nightingales and woodlarks, and are, so far, perfect at three months old. Self-interest on the part of the dealers prevents these very *imitative* birds from hearing bad singing; for,

* A friend of mine was very proud of her four nestling canaries; when, one morning, she heard a great squeaking and fluttering in her aviary, and found that it proceeded from the desire the old birds had to peck the feathers off the young birds, to line afresh their nest for the anticipated eggs. The young brood were obliged to seek the shelter of a new cage.—Ed.

while their aptitude for learning is in one sense desirable, on the other hand, it is unsafe to allow any canary-finch to be within hearing of bad singing till he is at least two years old: hence the defects of most English birds. I do not say that when imported *all* are good singers; far from it. A first-rate bird will cost from three to five guineas.

The mode of life adopted by the miners causes delicacy. Bred in an atmosphere *totally* heated by stoves, the transition to a cold and damp climate is in its effects calculated to produce hoarseness—that complaint from which vocalists, the *animal bipes implume*, of foreign lands suffer. I have had German birds, bought them from the foreign dealers, and I have taken some pains to obtain opinions; and I can safely pronounce that one year's acclimatising, one year's trial of food, will enable the amateur to understand his bird. The first moulting season is dangerous: pass over that, and your little companion is as safe as any. The cruel carelessness of life shown in the ordinary treatment of one of our poor natives is rarely practised on an expensive pet. Keep your “German” warm the first year; cover *half* his cage at night; during moult, put baize round his cage by day also, except in front; *according to his strength, reduce the temperature the second year*. All these attentions are imperative, in consequence of stove-rearing: it is not therefore necessary to treat other birds, more hardy, in the same way, but do *not* therefore slight and ill-treat a British songster. You will find him as social, merry, and attaching as the foreign favourite: he has the same amount of animal feeling, an equal desire to please, as just a claim upon your mercy and kindness.

I have known birds given away in disgust when they became hoarse—their glory had departed!—and those same birds were cured, and live. This *serious* malady is caused chiefly by cold—sometimes by “over-singing.” For the cure, scald some rape-seed, make it into a paste, with roll-crumbs, or sweet bun, and pour over it *almond oil*. Give as little seed as will content the patient; allow nothing heating; leave a vessel with new milk in his cage; keep him warm, and in a quiet place; and by persevering steadily, the sufferer will become “the gayest of the gay.”

For the food of all canaries, I prefer equal portions of turnip-seed, millet, canary, and flax seeds. I say “*turnip*” advisedly, for the “summer rape,” on which the German vendors insist, can only be distinguished by “growers,” and the kind usually sold is so rank and bitter,

that birds scatter it about, and will only eat it if unavoidable. I admit that it is better to give the foreign visitor more turnip-seed in proportion to the others named, as they are reared upon it. Hemp should not be allowed, except as a *bonne bouche*. German paste, groats, bread and milk, and *all* the etceteras named as the "soft food" of the granivorous class, in addition. A fig, a bit of apple, the pips especially, will be esteemed as delicate *morceaux* by your companions. Be sparing, during incubation and rearing, of green food, and never give it during frost. The original canaries came from marshy lands: to their descendants baths are second nature; a hardy Briton will immerse himself in snow. *Der canarienvogel* ought to be supplied with a tepid bath in cold weather; but in neither case refuse the luxury for which their *nature* yearns. I heard of a merry little fellow allowed to roam about the room, (as all my birds do at proper times,) that, to remind his mistress of his "want," used to go through the evolutions of a wash and a splash in one of the chimney ornaments, its ridiculous flutterings ceasing when water was supplied: like the beggar and the barmaid, it gladly relinquished the empty vessel for the full one.

There is another "supply," upon which I would strenuously insist, its advantages being *threefold*; I allude to sand—from sea or river matters not. London is fortunately provided with it on sale, and of a kind especially adapted for finches and other small birds. For *lozins*, I added rough gravel; for it is not generally understood that when *any* imprisoned bird, including poultry, is seen to carry about a pebble, taking up and laying it down, he is engaged in *measuring and weighing its fitness*. This mark of *intelligence* was hinted to me, and I followed up my observations to the closest experiments, with a satisfactory assurance to myself and others, and no worse effect to those experimented upon, than a little loss of temper during the progress of "the sliding scale" principle. As soon as the proper size gravel was left in the cage, the withdrawal of choice was forgiven. It is one thing to keep birds for the amusement of the possessor only; in such case, an inanimate object might equally answer, where life is forgotten in *self*: it is another, and a better aim, to become an inquirer into Nature.

I was once, and lately, told, that a gentleman who really does love his birds, yet may not have had opportunities for the better understanding of their management, brought to London, *en route* home from abroad, a collec-

tion—say about eighteen fine specimens. He requested, on his arrival, to have some sand provided: the day following found eleven birds dead! The narrator considered that deleterious matter had been accidentally mixed with the gravel. I am of opinion the deaths arose through necessary abstinence from the natural and only aid to digestion provided for these "tenants of land, air, and ocean."

In my walks, I frequently offer advice to the uneducated classes on two subjects relative to their charges—"no sand," "placed in draughts"—and, like all *gratuitous* offerings, it goes for nothing. I wish I could assert that to the ignorant these cruelties are alone confined.

In confinement, moulting is a disease; for birds on the wing, Nature supplies an abundance of food—a provision needful, when there is an extra demand on the strength. The well-doing of a cage-bird will greatly depend on *previous* wholesome feeding, and warmth during the malady. For a hardy canary, it will be sufficient to place the cage in a cheerful, warm situation, out of all draughts; for the more delicate German and Dutch birds, I would cover the cage, except in front, with brown paper, pasted on, or with wash-leather, or thin baize; and when this trying process is over, the winter will have set in, and the removal must be gradual—in some cases not done at all. I give less green food at the time—more lettuce and maw seeds. I do not find much advantage in iron-water—none in saffron. I sometimes add liquorice-root to the drinking vessel, or give toast and water. My chief dependence is on egg, roll-crumbs, and German paste, and on a vessel with milk. A partial moult is more remarkable with canaries and the new continent productions than with our own birds; it shows itself prior to the pairing season; the entire change takes place in autumn.

I do not think that canaries are more subject to diseases than other birds deprived of their natural freedom. I never had a bird with parasites, and I chiefly attribute their infesting cages to want of proper attention, or to a careless purchase. I shall be, at a future writing, tempted to give an *excellent* receipt for cure, if only for the sake of sparing suffering pets from the really cruel prescriptions in vogue. Cramps should be treated by administering a warm bath, and fits by a cold one; but as these arise from two causes quite opposed, the subject will be elsewhere treated of *en grand*.

The Dutch or Belgian canaries are held in great estimation by most amateurs; their perfection being, that while perching, the beak

and tail, in their propinquity, nearly form a circle. They have their merits, also. When German hen-birds are scarce, the Dutch lady is chosen, and she rarely fails in her duties. I think them, however, inferior in figure and song to a good German. Not so their countrymen! At least twelve Dutch and Belgian cities have "societies" in their honour, where premiums are given for "a shapely, well-complexioned, long-bodied bird;" the most influential of which is that of St. Cecilia, where the distinguished bird is entitled to the initials F.S.C. Classical associations connect themselves, also: in all the paintings of Gerard Dow, and Netscher, my subject is to be found; and it is stated by more than one competent authority, that the original cost of the birds therein depicted exceeded the original price of the paintings.

And what are the characteristics of this famed bird? Widely as his name has spread, he deserves his distinctions. With numerous virtues, and but few vices, he has won a corner in many a heart: grateful, loving and social, pert, saucy, and playful, he puts his little pipe in competition with mirth, laughter, and conversation. He *will* be heard; he has "a voice potential in the senate;" his endearing ways of recognising one beloved presence, of acknowledging "the goods the gods provide him," have a degree of character beyond mere animal instinct? Who has not a story to tell of "the pet of the family?"

The following anecdotes form but a portion of a collection:—A friend of mine had attached his bird by the usual process of "gifts," but he "respected words" still more; pending the toilet, "Dick" was indulged with conversations, and from "early morn to dewy eve" he enjoyed himself as canaries are wont to do in solitude—he ate, drank, and sung—and then the *conversazione* was renewed with his friend on his return home. One hapless day, some little visitors, intruding on Dick's presence, allowed him to escape; he found the sunshine and the flowers charming; the delinquents were alarmed; on and on in luxurious travelling he went; the household turned out; to coaxing or to trapping he was equally averse; farther and farther still he fled. His master was met by a simultaneous burst of sorrow, explanations, and excuses—Dick was "nowhere!" One moment's withdrawal from the Babel of voices, and his really fond master proceeded to search out and to talk to the wanderer: he was shortly answered; gradually, though yet unseen, the *solo* became an animated *duo*; and in a short period the

canary had, from tree to tree, traversed a long avenue, and finally voluntarily entered the cage held by his owner. I regret to say, that his death proved the truth of the influence of the kindly and endearing effect of *one voice* upon his gratitude and affection. His friend left home: the bird was removed from the usual room, hung up out of the way of all petting, but well kept; and he was found dead. Young, and without ailment—in truth, he pined away!

I now relate a family trait—canaries, father and son, the whole actors. The elder gentleman, aged twenty-one, was very infirm; and his strength had departed—his mandibles no longer obeyed his will. With every desire on the part of his kind mistress to smooth the difficulties of his venerable life, this was a case she could not possibly anticipate. Canary, *filio*, was observed to look earnestly and repeatedly at his papa. An ever-watchful care on the part of the lady induced her to put the two cages side by side, and soon it was observed that the younger bird (aged fifteen years) shelled seed, with which, through the double wires, he fed his parent. This story is not apocryphal; I have it from a friend of the lady to whom the birds belong, and hope to realise the promise made me of an introduction to her and to the modern "*pious Eneus*."

With reference to the longevity of birds, I have been in company with the possessor of the very Methuselah of canaries—he is, without mistake, twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old. Some doubts having been started as to the fact, and suggestions thrown out as to the possibility of the original bird having died, and being replaced by some attendant to avert blame, the lady, on whose *strict* veracity there cannot be a second opinion, says the bird had been for a few times (a very few months) out of her sight; yet he was always in the charge of some of the family; and there is no reason to doubt that he is the same individual that has been her pet through this almost incredible number of years; some peculiarities of temper and disposition supplying the proof (if any was needed) that he is *himself*.

In the year 1839, there was a talking canary in London. The exhibitor was making a rapid fortune; but the greed of gain defeated itself—a few months afterwards, the poor bird died. This victim to an unnatural state of existence was a tame and beautiful bird, and did what few parrots can be induced to do—spoke with very little solicitation, and a few grains of hempseed. The exhibition took place several times daily; the room lighted with gas, even

when there was daylight. The words were—"Pretty Dick," "Pretty Queen," "Save the Queen"—and these, with some other phrases, were pronounced as distinctly as they could have been by human organs, but with a sound totally different; the canary's, unlike a parrot's, voice, retained its own chirrup.

I have been told that at Kensington there is a canary *ventriloquist*. My informant, struck by the double sounds, looked about for a second cage; the lady of the house entering, stated the fact, and assured the astonished hearers that their mistake was one of daily occurrence.

Had I not been eye-witness to a circumstance I am about to relate, I should fear to be its narrator. A pet, *par excellence*, of that daring, saucy, yet loving, kind, that endears itself to its owner, flew from its cage at the first opportunity, daily, into my hand; it fondled, nestled, fed, and bathed, in close familiarity: nothing seemed to startle the little creature. I had another canary, not tame, and an object of perfect unconcern to his neighbour. He died. I had him on my extended hand, looking as I feel on seeing a dead bird. "Tiny" left his cage, fluttered towards me, retired, and never again could I induce him to renew his

love-tokens—to become "mine own familiar friend!" I have not, though years have elapsed, been able to decide whether terror or jealousy affected the bird.

I shall close my subject by one observation: that there is no bird more easily treated, none more inclined to be grateful, than are many canaries; but few good songsters. To keep these imitative birds in the training necessary, let them have no inferior company *until after the moult of the second year*; and of whatever quality is your captive, treat him with such mercy as all that are endowed with life are entitled to at the hands of their captors.

The limits of my space do not permit of even a glance at Hybrids. The congeners of the present subject will take their own places, when particulars of the difficulties, as also the advantages, of cross-pairing shall be treated of; also aviary management, where "pluralities" may be permitted. And here I must say a word in favour of hen-birds; they are frequently carelessly treated—often discarded after "the season"—when self-interest at least should induce their possessors to give them simply fair treatment; a large store-cage, if numerous, and to be placed in a separate room from the singers.

THE TRIAL BY BATTLE.*

A TALK OF CHIVALRY.

CHAPTER II.—THE CHAMPION.

THE Emperor Henry IV. of Germany, the husband of the falsely accused Empress, was one of the bravest and most unfortunate princes who ever sat upon a throne. He had succeeded his father, Henry the Black, in 1036, at the age of six years, and the diet had given to Agnes of Aquitaine the administration of the affairs of state during his minority. But the princes and barons of Germany feeling themselves humiliated by their subjection to a foreign female, revolted against the empire, and Otho Margrave of Saxony commenced that series of civil wars, in which the Emperor was destined to consume his life. Thus Henry IV. was always engaged in contests, first with his uncles, and then with his son; sometimes an emperor, sometimes a fugitive; to-day a proscriber, to-morrow proscribed; but always a "man of war and woe,"

even in his greatest triumphs. After having deposed Pope Gregory VII.—after having, in expiation of that sacrilege, crossed the Apennines on foot, his staff in his hand, like a mendicant, in the depth of winter—after having waited three days in the court of the Castle of Canossa without clothes, without fire, without food, till it pleased his highness to admit him into his presence, he kissed his feet, and swore on the cross to submit himself to his authority; for at this price alone would the Pope absolve the imperial penitent of the guilt of sacrilege; but the humiliation of the emperor displeased and disgusted the Lombards, who accused him of cowardice. Threatened by them with deposition, if he did not break the shameful league he had made with the Pope, he purchased peace with the Lombards by renouncing his submission to Gregory. His acceptance of these terms set him at variance with the German barons, who elected Rodolphe of Suabia in his place. Henry who had gone to Italy as a suppliant, returned to Germany a soldier,

* Continued from page 53.

though under the ban of the church, for his rival Rodolphe had received from Pope Gregory a crown of gold, in token of his investiture by him of temporal dominion, and a bull invoking the malediction of heaven upon his enemy. Henry defeated and slew Rodolphe at the battle of Wolskiew, near Gera, after which he returned victorious and furious into Italy, bringing with him the Bishop Guibert, whom he had made Pope. This time it was for Gregory to tremble, who could not expect more mercy than he had shown to Henry. He shut himself up in Rome, and when the emperor appeared under the walls, sent a legate to make up the quarrel, by the offer of the investiture of the crown, and absolution and reconciliation to the church. Henry's only reply was the capture of the city. The Pope fled to the Castle of St. Angelo, where he was put in a state of blockade by Henry, who placed upon the Papal throne the Anti-Pope Guibert, from whose hand he received the imperial crown. He had scarcely done this before he received the annoying intelligence that the Saxons had elected in his room, Hermann, Count of Luxembourg. Henry repassed the Apennines, beat the Saxons, subdued Thuringia, and took Hermann prisoner, whom he permitted to live and die unknown in an obscure corner of his empire. He once more re-entered Italy, where he caused his son Conrad to be elected King of the Romans. Believing he had settled peace on a firm basis, he came back to Germany, and turned his arms against the Bavarians and Suabians, who still remained in a state of revolt.

His son, whom he had just made King of the Romans, and who aspired to the empire, conspired at that time against his father, raised an army, and got Pope Urban II. to excommunicate him a second time. Henry upon this convoked the diet at Aix-la-Chapelle, laid open before it his paternal grief, and displayed the wounds of a heart wrung by filial ingratitude, and demanded that his second son, Henry, should be acknowledged for King of the Romans, in the place of his brother. In the midst of the sitting, he received a mysterious intimation that his presence was required at Cologne, where, he was told, an important secret would be made known to him. Henry quitted the diet in great haste; and found two of the noblest barons in the empire, Guthram de Falkenbourg and Walter de Than, waiting for him at the gates of his palace. The emperor invited them to enter with him, and led them into his chamber, when perceiving sadness and gloom painted on

their faces, he demanded "why they appeared so thoughtful and sorrowful?"

"Because the majesty of the throne is in danger," replied Guthram, with some abruptness.

"Who has endangered the throne?" demanded the emperor.

The Empress Praxida, your wife," said Guthram.

No other tidings would have made Henry of Germany turn pale, for he had only been married to the Empress two years, for whom he felt the tenderness of a parent, and the faithful love of a husband. His union with this angelic young woman had given him the only happy hours he had passed during his stormy and unfortunate life. He had not courage at this miserable moment even to ask what his wife had done, but was gathering the strength of a failing heart to do so, when Guthram broke the ominous silence, by saying, "she has done what we cannot pass by unnoticed, for the honour of the imperial throne, and we should deserve the name of traitors to our sovereign lord, if we should hesitate to make her misconduct known to him."

"What has she done?" again demanded the emperor, growing paler than before.

"In your absence she has encouraged the love of a young knight, and that so openly," replied Guthram, "that if she gives birth to a son, however the people may rejoice in that event, your nobility will mourn; for though any master is good enough for the multitude, none but the noblest in the empire can command the highest nobles in the world, who will render homage to none but the son of an emperor."

Henry supported himself against the chair of state on which he leaned, or he would have fallen to the floor, for he remembered that only a month before, the empress had written to him to announce her maternal hopes, with the pleasure natural to a young woman about to become a mother.

"What has become of the knight?" asked the emperor.

"He quitted Cologne as suddenly as he entered it, without any person knowing from whence he came, or whither he is going. His country and name are secrets with which we are unacquainted, but you had better ask the empress, she perhaps can satisfy your majesty."

"Very well," replied the emperor. "Enter, gentlemen, that cabinet." Then the emperor summoned his chamberlain, and bade him

conduct the empress to his chamber. As soon as the emperor was alone, he threw himself into the chair, like a man who had lost his personal strength and mental firmness. He who had endured with unbending fortitude civil and foreign wars, the ban of the church, and the filial revolt, yielded to a doubt. His head, which had borne the weight of a crown for five-and-forty years, without bending beneath the burden, grew feeble under the weight of a suspicion, and hung down as if the hand of a giant was upon it. In a moment the man, who had scarcely passed his full meridian of intellect, forgot everything—empire, ban, malediction, revolt. He remembered nothing but his wife, the only human being who possessed his entire confidence, and who had deceived him more basely than any other creature had yet done. Much as he had experienced, throughout his long regnal life, of disloyalty and guile, tears fell from his eyes, for the rod of misfortune, like that of Moses, had struck the rock so forcibly, that it had drawn these drops from a source hitherto sealed up and barren.

The empress entered unseen, for her light step had not been heard by her unhappy husband. Fair, blooming, and blue-eyed, with a graceful form, of tall and slender proportions, this daughter of a northern clime approached her lord with a sweet smile, and with almost filial reverence united to conjugal affection, imprinted a chaste kiss on the troubled brow of her lord, who shrank and shuddered as if the touch of her rosy lips had been the fangs of a serpent.

"What is the matter, my lord?" asked the empress, in a tone of alarm.

"Woman," replied the emperor, raising his head and showing her his tearful eyes, "you have seen me for four years carrying a heavy cross; you have seen my crown a crown of thorns; you have seen my face bathed in the sweat of toil, my brow in blood; but you never saw my eyelids moistened with tears. Well, behold me now—and see me weep!"

"And why do you weep, my dearly-loved lord?" replied the empress, in a tone of sorrowful inquiry.

"Because, abandoned by my people, denied by my vassals, cursed by the church, and proscribed by my son, I had nothing but you in the world—and you, Praxida, you too have betrayed me."

The empress stood like a statue, only her complexion, varying from red to pale, betrayed her feelings. "My lord," said she, "it is not true. You are my liege lord and my sove-

reign master; but if any other man than yourself had dared to utter such words, I would answer that he lied through envy or malice."

The emperor turned in the direction of his cabinet, and in a loud voice said, "Come in." The door opened, and Guthram de Falkenbourg and Walter de Than entered the imperial chamber. The empress, at the sight of her enemies, trembled all over. They advanced to the other side of the emperor's chair, and, holding up their hands, prepared to make their unjust accusation good upon the first sign he might give.

He motioned them to speak, and they were not slow to avail themselves of his permission.

"Sire," said they, "what we have told you is true; and we are ready to support the charge, at the peril of our bodies and souls, two against two, against any knights who may dare to dispute the truth of our impeachment of the empress."

"Do you hear what they say, madam?—for it shall be done as they have demanded; and if, in a year and a day, you cannot find any knights to clear your fame by a victorious combat, you will be burned alive in the great square of Cologne, in the face of the people, and by the torch of the common hangman."

"My lord, I invoke the aid of God," replied the empress, "and I hope, by His grace, my truth and innocence will find vindicators, and will be completely established."

"Well, be it so," said the emperor; and he summoned his guards, to whose wardship he consigned his empress. By his command she was conveyed to the lowest apartment in the castle, which differed in nothing from a prison but in name.

She had been imprisoned nearly a twelvemonth, and had given birth to a son, condemned, like herself, to the pile. This babe she nourished at her own bosom, and reared with her own hands, like one of the wives of the people. None of her women paid her any attention or rendered her the smallest service, but Douce, Marchioness of Provence, who, having abandoned her own country, then the theatre of civil war, to seek an asylum at the court of her suzerain, had remained faithful to her mistress in her misfortunes. The empress, who had diligently exerted herself, by letters and promises, to procure champions for her ordeal by battle, had been hitherto completely unsuccessful. The renown of her accusers, their prowess in war and revengeful dispositions, had outweighed all her entreaties and largesses. Only three days of the time allowed by the emperor now remained, and the envoy

sent by the fair Marchioness of Provence had not yet returned. She began to despair herself—she who had always soothed the despondency of the injured empress with hope.

As to the poor emperor, no one suffered like him: struck by this blow at once as sovereign, husband, and father, he had vowed publicly to join the Crusades, in the hope of averting the wrath of heaven; and the day he had fixed for the vindication or execution of the empress, would bring to him as severe a trial as to that unfortunate and injured princess. He had at length given the matter into the care of heaven, and, immuring himself in the most private apartments in his palace of Cologne, gave up all business, whether public or private, having no heart to attend to anything whatever. Such was the state of his mind when the dawn of the three hundred and sixty-fifth day found him still miserable, and his accused empress championless.

At noon, he had scarcely quitted his oratory when he was told that a foreign knight, from a distant country, wished to speak to him. The emperor was agitated, for, at the bottom of his heart, he secretly wished that heaven would yet send the unfortunate Praxida a champion; and he received him in the same chamber in which, sitting in the same chair, he had commanded the arrest of the empress. The knight entered, and bent his knee to the ground. The emperor bade him rise, and declare the occasion of his visit to his court.

"My lord," replied the unknown knight, "I am a Spanish count. I was told at matins that the empress, your spouse, was accused by two knights of your court, and that if, within the space of a year and a day, she could not find a champion to defend her by battle, she would be publicly burned. Now, I have heard so much good said of this lady, and she is so renowned for piety throughout the world, that I am come from my own distant land to undertake her quarrel against both her accusers."

"Count, you are welcome," replied the emperor. "Certainly you show great friendship for the accused, or a great desire for renown. You are yet in time to save her, for there still remains one day before the sentence to which the laws of Germany condemn the adulteress can be put in force against her."

"Sire," said the count, "I have a favour to ask you, which I hope you will courteously grant me. I wish to see the empress, for in this interview I should be able to form some opinion of her guilt or innocence; for, if I think her guilty, I will not imperil my body and soul in battle for her, but if she is inno-

cent, I will fight, not only with one of her accusers, but with both, and indeed will undertake her defence against every knight in Germany."

"It is but justice on my part," replied the emperor, "to grant your request, Sir Count."

The unknown bowed, and retreated towards the door, but the emperor recalled him. "My lord count, have you made a vow to keep your visor down, and conceal your face?"

"No, sire," replied the knight.

"Then will you do me the favour to raise your visor, that I may engrave on my memory the features of him who is about to imperil his life to save my honour?"

The knight took off his helmet, and the emperor saw the dark-complexioned, but expressive features, of a young man of eighteen or nineteen years. His forehead and head were finely formed, and indicative of talent and power. The monarch regarded the youthful countenance of the champion with a sigh, and remembered with regret that the accusers of Praxida, his empress, were men not only well skilled in war, but in the prime of manly strength. "May God preserve you, lord count," said he, "for you appear to me full young for success in the difficult enterprise you have undertaken. Reflect, for there is still time to withdraw your promise."

"Do me the honour to let me see the empress," replied the knight, who had no intention of abandoning without cause an unfortunate lady.

The emperor gave him his signet ring. "Go, then, Sir Knight; this seal will open for you the doors of her prison."

The knight kissed, on his knee, the hand which offered him the ring; then rose, saluted the monarch, and departed.

The sight of the emperor's signet opened, as he had said, the guarded apartment of the empress, and in ten minutes the youthful champion found himself in the presence of the accused lady, for whom he was about to risk his life.

The empress was seated on her bed, nursing her infant. Accustomed to the entrance of her jailors, and for a long time abandoned by her women, she never even raised her head when the door was opened, only, by the instinct of modesty, she covered with her mantle her unveiled bosom, still continuing the plaintive hymn by which she lulled her babe to rest, accompanying the air with the movement of a nurse who rocks her babe to sleep.

The knight contemplated for some minutes, in tearful silence, this moving picture of fallen

greatness, till, perceiving that the empress seemed unconscious of his vicinity, he accosted her in these words:—"Madam, deign to raise your eyes, and honour with your notice, a man whom the renown of your virtue has led from a distant land, to vindicate your honour, defamed, he trusts, by false accusation; but before I undertake your cause, it is absolutely necessary that I should learn from you whether you are innocent of the charge laid against you. For, madam, I require a clear conscience, as well as a strong arm, since a trial by battle is an appeal to God, the judge of all, to decide the cause by the victory or fall of the champion. In the name of heaven, I entreat you to speak the truth; in which case, if you can prove your innocence to me, I swear by my knighthood that I will defend you to the last drop of my blood; trusting that the Lord will strengthen me to do your battle with such power as will clear your honour, and preserve my own life."

"First, let me thank you, Sir Knight," replied the empress, shedding tears of joy; "but, before I clear up my fame in your hearing, I pray you tell me your name, and permit me to see your face."

"My face, madam, may be seen by everybody," said the count; "but my name is a different thing, since I have sworn to tell it to none but you." He removed his helmet, and displayed to her sight his noble and ingenuous countenance, full of the fire and intelligence of upright youth verging upon manhood.

"Your name and quality, then, be pleased to show me," replied the empress.

"I am a prince of Spain: Raymond Berenger, Count of Barcelona."

At that name, so celebrated from father to son for lofty generosity and heroic deeds, the empress clasped her hands together, while a smile of joy lighted up her beautiful features through her tears, like a sunbeam breaking through a watery cloud.

"My lord, I can never repay you for the consolation you have afforded me this day; but you have demanded the truth from me—the whole truth: I ought to tell it you, and I will not disguise it from your knowledge. It is true that there came, in my husband's absence, to the court of Cologne, a young and handsome knight, who, perhaps, was under some vow, either to his sovereign or the lady of his heart, to conceal his name and rank; for he told them to no one, not even to me. It was supposed, from his magnificence and generosity, that he was the son of a king; but we called him, from the gem he wore on his finger,

the Knight of the Emerald. It is true that he sometimes conversed with me; but with so much respect, that I could not distance him without appearing to consider his attention as a matter of more consequence than it really was. Still he made a point of attending me on every public occasion. It happened one day, when we were hawking on the borders of the Rhine, and were got as far as Luedorf, without meeting any game; till at last a heron rose, and I unhooded and cast off my falcon, who immediately soared; and, as he was a fine one, of true Norwegian breed, he soon reached the quarry, and I put my horse to a full gallop, to be in at the death. Carried away by my ardour, I leaped a stream, followed by none of my ladies but Dounce, for they were timid horsewomen. The wicked knights, who have falsely slandered me, could not take the leap on their heavy steeds, but led my ladies to a fordable part of the rivulet. While making to the spot where the game had fallen, we saw a mounted cavalier fly from it like a phantom, and re-enter a wood along the shore. The heron we found fluttering in the agonies of death, for the falcon had pierced his brain; but he still held an emerald ring in his beak, which Dounce, as well as myself, immediately recognised as the one we had often seen on the finger of the unknown knight, whom we rightly supposed to be the cavalier who had galloped into the wood. I was wrong, I will own, to do as I then did; but women are vain and thoughtless. So, instead of throwing the jewel into the stream, as I ought, perhaps, to have done, I put it on my finger, and, displaying it to my suite as they came up, related the adventure, without being aware of my own imprudence. Nobody, however, doubted the truth of my recital but Guthram and Walter, who smiled incredulously, in a manner that seemed to ask explanations which would have compromised my dignity, without allaying their unjust suspicions. I put on my glove, replaced my falcon on my wrist, without meeting with any other extraordinary discovery. At mass, however, I again met the knight of the emerald, and then perceived that he was without his ring, which from that moment I resolved to return to him upon the first suitable opportunity. A week after this adventure, the festival of Cologne was held. You are aware that this feast attracts a concourse of people from all parts of Germany: minstrels, players, and *jongleurs* of course abound. Among these last, there was a man who showed wild beasts, which he displayed on a theatre built for the occasion, in the grand square, where the spectators could

gaze without danger on a lion from Barbary, and a tiger from India. Seated in a gallery raised fifteen feet above them, I was there with my ladies, when, happening to discover the knight of the emerald among the company, I was going to give the ring to Douce, in order to restore it to him, when a spring from the tiger, accompanied by a dreadful roar, so terrified me, that I dropped the jewel from my finger into the cage of the lion, which was immediately below the balcony in which I was placed. Instantly, before I could utter a word, I saw the knight in the theatre, sword in hand. The tiger remained for a moment quiet, apparently astonished at the unparalleled boldness of the action, before he sprang upon the dauntless stranger: then we saw what appeared like a flash of lightning, and the head of the monster rolled upon the sand, upon which his immense body and terrible paws were deeply impressed. The knight took a diamond agraffe from his cap, flung it to the wild beast man, and, thrusting his arm through the bars of the lion's cage, took up the ring I had dropped, and brought it to me, while the air rang with the acclamations of the spectators; but, as I had resolved to return it to him, I put back his hand, and said, 'No, my lord knight; this ring has cost you too dear for me to retain. Keep it in remembrance of me.' These were the last words I ever addressed to him; for, fearing the adventure would make more noise, I dispatched Douce with a message to the knight of the emerald, beseeching him in my name to quit Cologne. He departed the same evening, without informing me of his name or quality, or telling me whence he came, or whither he was going. This, my lord count, is the whole truth. And if I have been imprudent, I have, I think, paid dearly for my fault, by a twelve-

month's imprisonment, and a false accusation, that imperils my life."

The count drew his sword, and turning the cross of the handle reverently towards the empress, said, "Swear to me, madam, upon this blade, that what you have just related to me is perfectly true."

"I swear," replied the empress, "that I have told you nothing but the truth."

"Well, by this sword, and the help of God, you shall be delivered from this prison, in which you have been confined a year, and be cleared also from the deadly accusation that clouds your fame."

"May God grant it," said the pious empress.

"Now, madam, will you bestow upon me one of your jewels, in token that you accept me for your knight?"

"My lord count, take this gold chain, the only relic of my former state that I still possess. This pledge will serve as a proof that I have chosen you for my champion."

"Madam, I take it with thanks," replied the Count of Barcelona, returning, as he spoke, his sword to its scabbard, and replacing his helmet on his head. He bowed courteously to the fair prisoner, and rejoined the emperor, who was anxiously expecting his return.

"Sire," said the count, "I have seen her Majesty the empress, and am satisfied with her explanations. Will you, therefore, be pleased to inform her accusers that I am ready to do battle in her cause, with one or both, either together or by single combat."

"My lord count," replied the emperor, "you shall engage them separately; for it shall never be said that a knight who undertook the cause of an accused lady in so noble a manner did not find noble enemies."

ITALY AND HER FOREMOST MEN.*

We left the Romans struggling with the vexations and degradations of the *precetti*, by virtue of which even the most respectable and honoured among them find themselves every day subjected, whether in the discharge of their lawful occupations, their hours of social intercourse abroad, or in the most sacred enjoyments of home, to the brutal intrusions of a ruffianly police, and the calumnious misrepresentations of hired spies; often their own servants, who are regularly organised, for the

purpose of giving information of all that passes within the walls where they eat their daily bread, to some one of the tradesmen who may supply the family; he, again, communicates it to the principal shopkeeper in the quarter, who, in his turn, conveys it to the police. Often these *precetti* are enforced on such trivial grounds as to make them almost ludicrous, were not the inconveniences they inflict unfortunately serious. A party of friends had been in the habit of meeting at each other's houses, in the evenings, for a social game of cards; when, lo! in the midst of their *tre sette*, the

* Continued from page 30.

favourite game with the Romans, in walk a party of *sbirri*, and sternly prohibit them from ever committing such a misdemeanour again; Signor Puccinelli, the master of the house, and his guests, the Signori Casciani and Seani, and Dr. Feliciani, were moreover informed that they were to consider themselves from that time, under the *precetti*. This was more particularly hard upon the poor doctor, who did not belong to the card-playing party at all, but had only called to visit Puccinelli's wife, professionally, at her husband's request; yet he could not obtain a reversion of the sentence, although he produced the note in which his attendance had been urgently requested. He is now prohibited from ever being abroad after sunset, which, to a medical man, is equivalent to ruining his practice; a matter of no small importance both to himself and his patients, as he is one of the most skilful practitioners in surgical cases that Rome possesses.

Signor Mazzoni, and another Roman gentleman, both well known for their literary attainments, being invited, along with other guests, by Mr. Freeborn, the British consul, to dine with him, were met by Nardoni, the detestable colonel of the secret police, as they were going into the house, and required to step aside with him, under a doorway, where, at the head of his *sbirri*, he ransacked their pockets, and found in those of one, some memoranda respecting a picture of Raphael's; in the other, a pocket-book, filled with references to authors whom he wished to consult for a work he was compiling on Roman statistics. These cabalistic characters procured the gentlemen the pleasure of dining with Duke Humphrey, in the prison of Monte Citorio, instead of sharing in the hospitalities of Mr. Freeborn's well-spread board. The admirer of Raphael was released the same night; but his less fortunate friend, found guilty of statistics, was transferred to the horrible dungeons of the *Carceri Nuove*, where he was placed along with cut-throats and robbers, and not allowed to receive either the food or money sent him by his anxious mother.

General Gemeau's particular fancy was to keep an eye on the *cafés* and eating-houses. The *Falcone*, a *trattoria* famous for the excellence of its *cuisine*, in particular excited his jealous attention. A party of thirty, supping there together after the theatre, was rudely broken up by the French police, who rigorously searched men, women, and children, a guard of infantry remaining below, to aid in case of resistance; and eight individuals from among them were handcuffed and dragged to prison.

The Abate Coscia was actually banished, for forming one of a "committee of taste," at the same *trattoria*. He had received some cheeses of a rare quality from Urbino, which he generously produced, *pro dono publico*, at the table where he usually dined. In return for this act of courtesy, a certain Signor Ridolfi, who had acquired an enviable degree of gastronomic reputation, for his skill in making an *omelette aux truffes*, proposed to serve one up, at the same table, prepared with his own hands. He accompanied it himself from the kitchen to the dining-room, where the expectant abbé and his friends were waiting to begin the attack. A shout of welcome to the dish, and applause to the concocter of it, burst forth as soon as it came in sight. The ever-listening ears of the *sbirri* caught the exultant sound, and translated it into an open rejoicing on the outbreak in France; and the unfortunate abbé's digestion was impeded by an order to leave the Eternal City without delay, on the ground of his not having had the advantage and felicity of being born within its holy precincts.

We might fill pages after pages with the ridiculous onslaughts upon wide-awake hats, the cut of beards and mustachios, the shape of canes, and the colour of cravats; how a veritable John Bull had his hat knocked off by a *sbirro*, and how he returned the compliment by knocking the *sbirro's* teeth down his throat; how unfortunate Jews and English artists were bearded by the police for being bearded themselves; and how pretty women, for the plain ones were not so much the objects of suspicion, were stopped in the streets in open day, even the wives of officers of rank, and subjected to the inquiring hands of scoundrel informers. But sterner images rise before our eyes, and demand severer notice.

The Papal police, as we have seen, not only asserts the right of making the lives of the citizens slavish and miserable within the walls of Rome, but of transporting them beyond, at its own arbitrary will and pleasure. This most unjust stretch of absolute power is rendered still more odious to its victims, by the exercisers of it continually quoting in their excuse the notification of the French prefect of police, Le Rouxseau, who was appointed to that office on the entry of the French army, and soon after published an ordinance expelling "*all ragabonds and foreigners* who should be found in Rome, without just right or means of living there."

But, offensive and discourteous as were the words in which this mandate was couched, the present myrmidons of the law not only go be-

yond the spirit of them, but in defiance of any construction that their most literal interpretation might be made to bear. The number of spies are increased, the records of the police closely scanned, and *cafés* and *restaurants* narrowly watched, in search of such as may be found guilty of the crime of not having drawn their first breath within the walls of Rome, and who are accordingly sentenced to leave it, even though that circumstance may have been the result of the fortuitous absence of their parents from the capital, often at a few hours' notice, to the utter ruin, in general, of all their worldly prospects. That they are not "vagabonds," and that they have "just right or means of living there," is of no avail; and scarcely a day passes without some industrious and well-conducted father of a family solely dependent on his exertions, receiving orders from the police to leave the city, where he may have been established from his childhood, and to abandon at once his means of subsistence, and the social ties of years, in order to return to the place of his birth, where he may have neither friends nor relatives left. In many instances, these sentences are paramount to a decree of utter destitution, as in the case of artists, jewellers, and indeed all connected with the more refined productions of luxury; being compelled to return to some small village, or barren mountain district, the inhabitants of which can scarcely find a few extra *baiocechi* for the annual *fiesta* of their patron saint; and of medical men, who, the practitioners in the different communes being appointed by the government, can have no chance of establishing themselves in their native place. Thus, Dr. Ottani, after practising medicine more than twenty years in the capital, was expelled, without any charge being alleged against him; and Dr. Vincenzo Cavellini, municipal doctor for the poor, was ordered to return to his native city of Fermo, in the province of La Marca, after a residence of sixteen years in Rome, where he had his wife and family, totally dependent upon the practice which he had in that time established, by his good conduct and professional abilities. This gentleman's case was peculiarly hard, for he was opposed to the extremes of republicanism; had used his utmost efforts, on the 16th of November, 1848, to prevent the adoption of violent measures towards the Pope; actually, being the officer in command of the Campitelli national guard, hindering the 10th battalion from taking part in the demonstration on the Quirinal; and afterwards obtaining, in April, 1849, the liberation of a monk, named Father

Bernardino, from the prison where he was confined, on the charge of plotting against the republican government. On the other side, he had the "damned spot" upon him of having, in 1847, made a glowing harangue to the inhabitants of Terracina, where he was appointed, by Cardinal Gizzi, deputy-enroller of the national guard, in favour of the then liberal princes of Italy, Pio Nono, Charles Albert, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany; concluding with expressions of gratitude to the "great English nation" and its political institutions, and to Lord Palmerston, as so influentially seconding the great work of Italian regeneration. But the real—

"Head and front of his offending"

was holding the situation of verifying doctor, in the lottery department, with a salary of eight scudi per month; moderate enough, perhaps, in the eyes of an English government official, but sufficient to excite the cupidity of Dr. Gaetani, who acted as his substitute, and who, being a relation of Galli, the minister of finance, obtained, on the expulsion of Cavellini, his place of superior.

In the same manner, Natali, one of the most respectable printers and booksellers in Rome, at whose well-stored windows we have often lingered with pleasurable curiosity, and Signor Mattei, whose only fault was that of being brother-in-law to the brave and honourable Calendrelli, with hundreds more, have been exiled and ruined. Many, impoverished already by taxes, confiscations, and imprisonments, had not even the means of defraying the expenses of their removal: these were sent by the *correspondenti di polizia*—that is to say, a heavy common cart—into which they were thrust, fettered, and mixed up with robbers and felons; in whose company they were slowly jolted on, at the rate of eleven miles per diem, presenting a spectacle of suffering and sorrow so strangely contrasting with the unclouded azure above their heads, and the lovely scenes around them, as might well arrest the attention, and excite the sympathy of more fortunate travellers in quest only of beauty and enjoyment.

The same injustice was carried on in the provinces. We have already mentioned that, in the Roman States, there is a system of having physicians and surgeons paid a yearly sum by the municipalities, in remuneration for their attendance upon all the inhabitants of the place to which they may be appointed. Many of these medical men, after long years of zealous and faithful services, have been

arbitrarily driven from their situations by the police, although they were in the enjoyment of the entire confidence of the municipalities they served, and the esteem of the people among whom their lot had been cast. The order for men thus circumstanced to return to their native place is equivalent to the confiscation of the whole of their property; for, in most instances, their localities are either unfit for the exercise of their profession, or are already occupied by other practitioners. We could give hundreds of examples—nay, thousands might be adduced—of persons against whom no accusation was made, thus reduced to beggary and despair; but we will let the few which we have cited suffice.

Unfortunately, these acts of tyranny, however odious and detestable in themselves, are, to a certain degree, verbally legal, in the Roman states, because they are in conformity with the laws, or at least pretend to be so; but innumerable other iniquities are daily perpetrated by the police, which cannot be justified even by the shadow of legal excuse: and we may easily imagine the excesses they go to, when we bear in mind that most of the police directors are men who were discharged, during the liberal movement, on account of their unfitness or delinquencies; and who, consequently, on their replacement by the ecclesiastical government, are far more liable to be swayed by motives of servile deference to the party that has restored them, and vindictive feelings against those by whom they were removed, than by any considerations of truth and justice. Indeed, in the present state of affairs at Rome, the exercise of police functions is so detestable, and at the same time so dangerous, that none but men lost to every honourable and humane feeling can be found to undertake it; so that, in fact, the peace, safety, and liberty of the citizens are at the mercy of the most abandoned characters, to whom is entrusted the exercise of almost unbounded power, by a despotic clerical legislation. It may, indeed, appear incredible to Englishmen, that the very men at this time appointed by the restored government to the most important and responsible offices, are the identical individuals who were previously removed and punished for their crimes by the very same ecclesiastical authorities. Nardoni, the colonel of the police, was in 1847, condemned to the galleys, as a robber, by Pio Nono, and branded and exposed in the pillory at Ancona for the same crime. Albi, who fled from the vengeance of the laws, for the crimes he had committed even against his own father,

was made commissary extraordinary to his Holiness, during the Austrian intervention in 1849, and is now chief superintendent in the Custom-house; where also is to be found Biancana, well known for his dishonesty; and Vigna, equally noted for his speculations in the corps of carbiniers, has been honoured with the dignity of *cavaliere* and director of the police at Ancona. Talarini, a man of notoriously bad character, and looked upon as such in the office of the Secretary of State, has nevertheless been appointed principal secretary of the province of Macerata, with unlimited power. Freddi, notorious for his immorality, oppression, and ferocity, although publicly disgraced by Pio Nono, is now restored to the favour of his Holiness, and entrusted with great power. The rapacious Bianconi is placed in the police in Romagna, where many of the police directors and other *employés* have been lately arrested, and condemned, as accomplices of the brigands who have long devastated the provinces. Farina, who was dismissed in 1846 or 1847, for dishonesty in the military department, is now minister of war; and Galli, formerly renowned for his ingenuity in smuggling pigs into the city, without giving himself the trouble to pay the duty on them, has been, with equal propriety, made minister of finance; in which capacity he is said to have already *bettered himself*, to the amount of a million of scudi!—this, too, in the present exhausted and crippled state of the Roman Exchequer.

The extent, indeed, of this minister's speculations in landed purchases, transfer of *rentes*, and other little privileges secured to him by *rescripts* from his Holiness, at length began to excite surmises not very creditable to his honesty; and Signor Baldasseroni, the Tuscan minister, when he came to Rome on account of the projected railways, the state of the customs, and other public affairs, made such revelations concerning him, as not even his protector and sharer in the fruits of his ingenious schemes (Cardinal Antonelli) could affect to treat with indifference. His excellency, accordingly, assured the Pope that he would look into the matter himself; which he did with such marvellous precision that he was enabled to declare, he could find nothing amiss in the minister's administration. Unluckily, Baldasseroni had ample proofs to the contrary in his possession, and the cardinal sent to his house to take forcible possession of them. Baldasseroni, however, had wisely transferred the original documents into the keeping of another cardinal, somewhat more honest, and

whose name he refused to reveal; only copies, therefore, were to be found, which copies were instantly condemned to an *auto da fe*, and Baldasseroni himself was given to understand that he would be required to retract his assertions, and sign a written declaration to the purport of acknowledging that he had been guilty of slander and defamation, or submit to the incarceration due to the alleged crime. The Pope was at first considerably disgusted with the injustice of these proceedings; but, being assured that Galli was just then labouring under pious visitings, and intended to become a priest—a measure wise enough, as far as securing to himself the unmolested possession of his gains—Pio Nono, with the versatility that marks his character in every action of his life, suffered the whole affair to pass over without further inquiry.

“Mais revenons à nos moutons.”

Giraud, coldly looked upon at the club on the Piazza Sciarra, on account of his light-fingeredness among the card money, has been appointed president of the Campo Marzo, probably in compliment to Madame Spaur, whose brother he is, out of gratitude for that lady's adventurously taking charge of his Holiness, in his hasty flight from the chair of St. Peter. But we are getting into high company: we must take care how we tread on tender ground; therefore we will not inquire how it happened that Monsignor Matteucci, who is now president of the supreme Consulta tribunal, and superintendent of the prisons, was disgraced by Gregory XVI. towards the end of his reign; nor will we seek too curiously into the peculiar merits that may have led to the promotion of Monsignor Savelli to the office of minister of the interior, seeing that that reverend dignitary stands conspicuous, in Farini's History, as having defrauded the widow of a decapitated criminal of fifty scudi, probably the only fifty she possessed—an act perfectly in keeping with his conduct when created governor of La Marca, in modestly absorbing the salaries of seven governors in his own person, and ordering that all government *employés* should be paid in paper money, then bearing a great loss, with the prospect of being subjected to a still greater; whilst he directed the cashier, Bandini, to pay him all his seven salaries in gold, or at any rate in good silver; but *basta!* as the Italians say—enough! and more than enough. We should blush to have dwelt so long upon this “Scandalous Chronicle,” as it may appear to some of our readers, did we not feel acquitted to

ourselves, for thus affording a glance into its revolting pages, from the motives that have induced us to unfold them. We have already shown the unjust and evil principles on which the Roman laws are based; we felt ourselves called upon, also, to expose the characters of the parties by whom those laws are at this time administered, and we think we shall not have to proceed much further, ere we establish the fact that the Romans themselves, at this present moment, actually labour under greater hardships, injustice, and oppression, than any other people, not only in Europe, but in any part of the civilised globe.

In considering the state of the criminal legislation in Rome, we shall be more and more convinced of the fatal consequences of the canon laws under a clerical government. If equality of persons in the eye of the law is not admitted as a principle of the civil, still less is it acknowledged in the criminal legislation. The persons of priests are sacred, *intangible*, and therefore exempt from the proceedings of ordinary tribunals. Whatever crime a priest may have committed, he can only be tried for it by an ecclesiastical tribunal; nor can he be summoned as a witness, before a lay tribunal, without the authorisation of the bishop, and the presence and protection of another ecclesiastic; the implied necessity of which, as a precautionary measure, we may be allowed to observe, is no great compliment to the reverence in which, it ought to be believed, these same priestly persons are held by the laity. But to such a revolting excess are the privileges of these “chosen vessels” carried in the Roman states, that, instead of being held more strictly responsible for their moral actions, they enjoy, by a bull expressly framed for their benefit, a diminution of the penalty which would be awarded to a layman for the same offence they may have committed; and before being condemned to death, they must have perpetrated *twice over* the crimes usually found deserving of capital punishment. Another consequence of the precedence of canon over civil law is, that crimes, instead of being considered, in the usual way, as injuries to society, are regarded in a theological light, as offences against the church. Hence there are laws upon blasphemy, sacrilege, and abuse, directed against a priest, quite different from those upon the same offences directed against a layman.

But even for ordinary offences, the Roman law is neither clear nor fixed. The penal regulations of Gregory XVI. leave still in existence, with some few exceptions, the

famous *bandi generali*, or general proclamations, forming a real *Lex horrendi carminis*, which punishes a bias with ten years of the galleys; swearing with perforation of the tongue; and which, in the enumeration of the penalties, always concludes with the expression "and more also, at the good pleasure of his excellency."

In many countries, the wholesome institution of juries has remedied the defects of legislative codes, whilst, in others they are modified, by trials being conducted in public; by the open cross-examination of witnesses; the freedom allowed to defence, and the wording of sentences. But none of the ameliorations, which form the fundamental principles of European legislation, are to be found in Rome. There, trials are carried on in the inquisitorial fashion. The accusation is secretly drawn up by a functionary called *giudice processante*, who is paid little more than a common servant, except in cases of extraordinary political prosecution, when he receives something additional; consequently, on all exciting occasions, it is his interest to add fuel to the flame, and prolong and mystify the matter as much as may come within his power. Witnesses are examined solely by this *processante*, who dictates their evidence according to his own view of the matter, or the motive he may have for giving it any particular colour. In ordinary cases, such as robbery or theft, the evidence is seldom falsified by the *processante*, except the delinquent happen to be rich enough to purchase his good opinion; but in political trials, the falsification of statements perpetually occurs; more especially in the present posture of affairs, when nine times out of ten the *processante* himself would be suspected, should the person submitted to his examination not be condemned; whilst, on the other hand, honour and promotion await him, if he succeeds in making any one appear guilty who is looked upon with an evil eye by the government. As to the trials, they are conducted with the greatest secrecy, especially political ones. Witnesses are not confronted with the prisoner, and, in political cases, their names are never revealed. It may easily be imagined how many sources of enmity, hatred and revenge are thus opened against the unfortunate prisoner, generally to his ruin, even supposing the *processante* to be uninfluenced, in his report, by any motive of animosity towards him, or any view towards his own interest. But there is yet another, and a still greater abuse, in the Roman criminal tribunals; after an accusation is compiled by the *processante*,

the same functionary is intrusted to make an abstract of it, for the convenience of the judges, whose opinion and sentence are based upon this document. To what arbitrary decisions, and even involuntary errors, must such a system give rise! How can the exact weight be given to the evidence of a witness without hearing his words! The *processante* naturally forms his own opinion, before hand, as to the guilt of the prisoner, and, in his examination of him, and of the witnesses, this pre-conceived opinion constantly shows itself; influencing the whole compilation, and the still more important abstract, from which the judges derive their knowledge of the case; and this opinion is, of course, somewhat biased by the *processante's* interior conviction, that the more crime he demonstrates in his victims, the more he ensures the interest of his own future career.

We appeal to any sincere practical person, to say, if a just or equitable result can be expected from such a course? But as if this course was not in itself sufficiently subversive of justice, the Roman government, moreover, deprives prisoners of the power of demonstrating the fallacies of the charges against them; the freedom of making an independent defence is one of a man's most important rights, but in the Roman States, in political trials, no prisoner is allowed actually to choose his own advocate. He can only select one from among a certain number appointed to the office by the government, and, consequently, to disgrace and dismissal by the same power, whenever the views he may take happen to oppose its wishes. Thus the advocate Pantoli, of Forlì, where he was held in universal estimation, who died lately, was disgraced by government, although previously in favour with it, because he conscientiously defended some persons accused of political offences; and in the same manner, Dr. Barbien became an object of suspicion, in consequence of the courageous honesty he displayed in defending some prisoners at Ravenna. With such examples before their eyes, how can the advocates appointed to defend political prisoners be expected to do their duty, and to turn all their energy and abilities towards procuring the acquittal of their client, when they know their own interests will be so much more effectually served by working out his condemnation?

In the case of our countryman, Edward Murray, still pending, after between three and four years suspense, between life and death, to the lengthened misery of his wife and

mother, the Papal government, roused by the murmurs of the British Lion, predictive of his ancient roar in cases of tyranny or injustice, has condescended to put forth a vindication of its penal code, which it describes as "the fruit of long study by men of great learning, well acquainted with all other codes that have ever been brought to light," adding, in an admirable spirit of self-satisfaction, "this code is such as to make us certainly never wish for the regulations of other countries." This assertion we fully believe, as far as the administrators of the code are concerned, but we may be permitted to remain somewhat sceptical, as to the coincidence in it of those who are submitted to the "certain methods, not variable according to the pleasure of the judge," which, this same veracious statement assures us, "lead to the discovery of truth, and, shutting the doors to fraud on every side, afford the prisoner a certain way of exculpating himself, and proving his innocence" (P). The document, curious enough in itself, as a picture of legal prevarication, then goes on to say that Murray had the privilege of choosing his own advocate; subject, be it understood, to the approval of the head of the Supreme Tribunal; a clause taken no notice of in the dwelling upon the *privilege*, and that he accordingly chose the advocate Olimpiade Dionisi, "a most learned professor of the Roman University, and a most acute and eloquent orator;" to which we may add, as the "vindication" does not, a salaried functionary of the government, and, moreover, one of the judges of the Commission of Censure, a political, secret, and exceptional tribunal, formed for the express purpose of depriving of their offices all government and municipal *employés*, whose conduct, during the revolution, was not strictly satisfactory to the restored *régime*. Even the judges themselves are liable to be removed at the pleasure of the government, and as they are chiefly young prelates, anxious for advancement, they are entirely devoted to the ruling powers.

Besides the Rota Tribunal, and the Sacra Consulta, there are two other tribunals, equally, or even more arbitrary, in the Roman States. The first of these is the Inquisition, or, as it is mis-called, the Holy Office, of which little remains to be told in the present day, with which the English public is not already acquainted: it is but justice, however, to state, that its persecutions have been for some time limited and exceptional, and its zeal directed much more actively towards political than religious offenders. Still, it opens a wide field

for anonymous accusations and groundless calumnies, and even the secrets of the confessional are too often betrayed within its walls to serve party purposes. But the other tribunal to which we have alluded, that of the Cardinal Vicar, in Rome, and of the bishops in the provinces, has the power to carry on oppression and injustice on a much more extended scale. Exercising, as it claims to do, the censorship over the habits and morals of the inhabitants, the honour and tranquillity of whole families are placed at the mercy of jealous intolerance, or vindictive malignancy. Marriage being considered, in the Roman States, by the Canon law, as a sacrament, all domestic life comes under the scrutiny and jurisdiction of this most insolent and arbitrary tribunal, the flagrant abuses of which we cannot sully our pages by recording. Let it suffice to say, that Farina, whom we have already mentioned, as noted for his want of honour, and Ferrini, a common jailor, dismissed from his situation by Gregory XVI., for mal-practices, were among the members of a tribunal which claims the privilege of entering private houses at any hour, night or day, and tearing wives from the arms of their husbands, or husbands from their wives, on the pretended accusation of some immorality committed, it may be, years before, and of which the charge is generally a mere instrument of extortion. To the tribunals we have already mentioned, another was, however, added, after the restoration, termed the *Council of Censure*, the object of which is to pry into the conduct of all government *employés*, magistrates, military men, provincial and municipal officers, administrators of pious congregations, hospitals, &c., with the faculty of suspending them from their functions, degrading them from their rank, or dismissing them altogether. This has been effected, by an inquisitorial system, without communicating any accusation, without properly examining or confronting witnesses, and consequently without allowing a chance of vindication! The exorbitant excesses of this tribunal have surpassed any that have hitherto existed; even the Septembrists of atrocious memory, in a kind of tribunal of their own organizing, required an accusation to be regularly made out, and allowed the proper means of defence; but this Roman Council of Censure, by a single stroke of the pen, subjected sixty thousand persons, chiefly of the middle classes, to a secret persecution, not limited to the partisans of the republic, but comprising many who refused service under the revolutionary authorities.



It is not to be supposed that the employments thus disposed of depended upon the pleasure of the government—all government employments in the Roman States, are generally supposed to be conferred for life, and are, therefore, eagerly sought after, though the salaries are in general so moderate as barely to afford the means of decent subsistence; moreover, of these salaries a certain proportion is retained by the Roman government, which acts in the parental light of an Assurance Company, towards its officials, in order to provide a fund for them, from which they draw their half-pay on retiring from office, and from which, in case of their death, their widows and children are pensioned. Thus to deprive these officials, on every slight pretext, of their employments, is to do away with the right which they have lawfully purchased by regular payments; it is, in fact, to confiscate the property which they have confided to the honour of government. Another hardship on the part of these poor officials is, that on being thus suddenly turned out of employments they may have held for many years, involving the prime and vigour of their lives, they cannot immediately turn to other occupations; and if even they were able and willing so to do, where are they to find persons courageous enough to give shelter and occupation to victims of political persecution! Alas, for Rome! what in London would form friends for the oppressed, there only feeds the vengeance of the oppressor. O, happy England! cherish your rights and privileges—defend them to the last drop of your free-born blood! but let not your own blessings harden your hearts to the miseries of others; let not your own glorious security from oppression or wrong, lap you in selfish, nay, sinful indifference, to the hardships, the injustice, which would crush every spark of manhood out of

millions of your fellow creatures, most gifted by nature, in themselves, and in the possessions nature has granted them. We could trace pictures of the misery and despair which,—through the arbitrary despotism of the Council of Censure, during the two short years of its existence, instigated almost always, by injustice, error, or private feeling of enmity and vindictiveness—have seized families whom we have seen in the enjoyment of simple competence and social cheerfulness, that would call forth sighs of pity from many kind English firesides rich in the same blessings.

We need only add, in proof of the errors and iniquities of this abominable tribunal, that Pio Nono himself had the firmness to dissolve it, avowing, as excuse for his daring in this instance, to think and act for himself, that complaints of its cruelties and wickedness had reached him on every side: happy had it been for him, and for his country, had he always acted thus; but for thousands of his poor suffering, ill-used subjects, the mischief was done, and he, “vicar of God,” and “king of kings,” as he claims to be, had no means of repairing it. In the simple phraseology of the old ballad of “Chevy Chase,” we may say—

“The child may rue that was unborn,
The mischiefs of that day.”

From the consideration of criminal jurisdiction, we are easily led on to the prisons, the galleys, the system of popular education in Rome, and other subjects, belonging to Italy, yet, in effect, connected with the welfare of the whole human race; but these must be reserved for a future period, and we, for the present, conclude, with the hope that the more clearly we show the griefs of other countries, the more gratitude we shall inspire in the hearts of our readers for the blessings secured to us in our own.

THE GARDEN SWING.

THERE is a class of art to which it is not very easy to affix a true and definite name, and still more difficult to determine what sentiment it is intended to convey, or to what feeling of the mind it appeals. Pictures of such a character call forth no emotion by their grandeur or sublimity, they elicit neither reverence nor admiration, tell no tale of history or fiction, exhibit neither pathos nor humour, and scarcely reveal to us the wonders and the beauty of created nature; and yet there is a

certain charm in these works, which is a sure passport to public favour, with a large number who seek to be pleased rather than instructed, who are satisfied with the elegancies of art, and desire in it no other qualities.

An American writer upon artist-life, Mr. Tuckerman, says, with much truth—“In the world of art there exists a kind of table-land, equally distant from mountain grandeur and flowery vales, where a cheerful tone and quiet harmony refresh the senses, and gratify with-

out disturbing the heart. In an age like the present, those who thus minister to the more tranquil pleasures of imagination, exercise a benign vocation. They may not thrill, but they often charm. Their labours create no epochs of inward life, yet they often cheer and solace. The lessons conveyed may be calm, but it is not the less refreshing; and the associations enkindled, like a bland atmosphere, yield a pastime not the less desirable, because it is unmarked either by tears or laughter, and is indicated only through an unconscious smile or placid reverie."

While admitting that artists not unfrequently address themselves to very singular themes, or treat ordinary subjects in a very unfamiliar manner, for the purpose of attracting notice to their works, it is equally incontrovertible that they add but little to their reputation. The world, in general, has no sympathy with experimentalists in art; it is slow in recognising any deviation from paths in which others have walked, and in the appreciation of what may possibly be truth, but what it cannot see to be such. The late Turner is an instance of this rejection by the multitude, because his nature was not theirs, and his vision saw things hidden from them. Those who have an eye only for the picturesque, or whose notion of painting is confined to the graphic reflection of external creation, will find, comparatively, but little satisfaction in the fruits of such a pencil as his, which appeals as much to thought and meditation to ascertain its truth, as to imagination.

But whatever the subject may be, and however treated, "there is a pleasure in painting which none but painters know;" whether sitting under the canopy of heaven to copy nature in her various moods and aspects, or solitarily in the studio, with no other companion than one's own thoughts and fancies, the costumed lay-figure, and the heaps of incongruous and motley materials which constitute the chief furniture of the painting-room, the artist has a world of treasures within himself in which he luxuriates, and which none can take away. Thus, says Hazlitt, "the hours pass away untold, without chagrin and without weariness; nor would he ever wish to pass them otherwise. Innocence is joined with industry, pleasure with business; and the mind is satisfied, though it is not engaged in thinking, or in saying any mischief."

But it is not the painter alone who derives gratification from his art, it cannot ever be a matter of indifference to the most illiterate, though tastes will differ, as to that quality of art in which the pleasure is found. It must never be regarded only as a luxury to be possessed by the few and wealthy; but rather as a powerful engine for enlightening and instructing the masses—as a gentle and unreprouching friend, whose voice is in alliance with goodness and virtue, and which, when once understood, is able both "to sooth misfortune and to reclaim from folly." It is the duty of an artist to see that he does not misapply his talents, by employing them to any less worthy purpose.

These remarks seem naturally to suggest themselves from the contemplation of such a picture as "The Garden Swing," a pleasing and graceful composition, though it makes no appeal to our sensibilities: it has in it none of those qualities which called forth the poet's lines—

"Whate'er Lorraine light touch'd with soft'ning hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew;"

but it is a subject one is contented to look at, because it speaks of human joys, and whatever does this can scarcely be unwelcome. The reader of Boccaccio will be reminded by it of some of the scenes described by that elegant, but not very moral, writer; and the admirers of Watteau's pictures will find in it a resemblance, in style, to many of his most esteemed productions. Indeed, to Watteau may be attributed the merit of originating this style of art, which, for the sake of a better title, we would call "aristocratic pastoral," or, as Walpole aptly describes it, as representing an "impossible rural life, led by those opposites of rural simplicity—people of fashion and rank." Such a style could only have emanated from a Frenchman, living at a period when folly was allied with pleasure, and frivolity had taken the place of sober reason. In our day, to see men and women amusing themselves with a "garden swing," would certainly afford merriment, but scarcely any feeling beyond this. Watteau's success led to many imitators among his countrymen, but few of our school have followed his example. Stothard and Smirke are almost the only names that have been popularly associated with this style; more, however, as designers for book-prints, than as painters of important pictures, similar to those which the French artist produced.

THE PROGRESS OF THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

FROM WESTMINSTER TO TWICKENHAM.

We could wish that every foreigner, who visits the shores of our beloved country, might receive an invitation to meet the "Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, the sheriffs, aldermen," and several of the good citizens of London, at the steps of Westminster-bridge, thence to accompany them (as we had the good fortune to do, on the 17th of July), in the City's gorgeous barge, to Kew; then and there to board, with loving and pacific intent, the *Maria Wood*; and so on to Twickenham, where a very important ceremony takes place; inasmuch as the *Maria Wood* has accommodation in her spacious cabin to seat 140 persons at her hospitable board, who, when safely anchored in the Twickenham Deep, discuss the various good things provided for their entertainment by the most hospitable of all cities of the world. Again, we wish that foreigners could enjoy such a treat; because we desire them sometimes to remember us by other tokens than "Waterloo," "Trafalgar," and such-like indications of our power. We wish them to know our citizens—to behold our Thames—and especially to see our Palace of Westminster, from where it only can be seen as it ought to be—from our proud and beautiful river—and to view the banks of that river crowded with glorious memories of the past, and happy realities of the present. We do not seek to represent ourselves as an humble-minded people, or a people at all inclined to meekness; we have no propensity to "succumb;" we know our own value, though we are not sufficiently eloquent to talk of it—at all events *continually*—imitating our very polished neighbours the French, and our "go-a-head" brethren across the Atlantic; the world's history records our power, and having visited other lands, we have learned to estimate the beauty of our own; therefore it is, that, reposing on our dignity, we would show our neighbours what, taking the *past* and *present* into account and blending them into "one great whole," they can see in no other country of the globe.*

* We missed a rare opportunity of showing the foreigner our Thames last summer, when our City "was bearded like the pard," and English sounded as an unknown tongue amid the Babylonish confusion. Then should the citizens have decked and drawn out their barges, and prepared one as a

It was like a masque of the olden time—descending the steps, and being handed by the oarsmen, in their bright red liveries and black velvet-badged caps; to be received so cordially by the good Lord Mayor, ribboned and starred and gold-chained as he was; to be conducted along a richly-carpeted saloon, shaded from the hot rays of the sun by silken curtains, to where a graceful young lady, the daughter of the Lord Mayor, (the Lady Mayoress of the day, in the absence of her mother, from illness,) half-shrouded in white muslin and lace, reclined between two golden dolphins. It was, as "they say," "quite a picture," and a very pretty one; the rich red velvet draping a table in front of the dolphin chair, was an admirable foreground to the "enchanted lady;" and when the barge cleared from her moorings, and the music of the band, which floated in its own separate and particular boat around us, mingled with the salute of cannon—the sounds being repeated by one of the most perfect echoes we ever heard, from the "Houses of Parliament"—the effect was perfect; we had gone back at least 150 years, when the Thames was the great London "highway" for our rulers and their people, who "took boat" as we "take carriage," and enjoyed pure air and sunshine without dust or hindrance. We have some faint remembrance that the superb red velvet covering was afterwards removed from the table, which was then heaped with ice and fruit of delicious fragrance; and that while the ladies looked, as all ladies are said to do, most charming in the becoming robes of morning, the gentlemen talked politics, as vehemently as they had done, or were going to do, at the hustings. But while we were so entranced by the magnitude and beauty of what may be called our GREAT WATER PALACE—the new Houses of Parliament—as to forget for a time where we were, and to people it with those whose voices can never be heard within the magnificent walls of the new "St. Stephen's," we felt an additional triumph, for that our *past* is a security for our *future*.

FLOATING THRONE, for our island Queen, upon which she could have passed, with thousands of her people, over those brilliant waters! What a pageant it might have been! amid the thunder of artillery—then the minstrelsy of peace.

Not even the regal towers of WINDSOR can excite more patriotic feelings, sanctified as they are by our beloved Queen, than the precincts of OLD PALACE-YARD! The memories of Pym, of Hampden, of Cranmer, Strafford, Laud, Camden, Sir Thomas More, Cromwell, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Grattan, Canning, crowd upon us, without distinction of time or space. There, beneath the shadow of those peerless towers, went on, for century after century, until the object was achieved, the struggle for our rights and liberties—not the soulless liberty which is craved by the wild socialist, but the thrice hallowed liberty of a Christian people. *There*, beneath the influence of Burke, and the perseverance of Wilberforce, perished the *slave trade*. *There*, within our own time, the statesman Peel, uniting the wisdom of age with the vigour of manhood, threw himself into the tide, to direct where he could not control. Great ones are there still; and believing that—

“Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,”

may we not believe that ample for the danger will be the power of resistance?

The rovers bent on their oars, and the stately barge pressed onward over the waters of our glorious river—still the “highway” of our commerce and our wealth, bringing up to the gates of our Royal Mint the gold which distant lands are pouring into the lap of England. We recalled the well-known dialogue between James I. and a certain lord mayor, from whom the King had to borrow money. The “first magistrate of the first city in the world” declined to entertain the proposal, upon which the King threatened to ruin the City, to make a desert of Westminster, by removing the Court to York or to Oxford. The Lord Mayor was faithful—he knew the value of his position. “Please your Majesty,” he answered, “there will be this consolation for the poor merchants of your city of London, *your Majesty cannot take the Thames along with you!*” Then, what sacred memories came upon us from the Abbey of Westminster! while, to the left of the river, stands the mournful-looking Palace of Lambeth, flanked by the tower where the Lollards lingered through fearful imprisonments, and sundry kinds of death, scaling their sincerity with their blood; where the unwomanly Elizabeth imprisoned the Earl of Essex, before she committed him to the Tower; where Archbishop Laud, a brief time before his execution, was attacked by the riotous London apprentices, who seem, in their day, to have been pretty much what our artisans of the great cotton and iron cities are now.

What hosts of recollections!—overflowing even as the waters of the brimming Thames, big from the last nights’ rain!—the shadow of the Lollards’ Tower, grey and grim with age, seemed to forbid all approach of joy—a monument of suffering, and of the solemn triumph which unites time with eternity.

We would rather, as we have often done, gaze upon that tower when night spreads its pall over the city, and

“All that mighty heart is lying still.”

It has no sympathy with the bright things of day, the invigorating sound of drum and trumpet, or the light cheerful laughter of young, bounding life; and we were glad to speed past a gloom of another kind, the Milbank *Penitentiary*, looming above the Pontine marsh of London, and to pass also the tinsel of Vauxhall, which, despite its *fête* memories, is as painful to look upon by day as an old beauty, who seeks to obliterate the ravages of insulted time by pearl powder and paint. We were still within the range of our monstrous city—the dense population of Lambeth crowded at one side, and the indescribable *débris* of “London out of town” at the other—so that it was a great pleasure when the lawns and trees of Chelsea Hospital hove in sight, and we could talk of the veteran’s shelter—where he bivouacks until his tent is struck for the last time, and sinks, covered with age and honour, into a soldier’s grave, beneath the shadow of those spreading trees. The citizens affectionate Greenwich more than they do Chelsea; they are both noble establishments, worthy a great nation—Greenwich having the advantage of a better position, and being more commanding, more palace-like in its appearance; but the locality of Greenwich cannot boast such a host of associations as Chelsea; the very legend (if it be no more) that Nell Gwyn prevailed upon the heartless Charles to establish this institution, is in itself a pleasure. It is one of the greatest delights in the world to find the *silver side* of a character, or if there be nothing so substantial as a “silver side” to come upon, a bright spot on a dark surface, even a tiny spot, so bright, that it lightens darkness! It is beneficial to *ourselves* to think well of our fellow beings—it is so *healthy*, as well as happy, to take kindly to our species—and to light the candle, as did the woman in holy writ, to find a missing coin—that this legend of “Nell’s” goodness gives us more contentment than a long epitaph to a great rich man, all carved in marble, and designed by a fair sculptor. “Poor Nelly!” We have passed the Hospital,

or "College," as the old soldiers like to hear it called, and there, where those irregular but tall houses, so grave and self-possessed, as though they said, "we each have a history," stretch along the water with grim perpendicular railings, more than half concealed by the trees that flank the river—is Cheyne-walk—dear old Cheyne-walk!—where Sir Thomas More so frequently "took boat" at the bottom of his garden; where Holbein wandered, and Pym thought, and St. Evremont resided, and Sir Robert Walpole—more celebrated than respected—made a great deal out of a little; where Addison loitered—dear, sober, grey-toned Cheyne-walk!—fit emblem of the sweet old village of Chelsea, as even we remember it, before it lost all self-respect in a wilderness of modern houses, pressing upon some quaint old nooks, where still great men shelter from the tumult of the town-loving world, in an unseemly fashion. Martin still paints near Beaufort-row; and that great, grand author—who thunders at the world, but cannot comprehend an opera, who is himself to thousands, the hero of his "Hero worship," a living *myth*, of whom we think more than we could write, and to whose shrine, when he passes from among us, the thinkers of the old, as well as of the new world, will do pilgrimage—CARLYLE lives beyond those trees, in a place so still, that the echo of the knocker on his door might thrice steal round the street without risk of being noticed. We longed to point out each well-known tree, and house, and chain, and bit of railing, and the spot where the ducking stool for scolding wives once stood, and the Don Saltero's coffin-house, talked of in the *Tattler*—and the grey old church containing the ashes of the *body* of Sir Thomas More. We longed to talk about it, but though many of our companions spoke of the fine square grim tower, and seemed rather fearful that our gay flagstaff might catch in the wood-work of Chelsea-bridge as we passed beneath it, yet they were too happy in the present, to travel back to the past; and so, rejoicing with them in the sunshine, and the joyous pouring forth of the music, we bade adieu to the scene of so many long-ago rambles, and felt it was better to keep our memories to ourselves, than expose them to those who would not perhaps give us their sympathy. One thing especially delighted us, the courtesy and good nature of the company one to the other. In half an hour we had ceased to feel that we were among strangers; even the political cross-firing was conducted with infinite good humour and good breeding.

It is so much the custom at the "west end," to attack the citizens of London concerning their lack of knowledge of the etiquette of the "well bred," that when, some years ago, we first had an opportunity of observing "citizens," in "citizen society," we were prepared for every species of absurdity; but, even then, before the party dispersed, we grew heartily ashamed of our credulity. Men immersed in business have seldom time to think of small forms or ceremonies, but if Lord Chatham's definition of *POLITENESS* be correct, and it is simply

"Benevolence in trifles,"

The citizens of London must be the most "*polite*" people in the world, for they are truly "benevolent" in small things—as surely and as well as they are in great ones. We cannot forget the cordial attentions, the omissions of self, the overflowing hospitalities we have witnessed in citizen assemblies; it seems almost impertinent to say this, when prejudice has quitted so many of her strongholds, and the band of commercial brotherhood draws the inhabitants of England together much more closely than in the olden time; but as long as prejudices linger it is well to assist in their overthrow. Differences of particular kinds must always exist in the various classes of society; but they are not of the nature which empty-headed foppery would stamp upon the upright and honourable citizens of London.

We were attracted by the bright appearance of the crowd on Putney-bridge; the sun shone upon them, and brought out the colours of the gay bonnets and parasols to perfection. Putney is famous in all history as the head-quarters of Cromwell's army, and as the birth-place of Cromwell, the renowned Earl of Essex, whose father was a blacksmith in that village. We are a strange people! with the descendants of blacksmiths and butchers, tailors and drapers, and, worse than all, of women "spotted as the pard" among our peers, we talk of a "pure aristocracy," and do not desire to withdraw from its influence! At Putney, Cardinal Wolsey, after his disgrace, descended from his mule, and, delighted at the message sent him by his master, bestowed a gold chain on the messenger, "Master Norris;" and, not content with that, dispatched his poor attached fool as a present to the King. The fool deserved a better fate, for he did not want to go, and it took, according to good old Stowe, "six of the tallest yeomen to convey him to court." Alas! poor fool!

Putney has other memories. Pitt died on Putney-heath; and Gibbon, our historian, was born there. It is said that Richardson wrote *Sir Charles Grandison* in a small house near the bridge; and, on the Fulham side of the river, we know that the witty Theodore Hook penned those works which, after their particular *genre*, remain unrivalled in our literature. Beside his house stands the more stately Pryor's-bank, where, five or six years ago, two well-known and hospitable friends assembled all the art and literature of the Metropolis—acting plays, and getting up masques, such as can never be forgotten.

As we floated towards the beautiful bridge of Hammersmith—which spans the water as if an enchanter had thrown it there in sport—we passed Barn-Elms, where the Earl of Essex dwelt, and Cowley lived, before he went to Chertsey; and where Jacob Tonson, the noted bookseller, resided, and formed the gallery of the Kit-cat Club. And, as the shadows of the trees come further on the water, and the wild flowers mingle with the branches of some of the old willows, which are greatly bowed into the stream since we knew them first, we approach that part of the Thames which teems with reminiscences of our truest and purest poets; hardly a spot which is not consecrated by some association with Pope, Gay, Collins, Denham, Cowley, and even the witty, disagreeable Dean Swift. We pass the site of Brandenburg House, where one of the most unfortunate of Queens received the congregated thousands who assured her of a sympathy which followed her to her rapidly-found grave. We hope our citizen friends remembered that the noble and worthy knight of the City of London, Sir Nicholas Crisp—the LOYAL par excellence—had a residence there, and that his great heart is literally buried in Old Hammersmith Church.

FETES *à fresco* are what we English but little understand; yet, as we rowed beneath the bridge, several of the company recalled the delightful *fêtes* they had enjoyed at Mr. Lumley's villa, when his beautiful grounds were thrown open to his friends, and his taste and hospitality assembled guests to whom so much interest was attached that the entrance-gates were crowded to see them as they passed. And, in passing Chiswick, the seat of Devonshire's good Duke, we thought of two great men—George Canning and Charles James Fox—who died there, and of the grave-stones that surround the ancient village church; of Hogarth, who lies buried there—of Loutherbourn, the artist and magnetizer—

of Cromwell's gentle daughter Mary—and of the proud Duchess of Cleveland—all, however separated by time and circumstance, united by death in that crowded churchyard, we had become quite oblivious of the scene, for we passed Mortlake without bestowing a thought on Dr. Dee, the astrologer, and found ourselves at Kew, beneath the bows of the *Maria Wood*, without having noted our approach; and leaving the gorgeous little palace which had floated us thus far, we entered upon a more extensive domain, our passenger-boats bounding backwards and forwards, to convey on board the company who joined us there. The guns fired, and the band took up its position round the mast of our stately barge; and, shaded by an awning which covered the whole of the deck, the guests commenced dancing with considerable spirit; while, below in the saloon, preparations for the dinner were continued with unabated activity.

Everybody knew everything about Kew, and everybody seemed to admire Sion-house, whose chief interest to us arose from the memory that it stands nearly on the site of a nunnery which gave shelter to Elizabeth Barton, the holy maid of Kent: a circumstance that provoked the special ire of Henry VIII.; and the nunnery, founded by Henry V., "in honour of the Holy Trinity, the glorious Virgin Mary, the apostles and disciples of God, and all saints, especially St. Bridget," was one of the first establishments which Henry thought fit to suppress, "for the honour of God," and the increase of his own revenue! When the kingly state added dignity and power to the virtues of Edward VI., he bestowed the domain on the Duke of Northumberland; and the sweet eyes of Lady Jane Grey looked out from thence, upon the waters of the Thames, when she accepted the crown which crushed her into an early grave. And then, poor misguided Mary, re-gave the nunnery to "all the saints, but particularly St. Bridget," who enjoyed it but a little while; for Elizabeth, with a stroke of her sceptre, swept them all away, and re-gifted the nunnery to the Earl of Northumberland, in whose family it remains until this day.

ISLEWORTH, whose church is built on the margin of the river, quiet and sleepy and harmless as it looked from our floating palace, was once the head-quarters of firm, determined men, as ever wielded "bill" or drew "bow" in defence of rights and liberties. There, during the long and disturbed reign of Henry III., the insurgent barons, under Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, assembled and camped. Those grim, grand, old barons were, in truth, trouble-

some to deal with! But, as we draw nearer to RICHMOND, our senses become bewildered, and were lost in the mazes of fact and fiction; we were beside Jeannie Deans and the Duke of Argyle, and we saw cows that would have excited the enthusiasm of the said Jeannie. And snatches of Thompson's poetry tingled in our ears, and we kept repeating (all gently to ourselves, while the dance continued)—we kept, we say, repeating to ourselves the ode of Collins:

"In yonder grave a druid lies,
While slowly wind the stealing waves,
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck their poet's sylvan grave.

"Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreath is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid thy gentle spirit rest."

Thompson's spirit may well be supposed to haunt the Thames, to watch its banks, to inhale its perfumes, to mingle with its gales; theauteous river seemed necessary to his very existence; he lived beside it, died beside it, in Rosedale-house, and he is buried in one of its most sacred resting-places—in the churchyard of Richmond. Our thoughts were so filled by the sweet poet of the "Seasons" that we hardly remembered our long-ago wanderings on Richmond-green, where we called up the shadows of the kings who passed beneath the crumbling gateway, the only remains of the ancient palace where Edward III. died—deserted by his base mistress, Lady Alice Pierce, who stripped the jewels from the fingers of her dying king, and fled! And there ELIZABETH, great in all things save the attributes of woman, also died; her stormy nature and fiery passions quenched at last! There is a sudden pause in the dance, and the band, according to custom, strikes up—

"Sweet lass of Richmond-hill!"

We pause beneath the shadow of the beautiful bridge—and now have patience with our description. Imagine the waters of the Thames—a fresh, bright, heavenly blue, as blue as unstained ether—overflowing their banks—rippling on the green sward. Take yon arch as the frame of your picture, and look through it. Behold those pensile trees sweeping into the water, while others stretch loftily away into a magnificent background—the banks, gorgeous with all the brilliant flowers of the season. Note how the villas peep through the trees, breaking up the foliage into lights. Did you ever see such delicious masses of colour? But there—a little in advance of us—in the centre of our landscape, like a bright ruby set round with sapphires, rides our city barge, the crimson,

black-capped rowers resting on their oars; there is just enough breeze to prevent the flags clinging round their staffs, and keep them floating; the silken curtains of the windows heave, so as to give the idea of motion, faint as that which lifts a rose-leaf; the carving and gilding of the barge shows with gorgeous but not gaudy effect; and the bluff steersman looks like a portion of the barge itself, standing out against the sky, which is of a paler blue than the water. About it are numerous skiffs and boats, and a flotilla of swans, making out the picture, but not in the least injuring the effect of the glowing barge, round which the sun's rays play, as if sporting with its beauty; but we cannot describe the effect of that exquisite, though accidental, grouping. The barge remained stationary, as long as we have taken to write of this spot, and then crossed to the Twickenham side of the river.

On we go, in mid-stream! How busy our memory will be, and no wonder; how many days, weeks, months, of our girlish life were passed upon the banks of the Thames, so that we seem to know every spot, and tree; and we used to know the children and dogs; and there is an abundance of both, shouting and baying at our pageant—we can fancy them the same!—but *that*, indeed, is fancy.

We never saw the dwelling of the "bold Buccleuch" look so lovely as on that afternoon; it was in complete shadow, the turf had the shimmering effect of green velvet, and it looked a very bower of beauty; we paused to gaze, and then, as we moved on at a stately pace, consistent with the dignity of the City of London, Richmond-hill swelled out from the verdant and richly wooded valley of the Thames. We most earnestly beg that whoever has not seen the view of the river *from* the hill, will not be content with the view *of* the hill from the river. "The Star and Garter," so deservedly famous as one of the best and most beautifully situated hotels in England, looks merely an "hotel" from the water, and the landscape would be better without it; but our acquaintance with many of the "fine view points" of Europe, has increased our appreciation of the view *from* Richmond-hill. One American, after gazing upon it for a time, said, it "wanted clearing," while another declared, that "he would not look at it again; it made him sorry to leave England!" A little beyond, where *Gay's* summer house stood (we know not if it be still there) stands Ham-house, concealed by almost a forest of noble trees, from the water. We once made pilgrimage

there—a pilgrimage of curiosity—to see the rooms where the infamous *Cabal* was held, when the house was the residence of the Duke of Lauderdale, where he and those lords met whose initials composed the word C A B A L ! This visit was soon after the death of that old Lady Dysart, whose little carriage we used to watch rushing about Ham and Petersham, when her ladyship was nearly blind. We delighted to speculate as to where Charles II. concealed himself in Ham-house; and there is a tradition that the great gates of the said Ham-house have not been moved since they closed on his departure; at all events, those fine wrought iron gates have not been opened within the memory of “The oldest inhabitant.”

“Eel-pie” Island we found more embowered than ever, and we hardly like to repent what we heard upon “unquestionable authority”—for it was told us by one of the city magnates, that the pies made at Eel-pie Island are no longer made of *Thames eels*, but absolutely of Dutch eels!

Edmund Kean was fond of this island, and there is a monument to his memory erected in Richmond church, by the piety of his high-principled son; but we are nearing “Pope’s Villa,” where the all-important ceremony of dinner is to be gone through—and we are quite ready for it. The barge draws in to the shore, the inhabitants crowd to their windows, and into their gardens. The poet’s grounds are cut up into strips, where houses are strung nearly together, with a beading of garden wall between; they may almost be called town houses, but for the river, which flows before them, and the freshness and exquisite finish of their little parterres. Certainly, in these small garden arrangements, England is unrivalled; but while we admire the grace and finish imparted to a tiny plot of ground, we deplore the taste which has crammed a mongrel Swiss house close to “Pope’s sacred grotto.” The *fantasie* of this building might be tolerated in a park, relieved by an abundance of well-grown timber, but where it is—slashed and “cross gartered,” a very Malvolio of architecture—it is an insult to the

where

“Egerian grot,”

“Nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought,
Where British sighs, from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot through March-
mont’s soul.”

The willow had long ago been uprooted; the reason assigned for this sacrilege seemed to us strange—relic-hunters so destroyed the

tree that, to avoid the nuisance, it was *cut down*, and the root is preserved in the grotto; so the destruction was accomplished by a *coup* of the hatchet at once, instead of by the penknives of a century of relic hunters. We would not point out this crushed-up grotto of our great English Poet to our foreign visitors—for the first time we were glad there were none there—such sacrilege would not have been tolerated in any other European country.

When will our government understand the national value of enshrining the memories of our literary and artistic heroes, within the sanctuary where they lived and thought; even our slow neighbours of Holland point out to their sons the birth-places and dwelling-places of their great men. But a *jour de fête* is no day for melancholy—we were summoned to descend to the saloon; we did so, remembering we numbered one hundred and twenty absolutely hungry individuals, and wondering how we could manage to get any dinner: but we had only to do as we were desired. The ladies went first, and, directed by a most courteous gentleman, who acted as master of the ceremonies, found their names in their plates, on the inside row, abundant space reserved for each, and no possibility of dresses being crushed or deranged by the passing and repassing of servants. The gentlemen sat at the opposite sides of the narrow tables, and the dishes were placed in rotation, relieved by an abundance of flowers. In a few minutes, so admirable were the arrangements, that all were seated without the least confusion, and, after the bugle sounded from the steps of the ante-room, “silence for grace” proclaimed, and the grace said, the city turtle soup went round, and round, and round;—the ladies being served, as at any other stately dinner, first. It was a cheerful pleasant dinner, free alike from insufficiency and the vulgarity of overabundance, while the various “*plats*” would have satisfied the eye and the palate of a Parisian epicure. But, in due course, the whole was removed, “the wine butler”—a very important person at the Mansion House—placed the golden loving-cups upon the tables—two on each table—the trumpet sounded, and the toast-master proclaimed the names of all the aldermen present, adding, that “the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress gave to them and to the ladies and gentlemen, their other guests, a hearty welcome, and greeted them with a loving-cup,” which loving-cup was passed round after ancient fashion; and then the trumpet and toast-master craved attention for the Lord Mayor, who said a few words with earnestness and fervour, pro-

posing the health of our beloved Queen. This was applauded to the echo, round after round; and before all was again still the band on deck burst forth into the National Anthem; coming from above us, it had a most singular and beautiful effect, as though descending from the heavens. True it is that, no matter how often heard, that sacred strain thrills every Englishman's heart while he stands erect in his loyalty, as in a suit of armour, nerved to do battle unto death for throne and sovereign. We forgot all about Popo's Villa *then*, and longed for the foreigner to see how we loved our Queen!

We love her, first of all from *instinct*; next, because she has ranged every womanly virtue around her throne, *and* her example is as a beacon, set upon a hill, to show all those of her own sex, who are wandering after the ill-favoured, and unnatural phantom, called the "rights of woman," with how much loving nature the first lady in the realm combines the perpetual duties of her state with the duties of wife and mother, and submits to the restraint of laws which bind her as closely as they do the poorest woman in her kingdom. We all *do* love her! heartily, honestly, devotedly! and we bless God that the purity of our court is the brightest jewel in the crown of Queen Victoria.

When the anthem had received its round of applause, and the company calmed down, the bugle and toast-master came again and again, and toast and speech, toast and speech and song succeeded each other—speeches as good as after-dinner speeches generally are—when gentlemen praise each other, and season their compliments with much good-nature, a little banter, and a modicum of wit. Flocks

of swans crowded round the barge, and received what was spared from our well-spread board; and fair ladies did not hesitate to row so close to our windows that we had the "benefit" of their observations.

Our barge cleared its moorings, and the band gave notice, by a cheerful polka, that all above was again ready for the merry dance. The ladies left their seats, followed almost immediately by the gentlemen; and, by the time we arrived at Richmond-bridge, where many of the party disembarked, nearly all the gentlemen were mingling in the dance—all with as cool heads, and clear, intelligent eyes, as though not a toast had been drank, or a bottle of the favourite "hot wines" of England poured out in loyal or friendly libation.

"And what for the obsolete calumny, that London citizens have their chief joy when they cut and drink?" Such was a not unnatural remark as we drove homewards; for we had heard and read, in old novels and old plays, that city relaxation inferred nothing less nor more! The charge may have had foundation, as well as currency, once: it is gone with many even grosser things of a grosser age—coeval with that which made intoxication a sort of duty from guest to host, when people assembled for enjoyment—not only in the city, but in the palace, in the mansion, and in the cottage. For ourselves, we bear witness that in no society in Europe could affairs have been conducted with greater propriety, with less coarseness, or with courtesy more nearly approaching the chivalric, than they were on board the barge in which the Lord Mayor of London progressed from Westminster to Twickenham!

A. M. HALL.

THE FEMALE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS OF CORK.

WITHIN a few years, Ireland has undergone a continuance of suffering almost unparalleled in the annals of the world: her utter destitution may, indeed, be traced to a variety of causes, which barely to touch on would occupy a space much greater than our limits permit. Famine and pestilence wasted the land, leaving everywhere the impress of devastation and ruin: vast tracts of country remained untilld, "a weary waste, expanding to the skies;" and such scenes took place, through the length and breadth of the land, as were, perhaps, never before witnessed in any civilised part of the

globe—scenes which baffle all powers of description. But a merciful Providence has so ordained, that good often arises out of evil; and, while mourning the misery of those disastrous times, it is consolatory to turn to the recollection of the sympathy and benevolence which did all that was possible to mitigate the evil that was beyond cure. Perhaps, among the best efforts were those to promote and encourage industry—efforts which are evidently increasing, and from which we may anticipate a success that is destined yet to raise unhappy, poverty-stricken Ireland, to the

elevated position for which her capabilities and resources undoubtedly fit her.

No part of Ireland suffered more from famine and sickness than Cork; the most appalling spectacles were seen, not only in remote districts and by the unfrequented roadside, but in the very heart of the city; the sick and the dying might have been beheld lying on a truss of straw, in the public thoroughfares, while the mother tottered along the streets, nearly fainting beneath the light weight of the wasted child, who was dead, or dying, in her arms. A wild shout was often heard to issue from the abode of the poor, where Death was busy with its inmates. In this dreadful emergency, it occurred to some benevolent ladies, that, by the employment of young females, some families might be assisted. Struck by the advantages which needlework might afford, they opened an embroidery school, in June, 1846—a year never to be forgotten in Ireland. Into this school young females of the city, of every religious denomination, were admitted; a proper recommendation being all that was required. One great object in forming it was to give employment to young females, after leaving educational schools, and thus to prepare them, by habits of industry, for stations where they could earn their bread. A committee of ladies was formed, by which the school was to be conducted for four months. After it opened, the hundred and twenty girls who had been admitted, were every day supplied with a breakfast of bread and milk—a seasonable relief, at a time when multitudes were perishing from hunger. The means for affording this were furnished by a grant of £100 from the relief committee, who also placed another £100 at the disposal of the committee of the embroidery school, for other purposes. The annual expenses of the establishment are defrayed from the profits arising from the sale of the work, as it receives no aid from any public fund, and its list of subscribers is very limited; this is much to be regretted, as the committee would gladly extend its benefits, which would “tell” in the improvement of the morals and habits of the poorer classes. One hundred and twenty-seven girls are now employed in the school; they receive no payment till there is some return for their work, which is seldom sufficiently well done to be productive for about six months after entrance. When perfectly instructed, they are allowed to take the work home; and they come once a week for payment, which is proportioned to the quality of the work, varying from 4d. to 5s.

The great relief afforded by the employment

of young females has, indeed, proved a signal blessing, and kept many a family from the poor-house. During the famine, and the fatal disease emphatically called *the famine fever*, and the cholera which raged in the year 1849, the earnings of these poor children saved many a life, and they are still the chief dependence of their families. A hundred families, it is stated, are thus relieved. A certain proportion of the earnings is kept in hand, for a little store, in case of some pressing occasion, and for the purchase of such articles of clothing as they most need. So destitute are many of those poor children of that prime necessary, and so anxious for work, that rather than stay from the school, they would come wrapped in a cloak or shawl, which they borrowed, to hide their deficient and miserable garments. “Why do you wear that great warm cloak?” was said, as she untied it, to a little girl who was muffled up in a cloak, one hot day in August. As it fell from her, her scanty clothing, at once explained its use. The sum in hand has sometimes been drawn to pay for a passage to America—that land of promise to the poor Irish! One of the girls, who had formed an attachment to a young man who was on the eve of sailing for America, applied for her savings, which amounted to £20. This enabled her to marry, to pay for her passage out with her husband, to procure clothes, and to take £8 out with her. “Please, ma’am,” said she to Mrs. S., who proposed transmitting it to Boston, “I should rather have it about me, and in gold, so that I could always feel it.” It was accordingly sewed in her stays, and her promise was taken that it should not be ripped out till she arrived at her destination. She is now doing well in the States, where her skill in embroidery has turned to good account. Many of the girls who have married have availed themselves of the embroidery school when in distress, and returned to seek employment, for the support of themselves and their husbands. A thousand pleasing anecdotes of the anxiety of the poor children for work can be recounted by those who watch over the school.

It is truly gratifying, on entering the school-room, to see a light, airy apartment, affording for some hours in the day a healthy atmosphere, and in the winter months a genial heat from a comfortable fire, to those whose homes are dark, and cold, and comfortless. It is truly pleasant to see the young creatures busy with their needles, and to look at the beautiful specimens of work, wrought by the hands which would, but for this employment, have been

utterly idle. The most delicate and elaborate patterns, finished with a skill which might compete with that of any country, are there produced. The interest which the children take in the work is expressed in the earnestness of their countenances; but there is one who sits in the window, by the teacher, who seems still more deeply absorbed in what she is about than the rest. The poor child has been a cripple from infancy: her mother carries her in every day on her back, from beyond Blarney, a distance of more than four miles. To the poor cripple, the occupation of the school has been everything; before she was admitted, she was a burthen to herself and others; her days passed on in gloomy monotony, without the power of being useful to others, and incapacitated from joining in the sports of other children. Now, she is no longer a burthen, but a help; and work to her is not merely the means of independence, but a source of enjoyment. Nothing, indeed, can be more gratifying than the interest which the young people take in the work. It was affectingly exemplified in the case of a girl, who had been one of the best workers in the school. She fell into a decline, and was soon too ill to attend. She sent to ask for work: the ladies, willing to indulge what they considered the mere fancy of a sick person, sent her what could be most easily done, that she might not fatigue herself. She was hurt at not having been sent that which was most difficult. Her wish was gratified; and the work in which she excelled beguiled some of the tedious hours of illness. She died soon after. Cases of great distress have been unintentionally disclosed by the children themselves. Many of them are the daughters of tradesmen, thrown out of employment by the reduced circumstances of their former customers, and without the means of furnishing themselves with the materials necessary for pursuing their business. One of the little girls asked for a small sum from her savings to get shoes. "Shoes, my dear!" said the lady, "that will never purchase a pair of shoes." "Ma'am," replied the child, "my father will make them for me—for he *was* a shoemaker—if I get the leather; for he can't." "I am afraid that poor child works too hard," said Mrs. S., as she observed a little girl who looked as if she was almost dying, as she plied her needle with indefatigable zeal, "she looks wretchedly." "Her father was buried this morning," replied the teacher; "he was a poor tradesman—there was great want—this child is fretting—her brother is out of employment—there was sickness at home—she only is in the way of earning

anything—so, as long as she is able to hold the needle, she will work for them." The cares of life had fallen early on this child; she was but eleven years old. These are but a few of the affecting anecdotes connected with this establishment, many more could be given, did space permit; but the sad and solemn circumstances under which it was founded give it a peculiar and almost sacred interest, which can scarcely fail to excite sympathy. A debt of gratitude is indeed, due by the inhabitants of Cork, to those through whose exertions it is owing that at least a hundred families are relieved by the industry of their children; that a hundred and twenty children, who never earned a penny before in their lives, are now able to help those who are nearest and dearest to them. By their attendance in the school they were saved from the ravages of the cholera, which carried off numbers of their families, while not one among the children took the fatal complaint—a fact worthy of medical observance, which can best determine whether this exemption may be attributed to the cleanliness enjoined by the rules of the school, the pure air enjoyed for part of the day, or the attention of the mind to the work in hand. In advertent to the beneficial results from the establishment of the school of embroidery, it would be a strange omission if the name of Mrs. Sainthill were not mentioned. Bound by none of the associations or claims of a common birth-place with those whose cause she espoused, this English lady devoted all the energies of an active mind, gave her precious time and thoughts, and made considerable advances from her purse, to promote the desirable object. Her labours in the cause of industry have been unremitting; she has attended to the progress of the work with the most patient perseverance, watched over the interests of the children with a care almost parental, the charms of her own private correspondence have been relinquished for the multiplicity of communications into which she has entered with those in France, and various parts of England, who can serve the cause of humanity by forwarding the sale of the work, and by furnishing new designs and patterns. Did we not feel it a duty, we should scarcely venture to pay this tribute, where an ample recompense is felt in the perfection to which the beautiful branch of needlework has been brought, and in the constant exercise of Christian motives and benevolent feelings. The secretaryship to the school is shared with Mrs. Sainthill, by a lady whose care for the welfare of the children, unremitting attention to their

progress, and active humanity, prove her to be a meet associate in the good work. The name of Mrs. M'Swincy is worthy of all honour.

The good effects of the Industrial Female Schools cannot be too highly estimated; they tell in the more ready observance of order and cleanliness—those docencies of life so apt to be neglected in the extreme of poverty; hence the young female, as the dispenser of relief, takes an elevated position in the home where she had been hitherto a burden, or at best a drudge; the spirit of independence inspires the self-respect, which is one of the surest safeguards against the temptations and the evil examples by which the young and the unwary are beset; the kindly affections are fostered as hands are busy for those who are loved. Cheerfulness waits on industry, and the thoughts of the young can take happy wings, when not weighed down by premature cares, and, as the poor girl plies her needle, fancy brings the moment when she returns home with her week's earnings.

While deeply impressed with the paramount importance of educational schools, of which there are a number admirably regulated and attended in Cork, we see in the Industrial Schools a great want supplied—the occupation of the time that necessarily elapses after the girls leave the educational schools, before anything eligible offers. This is a blessing which cannot be too highly estimated; the importance of occupation is known to all, even those on whom fortune has smiled feel its necessity so much, that, though totally independent of self-exertion, they make out employment for themselves; if, then, those surrounded by the refinements of life, find that the mind would languish if totally left without occupation, how doubly necessary must it be for those who have no such resources. As industry has been designated the handmaid of virtue, idleness may be called the handmaid of vice; what numbers have been led by it to frequent the ale-house and the gaming-table—how many malefactors have ascribed their evil courses and unhappy cases, with their latest breath, to *idleness*.

We have great pleasure in stating that an industrial school, in connexion with the Established Church, opened on the 1st of January, 1851, when three girls from each of the seven parishes were admitted; the committee soon after enlarged their plan, to any number recommended by the parochial clergy, on the payment of £1 for each girl, the object being to afford employment to young females of good character, between leaving the parochial school and entering into service or business, “a period

in which,” as justly remarked in the annual report, “they are especially exposed to temptation,” and one, it might be added, in which evil example has its greatest influence.

The receipts for work during the last year amounted to nearly £100, and already do the families of the girls find the benefit of their children's industry—it is a great help to all—and to some it is all to which they have to look. Out of the sixty girls who have been admitted, eight have obtained services in respectable families, seven have gone to business, two have emigrated, and six have left the school from various causes. Thirty-seven now remain in the school; the habits of industry and order which its rules induce are of the greatest importance, particularly to those intended for service or business. They are strictly enforced, and make a valuable part of education. The school opens at ten, and any girl who is not punctual to the moment is sent away without work—such a lesson in punctuality is not likely to be forgotten. In the school-room, when the girls are busily at work, a look suffices to tell who have been longest in attendance; the gradations are sufficiently marked to be at once observed—those who were first admitted being more cleanly and better clad—the latest comers are invariably the most squalid and neglected in appearance. A portion of Scripture is read each day in the school-room, and the children are instructed, one day in the week, by one of the city clergy; the progress of the children, and the interests of the school, are carefully attended to by the governesses and visiting ladies of the institution, “many of whom,” we find from the report, “have, with untiring energy, devoted their time to the instruction of the girls.”

Early in the spring of 1851, the Sisters of Mercy opened an industrial school on the South Terrace, Cork, which gives instruction to a hundred and forty girls, in plain and a variety of fancy works; their progress in knitting, netting, crochet, and various branches of needlework, under the teaching of these benevolent ladies, may be appreciated, when it is mentioned that already these children are not only able to contribute to the support of their families, but that in some cases that duty devolves entirely on them. Two children, of about seven and eight, attend the school regularly, and take home work to their sister, who is too sick to accompany them; these three girls support their family on their earnings, which amount to 7s. a week. The anxiety to obtain work is so great, that poor sick children, unable to go out, send to entreat that some may be sent to

them; there are many cases of girls who have left the workhouse to seek for employment for their support in this school—should they fail in obtaining it, they must go back to the workhouse. The work is done according to orders, with which the materials are sent; the demand for nets for the hair is so great that a vast deal of that work is going on. Cotton is the material with which they begin, as silk would be too costly, till they can finish the work nicely. Very large orders have just been received from the great establishments of Fitzgibbon and of Arnott, for nets intended for England—the orders are so large that the help of three other schools is necessary—so that two hundred dozen may be completed in the week, and in every week, while the demand lasts. The shops requiring these nets supply the silk; to guard against defalcation or waste, the nuns weigh the silk before the net is begun, and the net after it is finished—the slightest deficiency is thus detected and deducted from the girl's pay—this has induced greater carefulness. The school is supported by the work; the outlay for instruction by the week is about £1, the weekly payments to the workers average—for knitting about 1s. 6d.; for fine crochet, 2s. 6d.; for crochet nets, 5s.; for netted hats, 7s.; the embroidery of gentlemen's vests has been just introduced, which it is hoped may be productive. The interesting cases of relief which this school affords, must be a delightful recompence to the charitable founders of the institution for their unceasing attention to its welfare.

About six months since, the Sisters of Mercy opened another large school on the same plan, in the North Parish, where a hundred and fifty are making rapid progress in various branches of needle-work, which they are already turning to profit. The school being as yet in an infant state, its merits cannot be fairly discussed; but, recent as its establishment has been, it is a great help to the poor. Cases of deep interest have occurred. Among them, it is but justice to the benevolent founders of the establishment to mention, that there are at present in the school eight orphans who support themselves entirely by work; all of these poor girls were found in great distress, some of them in the most utter destitution, with scarcely any covering—no home, no friends, no relatives to look after them. Thus were they found by those humane ladies, who not only put them in the way of earning their bread, but have put up beds for them, and given them a home in the school. Some of these young creatures, just growing

up, were thus timely snatched from the dangers incident to their unprotected and miserable situation.

Very fine specimens of crochet-work have been finished in the school in connexion with the Ursuline Convent, at the Black Rock, near Cork, where sixty of the girls belonging to that large school have been instructed; and they earn from 4s. to a pound in the week. The comfort which this must be to their families may be conceived.

The establishment of crochet-work, now brought to great perfection, in the neighbourhood of Dundanion Castle, the residence of Sir Thomas Deane, originated with his lady, the late lamented Lady Deane. Ever watchful over the interests of the poor, their applications in the year 1846 excited her deep commiseration, and her thoughts were constantly haunted by the desire of affording relief in some manner likely to prove a permanent benefit. It had always appeared to her that assistance should flow, when possible, through the channel of industry. Providence suggested to her the means of being eminently useful; it occurred to her that if employment could be found for the young girls in the neighbourhood, they might be able to contribute to the support of their destitute families. Crochet-work, she thought, would not be very difficult; she knew that the demand for it was increasing, and that even the earliest executed would bring in some remuneration. She instantly set about learning the stitch and designing patterns for the work, and in less than a fortnight she had her workers employed. The relief afforded by the introduction of this work has exceeded all expectation, and has kept many families from the poor-house. A hundred and fifty girls are employed, and, though not brought within the strict rules of a school-room, they are amenable to regulations which must tell on their habits: they must bring in their work on a certain day, care having been taken to keep it as free from soil as possible; they then receive payment, and are supplied with thread for more work. It is expected that they appear clean on these occasions, and as decently clad as their circumstances will admit. From the beginning of 1847 to the present time, the work has sold for nearly five thousand pounds! The cost of the materials is about ten per cent., that of postage three, and stationery two per cent. The earnings of the workers average from four to twelve shillings in the week, they sometimes reach fifteen shillings, a portion of this is laid by in the saving-bank. We have seen

specimens of the work, in berthes, flouncs, sleeves, collars, caps, edgings, and insertions, which are extremely beautiful. Some of the flouncs have sold for as much as two guineas a yard. Largo sales of the various articles take place—nine-tenths of which are effected in England; America purchases largely, and there is a demand for the edgings in Germany, which is very advantageous, as that is the article in which the young beginners are employed. Children not more than six years old contribute by this work to the support of their families, and thus early are taught to feel the inestimable value of industry. There are many interesting cases among these poor young workers, which could not fail to excite sympathy. There is a bed-ridden child who actually earns five shillings a week in her bed; and we have been informed by Sir Thomas Deane, that "there is a paralytic child, who grasps the needle in one hand while she works with the other." From the great success of the undertaking, it would be impossible not to be deeply impressed by the fact, that all this good has been accomplished by the unaided exertions of a single individual. She received no assistance from any fund—she sought for no subscriptions or donations; the outlay at its commencement was all from the private resources of this excellent lady. She often supplied the workers with light and firing through the long winter evenings. By the peasantry, who are ever deeply touched by kindness, she was loved and venerated. Gratitude is one of the virtues of the poor: its cultivation rests upon those whom fortune has placed above them. A thousand marks of grateful attachment cheered her through her good work. On occasions of her return from absences from home, the poor people would gather round her gate, where they had hung their garlands, and cheer her, as she passed along, with a loud, joyous welcome, which came from their very hearts and reached hers. About twelve months ago, when her return from a short absence was expected, the melancholy news of her death was received. Her funeral arrived: her last resting-place was among the people she had loved and served to the latest moment of her life. At the close of the affecting rite, the poor girls, who had been her especial care, could no

longer restrain their burst of agony—indeed, the tears of all, old and young, fell fast. It will be a satisfaction to our readers to learn that the youthful daughters of their truly Christian mother, as yet scarcely past their childhood, devote themselves to the establishment which she founded; they carry on the extensive correspondence necessary for the promotion of its interests; they keep all the accounts, make the payments, and all the work passes through their hands. The labour is sanctified to them by knowing that they thus fulfil the wishes of their departed mother, and that, through their instrumentality, many a heart is lightened.

The demand for the work done in this establishment and in the Industrial Schools is so great, that it cannot be supplied fast enough. Every day large consignments are sent to England, and are extending to France, Germany, and America. We trust that such success may stimulate to new exertions, and that similar schools may be established in various directions. It is evident that a great industrial movement has commenced in Ireland: happy are they who urge it on!

The idleness of the peasantry of Ireland, whatever habits it may have engendered, is not a willing idleness; there is sufficient evidence of an eagerness for work. The teachers at the schools, of which we have taken this brief notice, can tell how the poor children flock to entreat for work: *they, indeed, best can tell*, who have the pain of sending away many, for the lack of means of employing more. Those who conduct public works can tell what crowds of labourers press for the labour which cannot afford employment to the hundredth part of those who apply for it; they, indeed, best can tell the eagerness for work, on whom the painful task devolves of disappointing expectation. But there are still more affecting proofs of that eagerness for work in the deserted home—so *passionately* loved, though poor and scant; in the sad farewells of kindred and of friends, never again to meet on this side of the grave; in the crowded ships which bear their tens of thousands of poor emigrants across the Atlantic, that, in another land, they

"May beg a brother of the earth
To give them leave to toil."

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

The Rev. ROBERT WALSH, LL.D., rector of Finglas, near Dublin, died there on the 30th of June, full of years and honours. To many of our younger readers, his name, as connected with literature, will be an unfamiliar sound; while numbers of our own standing in the world will recal the time when his *History of Brazil*, and *Residence in Constantinople*, afforded those glimpses of foreign lands, which, even twenty or five and twenty years ago, were "few and far between." Doctor Robert Walsh's literary career commenced in the year 1818, with that of his brother, Doctor Edward Walsh, who was physician to the forces, at the time of the useless Walcheren expedition. The brothers, as eminent for their ability as for their spirit of investigation, completed the *History of Dublin*, which Mr. Whitelaw's death left in an unfinished and confused state, and presented the proceeds of their labours to the widow of the originator. There is a melancholy pleasure in writing of friends "called home," when the grave closes over them in the fullness of time, and—

"The tears that we shed,
Though in secret they roll,
Shall long keep their memory
Green in our soul."

The memory of these brothers is, indeed, pleasant. Our families had been friends before our birth; and in childhood we looked up to them with a reverence which, though time and knowledge softened it into affection, was never impaired. They knew so much of everything. Doctor Edward had been on Lake Ontario with the poet Moore, when he wrote the *Canadian Boat Song*; and delighted our childhood, not only with anecdotes of the poet, but with tales of bears, and Canadian adventures, which made us long for the moosin and hunting spear. And Doctor Robert united so much love for his country to such a knowledge of its resources, and an acquaintance with every historical point and stone in the good city of Dublin, that he was a history of the past and present in himself. He also had known Moore in his youth, and Moore's friends, the Emmetts; and the unfortunate Lord Robert Fitzgerald. His mind, beside, had store of classic knowledge; and, when to all these advantages were added the riches of foreign travel, a charming suavity of manner, a desire to impart knowledge, a strong affection for young people, a warm sympathy in their pursuits, combined with a watchfulness over their eternal interests, so that a flower, a leaf, an anecdote, was certain to bear a holy fruit—it is no wonder that he was welcomed in every house as a valued guest, and cherished as a dear friend. His contributions to the *Dublin University Magazine*, and various periodicals of his day, were numerous as valuable; and he was as pleasant and graphic on paper as in society. In November, 1820, he left England for Constantinople, with Lord Strangford, on his first visit there. He was there during the Greek Revolution. He returned in 1823, and published the first edition of his overland journey. In 1825, he went to St. Petersburg with Lord Strangford; he was there during the attempt at revolution in December, 1825, which followed the death of the Emperor Alexander. In August, 1828, he left England again with Lord Strangford, for Brazil,

from whence he returned in the summer of 1829, and soon after published his *Notions of Brazil*. In 1830 he again visited Constantinople, with Sir Robert Gordon, the then ambassador. He returned in the autumn of 1832, and soon afterwards published his *Residence at Constantinople*. In 1838, he was appointed to the vicarage of Finglas. In early life he had been curate of the same parish. It was, indeed, the second curacy he held in the Church, his first having been to the celebrated Dean Kirwen. While curate of Finglas, he had two compliments, in the shape of pieces of plate, presented to him, one from his parishioners for his zealous exertions among the poor, during that terrible epidemic the typhus fever, and the other from the members of the Irish Harp Society, to which he was secretary. The qualities we have so feebly eulogized gained "the Doctor" "troops of friends." As years advanced, his desire to reside in his native country returned, and he was welcomed back to Ireland with the "welcome" which, of all people in the world, the Irish know best how to give. His career, as we have said, began by his being appointed to the curacy of Finglas; and there, as its rector, his career terminated.

THE POET MOORE.—A lady who had the good fortune to be present at a party in Dublin, the evening of the day when the first volume of *Moore's Melodies* was given to the world, was recalling the circumstance in so graphic a manner that we think her story may interest others as much as it did us. At that time, our now aged friend must have been of remarkable beauty—an enthusiastic girl, brought up in deep seclusion; married in her seventeenth year to an officer, with whom she was about to leave her native land. Of Little's poems, the *avant-courier* of Moore's fame, she had never heard; and, though the "melodies" of her country were familiar to her ear and lip, she did not think that they were known except by those who had learned them from the peasantry. "The pretty bride" was so new to the world, that her husband almost tutored her, as our grandame tutored us—"Now, my dear, hold up your head, hold your tongue, and remember your curtsy." He begged of her, whatever occurred, "to ask no questions." It was that great event in a country lady's life, "her first town party," and she was of course perpetually charmed, confused, and blushing. Presently she heard various whispers in the room—"Is he come?" "Will he come?" "Is he certain to come?" Vague ideas of the *Lord-Lieutenant*, that cynosure of Irish eyes—of the commander of the garrison—floated before her: then the lady of the house asked her daughter if the book was placed open on the piano, "where he could see it at once?" And a dozen sweet faces pressed forward to inquire if "he" was "certain sure to come?" and the reply called forth all the little bewitching "Oh dears!" and "Oh mys!" and "Oh thens!" which render the "brogue" the true accent of Cupid. The obedient wife—a very Griselda—would ask no questions; but she tried to reach the piano, and ascertain what "the book" was. However, one page of music is too like another to have yielded much information. As the evening

melted away, the anxiety of the hostess and her friends increased to fever heat. At last, a double knock, and the hero of that and many other evenings entered. "I saw," continued our friend, "a very, very little man, without star or ribbon—not the lord-lieutenant! I was so disappointed; I even thought him ugly. I looked at all the radiant officers and wondered *who* the little man was. Then came fine speeches from the hostess; and there gathered round him all the old and young. I was provoked; all this fuss for a little tiny man in black, who was neither the lord-lieutenant nor an officer. I sat down sulkily at the end of the grand piano, and resolved not even to look at him. Presently, the hostess manoeuvred him to the piano, and then, showing him the first number of his own melodies, asked him to sing. He said something—I did not hear exactly what—about not being prepared, but sat down, and with his small, delicate hands precluded a moment, and then sang 'RICH AND RARE.' Before he had got to the

"—— bright gold ring."

I was spell-bound. The head slightly upturned; the white, full, high brow, over which his silken hair lay in rich folds; the brightest, tenderest, most loving eyes were eloquent of expression; the smiling mouth gave forth the most bird-like, gushing music; every word was heard, and not only heard, but felt; and every eye fixed upon the 'poet of all circles.' When he finished, the burst of enthusiasm was electric; and his thanking smile, as he glanced round, emboldened his audience to exclaim, as with one voice, 'Another! another!' He sat down; and the brilliancy of his expression faded; the sparkling light of love in his eyes deepened into the intense fire of patriotism; his form dilated; and he gave the line—

"Go where glory waits thee!"

as if it was a command from heaven. I had been but a short time married; my husband expected every day to be ordered off to the war; my hopes for him were so mingled with terrors, that I felt a shudder when I heard the words of the song. They were succeeded by others,

"But when fame elates thee,
Oh, then remember me!"

in tones so plaintive, so tender, so overwhelming, that, ashamed of my emotion, I covered my face with my hands, and pressed it on the piano. I tried to endure it; but every line, winged by such bewildering melody, entered into my heart. *I had said words with the same meaning to my husband twenty times.* And as the poet finished, I was completely overpowered; the burst of tears would come, and my husband carried his foolish, child-wife out of the room. I afterwards heard that the poet had said 'those tears were the most eloquent thanks he could ever receive.'

Mr. DE LA PRYME, of Brighton, has been engaged for some time in getting out a little volume of poems, by a youth, the son of a constable in the Sussex constabulary. The name of the young poet is RICHARD ROLFE. We have, in a long literary life, seen so much misery arise from the sanguine hopes of well-intentioned friends, who, in their desire to serve, overrate the talent they believe in, and which, in nine cases out of ten, is more a love for, and an admiration of, poetry, than poetic power—that when a "young poet" is introduced

to the world, forced into print before his time, or without due consideration of "what hereafter will this give him!" we tremble, lost instead of a hero, we perceive a victim. Mr. De la Pryme is so zealously anxious for the success of his *protégé*, that he draws, we think, an unfortunate parallel between him and the *greatest* of our youths of genius—Chatterton, saying, that "Chatterton's genius was a failure, because it never had fair play." He forgets, however, the absence of principle in "the marvellous boy." Poetry, to be triumphant, must be of the very highest class; versification is only the chariot by which to draw it forward. We have looked carefully through the pages of this pretty volume for—

"Words that breathe,
And thoughts that burn."

But, if we have looked in vain for even the *indications* of what Mr. De la Pryme believes we shall find, we have found what we prize more highly; we find feelings of pure and unaffected piety; we find graceful communings with nature; we find a desire for earnest and hopeful work, as in the application of the old adage—

"Strike while the iron is hot."

And in a little poem, called *I'll Try*, the first verse should be sung in every infant school in the kingdom, for its *home-comingness* and cheerful strength:—

"I'LL TRY—I'll try," said a little boy,
As he sat on his bench at school;
'I'll try my best to remember my task,
That I wear not the cap of the fool.'
So his lesson he learn'd, and a prize he earn'd,
And brightly beam'd his eye.
As loudly he cried, in his childish pride,
'I can do whatever I try.'"

We perceive no indication of languid circulation, no feverish pulse, no morbid sensibility; the feelings are fresh and free; the thoughts, those of a brave, working spirit, that wishes to be up and doing, not down and dreaming; and to such we would give help—but how! Publishing a book by subscription seems to us only a sort of beggary; but there are, we know, two opinions on the subject; and we are most willing to give Richard Rolfe the benefit of the doubt. The poems are published; the life of the youth, written in the spirit of truth and kindness, up to his eighteenth year, by Mr. De la Pryme, is before the public. If the subscribers and the interest excited be sufficient, enough may be realized, perhaps, to procure him some advantages, such as he needs; 'laying, if well managed, the foundation of the future career, not of a great poet, but of a useful, it might be a great, man; and surely this is worth and worthy of the assistance of the great and good. Of course, as his mind strengthens and improves, his muse will strengthen also; but to look to even second-rate poetry now-a-days as the sustenance of "an able-bodied man," is sheer insanity. Our young friend must not expect that the muses, however sweetly wooed, will be moved to support their lovers. We would entreat the friends of Richard Rolfe to strengthen the desire poured forth in his verses for the *real*. From the account given of his parents, and his early habits of industry and simple study, he has nothing to unlearn; and, surely, now that his position and his feelings have been made known, there are plenty of free-hearted men and women who would say—"I will help this boy, and place him in the path to independence."

Scottish Criminal Trials. Two highly interesting and very instructive volumes have been published by CHAPMAN and HALL, consisting of the most remarkable trials that have taken place in Scotland—commencing with the “crimes” of the renowned Clan Gregor, and closing with the trials incident to “rebellions” of Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians. The work is full of matter, exhibiting much pains-taking research, and being of considerable value to the future historian. The anecdotes related, and the customs illustrated, have far more the character of romance than of actual facts. It is impossible to read these records of the past, without being thankful that it is our lot to live in a more enlightened age; that although superstitions are rife enough in the middle of the nineteenth century, and freedom sometimes hangs by a thread, which ignorance may in a moment break, we are very rarely at the mercy either of despotism on the one hand, or of lawlessness on the other—while the throne is, in deed and in truth, the protector of the people. These “Scottish Criminal Trials” are singular evidences of the terrible prejudices and practices of our ancestors, whose wisdom was by no means so unquestionable as some reasoners would lead us to believe. We may regret that the collection of “Trials” was not more extensive, but as far as they go, they cannot fail to interest and inform.

The English Flower Garden is a monthly magazine of hardy and half-hardy plants, by Mr. W. THOMPSON; from the very complete manner in which the subject is treated, the beauty and correctness of the four coloured figures from nature, which adorn each number, and the lowness of price, it cannot fail to enlist a considerable number of subscribers. The object which the author of this magazine has in view, is to communicate, from month to month, all the really useful and curious information about such plants as may be cultivated in any garden, and general descriptions of all the more recent introductions to this country. The present number, for example, contains, well written descriptions of the *linear-leaved sollya*, from Australia; the *gaunletted fucsia*, a native of the tropical mountains, in many respects resembling the passion flower; the North American (*Darwin's*) *barberry*; and the *toothed ceanothus*, from California. In addition to this kind of matter, each number contains an essay upon some subject of importance to the gardener—that in the present month being on *hybridizing*. To all who love the cultivation of flowers, and who does not, seeing that

“God made the flowers to beautify
The earth, and cheer man's careful mood,”

we strongly recommend the *English Flower Garden*, as peculiarly suited to their wants.

The Blythdale Romance.—Another of the very remarkable works of NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE has just been published in London, by Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL, under the act—or rather the interpretation of the act—which secures to American publishers a copyright in England. There can be no doubt that the power thus accorded to the States must lead to a proper adjustment of international copyright, for it is utterly impossible that so great a nation as the United States can consent to take that for which they give nothing. Mr. Hawthorne,

or to write more correctly, Mr. Hawthorne's publishers, in New York, have been among the earliest to profit by the discovery, and few authors can be introduced in this country with more advantage to readers of works of fiction. *The Blythdale Romance* may not be so extensively popular as either *The Scarlet Letter*, or the *House of the Seven Gables*; it is more quiet, less searching, and by no means so powerful to excite interest; but it is a charming production, full of touching pathos. We may not, however, dismiss this admirable writer with merely a few passages of comment: his works must, at no distant period, be treated largely, and with the respect and consideration to which they are eminently entitled. For the present we content ourselves with observing that this book—which the author calls a romance, because it is obviously less a romance than any of his previous works—will amply sustain his reputation.

Memoirs of the Right Hon. Henry, Lord Langdale by THOMAS DUFFUS HARDY. We have here the memoirs of a laborious, upright, and prosperous lawyer, rendered interesting, and made valuable, not by startling incidents or exciting details, but by a simple record of facts, illustrating the life of a great and good public servant, who, as Lord High Chancellor of England, faithfully discharged his duty to the crown and to the people. The career of such a man affords but slender materials for his biographer: with them, however, Mr. Hardy has wisely and skillfully dealt, doing full justice to his theme, but abstaining from all actual or seeming exaggeration, and writing in a remarkably easy and pleasant style. The book should be read largely; it is fertile of lessons—to the young especially, who are upon the march onwards; for Lord Langdale, although born a gentleman, had to achieve fortune; and his prosperity, while it will stimulate to labour, cannot fail to encourage that hope which is rarely disappointed in those who toil honourably for success.

EDGAR POE.—It is understood that Mr. HANNAY has now an edition of the *Life of Edgar Poe* in the press, with a prefatory essay on the genius of the author, in which some curious facts will be developed, and several interesting statements laid before the public. We shall look with some anxiety for such a work. The unhappy author has been far too harshly dealt with by his late biographer—his executor and his “friend!” Save us from such friends! Mr. Griswold may take credit to himself for honesty; but there are two ways of telling a truth—the one may give a sore, the other supply a plaister. Among the most hapless of the sons of genius, whose miseries are mainly of their own creating, Poe must always hold a conspicuous place; but we cannot believe that his principles were so entirely evil, and his conduct so exclusively gross, as his “friend and biographer” would make him out; and have little doubt that Mr. Hannay, instead of magnifying his faults, until they become

“As high as huge Olympus,”

will tell us of much that may create charity, if it do not induce love, towards the memory of one of the most gifted of modern writers.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS OF ITALY continue to issue their *Tracts*, and to disseminate their opinions

with a perseverance which accords with M. MAZZINI's well-known zeal and determination. It is impossible not to feel a deep interest in the sufferings endured by the descendants of the people who once ruled the world; and the more dearly we prize our own long-cherished freedom, the more should we desire to see it perfected in other lands; we should not estimate freedom by a sliding scale of geography, loving it in England, but unwilling to risk a line or a penny to secure it to Hungary or Italy. We have no more intrinsic right to liberty than other men, and our charter won by many conquests would be exposed to a struggle of fearful danger, if despotism spread its nets over the continent.

THE AMERICANS seem to us to live upon books; the immense quantity of paper consumed by their publications is beyond all calculation; and edition after edition floats from the press; and we have hardly taken up a book from across the Atlantic during last month that has not "tenth" or "twelfth" edition on its title page. *The Wide Wide World*, by ELIZABETH WETHERELL, has just entered into its sixth grade of popularity, and comes from the "store" of Mr. PUTNAM, of Broadway, New York. How can we criticise a book that has gone through six editions?

Mr. BOWN, to whom all classes of readers are so deeply indebted, has published the second volume of *The Bridgewater Treatises*, which has the advantage of notes from the pen of THOMAS HARRIS JONES, Esq., F.R.S., professor of comparative anatomy of King's College. A more valuable present could not be made to the young than these charming volumes.

The second volume of that most interesting book, *The Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen*, has just been published by Mr. PICKERING, and is particularly interesting at this period, when all eyes and hearts are especially directed towards the New World, and when a narrative of the principal events which led to negro slavery in the West Indies and America, now leads to the consideration of what slavery is at the present time. We pray for the time when slavery will be one of the traditions of the past.

We noticed last month the publication of a most interesting life of Handel, by Mr. TOWNSEND, of Dublin, and we have since witnessed much sensitiveness in some of our contemporaries, who are very indignant at the charge of their country having ever rejected the "Messiah." It reminds us somewhat of the man in Pope's witty satire, who with huge indignation rejected the charge of having been tossed in a blanket, inasmuch as "verily it was not in a blanket—but in a rug." So with the fashionable world of London a hundred years ago, they did not reject the "Messiah," but they *did* reject "Saul," and "Israel in Egypt!"

Periodical Savings applied to Provident Purposes, is the title given to a small and unpretending book by its author, Mr. ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, whose

name is, we believe, well known in connexion with insurance offices. The book is full of practical knowledge and good counsel; it should be read and studied by all persons who consider "periodical savings" as solemn duties. It points out on the one hand, the dangers to be avoided, and on the other, the channels most available for those who aim to make a "little more." It is matter of no slight moment, when a man of experience undertakes to deal with such a subject, for it is notorious that numerous robberies are perpetrated daily under the pretence of "benefits;" and to put the unwary upon their guard is a duty of mercy as well as wisdom. We cordially agree in the sentiments expressed by the following—a passage from the preface—and are doing service in giving it publicity:—"The great increase in the industrious or producing classes of society, since the beginning of this century, has been accompanied by at least a corresponding accession of wealth and independence of feeling, spread over and infusing large masses of the population. Hence has arisen the necessity for enlarging the boundaries of education so as to satisfy the natural cravings for information, by that kind of knowledge that will elevate the moral character; and the almost equally important demand for some salutary contrivance whereby prudence, forethought, and economy may be fostered, and pecuniary savings, as they occur, be applied most effectually in warding off the evils of penury, and the debasing effects of pauperism. It is by such means that a manly independence and love of social order, and the proper feelings and duties of kindred will be best cultivated."

A very valuable voltaic battery has lately been creating some sensation; it is the invention of Mr. MARTY ROBERTS. The tin which is employed as one of the plates of this battery is converted into oxide of tin, for which there is a large demand amongst dyers; and nitrate of ammonia is also largely formed, and this salt is also of commercial value,—thus the electricity is generated at scarcely any cost. This is a most important advance towards still further applying electricity as an agent of utility; we may fairly reason, now, on the probability of employing electricity as a motive power, and as the means of illumination.

Mr. FRICSON, the American engineer, has been exceedingly successful in applying heated air, instead of steam, as an agent for moving machinery. A very large vessel, called after this ingenious mechanician, is now building, to be propelled by heated air instead of steam; she is intended for the Atlantic voyage.

JAHN, the well-known Leipzig professor, is engaged in writing the life of Beethoven.

We learn from America, that the design of LAUNITZ, for a monument to PULASKI, at SAVANNAH, has been accepted. The same sculptor is occupied with the execution of a monument to the memory of RICHARD M. JOHNSON, ordered by the state of Kentucky. In the States they are marching onward in the right path.

ANNIE ORME.

HOW ANNIE ORME WAS SETTLED IN LIFE, AND WHAT WE DID TO HELP IT ON.
BY HER AUNT, MISS RACHIE SINCLAIR, MANTUA-MAKER, LASSWADE.

(Communicated by the Author of "Margaret Maitland," &c. &c.)

CHAPTER I.

WHERE we live is about six miles out of Edinburgh. In the summer time, the place is full of folk, seeking country air, and health, and change. Some come because they are delicate, some because other folk come; but, whatever the reason is, there are aye strangers at Lasswade, and a good house is a kind of heritage, by reason of the high rents that the visitors are content to give.

I have heard folk call it dull, and some say that they do not like the place, but I never heard a word from one meaning, even in a far-off way, that Lasswade was not bonnie. Behind us we have woods, before us we have the Esk, which, for its size, is as fine a river as you will see in any place. I would not undertake to say it was just like the Clyde, or the Thames, or the St. Lawrence, though I never saw them, and may-be they are not so grand as young Nicol Mouter says; but when the sun shines on our water, and the light comes down, green and cool, through the lime-trees, and you look along the hollow, and see the steep braes and the links of the water glimmering away into the sky, with a house here and there, sitting quiet on its side, the way the bairns sit in the warm days laving their feet, you would like the Esk, and come back in your thoughts to look at it again. No doubt it is finer to young folk when it wears in among the woods, and whiles you can just hear it, as if it were stepping cannily upon broken branches and over stepping-stones; but to me, that am older than I once was, it is pleasantest to see the houses climbing up the braes, and at night to look across the bridge at the lights shining in the dark water. I mind seeing them many a night, when my sister Alexina and me were coming home from the school in winter. My mother used to set the door open—we lived in a white house on the brae, as you go to Mavis-wood—and little Annie, that was the youngest of us, sat on the outer-step with our dog, Warlock, and cried our names in the darkening, long before we came in sight. I think sometimes I hear her yet, when the winter afternoon has worn past, and the lights begin to be lighted in the town. The air has just the

same hum it used to have when she cried down through the dark, "Lexie! Rechie! come home!" And there is aye a bark now and then, to stand for the little short bark that Warlock threw in whenever Annie cried. Annie Orme, my dear! it is your mother I am thinking about—but you need not cry.

We were six of us in a family, and we were brought up with a fight, like most poor men's bairns. Robert, the oldest son, was a merchant in the town, and had a good shop of his own for a while, and looked like a prosperous person; but he failed, poor man, and went away to America, in the year 'eighteen, which was the year that Annie Orme was born. George was a clerk in an office in Edinburgh: he was a kindly lad as ever was, but never throve;—it might be his own blame—it might be other folks'—it is not my part to say. John died when he was young: he was the flower of them all, and we laid him in the churchyard, at Pennyquick. These were all my brothers.

My sister Lexie is the oldest of the family. She never was well-favoured, honest woman, any more than myself; but she had a head as different from mine as the Esk water is from the sea. There never was such a good judgment and sensible mind in our family as Lexie's, and so everybody said;—she thought so herself besides, which was her only fault.

My father was a tall, thin man; my mother, a fat body, round and merry. Lexie is like the one—she is as tall as the precentor—and I am like the other;—so that I see strangers give looks at us on the road to the church, and laugh to themselves, and ask who the little body is, trotting away after the lang lady? But I never heed; for when the folk say it is Miss Rechie Sinclair, they commonly put in a kindly word, which I like to hear.

But my sister Annie was like none of us—like none of us—poor sorrowful, heart-broken lassie. She married a young man that was not what he should have been; and as soon as she found it out, it went to her very soul, and she wasted away, and never looked up again. Yes, Annie Orme, my dear, your mother broke her heart; and a heart-break is a strange trouble. It took the light out of her eyes first,

then the colour from the lips—and I never saw gentle or simple, except one high lady, that was at Mrs. Lyons', last July, have lips or eyes like Annie Sinclair—and then, without a word, the gold bowl broke, and she departed. The lad died himself soon after; but you need not be downcast, Annie Orme—for you're come of creditable folk on one side, if there's nothing to boast of on the other.

So, as I was saying, we were left—after my father died, and Robert went to America—with my mother, a frail old woman, and Annie's infant, an orphan, in a strange woman's arms, and George in Edinburgh, in anything but a thriving way. Lexie and me had learned the mantua-making, and set up in a house near the toll, on the Dalkeith-road, six months before my father's death; so here we were, with the infant and the aged woman dependent on us, and George, poor man, taking a heavy lean, and us nothing but our needles and our thread in this wide world.

I could tell many a story of that time. We were sore enough pressed whiles; and folk that call my sister Lexie a hard woman, and laugh at her for being prim and stiff, would may-be have their own thoughts, if they knew how Lexie was trusted, when she was only young, and (no to speak of the sense that never forsook her) little wiser in appearance than other folk; but, any way, we got through. What with hard work of us both, and Lexie's thought and care and judgment, we paid our rent, and kepted upsides with the world. My old mother got comfort and quiet the time she was here, and was laid in the grave with respect and honour when she went away; and we aye did what we could for George, poor man, besides bringing up Annie Orme, Annie Sinclair's infant, in a creditable way, and keeping her at the school to get grammar and counting and all the higher branches, besides making her a perfect woman at white-seam, and as good a mantua-maker as any in the land.

She never had a dress yet—from her christening gown, that I worked myself at odd hours, for a whole year, to that white one she is sitting there at the window making for her wedding—but we have earned with the labour of our hands. I am not to say proud of this—be it far from me—but I think its anything but right of Lexie to scorn the work we've lived by, as she does. No doubt we're come of folk that were far above letting their daughters work common work like this; but, still we need it, and we have done it, not without credit; and I think there is very little

gratitude to the Giver in thinking shame of the means that He gave us to get our bread by. It does not aye please Him to send the young ravens—whiles it is an honest handicraft instead of the birds—but well I wot, for my own part, I would rather get the bread in my quiet way, than in Elijah's; and one is just as great a bounty out of the full hand of Providence as ever the other could be.

Mr. Braird, of Windlestrae, is our third cousin. He comes in to see us sometimes, and sends us a fowl or two, and some apples in the season. It is very kind, and I am always glad to see him; for I will not say that I think little of good connexions any more than my neighbours. But Lexie, she's very proud, and likes to hold her head higher than common folk, and she is certainly too much taken up with being a friend of the family at Windlestrae.

We have been so long in business now, that we are thought by far the highest mantua-makers in Lasswade, or near hand; and many a one comes to us that would go to Edinburgh, if we were not here. Annie Orme—for we have brought her up to the business, whatever she may need, poor thing—is as neat-handed as can be, and Lexie is so thrifty in the cutting, that we get as grand silks sometimes as the queen's mantua-maker could have; so that we have laid by something in the bank, and got some new furnishings, and are in a prosperous way.

My niece, Annie Orme, is one-and-twenty past. I will not say that she just looks like her mother. Annie Sinclair had a look that minded me always of one of the sorrowful songs; she had a sigh in her heart, even in her first youth, like a bode of what was to come. Now, I am glad to say there is nothing like that about Annie Orme. She has a fine, bright, wholesome colour—not too much of it—and as white and soft a skin as could be desired. Then her hair has a kind of natural twist, not like positive curls, but just a wave over her brow; and though she is as neat and hands as could be, she's not to call slender. But, to do her justice, Annie has so sensible and blythe and cheery a face, that everybody is pleased with it; and, though it may be true in a measure what Lexie says, that she is more given to fun and visible light-heartedness than staid folk like us may think desirable, I always mind that I was once young myself, and that the like of that is the most natural thing in the world. For Annie is not very much taken up with company; only, poor thing, having no sisters nor brothers, and nobody indeed but us, that have been spending all our thoughts on her all her life, she scarcely knew what trouble

or vexation was, till a year past, and even that was but for a time.

It may be now eighteen months bygone since Lexie and me were sitting by the fire, in an autumn night, just before the candle was lighted. There was a silk gown—a very grand flowered one, white and blue—that we were making for Mrs. Colonel Cranstoun, at Mavis-wood, spread out upon the black sofa, opposite the fire, and clippings of it were upon the table. It was just as near dark as it could be, not to be positive black night, and I mind the glimmering of the light silk in the darkness, and me looking at it, till I could almost fancy there was a lady lying there, and that the folds sometimes moved and altered. The fire was not very bright, but just burning quietly; and Lexie was sitting with her back to the window, and her feet on a little stool, having her hands clasped in her lap, as is her most common attitude when she is not working, looking just before her, and not thinking of anything, as I supposed. I was thinking myself about the things that were in the house, and how I would just slip away down to Mr. Mouter's for some tea, seeing Annie Orme would doubtless forget to bring it in with her, when suddenly my heart leaped to my mouth, and I nearly fell off my chair in astonishment, for—"Rechie," said my sister Lexie to me in a moment, "it's my desire that Annie Orme should be married."

"Dear me, Lexie," said I, when I had recovered my breath, "what has the poor thing done?"

It was a minute or two before Lexie spoke, and then she did not just answer me.

"I am fifty year old, Rechie," said my sister, "and ye're seven-and-forty. Both of us have pingled at our seams for forty year good. No doubt it's been our appointed lot, and Providence knew best, and it's not our part to complain; but mantua-making is a wearisome life, Rechie, and undoubtedly it takes away the credit of a family when the women of it have to work for their bread. You need not contradict me: I ken very well—none better. Moreover, though our manner of life, being single gentlewomen, is the most honourable of any, yet the *canaille* jeer at us—aye, Rechie Sinclair, joer at *me*—and it's my wish that Annie Orme should have another like lot from ours."

"Weel, Lexie," said I, "no doubt you ken best; but I think our lot has just been as guid as other folk's. We've aye had enough ourselves, and we've brought up Annie Orme as well as she could have been in her father's house. I cannot see, Lexie, what we have to complain of."

Lexie nodded her head, and shut her lips firm.

"We've aye had enough! Rechie, Rechie, will nothing give ye a higher way of thinking? I tell ye it's no creditable to womenfolk to have to work for their bread, and Annie Orme must have a house of her ain—I have made up my mind."

Now, it certainly did come into my head, that Annie Orme would just be as happy living like us—aye, and may-be happier—as going away into a house of her own, to battle all her days with a strange man, and aye to be in trouble about the spending, though she had no share in making the siller. However, as it is not my habit to cross Lexie, I just let this be, and cast about in my own mind who was the most feasible person to make a good man to Annie Orme.

"There's Mr. Manson, at the distillery," said I to myself; "he is a big, red Highlander, no more like our Annie than he's like me, but I'll no say that he'll have less than a hundred a-year, and that would surely please Lexie. Then, there's Mr. Smith, the English excise-man; but he's a fat body—I would not have him if he had *five* hundred, let alone one. Then, there's Dr. Jamieson, the young doctor; but he's in little practice yet, and would be looking higher than our Annie. And, then—aye, there's young Mr. Mouter, at the grocery shop."

Now, young Mr. Mouter was a very decent young man, and a briek, well-looking lad besides, and one that took care of himself. Besides that, his shop was an old-established shop, left to him by his father, and doing a good business, seeing he supplied Mavis-wood and many of the gentlemen's houses round about, besides having the trade of the town.

"Lexie," said I, "it was just last Whitsunday that young Mr. Mouter shifted his seat in the kirk, out of the gallery, to the one he's in now, which is just close by ours, on the other side of the passage; and I have noticed his brother Nicol and him, that they have a great trick of looking to our side—which I am of opinion, Lexie, is neither for you nor me."

"Young Mr. Mouter!" said Lexie, in a sharp tone, "young Tammas Mouter, said Sandy Mouter's son. Rechie Sinclair, ye vulgar-minded person! do you think I would let our Annie serve behind a counter! No; if I should slave for her all my days."

"Well, I'm sure, Lexie," said I—and I was a little angered, for young Mr. Mouter was a fine lad, and I had a liking for him—"I do not ken what you would be at. He could keep her in a creditable way, and aye have plenty. I

would not wonder, with thrift and good management, if they made a fortune."

"I never thought you were mercenary before, Rechie," said my sister, disdainfully. "Do you think I care for the dirty siller? Its a faah, no doubt, when folk have not enough, and often makes sair hearts; but to think I would give away my niece, Annie Orme, brought up under my ain eye, and fit for better things, on such a consideration as siller! No, Rechie, its nothing but your ignorance; so I may tell you who I have my eye on. Young Peter Braird comes and goes to Edinburgh every Saturday night and Monday morning. He is only Windlestrae's second son, it's true, but then the oldest is married already. Peter Braird, as you ken, is in a writer's office, learning the business, and is a very decent-like lad. *He* could not do better, as I think, than take up with Annie Orme."

"Preserve me, Lexie," said I; "Peter Braird?"

"Whatfor no?" said my sister.

I was so astonished, that I needed a rest before I could speak.

"Peter Braird! a lang, ill-grown lad, with a head that's so red you might see it on the tap of the Pentlands like a beacon. Peter Braird! that ye should even him to our bonnie Annie! And, Lexie, the lad, as you say, is only in a writer's office: he'll may-be never get to be a writer himself—nothing but a clerk, most likely, all his days—and if Annie would not be better sewing and working for herself than the like of that—"

Just at this moment a rap at the outer-door showed us that Annie was coming in; so I stopped in haste, and Lexie said quick, "Not a word to Annie;" and we were both sitting quiet in the dark when Annie Orme came in at the door.

CHAPTER II.

"Annie, my dear," said I, when I had stirred the fire, and got some light, "did you bring the tea?"

But, as I never expected she had brought it, I put over my hand, and lifted the lid of the big box, where we kept millinery; for it happened, that when I came home in the afternoon I had put my bonnet there.

"Yes, aunt," said Annie, "its here;" and she laughed a low mischievous kind of laugh, as if she had been doing some trick to somebody.

So I put down the lid of the millinery-box, and lighted the candle. Lexie was sitting stiff

up in her chair, with her feet on the footstool, and a face of thought;—many a thought has gone through Lexie's head in her day, and it would be ill my part to set up for as good a judgment as hers. But in the matter of Peter Braird, when I looked at Annie, my heart rebelled; I could not but stand up against Lexie here, though I do not mind when I did it all my life before.

Annie was still laughing—not a loud laugh, but one that ran into all the corners of her face, and made dimples wherever it touched.

"You've been playing some trick, you monkey," said I; "but it was a wonder you minded the tea, after all."

"Phemie Mouter is to be a great friend of mine," said Annie; "she was at the door, and that minded me to go in. Phemie says we're to be very chief ever after this."

"And a very right thing, Annie," said I.

Annie laughed again. "Young Mr. Mouter had an errand up the Dalkeith-road; he came with me to the door—and Nicol wanted to come too, to take care of his brother. There, Aunt Rechie, that's the tea."

And Annie threw the parcel on the table, and ran away laughing. It might be she was pleased; but the mischief was so strong in her, and she herself was so innocent, that what might may-be make a quarrel between the two brothers, and give a sore heart to one of them, was nothing but fun to her.

But, to my astonishment, Lexie took a grip of my arm, as I gathered up the clippings on the table, to be ready for the tea.

"Rechie, mind what you're doing," said my sister, with an angered voice; "I'll never give my consent to that lad or the like of him, mind; and if you encourage him, its on your ain head."

Mc! I drew myself away out of Lexie's hand, with a black mark above my elbow from her fingers, and feeling as if I had done some evil; when the truth is I had not done one single thing, and had never even thought—to call thinking—about young Mr. Mouter, or anybody like him, till she put it into my head.

We had our tea when Annie Orme came ben again, and there was little more said about it—though Annie herself was very ready to laugh the whole night, and was speaking something about Phemie Mouter and Nicol and Thomas whenever she could get an opportunity; but Lexie put in a sharp word about his father—Lexie has an extraordinary recollection of folk's fathers—which stopped Annie, though it made her laugh again.

Now, young Mr. Mouter had the principal

shop in Lasswade—just as we were the principal mantua-makers. He might be about five-and-twenty at that time, and had served his time in Edinburgh, and was a well-educated lad. He was very particular in his dress, when he got off the white apron, and came from behind the counter; and, as he was a well-looking young man, and had, as I say, been brought up in Edinburgh, he was much thought of in our little place;—so that I think it was a very natural thing of me to be pleased when I saw him seeking after Annie Orme.

Nicol, his brother, was at the sea—a fine lad, too, though a thought coarse, like most seafaring folk—but a very cheerful, happy-spirited young man he was, and all the bairns in the town were out of their wits about Nicol Mouter;—but, for all that, I felt at once that Nicol was not half so suitable as Thomas for Annie Orme.

Now, there was not much choice in Lasswade, as I think I have before said, even if all the lads in the town had been seeking Annie, which, indeed, they were not, nor anything like it;—so that I was in every way proud in secret—the like of me to be proud!—at having made up my mind for young Mr. Mouter, and not being content, as Lexie was, with a red-headed lad like Peter Braird.

The next night, which was Saturday, Peter went past in the afternoon, and, after his manner, stopped to say a word at the door. On common days, it was just “Good-day,” and the lad went on; but this time Lexie behoved to have him in, and began a discourse, calling him “Mr. Peter” at every word. Poor lad, he was very bashful, and did not know what to do with his long legs, and the great red hands, which he commonly carries in his pockets. I am sure he was very glad to get away, and so was I when he went.

Just as he left the door, the milk-cart from Butterbraes drove past, going home from Edinburgh. The man that was driving it was a very uncommon looking young man, who had been in service with Mr. Lait all the summer. On the Sabbath days, when he was at the kirk, we were constantly taking him for some strange gentleman, and often have I thought and said, that that lad was something above the common; but he just went about his work at the Butterbraes farm, and drove in the cart every Saturday to Edinburgh, like any other man. Well, as I say, Robbie drove past in his cart, just as Peter Braird went away from our door, and I could not help but let my eye fall, first on the one and then on the other. “Well,” said I, and I was not aware I was speaking it

out loud, so as Lexie and Annie could hear me; “its no doubt a grand thing to be come of a good family—but there’s Robbie at the Butterbraes is a different looking man from Peter Braird.”

“Rechie!” cried my sister; and the start she gave me with that fierce voice made me lose, I am sure, as much as a quarter of a yard of Mrs. Cranstoun’s beautiful rich silk. But that was not the worst; lifting up my eyes—I was shaking a little with the thought of having angered Lexie—what should I see but a blush on the face of Annie Orme, as red as blush could be. I never had a greater start in my life—to think that she, a young creature choosing for herself, should have that thought for Peter Braird!

CHAPTER III.

On the Monday morning, a quiet Sabbath-day having come between, I was a little surprised to see Peter Braird rapping at the door. We were just at our breakfast ourselves; and, seeing I did not know what business he had at our house so soon again, I never moved to open the door.

“Let Mr. Peter in, Annie Orme,” said Lexie. “Poor lad, he never likes to pass the house.”

And Annie started up in a moment, in a way that it made me angry to see; but, however, our little maid, Beenie, was beforehand with her, and in a minute we heard a heavy foot in the passage, and Peter Braird put in his shoulder at the door, and gave a shy glance over it, like an awkward colt of a lad as he was.

“Come in, Mr. Peter,” said Lexie. “Are they all well at Windlestrae this morning? You should call oftener, for its aye a pleasure to see you. Come in, and take a seat and a rest; its a long walk to Edinburgh.”

So he came in, and sat down on the edge of the wooden chair—there is only one wooden chair in the parlour. He had a fine rose in his hand, in a pot—a monthly rose, but a very fine one of its kind.

“Are you going to carry it all the way to Edinburgh? How fresh it is, and bonnie,” said Annie Orme.

“Na, its for you,” said Peter; and he looked at me—not at Annie Orme.

“You’ve brought it in a present to Annie? Well, now, that is very considerate,” said my sister; “for she has little in her power; Mr. Peter, seeing she will work to help us; though I am sure she need not unless she liked.”

Now, this was very true; for my sister Lexie had that great a pride in Annie Orme, that

she would rather have worked double herself, to keep Annie like a lady.

"I was not meaning Miss Annie," said Peter, scraping about the floor with his foot, and holding the pot firm in his hand. "Miss Rechie, it's for you."

And saying that, he shoved it down upon the table beside me, with a very red face, and made me that I spilled my tea upon the clean table-cloth with the shake he gave my arm.

I thanked him the best way I could, and thought it was very kind; but all the time I was watching Annie Orme, to see if she looked disappointed—which she did not, so far as I could perceive.

And away went Peter with his red head. He was a good-natured callant, and I am sure it was very mindful of him; but, for all that, he need not have left the mark of the pot and his own big thumb upon my clean table-cloth.

Next day, Mrs. Cranstoun, of Mavis-wood, called about another gown. When we saw the little carriage she drives stop at the door, my first thought was to make the room right, and get some of the clippings out of the way; but Lexie aye has such a pride.

"Annie Orme," said my sister, "take your seam up the stair till this lady's away."

"I think you should let me stay, aunt," said Annie; for, now that I am a woman, I should work for you, and not you for me."

"Do what I bid you," said Lexie, in a peremptory manner; "it is not my purpose you should be a mantua-maker all your days, like Rechie and me. Go up the stair—I have other views for you, Annie Orme."

So, Annie having gone up stairs, Mrs. Cranstoun came in, and we got our business with her done. Afterwards, Lexie went out to Miss Trotter's, to see if she could get some trimmings; though I always said she would have to go in to Edinburgh for them.

"Aunt, what views has my Aunt Lexie for me?" said Annie Orme, when she came down. "What am I to be, if I'm no to be a mantua-maker? Surely—surely, she does not want me to be a lady's maid, Aunt Rechie?"

"Na, Annie Orme, no such thing," said I. "Lexie would never stoop to that; she says you're to have a house of your own."

Annie looked at me for a moment, in an uncertain way, and asked, "What do you say, auntie?" But before I could get time to answer, she put up her hands to her face, and threw down her seam, and burst into a laugh. I cannot just tell how long this laugh lasted; but that whole forenoon, till Lexie came home, it returned about every ten minutes, till she

had to wipe her eyes, and laugh at herself again for laughing. But, along with this, there was a bit little blush going and coming, as if the same idea might have entered her own head before. No doubt it had; for these young creatures, you see, are so rash, and never consider what they are undertaking with, until the thing is past remedied, and, ill or well, they must go on.

"Your Aunt Lexie says you're to have a house of your own—the which has never happened to either her or me," said I; "and, more than that, Annie, my dear, she has her eye on the lad, too."

When Annie could speak for laughing, which was not for a while, she came and put her arms about my neck, and begged me to tell her who it was. Now, I'll not deny it was a great temptation; but I was honourable to Lexie—I would not tell her—for my heart smote me when I looked at the little rose-tree, and I could not speak an ill word of Peter Braird, though he had a red head.

"But I'll tell you a most sensible young lad, that would make a good man to you, Annie Orme, or else I'm much mistaken," said I. "He's in good business, and has plenty to maintain you in a creditable way; and he's a very wise-like young man. I see you have but to look kindly at him, and he'll do whatever you like."

"Who is that, Aunt Rechie?" said Annie; and what surprised me was, that her lips opened a little, by reason of the breath coming fast and short, and that she looked up for the moment without laughing, as if this was more earnest than joke.

"I've had my eye upon him this while," said I, "and a fine lad he is, I can answer for him, though your Aunt Lexie thinks he's far below your degree, and will not hear of him; but, for all that, he's a likely lad, Annie Orme."

Annie did not look up at me this time: she looked down close at her work, and her needle flew through her fingers like lightning, and her face turned so red, that I saw the cheeks must just be throbbing and beating with heat.

"Hold up your head, Annie, my dear," said I; "you'll get yourself a head-ache, if you stoop down that way;—and you need not think any shame, for young Mr. Mouter is a lad anybody might be pleased with; so there's no need for thinking shame."

But, before I had done speaking, Annie was standing on the floor, laughing like to bring down the house. I thought it was maybe only her agitation, poor thing; for I have seen folk cover a thing that moved them by laughing at it. But, however that might be, she

laughed even on, I cannot tell how long, so that I could hardly stop her; till, as I was standing at the window, I saw Lexie coming up the road, which had some effect upon the mirthfulness of Annie Orme. Just at that time, too, the milk-cart from Butterbraes drove away up on the road to Edinburgh, and Robbie, whom I have before mentioned, being in it, and seeing me at the window, took off his hat with an air that bewildered me, and gave me a bow. I never saw a man in Lasswade make such a grand bow, except the minister.

"Preserve, me, Annie," said I; "I wonder who that Robbie is—he surely must have come of better folk, and got a better up-bringing than the hinds here away; for, some way, I aye feel myself treating him as if he was a gentleman, and him only a farm servant. It is very strange to me."

To this which I said, Annie answered not a word, but sat down to her seam in a moment, and worked as busy at it as if it was for her life.

CHAPTER IV.

That night I went out myself to Robert White, the baker's, and in passing looked in at Mr. Mouter's shop, just to see what he was saying to it. He was in the shop himself, serving, and Phemie—I am sorry to think she is rather glaukit, having no mother over her, poor thing—was standing at the door of the parlour, behind the shop, swinging it back and forward in her hand, and laughing loud at something a young man had said that was standing at the counter. Mr. Mouter himself looked very pleased to see me; and the first thing that Phemie said, when I crossed the door, was, "Eh, Miss Rechie! how's Annie Orme?"

"Step in, Miss Rechie; the night's cold for the season, and there's a fire on in the parlour," said Mr. Mouter. "I think we're to have a hard winter this year. 'Mony haws, mony snaws,' the proverb says; and when I was up the other day at the Hewan, the bushes were just scarlet with them. You'll feel the cast wind in yon house of yours, Miss Rechie?"

"Yes, Mr. Mouter," said I, "it is exposed, no doubt; but then there's such a pleasant view, that we put up with the wind."

"Then I hope there's no weak chests among you, Miss Rechie; Miss Annie Orme looks delicate a little," said the young man.

"No such thing, Mr. Mouter," said I; "she's just been particular stout and well all her life, and the spirit that's in her keeps away all the

little troubles. Na, Annie Orme, I'm thankful to say, has uncommon health. She's a good lassie: I'm sure if any mortal ever deserved it, it's my niece Annie."

"Aye, I would think that," said Mr. Mouter. "She's a sensible, well-conducted young woman."

Well-conducted! That anybody should speak so of my niece, Annie Orme! But it was just the young man's manner of speech; and, besides, he was busy putting up some sugar for little Katie Hislop, a very small bairn, who could not get up to the counter.

"If Annie Orme's delicate, you should see and take her to a safe house, Tammas," said Phemie; "you that have so much interest in her."

It happened just at that moment that I was lifting up little Katie Hislop to put down her coppers on the counter, and to get the sugar; but whenever I set the bairn down again, I said—

"If there was any need of a safer house, my sister Lexie and me would fit in a moment; for, though we've been twenty year and more where we are, I would rather leave the finest house that ever was than risk scathe to Annie Orme."

"Annie Orme's weel off," said Phemie. "The wivcs say she would make a guid wife, and the lads say she's bonnie, and at hame she's petted like as she was a princess: it's a grand thing to be Annie Orme."

"Hold your peace, Phemie," said Mr. Mouter; "be thankful you have not to work for your bread; and see to the house, and dinna speak so much. Yes, I've no doubt Miss Annie would make a grand manager in a house, after all your good training, Miss Rechie; but a plentiful house, you see, with men in it, is different from a scrimpit, genteel family, that has only women—though, to be sure, a good principle is the thing. And, you see, to be a country place, Lasswade is a very dear place: it's all with the strangers, Miss Rechie."

"But you have a very good shop, Mr. Mouter," said I; "if the like of you complain about things being dear, what should the poor folk do?"

"Well, the business is not to complain of," said the young man; "but, you see, it's not like a secure, settled income, and it takes thrift and management. I'm a careful man myself, Miss Rechie. I aye think the chief quality of a good wife is thrift; but step in bye, and take a rest."

So, as Phemie had gone in to the parlour, and was waving on me with her hand, I went

in at last, and by-and-bye Mr. Mouter came himself, leaving only the little boy in the shop, and we had a crack. Phemie is a fine girl, I believe, but she is ill-mannered; and all the time I was in, she was teasing Thomas about Annie in a way that made me think shame. Besides this, Phemie speaks too much about the lads—far too much.

"If I was the lads," said Phemie, "I'll tell you who I would be jealous of. Oh, I would be jealous of him, Miss Rechie, if I was them! There's no one like him in all Lasswade."

"Phemie, I wish you would learn some sense," said Mr. Mouter.

"And who is this bonnie lad, my dear?" said I.

"It's Robbie, at the Butterbraes. They say the folk remark him in Edinburgh—to see the like of him driving a cart; but it's no that he's bonnie, Miss Rechie—it's—I canna tell what it is—ask Annie Orme."

"Annie Orme!" said I, "what should Annie know about a lad that's only a servant-man to Mr. Lait?"

"Oh, may-be she doesna ken, Miss Rechie; but she looks up when he goes by, as well as other folk," said Phemie Mouter; "and it's no that he's bonnie—I've seen folk bonnier—but he just has a look like no other person. Eh, what would a' body think if Robbie turned out a lord, or some grand gentleman in disguise!"

"Dear me," said I; "if there is any chance of that, somebody should speak to Mr. Lait—it should not be allowed."

"Nonsense—nonsense—stuff; would you believe what the like of her takes into her head," said Mr. Mouter, looking angrier than he had any occasion to be. "For my part—"

But what Mr. Mouter thought, for his part, I never heard, seeing somebody came into the shop, and he had to go away.

So I gave him an invitation to call up and see us, and went upon my way likewise. On the road, I turned it over in my own mind with much consideration. This lad, Mr. Mouter, was may-be fully as prudent as it was pleasant to see a young man; and was seeking a wife to take care of himself and his goods and his gear, in a most calculating way, which I did not very well like. Then I fell into a thought about Annie Orme, why we should wish to set her away out of our house, and her the desire of our eyes. We would miss her every hour, not to say every day, and Lexie just as much as me; we would miss the very fash and trouble she sometimes gave us, when she would not be careful about changing her feet on wet

days, or consorting with common folk. I am sure the very thought that I would not have her white gown to iron for her in summer, nor her bits of collars and things to keep in order all the year round, was grievous to me. No doubt it was Lexie's doing this present project, and not mine; but still I'll not deny my own weakness. In spite of all the grief we would have missing her, I yet felt that I would like to see her in her own house, and to call her, my niece, Mrs. Mouter. When folk begin to look at their own minds, it is remarkable how they constantly find a contradiction—and so there was with me. My heart sank at the thought of her going, and yet I was both proud and pleased to think that she would go, and be head over a house of her own.

CHAPTER V.

A week or two passed after that, and we went on just in our ordinary way. Young Mr. Mouter sometimes came up, and sat half an hour, at night; but his discourse was mostly to me, for Lexie was always prim and grave when he came in, and he seldom addressed himself to Annie Orme. Neither was Annie, as I could perceive, the least caring about his company, but just treated him as she did old Mr. Wood, the secession elder, who was our landlord, or any other neighbour not being a young man; for, to tell the truth, Thomas Mouter is not like most young men—there is a sedateness and steadiness about the lad, that might have done much good to Annie; but, no doubt, things are best as they are appointed.

Peter Braird, too, called every now and then; but, indeed, I never could see that the lad heeded about Annie at all, but rather, if he had a notion of anybody, it was me, my own self, seeing I had been kind to him, as he thought, in various little ways. He was just about one-and-twenty, and had never once thought of being married, I believe; while all the time Lexie made out that he was just uncommonly taken up about Annie Orme.

So, two or three weeks went past, and it came to the end of October. The weather was rather cold, but as beautiful and clear as it could be; and the harvest was all well in, and the folk busy in the potato-fields. I like myself to see the gathering of the potatoes—no to say that they are the staff of life to many a one, and that a good year of them is a good year for the poor—there is something cheery, besides, in seeing the women about the fields, and the gallant horses ploughing them up, and the lads whistling behind. Then, I like the fragrance

of the earth itself, and to see the shaw lying half buried in the furrow, with a cluster at the root of it like a cluster of grapes—and much more useful to man and blessed, well I wot. But, not to waste time telling what I like, and what I do not like—it was about this season. The nights were chilling into the winter, and Lexie and me were fain to sit near the fire, being older than we once were.

She was sitting in her own chair, doing white seam—a thing not common with Lexie; for with so much work as we had, it was little profit to us to labour at the plain things, that anybody could do. This, however, was a garment for Annie Orme, which Lexie was making just out of her own head, in a new pattern—and the neatest thing I ever saw. She was sitting, as I say, in her ordinary position, with her back to the window, and her feet on the footstool. My sister Lexie is tall and thin, and has been hard-favoured all her days, like me; but you have just to look at her to see she is not a common person; only she wears high caps, of not a pleasant fashion, and they give a peaked, sharp look to all her face, especially as I saw it in the shadow, now and then giving a bit nod upon the wall.

I was sitting, myself, on the other side of the fire, putting down in my little book some things I had been buying. A low chair suffices me, and I need no footstool; for, as I have before said, I am a little person by nature, and was a slender, too, till I began to turn stout, about fifteen years ago—so that I am not to call in ill-condition now. The candle was standing between us two, and there was a good fire in the grate. Lexie's thread and her scissors were on the table, and over the back of the wooden chair was her shawl, and she had put her bonnet in the big millinery-box; for Lexie had been up at Windlestrae, seeing the family, that afternoon. It was not quite tea-time, but very near it, and I was wondering to myself what could keep Annie Orme, who had gone out with a message in the gloaming, and how it was that I did not hear Beenie setting the cups in the kitchen, when suddenly the door was thrown back to the very wall, with a *thud* which made Lexie (being nervous) jump, and Beenie came fleeing in, crying out to me, "Miss Rechie! Oh, Miss Rechie! here's Miss Annie walking down by the water-side with a grand gentleman!"

You may think how my heart started, and began to beat! But when Beenie saw my sister, I thought she would have fainted; for Beenie was rather feared for my sister, and had come in to tell me this, thinking I was sitting my lane.

So Lexie and I looked each other in the face, without saying a word, and Lexie gripped the linen she had in her hand in a fierce manner, as if she thought it was young Mr. Mouther's hair, and was giving him an awful shake. For I had no doubt it was young Mr. Mouther, Annie having no other joes.

"Dear me, Beenie," said I, "where did you get such a like story—I'll go with you and see; but my niece Annie Orme kens better than to wander about at night with a strange man."

"Sit still where you are, Rechie Sinclair," cried Lexie to me, in a great passion; "and you, Beenie, you born haverel, how dare you tell me such a thing? My niece Annie Orme! Do ye think I'm to believe that she's keeping trystes on the water-side, like any common person's bairn?"

"If ye please, Miss Lexie, its no my blame; I couldna help seeing them," said Beenie, beginning to cry.

"Annie Orme! Oh, Annie Orme! that I should hear such a story of you!" said my sister; "but Mrs. Braird, at Windlestrae, was not just very stout when I was up this afternoon. It may-be was my niece Annie's cousin, Mr. Peter Braird, that was with her, Beenie, and there would be no ill in that."

"Na—they're a' such red heads," said Beenie, quickly; "I could not have missed kenning wha it was, if I had looked through the bushes at Mr. Peter."

Lexie got up the linen in her hand, as if she could have thrown it at Beenie, in her anger; but, instead of that, she rose, took her shawl from the wooden chair, and her bonnet out of the millinery-box, and put them on, looking with a fierce eye all the time upon me.

"I'll go myself, and see who is with this unfortunate lassie," said Lexie. "If its any friend of yours that you've given encouragement to, out of my knowledge, Rechie, and sacrificed the poor thing, like her mother!—But I'll no permit it—nothing shall make me permit it. She shall be delivered, whatever I have to do. Beenie, follow me. I must be at the bottom of this before another hour."

Fear'd out of her very senses, Beenie went creeping after my sister, and Lexie turned round as she went out, with a kind of defiance to me, and bade me "keep the house till she came home."

For awhile I sat still, and tried to add up my book—but I was all shaking with having angered Lexie, and with thoughts of what she would say to the poor bairn, and to the decent lad also, whom no doubt it was true I had encouraged—in a way. I have no very great

skill at any time in adding up figures, but now, even though I took great pains, and counted them on my fingers, I could not get on; so at last I thought it was best to shut the book.

After that I sat for awhile just looking into the fire and pondering. There was not a sound in the house—nobody being in—but the clock in the passage ticking steady and slow, like a thing of wood and iron as it was, heeding not a pin that folk were distressed. But bye and bye, as I sat and listened to it in the quiet house, I thought it said "Annie Orme, Annie Orme, Annie Orme," in a voice like a ghost; and in spite of my own sense, and all I could say to myself, I could not help being feared.

Annie Orme—Annie Orme! oh, if the like of me had brought scathe upon the bairn!

So I went away at last, and opened the door very cannily; for though I knew that Lexie was a good distance away, I had still a dread of her hearing me. It was a most beautiful night; just on the other side of the road was a great park, looking dark in the moonlight, and in the hollow below that, was the Esk glimmering out in a bend, and all the angles and corners of the paper-mill rounded with silver. The moon in the skies was like a ship travelling upon the sea. Now and then she sailed away behind a cloud, and you lost wit of her; but then the edging of the cloud would brighten and brighten, and all the mist round it would gleam like fairy lace woven out of silver, and out she came herself, looking you full in the face, as if she had been hiding in play, and was young enough yet to be whiles a bairn, for all her dignity and state. All the time, just before her, as if it were guiding her track, went a little quiet star; it had a solitary, forlorn look about it, as if it knew well that the grand traveller behind would leave no kindly looks for a small light like what it seemed; and so as I stood out in the night, my heart grew wistful and solitary too, and sighs came out from it, or ever I knew—but it was true I had great cause to be anxious about Annie Orme.

I was looking down the road, expecting to see Lexie, and Annie, and young Mr. Mouter, all coming back together—for I could not think my sister would stand out about any pride of her own, if it was to hinder what Annie had set her heart upon—when I saw a dark figure coming up by the hedge, and a little one, crying like to break her heart, following after as fast as she could. "Dear me," said I, "here is Lexie and Beenie back again," and I opened the door wide to let them in, and consoled my-

self with a thought that Beenie had been mistaken after all, and that whoever was walking by the waterside, it was not Annie Orme.

But my heart misgave me when I saw the moon for a moment shine on Lexie's face, and she passed me on the door-step without a word of what had happened. Beenie came into the house just behind my sister, and you could have heard her at the bridge she grut so loud, "Oh! Miss Rechie, its a' me," said Beenie, and there was a sob at every word—"its a' my wyte for telling upon Miss Annie."

I hurried into the room after my sister, being now really feared; Lexie was putting her bonnet away into the millinery box, and had off her shawl, but she never spoke a word, though she might easy see me standing shaking there, wondering what was the matter. Lexie's lips were closed firm, and she was holding her head up so stiff, that now and then it gave a little nod—I could not bear this any longer.

"Lexie," said I, "say anything you like to me—miscal me as much as you are disposed—but speak to me, Lexie, and be pitiful to the bairn."

"The bairn! the vulgar-minded, low-spirited, unthankful girl! Oh Rechie Sinclair, to think we should have wared our best days upon her, and her following in her mother's steps at last!"

"Lexie, woman! the lad is a very decent lad," said I, "he's no very grand, but he'll be always creditable, and he can keep her well. What way should ye make such a work about it?"

"Rechie, you are a deceived woman," said Lexie, turning full round on me, and looking fierce in my face. "I tell ye, Peter Braird is too good for her—^afar too good for the notions she has—I kent that—and not only so, but even your man, Thomas Mouter, who keeps a grocery shop, and is auld Sandy Mouter's son—he's too good for her, Rechie Sinclair. She's chosen for herself—she's made her ain selection, and wocs me that I should see this day."

Saying that, Lexie sat down upon her chair, and turned her face to the wall, and was silent for a time. I saw she was much moved, and that her frame shook, but she would not let wit to me. I laid my hand on her shoulder, and said, "Lexie, woman, dinna vex yourself," but she shook my hand off with wrath, and would not turn round her head—for Lexie is very proud—it is just her one fault.

When she was done, she drew her chair into its usual place, and looked me in the face once more.

"Well, what were you asking me," said Lexie, sharply.

"I was asking nothing, Lexie; but I would very fain hear indeed," said I, "what it is that has angered ye at Annie—who was with her?—ye might tell me."

"Aye, I may tell you, and I'll tell herself before it be long," said my sister, "who was it? Oh Rechie Sinclair! I'm one auld fool, and

you're another. We were thinking her a truthful bairn and an obedient, that liked us, and had respect to our opinions—while she's been holding trystes all this time with Robbie at the Butterbraes!"

I was struck silent and dismayed—I could not make answer a single word.

A LADY'S NARRATIVE OF CAPTIVITY AMONG ALGERINE PIRATES.*

BUT now we had again to face the fearful mob, and once more to endure the same indignities and insults that I have already described. We were almost supported along through the throng of negroes and camels, horses and mules, to the consular dwelling. Entering this by the low door in front, we gained access to an inner court, and were thence conducted to a large room that opened into it. I at once appropriated a sort of couch at one end of the room, and sank upon it, weary and exhausted.

Soon after, the wife of the consul entered; she nodded at me, and passed on to the further end of the apartment. There she threw herself upon a low sofa, made up of mats and rolls of carpeting. Many other ottomans of similar material were scattered around, so that the place had altogether somewhat the aspect of an English carpet warehouse. By the side of the lady's sofa stood the consul's own bed, it also was composed of alternate layers of the same kind of stuff, but it rose to the height of four or five feet from the floor.

The lady herself was to me an object of great curiosity, as she listlessly reclined at the further end of the room. Her person was fat and bulky, and bedizened with gold and silver lace; her countenance hard-favoured and dark, without any vestige of hair about it; and her legs and feet brown and bare, and manacled with heavy anklets of gold. As we were so far asunder, our intercourse for that evening began and ended with the preliminary nod. I did not, however, want amusement, for as soon as I had a little recovered from fatigue, my attention was rivetted to another part of the room. My husband and his host had seated themselves upon an ottoman, before a small writing-table; a feeble lamp illuminated their features sufficiently to show that they were earnestly whispering together in Italian. My husband's sun-burnt face was disturbed and anxious;

the Jew's was calm, but full of keen attention. I soon saw enough to tell me that an intrigue was in progress, and as one of the parties appeared to make proposition after proposition cautiously and hesitatingly, I knew that British sovereigns were gradually coming in as auxiliaries to the argument. By slow degrees the countenance of the Jew became complacent, relaxed into a smile, and, at last, nodded in assent. The golden reasons had proved unanswerable—a bribe had been offered and received. My husband had agreed to write the letter to the emperor in accordance with the governor's order, but he had coupled his agreement with the condition that he should write a second letter also, addressing it to the consul general at Tangier, and that the Jew should forward both at the same time, by special couriers, and should have a reward of fifty sovereigns for the service.

By the time that this important business was decided, and the despatches were prepared, it was midnight. Our lady hostess had been all this while asleep upon her rugs and carpets, entirely unconscious of the proceeding that had attracted my attention so painfully, as one that was probably fraught with life or death to us. Now that the affair was concluded, I became sensible that I was in a state of languor and prostration that was almost insupportable. I had fasted for twelve hours, and this, too, after a long period of sea-sickness. I therefore hailed, with unfeigned delight, signs which seemed to indicate that some kind of meal was in the course of preparation. The anticipated refreshment soon appeared; it consisted of pieces of cold black mutton, swimming in oil and garlic, with rue-tea and glasses of half putrid water. All these delicacies were served without bread of any kind. As our stomachs were not yet tamed down to this kind of fare, we immediately asked permission to retire to our mattress. The younger Jew of the blue coat came forward to act as our chamberlain,

* Continued from page 74.

and he led us to a small dirty apartment on the other side the court, where we found our mattress spread upon the top of an old wooden chest. I was now greatly astonished and delighted to hear our really handsome conductor say, in a rich, full-toned voice, "Samuel Bendenhen speak English for you. Two years him in Gibraltar, learn it very well; you wish something him can give you? Him very glad to get you some pleasure." Rejoiced to have such a friend at court, I immediately begged of him to procure us some clean water for use in the morning. He disappeared with alacrity, and soon returned with a damsel, bearing a large brass stew-pan full of water, some soft soap in a vine leaf, and the sleeve of an old cotton shirt in the place of a towel. This last was evidently a part of the plunder of some European's wardrobe. Bidding us good night, the courteous fellow added, "me see you more days."

The survey of our chamber, which we made when we were left alone, did not afford us any promise of comfort. The walls were black and rough, and above were lofty rafters heavily draped by the industry of many full-grown spiders. The floor was strewn with unwashed wool, that smelt most offensively, and a part of the room was rudely boarded off from the rest, to serve as a sort of granary. Earnestly thanking God that our lot was not a worse one, we extinguished the lamp we had no means of re-illuminating, and laid ourselves down, in the hope that we might find a little refreshment and forgetfulness in sleep. This hope was however, indeed, a vain one, for as soon as the light was out, a chorus of noises began below, and a chorus of noises above. The screaming, screeching, and racing on the ground we at once knew could only proceed from an army of rats, resentful at our intrusion into their domains. But what the flying, fluttering, and squeaking over head might indicate, was more than our imagination could fathom. Our attention was soon, however, taken off from these disagreeable sounds, by sensations that were more imperative—our mattress was already shared with us by thousands upon thousands of virulent and hungry fleas.

Finding our night even more wretched and wearying than our day had been, we were glad enough to escape from it by rising early. Very soon after we were up, our young friend Bendenhen arrived. When we spoke of the nocturnal noises over head, he pointed out to us that the upper part of the chamber was inhabited by numerous small birds, which he told us bore the name of "birds of Jerusalem." The houses of Salee are all filled with them,

and they are great favourites with the inhabitants, who never molest them; they build at their own pleasure, wherever they like, and seem to be upon the best possible terms with their landlords. Bendenhen caught one of them in his hand, to show me how pretty and tame it was. It was a small black and white bird, with delicate head and pointed beak; it did not seem to have the slightest fear of its captor.

The young Hebrew's manner was as kind as it was pleasing. He told us this morning that he had a house in Jow Town, "half-an-hour away," with "von little wife, and von little child," and then explained that no other Jow besides the consul was allowed to dwell in Salee. He had himself remained in the town, during the last night, under the governor's special order, to aid the consul, who was his father-in-law, in the matter of the imperial despatch. I asked him where his own father was? He answered, "very dead." The elder Bendenhen had been possessed of considerable wealth, but as the emperor had constituted himself heir-at-law to all the Jews in his dominions, his property was confiscated at his decease to the imperial use, excepting only a small amount that had been turned over as the portion of the widow and her child. This, however, had prospered marvellously, and the Bendenhens were already rich again.

As soon as Samuel Bendenhen took leave of us, our waiting-maid of the last night came in. She wanted the brass stewpan, as the cooking could not be done without it; but she was manifestly very glad to avail herself of this culinary necessity, as an excuse for gratifying her curiosity, for she walked wonderingly round me, and examined different parts of my dress, particularly the cap, which seemed most to excite her admiration. While she made her survey of my person, I returned the compliment by doing as much for her, and she had little cause to shrink from the inspection. She was a young Jewess, probably of about eighteen years of age, with a bright brown skin, and beautiful innocent-looking countenance, set off by the finest display of long waving black hair I have ever seen; her features were full of expression, and beamed with gentle and kindly sympathy. Irresistibly attracted by her look, I extended my hand, she took it, coaxed it, and then dropped upon the floor, and laid her beautiful head upon my feet. For the first time since our capture tears rushed into my eyes; I was glad to find my interesting acquaintance answered to the pretty name of Una.

As soon as Una had carried off her stewpan, a man and a boy entered our apartment; they were the remaining members of the consul's establishment, and had come to take their turn in gazing at the strangers. The man opened the door, which I may remark, admitted the light as well as himself, and stalked in towards us. When tolerably near us he extended one arm, and, in a deep sepulchral tone pronounced, in English, "good night." This phrase, it afterwards appeared, was the measure of his proficiency as a linguist. He had managed to pick it up somewhere, and was so proud of his attainment that he took good care to lose no opportunity for its display. From morning, through noon, to night, this phrase was ringing in our ears in the death-bell tone of Abram. The monotonous repetition at last made me so nervous, that I reckoned escape from it as not the least among my joys when I turned my back upon Salee. The man was very tall and thin, almost a black, but with hollow features that were devoid of any trace of negro physiognomy. The expression of his countenance was disagreeably acute, and of so ambiguous a nature that I could not have said whether his age was nearer to twenty or to seventy. He was wrapped in the customary flannel garments, and I think might have made a little fortune, without a single alteration in his outfit, had he appeared as stage ghost at one of the minor theatres of London.

When this ghost and his little satellite had gazed their fill, they made way for the next arrival. This proved to be our hostess herself. She had come for me to return with her to the room we had occupied on the previous evening. I expressed to her, as well as I could, my willingness to be her companion, and she led me across the inner court of the house. This I was now able to observe; it was open to the sky, of a quadrangular form, and surrounded by galleries; into these galleries the doors of the several apartments led, but none of the rooms had windows of any kind.

When we reached the apartment of state, I found a large party of ladies already assembled, although it was yet only seven o'clock. I had good cause to rejoice in my ready acquiescence in my hostess's invitation, for the company were partaking of coffee and biscuits, and I gladly joined them in their occupation, and made a refreshing meal. When coffee drinking was ended, Una brought in a flask of white spirit, smelling strongly of aniseed, and most of the ladies took their three and four glasses of the cordial—I fear I suffered a little in their

esteem in consequence of my inability to do the same. During the repast, my companions were seated on carpets on the floor; I was placed conspicuously on a lofty ottoman. In one sense, this arrangement was a very satisfactory one, I was too high to come in for any share of the frequent embracings and kissings which turned out to be important features in the ceremonial, and which, I suppose, I should not have dared to refuse had they been tendered to me.

As soon as the coffee and aniseed had been discussed, the general attention was turned upon me. I had made such slight improvement in my personal appearance as the contents of my carpet bag allowed, and I suppose my hostess received this as a compliment addressed to herself, for she was much more familiar with me than on the occasion of our first interview. The ladies all came round me, and made signs that they wished me to stand up. I complied, and they then commenced a minute and careful scrutiny of my dress, examining all parts of it, the inner as well as the outer. While they were thus occupied, I took the opportunity to make my own observations. Excepting in the particular of stature, I could see very little difference in the persons of my examiners; some might be a little older, and some a little younger—some a little dirtier, and some a little cleaner; but all were alike ugly and disagreeable, with dusky complexions, and with frightfully full figures. They were mostly short as well as stout, with large coarse inexpressive features, by no means improved by the effect of a circle of black paint surrounding each eye. The palms of their hands were dyed of a deep saffron colour, and their finger and toe-nails stained of a rosy red.

Their dress consisted of a chemise of coarse calico, fashioned something like a gentleman's shirt, but without collar or wristbands. Its seams and edges were trimmed with black and silver cord, and the bosom and shoulders embroidered with gold and silver thread. The chemise closed in front by means of gold buttons, and its large loose sleeves were sometimes worn low over the wrists, and at other times were tucked up above the elbows, according to the caprice of the moment. Over the calico chemise was drawn a striped jacket, of pink and white cotton, with short sleeves, and open in front; this also was devoid of collar, and trimmed out with gold lace. A straight piece of dark green cloth was wrapped tight round the body, by way of a skirt, and this was ornamented at the bottom and along the outer edge by a broad binding of scarlet

satin damask, finished with golden cord. A scarlet sash encircled the waist, and concealed the union of the jacket with the skirt. No hair was visible about the head—a skein of black worsted was bound tightly round, where the commencement of the hair should have been seen. Immediately above this circlet, a series of yellow and red silk handkerchiefs were pinned, and their ends were allowed to fall over behind, in a sort of drapery, and were there festooned up into the sash. A short tuft of black feathers took the place of hair on each side of the face, and low down upon the forehead, almost touching the eyebrows, a band of red cloth was placed, as the recipient for a row of large and very beautiful pearls. In each ear were two pairs of ear-rings, the upper of the two suspended from the top rim of the organ, so as to conceal its orifice. Large embossed bracelets and anklets of silver and gold adorned the arms and legs. Some of the anklets must have weighed at least ten or twelve ounces, and many of them had a very antique look. Those in particular that were worn by the wife of the Jew, possessed this attribute in so marked a degree that I could not help fancying they might be some of the very ornaments which her husband's ancestors had borrowed of the Egyptians, when they made their exodus from the land of bondage. The skirt of the dress was so short, that it exposed the bare legs almost up to the knees. The feet also were quite uncovered; the loose slippers of red and gilt leather being left at the threshold of the apartment, and only assumed with the flannel wrappers, upon the rare occasion of their mistresses having cause to venture abroad.

The details of this description apply more particularly to the habiliments of my hostess, but all the rest of the company were arrayed in a similar costume; this lady herself proved to be far more accomplished than I had anticipated. She had the reputation for being able to converse fluently in the several languages of the Spanish, Italian, Hebrew, and Arabic, but I could not put her abilities to the test. While we were mutually engaged in improving our acquaintance, Samuel Bendenhen came to the door of the apartment, and I asked him to express for me my regret that I was not able to talk with my entertainers. He told me I need not mind this, for they were very well pleased with me as I was. They said they found me as fresh as a flower, and as gentle as a dove. I felt this to be a very pretty compliment, but I was totally unable to return it, for I thought them as unlike to

flowers or doves as it was possible for living things to be. They all took snuff profusely, and they had but one handkerchief among the party, which did duty for the whole. Now it was engaged in one place, in relieving some dusky skin of superfluous moisture, next it was applied to the nose or mouth of some other borrower, and then it was used to dust the feet and anklets of its owner, before it was restored to its proper resting-place in her girdle, as a preparation for a fresh start. By the time I had noted all these particulars, my companions seemed to have satiated their curiosities, for they commissioned Bendenhen to tell me they were very sorry I could not talk freely with them, as they would have liked to hear all about my country. They then took an extra pinch of snuff, jerked up their several girdles, and giving me familiar nods as they passed me, they took themselves off to a vapour bath, that had been steamed up in some recess of the inner court, and I was left alone.

There was one particular in this singular interview that puzzled me not a little at the time. Each lady, after she had made an end of her inspection of my person and dress, gave me her wrist to feel, and looked in my face with an air of anxious inquiry. I afterwards found that my old friend, the giant Abdallah, had established me in a reputation that many a veteran professor of the healing art might have envied. He was himself one of the grandees of Salce, and as these ladies all belonged to the same distinguished grade of society, they were at once put in possession of the gossip about my remedial skill. My fame was not, however, long confined to the elite of society, for before I had been two days in Salce, crowds of patients flocked to me; every woman and child who could get near enough, thrust a wrist into my hand: I must have counted some hundreds of Moorish pulses before I left the town. I soon learned that there was some little excuse for the extravagant estimation in which my assumed medicinal powers were held, for Bendenhen assured me that there was not a single practitioner of medicine in the dominions of Morocco, to dispute my reputation with me. No one could be found to undertake the treatment of disease in a land where the loss of a patient's life was very likely to involve the unpleasant consequence of the removal of the doctor's head.

When all my companions were gone, I had to exert some little courage to retrace the galleries, and regain our sleeping place, for the court below was now crowded with a levee of Moors and negroes. My husband was not

in our room, but he soon rejoined me there, with an account of his morning's proceedings. He had found up the consul, and by dint of cautious questioning, had made out that the captain of the Austrian brig was in an unfurnished neighbouring house, under a guard of soldiers, in company with his entire crew, and the four men belonging to our own ship who had been taken on shore with us. Having ascertained this fact, my husband had persuaded him to send for the poor captain to breakfast with us, and was now expecting his immediate arrival. Shortly before noon our visitor came, accompanied by a soldier with a loaded musket, who stood guard over him, so long as he remained with us. He had been much worse treated than ourselves. He was captured by the same cruiser that had laid hold upon us, but his detention was without even the shadow of an excuse, for he had a Mediterranean pass in his possession. His determined refusal to leave the ship upon its arrival at Salce, had led to his being severely beaten, and afterwards bound; he was not allowed to take even a change of linen on shore with him. A valuable gold watch had been removed from his person, and forwarded as a present to the emperor; a silver one of less worth found its way into the possession of the old white-bearded governor. As he had no money with him, his keepers had brought him to the verge of starvation; he partook of the fare that we were able to set before him with an eagerness that painfully testified to the state in which he was. Our Jew host had furnished us with biscuits and coffee, and we had induced Abram to purchase for us, in addition, at an enormous price, some very good bread and fresh eggs; upon this simple fare our half-famished companion in misfortune regulated himself to our heart's content. He was a tall, white-headed, venerable looking man, of at least sixty years of age, and with gentlemanly bearing. He told us he had a wife and daughter at Triceste, who would be broken-hearted about him; and he seemed almost on the verge of despair. Our expressions of warm sympathy appeared to cheer him a little, and we found an opportunity during a momentary absence of the consul from the table, to hint to him that we had ground for anticipating a change in the aspect of affairs, and to assure him that under no circumstances should he be forgotten when good fortune happened to ourselves.

The poor Austrian was not allowed to remain long with us. As soon as he was gone, Una beckoned to me to go with her; she

took me to see the ladies of the family in their morning employments. The mistress of the household was dressing wheaten corn for the family use; she was seated on the floor in all her finery, and held a large basket sieve between her extended mahogany limbs, Una supplied the grain from an open sack close by. Not far off, an older person, also an Algerine Jewess, was engaged in pounding spice and garlic in a marble mortar placed between her knees. Portions of these ingredients were added, from time to time, to a mess that was simmering over a pan of burning charcoal in my hand basin. The old lady who was superintending the cooking department, I now ascertained to be the mother of my hostess, and one of the usual residents in the house; I learned from her that her daughter's name was Miriam.

Playing about in this cooking apartment was a very pretty boy, of tender years, who answered to the name of Judah. I was delighted at the anticipation of having some one near me, in the human form, who might prove too young and inexperienced in the ways of the Moorish world to have yet imbibed the prejudices and dislikes of caste; I therefore did all I could to induce him to be on friendly terms with me. At first, he screamed violently if I only looked at him, but, by degrees, he abandoned this noisy demonstration, and seemed to overcome his fears; eventually, I made him sufficiently familiar to spit at me, and pelt me with whatever missiles his little hands could reach. My ire was somewhat raised at this issue of my well-meant coaxings, and I subsequently talked with Samuel Bendenhen about the child. From him I had this dainty piece of puerile biography: Judah was an orphan nephew of the consul's, and had been adopted by him. A few weeks before our arrival at Salce, the child had been refused, by his uncle, some trifle that he wished for, and had resented the affront by stabbing him in the face with a knife; upon this, the consul struck the little fellow a slight blow, but the recipient had, in consequence, sulked resolutely for two days afterwards, refusing either to eat, drink, or sleep. This was taken as an indication of high promise, and the fiat had been issued that the determined spirit of the child was not to be crossed on any account again. When I had heard this tale, I no longer wondered that Salce was so eminent as a nursery of pirates.

During this afternoon, my husband had attempted to get a look at the town. The consul had given him permission to do so, and had furnished him with a guard of honour for his

protection; his walk proved a very short one, however, for he was stoned and struck at with sticks, until he was again housed. During his absence the consul came to me and requested that I would go with him to the top of the house, to show myself to the crowd who were waiting in the court-yard to catch a glimpse of me. I obeyed, and exhibited myself from the parapet. The square below was filled with a heterogeneous crowd, mostly consisting of Moors, some of these extended their arms towards me, and pronounced the word "bona;" others attempted to spit at me, others kissed their hands and bowed their heads; one ugly-looking fellow pretended to form a crown about his head, and then drew the edge of a sabre across his throat. The interpretation of this pantomimic language was, that the king was coming, and my head was going. The consul was at this time standing by my husband's side, upon the lower gallery, and manifested marked displeasure at the proceeding, whereupon the prophet took to his heels and disappeared, and I seized upon the excuse his conduct afforded to follow the example he had set.

Soon after we had returned to our apartment, Abram came to us with his mournful "good night;" this time the greeting meant that dinner was ready. We rose at the summons, and followed our guide to the apartment that had been appropriated to the meal; our party consisted of the consul, Samuel Bendenhen, the hopeful Judah, and our two selves. We were accommodated each with a ship's chair, but our companions squatted cross legged upon the floor. The table consisted of an old stool, scarcely a foot high, and was covered with the body of the old shirt, whose sleeve I possessed for a towel. My recovery from sea sickness had now left me with a keen appetite, I therefore endeavoured to overlook the disagreeable way in which the repast was served, and to confine my attention to the necessity of appropriating some portion of it. I declined the soup, for I could not altogether forget the stew-pan, but I took a plate containing pieces of beef, which the consul fished out for me, and quietly consumed them. The meat was neither delicate nor pleasant in flavour, but hunger had been so effectual a teacher that I screwed up my courage to the point of asking for more, and looked towards the consul with the purpose on my mind; he had just then discovered something in his own share of the dish that was not to his palate, and forthwith returned the offending morsel into his plate, and then emptied its entire contents

back again into the bowl. This was enough for me, my determination and courage were dissipated by the act. When the soup had been discussed, a second course appeared, which was composed of a dish containing melons, herbs, and spices, mashed together with rancid oil; this I could not touch, but I was soon after made glad by the arrival of some deliciously fine grapes; by means of these, and by eking out their palatable juice with some black bread, I was enabled, at last, to accomplish a tolerable meal.

During our dinner, the lady consul sat upon a mat at the door, serving as a sort of telegraph between the dining-room and kitchen. She repeated aloud any order that fell from the mouth of her lord, regarding the service of the meal. As soon as we left the table, she came to it, and a second party then sat down; this comprised herself, Abram, Mehemed the boy, and Una. They all simultaneously attacked the contents of the bowl, some using spoons, and others fingers; none of them had plates. Poor, pretty Una! how I pitied her.

During the whole of this long day, the court yard continued to be crowded with visitors—as soon as one party left, another occupied the place. I hoped this was merely the influence of novelty, and that in a day or two we should be relieved of the annoyance, but I was mistaken; so long as I remained in Salee the show continued. The commoner herd were confined to the court-yard, but the fashionables came up at once into the room where we chanced to be. Day after day the exhibition went on, now from the house-top, now from one of the galleries, now in the dining-room, or even in our very chamber we were not free from the intrusion, even when taking our meals; but from the smaller number of our visitors at those times, I always suspected that our host, like the masters of travelling menageries, charged something extra for showing us at feeding time. I do not doubt that our knife and fork performance, as we sat perched on our wooden chairs, was always deemed a highly amusing exhibition.

There was one piece of persecution that irritated me excessively, but which was nevertheless continued until we left Salee. A fat young man, whom I at once perceived to be a personage of high importance, in consequence of the fineness and whiteness of his flannel robe, the delicacy of his hands, and the sparkling beauty of his diamond armlets, took the fancy into his head to pay us a visit every morning; if we were not visible elsewhere, he bounced into our room, and sat himself down

on the edge of the mattress, and there he remained for a full hour staring at us with a stupid gaze. I asked our host whether he could not relieve us from this impertinence, but he said he dared not even attempt to do so, and cautioned us to be particularly careful how we behaved ourselves towards the gentleman, as he was powerful, and well known to be neither scrupulous nor placable, when once offended. I told the consul I was very much surprised that a race of men, who guarded their own women so jealously from extraneous eyes, should make a stranger woman submit to such constant and continued exhibition of herself to the public gaze. He told me he was very sorry for the necessity, but that he could not help it, and that we must be patient and resigned under it; for if he interfered in any way, neither his orders nor his house would be respected, and possibly we might be taken from it by force, and ill treated, before any effective protection could be obtained for us.

Near sunset, one evening, a few days after our arrival, a mighty tumult suddenly arose in the streets. The inhabitants were rushing like swarming bees towards the rocks; some new cause of excitement had evidently occurred. We were soon informed that another English prize had been brought in. In a short time, a company of soldiers came for my husband; the governor required his presence at the custom-house once again. In about two hours he returned, amidst a shower of stones, that were bestowed more liberally than usual, under the stimulus of the fresh excitement. He related to me that he had seen the new captive, a poor Irishman, who had been picked up by his highness the rover admiral, as he was stealing homewards from some place in Portugal, with a small vessel laden with cork, and with a crew of only three men besides himself. This had been his first foreign voyage, and he could not exchange a single word with his captors; he was, therefore, totally unable to comprehend his situation. He knew nothing about either pirates or piracy, and could not for the life of him conceive why his little bark had been fired at, and crammed with a party of outlandish-looking people, and taken off to some place that he had never before even heard of. The governor had sent for my husband to examine this new arrival, with a view to ascertaining what the nature of the booty was. When he found that there was nothing better than cork to be had, the prisoner was ordered to betake himself also to the Jew consul's until the emperor's pleasure was known concerning him. He had accordingly returned with my hus-

band, and here he was, crying like a child; it was quite impossible to comfort the poor fellow, his Irish spirit was entirely gone. He would neither eat, drink, nor sleep; for days he consumed his time in weeping and bemoaning his wretchedness. We were truly grieved for him; but we dared not trust him with the slightest hint regarding our own hopes, from the fear that, inadvertently, and in the simplicity of his heart, he would have done something to betray us. We were, therefore, constrained to keep our own counsel, and confine the expression of our commiseration to such little acts of kindness as we could show in a general way.

Three or four days after the Irishman's arrival, a band of soldiers again came for my husband. This time they were accompanied by an officer of the governor's household—a sort of marshal-man—who was never sent out excepting when it was intended to show honour to somebody. Upon this occasion, the honour took the form of a polite invitation to breakfast. I did not altogether like this distinction, and I was truly miserable until I saw the guest back again, with his head safe upon his shoulders; for I knew his fearlessness and habitual boldness of speech, and had no doubt that he would drop some severe remark, if he found the opportunity, upon the treachery that made an old treaty an excuse for carrying on a systematic course of piracy and plunder. Since the advent of the Irish prisoner, he had been constantly on the point of explosion. He returned to me in four hours, and *safe*; his reception had been a distinguished and a courteous one. He had breakfasted from a service of English china, that had no doubt been borrowed from some unfortunate ship. The fare was white bread, rich preserves, and excellent coffee. The host had hospitably tasted of the contents of every dish and every plate before they were offered to his guest. After breakfast, the cause of all this considerate attention came out: the old governor wanted something. He was building a large galley, which had been already two years on the stocks, and was anxious that her construction should be as perfect as possible. He had, therefore, ventured to ask the favour that the English captain would go with him to see the work, and oblige him with any hints or advice that might occur.

The English captain did not of course refuse to go, so governor, marshal-man, and Englishman again traversed the streets; but this time they needed no escort—the venerable pilgrim was more than a host in his own person; and my husband was not only protected by his

presence upon this occasion, but he derived an ulterior advantage from it. By sunset, it was known throughout Salee that the husband of the Christian woman had eaten and drunk and had walked with the man of green turban sanctity—that he had been treated as a brother by the descendant of kings, and from that time forward no insult was ever offered to him. On the following day, he traversed the streets of the town alone, and almost without notice. He had abundant cause to be glad that he had not refused the invitation, or declined to render the service that was required of him.

Soon after the day that was marked by this honour conferred upon my husband, Samuel Bendenhen came to tell us that the town would be full of gaiety now, for a courier had brought the news that the King of Fez was on his way to Salee, to hold a sort of assize; he always came for this purpose three times in the year. There were now seventy prisoners awaiting his nod. Bendenhen did not think his visit would concern us in any way, as the fate of European prisoners was always referred to the Emperor of Morocco himself. I took the opportunity this conversation afforded me to glean some little information concerning the Jews of Algiers. Bendenhen told me that this oppressed race is forced to perform the most degrading work; they are also compelled to execute judgment upon criminals, sometimes by torturing and maiming them, sometimes by taking their lives. When the punishment of death is to be inflicted, the execution follows immediately upon condemnation. The convicts are hurried away to the summits of the rocks, and there Jews are made to strike off their heads with scimitars; the headless trunks are hurled into the foaming surge beneath, and the heads themselves are salted, and set up at the corners of streets. Too often Jews are culprits as well as executioners, for, as their property comes to the state upon their decease, it is an easy thing for an Israelite to commit the crime of being too rich. The visit of the King of Fez to Salee is always a time of sadness and mourning in Jew-town.

There are, however, two sides to the picture as regards the Jews of Algiers. It chances that they are in the minority; but I suspect, if it were otherwise, they would be as ready to oppress as they now are to suffer degradation and injury. A dignified young man, a rabbi from Jew-town, came in one evening expressly to visit us. He seemed to have more than a small share of cultivation and intelligence. I was introduced to him by Miriam, and he looked at me thoughtfully for some time. He

then turned to the wall, and traced with his fingers the figure of the crucifix; looked at me again and smiled, and then spat at the figure he had drawn. Next, he made the figure of the cross in his right hand, and spat at that. He then turned on his heel, and stalked away. I felt at the time that he had struck deeper and more maliciously than the Mahometans: they had used sticks and stones, but he had selected a weapon that he knew would inflict keener suffering. And the sacerdotal garb and air of elevated intelligence which he wore, told too plainly that he had not the same ground for excuse with the barbarians when he perpetrated this refined and deliberate insult upon a woman's feelings.

One of my solitary pleasures in Salee consisted in walking on the flat house-top, after the gates of the court-yard were closed at sunset. From this elevation I was able to see our deserted ship riding at anchor, and to indulge uninterruptedly in the hope that some day news would come from Tangier to restore us to her, for the fresh sea-breeze and Una were the only visitants I had upon these occasions. The lady consul did not take to the house-tops, and men were forbidden to appear there. The Jew once incurred a heavy fine, in consequence of the wilful Judah having been caught peeping over into the street. Una was my frequent companion, and used to chant short Hebrew verses to me, in rich, full tones, while I walked. One evening, while she was thus engaged, I was startled by hearing a sharp, discordant voice asking a question, as if in surprise. Una stopped her music, and answered, in a tone of evident displeasure. I turned, and saw a strange figure that had approached us unobserved from a neighbouring house-top. A tall, robust female was before me, with naked copper-coloured limbs, cast in so unfeminine a mould, that if I had not been aware of the fact that the summits of the houses are set apart for female use, I should have imagined it to be some powerful gladiator, who was thus unceremoniously intruding himself upon us. The swarthy figure had no other covering than a small fold of linen wrapped round the loins; three stripes of deep blue colour stained into the skin descended from the lower lip along the throat and chest, and indicated that she belonged to the caste of the Mamelukes. Shells, small bones, and pieces of tin were suspended round the neck, and from the nose and ears, by way of ornament. This singular apparition came close to me, gazing earnestly upon me, and then walked round and round me. I tried to think the

lady must be as harmless as I was myself, but there was something in her wild gaze I could not brook. I felt convinced if I stayed much longer I should be hurled from the house-top to the court below. Preferring a voluntary to a forced descent, I therefore made the best of my way to the stairs, nodding and smiling conciliatorily to the blue stripes as I went. Whenever, henceforth, I sought the refreshment of the evening air, I was sure to find this unwelcome visitant, with her threatening eyes, at the end of the second turn of my limited march. I was, therefore, obliged to give up the pleasure, and a heavy privation it was for me. I tried to find out what the Mameluke had said to make Una angry, at her first appearance; but Una always steadfastly refused to let this transpire. I was thus effectually confined to the rooms of the dirty, hot, unventilated house.

The consul's wife never went abroad. During the six years of her wedded life, she had not passed the outer gate. Most of the Salce women visit the burial-grounds on Fridays, and spend their time in weeding the graves, planting flowers, gossiping, and dram-drinking, but Miriam did not participate in these

amusements; her only exercise consisted in occasionally calling her household together, and sitting down to a boisterous romping game, something resembling "hunt the slipper." She was engaged in this recreation when the rabbi came from Jew-town to visit us. The Fridays were, however, always busy days in the consular establishment; great preparations were then made for the observances of the Sabbath. The standing dishes of oily soup, garlic, and vegetables had to be prepared beforehand, that they might be eaten cold. We were allowed to have hot coffee, but had always to kindle the fire and prepare it for ourselves. There seemed so much of conscientious scruple in the demeanour of our host in other things, that I could not but feel deeply grateful to him for this act of toleration. The day of the Sabbath was passed in listless indolence, without any religious exercise or external form of worship until after sunset. When the first star of evening appeared, the master of the house read aloud some of the Psalms of David in Hebrew; he and his wife then anointed their foreheads and the palms of their hands with oil, and so the affair was ended.*

A DAY IN A FRENCH CRIMINAL COURT.

BY MISS PARDOE.

As I chanced, in the autumn of last year, to be residing in a town in the north of France during the assizes, I became a regular reader of the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, in the hope of comprehending, thanks to this professional study, the daily and hourly reports which were made to me of the proceedings of the melancholy tribunal which had, by the influx of visitors that it occasioned, rendered the ordinarily quiet streets of our grey old city a scene of movement and bustle wholly foreign to their usual aspect. My purpose, however, singularly failed. With my thoroughly English notions of a court of justice, and the solemnity of a trial on whose result frequently hinged the whole future welfare, and even the life, of a fellow-creature, I was unable to recognise as feasible the piquant anecdotes and startling discrepancies which afforded subject of conversation at our tea-table; while the broad and bold columns of the official journal afforded me no efficient assistance; for, even these—

although in point of fact I found the crime, the accusation, the defence, and the sentence, all duly recorded—to the more unprofessional reader formed by no means the most salient or engrossing portions of the report, wherein the compiler—like certain reviewers, who, in order to manufacture a "taking" article for their own pages, are accustomed to pass over unnoticed the more important and solid portions of a work, and to fasten upon its entertaining passages, in order to lighten at once their own labours and those of their subscribers—the compiler (as I was about to say, when I indulged in the above interminable parenthesis) had apparently occupied himself rather in weaving a species of legal romance, than in simply stating the broad facts composing the framework of the moral tragedy upon which he was engaged. To me it appeared strange, even with all the love of dramatic effect natural to our Gallian neighbours, that they should be enabled to deduce a social novel from every trial of any importance which came before their courts; and so greatly did this wonder increase upon

* To be continued.

me, that, after considerable hesitation, I resolved to judge for myself in how far these extraordinary reports were worthy of credence. To do this effectually, it was of course necessary to witness the passage of some great criminal through the awful ordeal of human justice—to brace my nerves, and to resolve to watch, with all the philosophy I could command, the fearful wrestling of foul guilt or outraged innocence with the stupendous power of legal talent and of legal ingenuity. No petty crime could enable me to do this; for in France, as I was well aware, trials for minor offences are conducted with a haste and brevity proportioned to their insignificance; and I accordingly awaited with considerable trepidation the announcement of one of those more fearful accusations which involve the penalty of death. Unhappily, this was not long in coming; and I was, ere the close of the session, informed that a young peasant woman, from an adjoining hamlet, was about to take her trial for the two-fold crime of murder and arson; and at the same time assured that no doubt whatever, from the evidence of the *procès-verbal*, (or preliminary examination,) existed of her guilt; while, at the same time, it was a great relief to me to ascertain that her intended victim still survived.

The approaches of the Palais de Justice were almost choked by the anxious multitude who were struggling to effect an entrance, as, led by a professional friend, I made my way by a private staircase to the seat which had been reserved for me. The aspect of the court was solemn and imposing. Immediately before me was a dais, raised two steps above the floor of hall, in the centre of which, behind a long table covered with black serge, stood the chairs of the President (or judge) and his two assistants, over whose heads extended, from the lofty roof to the summit of their seats, a colossal painting of our Saviour upon the cross. On the left hand, an enclosed space was appropriated to the Procureur-Général de la République (or attorney-general), beyond which stretched, to the extremity of the platform, the jury-box. On the right hand, a second enclosure (or *loge*) formed the place allotted for the greffier (or registrar), while a tier of seats, corresponding with those occupied by the jury were destined to accommodate the counsel for the defence; and, in cases of political delinquency, the accused themselves, and their friends. These seats bear the name of Benches of the Accused; but behind them rises a third, beside which opens a small door, and which is distinguished by the frightful appellation of the Bench of

Infamy. In minor trials, this elevated seat is occupied only by two gendarmes, who, after having escorted their prisoners to the entrance of the court, and delivered them into the keeping of the proper officers, afterwards introduce themselves by the small door already alluded to; but, in all cases involving life or the galleys, they seat themselves on either side the culprit, over whose every movement they keep a scrupulous watch.

To complete the picture, it is only necessary to add, that in the centre of the platform, facing the president, and consequently with its back to the audience, was placed a large arm-chair, raised one step from the floor, and appropriated to the witnesses; while four ranges of enclosed benches formed the reserved seats, and shut in the dais, being themselves separated from the main body of the court by a stout wooden partition, breast-high, behind which all ingress is free, and is accomplished through a separate door.

At the appointed hour, a bell rang, and the officers of the court entered and took their seats. The President wore a black cloak, lined and edged with scarlet, and a high cap of black cloth, with a scarlet sash about his waist. The Procureur de la République was also robed in black, edged with white fur, with a blue sash, and two rows of broad silver lace upon his cap; while the counsel for the prisoner—a young and eloquent man, who had volunteered to undertake her defence—wore a gown of black silk, and differed little in his appearance from a student at one of our own universities.

After some examination of papers, and an exhibition of that by-play among the officials which appears to be the usual preliminary of all legal investigations, a second bell rang out. The twenty individuals composing the jury were called and sworn; and they had no sooner entered the box, than the President adjusted his spectacles, and fell back in his seat. The small door—that which has been the door of doom to so many trembling and justice-fearing criminals, and which is doubtless still fated to afford ingress to scores of others—opened as noiselessly as though it feared to drown the heart-throb of the wretched woman who stood upon its threshold, and, behind a stalwart gendarme, entered a female peasant with her head bowed upon her bosom, followed in her turn by a second armed guardian.

It is not my purpose to excite a false sympathy, by describing the prisoner as one of those fair beings whose personal beauty is adapted to disarm justice by captivating the pity of its ministers; but I may, nevertheless,

be permitted to remark that her appearance was singularly prepossessing, and that it was easy to decide at the first glance, that, under other circumstances, she could not have failed to attract notice. She was young; and, although her features were now swollen from incessant weeping, and her complexion almost purple from emotion, the luxuriance of her pale brown hair, the long lashes by which her eyes were shaded, the extreme neatness of her dress, and the remarkable, although somewhat redundant, symmetry of her figure, could not be passed over without remark. As she dropped upon the bench, in obedience to the gesture of one of her guardians, her head fell heavily upon her bosom, and she covered her face with her handkerchief, which was already steeped with her tears.

There was a momentary hush throughout the crowded court, interrupted only by the rustling of papers, or the occasional heavy sob of the prisoner; and then the voice of the President broke coldly and harshly upon the silence.

"Accused, stand up."

He was obeyed; but still the burning cheeks were hidden by the friendly handkerchief.

"Remove your hand from your face—hold up your head—and answer me."

The hand was withdrawn—the head raised, but only for a moment—and then the interrogatory was resumed.

"What is your name?"

"Rosalie Marie ——"

"Your age?"

"Twenty-four years."

"Your calling?"

"Wife of Baptiste ——, a farmer; I assisted him in his farm."

"An able assistant!" remarked the Procureur sarcastically to the President, who replied by a quiet smile.

"Are you aware of the crime of which you are accused?"

The answer was a violent passion of tears.

"Sit down!"—said the cold voice. "Greffier, read the accusation."

This formidable document, based on the *procès-verbal* drawn up on the spot by the mayor of the village, amid the dying embers of the fire, set forth that Rosalie, having been hired as a general servant by the proprietors of a small farm, the joint property of an aged man and his sister, had engaged the affections of her master's son, who, finding that he could not induce her to return his passion upon easier terms, had ultimately married her, to the extreme annoyance of his family, and especially of his maiden aunt, whose pride was wounded

by what she considered as a degrading union. At the period of the fire, Rosalie was the mother of a child of four years old, and was looking forward to the birth of a second; but discomfort and dissension had already supervened between the young couple. The father of Baptiste, indeed, had become reconciled to his daughter-in-law; but such was far from being the case with his sister, who lost no opportunity of exciting the anger of her nephew against his wife, whenever the latter failed to obey her behests; while, as it was proved by several witnesses, Rosalie became at length so much irritated by the ceaseless severity of which she was the object, and so indignant at the taunts uttered against her previous poverty, that she had been more than once heard to declare that she wished the farm burnt to the ground, and her husband reduced to the rank of a common labourer; and that she would gladly fire it herself, in order to be delivered from the life of wretchedness to which she was then condemned. More than one witness, stated the accusation, would swear to this fact, which at once pointed suspicion towards the prisoner; when, several months previous to the present trial, on a calm evening, between seven and eight o'clock, long after the farm-servants had quitted the premises, a fire broke out in a barn adjacent to the dwelling-house occupied by the family, which, after consuming the out-buildings and several stacks of unthrashed grain and beans, had been with difficulty extinguished by the energetic labour of the villagers.

Among other evidence tendered to the mayor during this examination was that of the maiden aunt, who, to her unqualified accusation of the prisoner as the sole author of the catastrophe, superadded the information that Rosalie had, only a week or two previously, attempted to murder her husband, by mixing a quantity of white powder in some soup, which had been kept warm for his supper upon the ashes of the hearth, and which had produced violent vomitings, after he had partaken of it about half an hour.

As the monotonous accents of the greffier fell upon her ear, the unhappy woman sat with her hands forcibly clasped together, and her flushed face and eager eyes turned steadily towards him; but he no sooner ceased reading, than she started convulsively from her seat, and, leaning forward eagerly towards the bench, exclaimed, "I am innocent, M. le President; I am innocent!"

"Peace!" thundered out the frowning official; and then, as the wretched prisoner sank

back between her guards, and once more endeavoured to conceal herself, he extended his arm towards her, and, with outstretched finger, directed the attention of the court to the quailing form of the accused amid a silence so deep that it could almost be heard, and which he ultimately terminated by these extraordinary words:—"You see that woman, gentlemen of the jury, who has just so vehemently declared her innocence; and now I, in my turn, tell you that I entertain no doubt of her guilt; and that I, moreover, believe her to be capable of anything."

Be it remembered that this declaration on the part of the presiding officer of the court—of the man who sat beneath the awful effigy of a crucified Saviour—and to whom had been delegated the supreme duty of administering even-handed justice alike to the accused and to society, did not even await the evidence of the witnesses whose revelations were to decide a question of life and death—but that *he volunteered this frightful assertion before any distinct proof of the guilt of the prisoner had been adduced*; nor should the fact be overlooked that the jury, which was composed of small farmers and petty tradesmen, regarded with awe and reverence the solemn and stately personage who had arrived from the capital expressly to preside over the tribunal of their remote province, and that they were consequently prepared to consider his opinion as infallible.

I watched the countenances of those who were nearest to me, and I at once perceived that the cruel words of the President had not failed in their effect; nor was it, indeed, possible that such a declaration, pronounced, moreover, with an emphasis which appeared to insure the perfect conviction of the speaker, could do otherwise than impress every one who heard it; and it was amid the sensation produced by this startling incident that the first witness was called and sworn.

This witness was the aunt; and, if my preconceived notions of a criminal trial had already been shaken, I became still more bewildered and surprised as the proceedings progressed. Instead, as is the case in our own courts of law, of rejecting all merely hearsay evidence, the old woman was urged, alternately by the President and the Procureur, to detail all the reports consequent upon the fire; and to repeat what Jean-Mario So-and-so had said relatively to the prisoner to Dominique, or Joseph, or Jules; while the bitter volubility of the vindictive witness, whose occasional glances of hatred towards the accused sufficiently testified to the feeling by which she was actuated, ably seconded their efforts; and throughout a

whole half-hour she poured forth, in the most guttural *patois*, a tide of village gossip and scandal, all of which tended to cast suspicion upon the prisoner. Two leading facts were, however, elicited from her evidence, which threw considerable doubt upon her statements. The farm at which the fire had occurred was the joint property of her brother and herself; and she had been careful to insure her own portion of the estate against the very calamity which had taken place; nor had she failed, within twenty-four hours of the event, to claim the amount due to her, after having solemnly sworn that she believed the fire to have been purely accidental. She, moreover, admitted, that she had not accused the prisoner of the crime of arson until the money had been paid over to her; while the cross-questioning of the prisoner's counsel soon enabled him to prove that, subsequently to her having done so, on being informed that should her step-niece be found guilty of arson, she would be called upon to refund the insurance money, she had endeavoured to recal her accusation, and to persuade her neighbours that they had misunderstood her meaning. It was, however, too late; her extreme loquacity had rung an alarm throughout the village—the ignorant are always greedy of the marvellous—and her disclaimers were universally disregarded. All the inhabitants of the hamlet at once decided that Rosalie was the incendiary; and, with a pertinacity which almost drove the aunt to desperation, quoted her own declarations as evidence of the fact. Thus taken in her own toils, the heartless old woman, instead of acknowledging that she had no authority for the rumours which she had spread, but had been instigated to this act of cruel injustice by her hatred and jealousy of her step-niece, vehemently declared that, since such was the case, if she were compelled to refund the money, she would at least have the life of the prisoner as some compensation for the loss.

When accused by the counsel of having made use of this threat, her denial was faint and sullen, and finally terminated by the fiendish remark, that, if she had ever said so, she was prepared to abide by it; that she maintained the guilt of the prisoner; and that they should do better, even if they lost the money, so that they were rid of her nephew's wife along with it.

As these malignant words passed her lips a low murmur filled the court, and the President ordered her to stand down. Half-a-dozen other witnesses were then successively called on the same side, and in every case were asked whe-

ther they were relatives, friends, or lovers of the prisoner? to which question two sturdy young peasants answered bitterly, "No, thank God!" and in both instances it was elicited by her counsel that they were discarded suitors, who had, since her marriage, caused frequent misunderstandings between herself and her husband.

Still, hour after hour, the tide of words flowed on, and no one *proof* of guilt had been brought against the prisoner. At intervals, some leading question, well calculated to cause her to criminate herself, was abruptly put by the President, and at each denial she was desired to remember that she had confessed as much during her previous examination; but, agitated as she was, she still retained sufficient self-possession to refute the assertion, declaring that she never could have accused herself of a crime of which she was innocent.

As the next name was called, and one of the ushers of the court was about to introduce a new witness, a faint scream burst from the lips of the prisoner, which was succeeded by a violent fit of weeping; and I grew sick at heart, lest she was at last to find herself in contact with an accuser whose charge she could not refute. A slight confusion at the extremity of the hall, a low murmur, and the dragging of heavy steps along the floor, at that moment diverted my attention from the wretched woman; and I saw, slowly approaching the witness chair, an infirm and aged man, supported by two of the subordinate officers of the court. As he was led forward, he looked helplessly from side to side, as if bewildered by the novelty of the scene about him; and, after having been assisted up the steps of the dais, he dropped into the chair to which he was conducted, nor did he attempt to rise when told by the President to stand up while he took the customary oath.

"Stand up," repeated the usher; but the old man continued motionless.

"He can't hear," shouted the harsh voice of his sister from the extremity of the court; "he's been deaf this many a year; you must shout into his ear." The usher acted upon this suggestion; but the poor old man only shook his grey head, and laughed.

"Does he know why he is here?" asked the President impatiently.

"Not he," replied the same voluntary spokeswoman; "we didn't tell him, or he wouldn't have come."

"Can he be made to understand the nature of an oath?"

"May-be yes, may-be no; he's childish like; but you can try him."

"This is trifling with the court!" exclaimed the President angrily; "and cruel to this poor old man. Who is he?"

"Her husband's father, my brother; the father-in-law that she tried to burn out," responded the woman.

"Silence!" shouted the President. "Usher, remove this man from the court, and see that he is taken care of until he can be conveyed to his home."

He was obeyed; the old man was with difficulty induced to leave his seat, and many a tear followed him as he disappeared. It was a most painful spectacle, nor was it the only one which we were destined to witness; for, before the examination was resumed, an individual approached the bench, and whispered a few words to the President, who, with an irritated gesture, impatiently replied, "Well, if it must be so; but we are losing time."

The messenger made a sign, and he had no sooner done so than a woman appeared at a side door, carrying an infant in her arms, with which she approached the prisoner, who eagerly leant forward to receive it. The child sprang, with a joyful cry of recognition, into the embrace of its wretched mother, who for a moment strained it convulsively to her bosom; but when she endeavoured to give it the nourishment which it required, the infant flung itself violently back, terrified by the feverish contact, and could not be induced again to approach her. Never shall I forget the agony depicted upon the countenance of the unhappy prisoner: her tears seemed to have been suddenly dried up; and, rising from her seat, she gave back the struggling infant into the arms of its nurse, without a word. Had she been the veriest criminal on earth, she was an object of intense pity at that moment!

The proceedings were once more resumed. Other witnesses for the prosecution followed, but the evidence was still vague and inconclusive; and at length the Procureur rose to address the court. His speech was eloquent and emphatic; but, although he cleverly availed himself of every opportunity of bringing the guilt of both charges home to the prisoner, he was rather startling than convincing in his arguments. He repeatedly called upon her to deny the truth of his conclusions, but he gave her no opportunity of doing so; he hurled at her the most bitter invectives, applied to her the most opprobrious epithets, and defied her to summon a single witness to prove her innocence, or to save her from an ignominious death; and, finally, he reproached her with her ingratitude to a family by whose

generosity she had been raised from poverty to comfort; reminded her of the disgrace which she had brought, not only upon the wretched old man of eighty-six years of age, who had been made through her means a public spectacle, but also upon the helpless children to whom she had given birth, and especially upon the innocent and ill-fated infant who had first seen the light through the iron bars of a prison.

It was a frightful piece of elocution; never for an instant did he appear to remember that the wretched prisoner might yet, despite appearances, have been wrongfully accused, and have been a victim rather than a criminal. There was no leaning to the side of mercy, no relenting, no gleam of light thrown upon the darkness of the picture; and it was evident that the miserable woman felt she was lost long before his terrible words ceased to vibrate in her ears. For a time she had sat motionless, gazing upon him with a wild stare of affrighted wonder; but as he rapidly heaped circumstance upon circumstance, recapitulated the gossip of the villagers, and deduced from the most apparently unimportant facts the most condemnatory conclusions, she gradually sank lower and lower upon her seat, until she appeared no longer able to sustain herself; and, when a deep and thrilling silence succeeded to the speech of the public accuser, her choking sobs were distinctly audible.

The Procureur was right: the witnesses for the defence were unable to prove her innocence of the crime imputed to her; but they one and all bore evidence to the irreproachability of her character; to her piety, her industry, her neighbourly helpfulness, and her charity, both of word and deed. They showed, moreover, that she had borne with patience and submission the tyranny of her husband's aunt, the violence of that husband himself, and that she had been to her father-in-law a devoted and affectionate daughter.

"But," said the Procureur to one of her panegyrists, "if the accused were indeed the admirable person whom you describe, how do you account for her having made so many enemies, and for the general belief in her guilt prevalent throughout the village?"

"Ha, monsieur!" replied the brave young peasant, as he turned a hasty and sympathizing glance towards the prisoner; "hate grows faster than love, and lasts longer. Before the neighbours dreamt of Rosalie's good luck—or, rather, bad luck, as it has since turned out, poor woman!—there was many a lad in the village that hoped to make her his wife; but she listened to none of them, and they

can't forgive her for having married above them."

"And you, not having been of the number, can afford to say a good word for her. Is that what we are to understand?" asked the Procureur, sarcastically.

"No, monsieur," was the sturdy reply; "but I loved her too well to bear malice."

A gleam of light at last! But, alas! too faint to penetrate the gloom of her prison cell.

"Stand down," said the President; and the heroic young man obeyed. And this *was* heroism; for he had boldly avowed his affection for one who had appeared to be abandoned by every other human being—her adopted father had abandoned her in the unconsciousness of second childhood—her infant, in the terror of helplessness—her friends, from the dread of shame—she stood alone, until that humble but upright man braved the world's withering scorn, and dared the contemptuous laughter of his fellows to silence one throb of her bursting heart.

The last witness had been heard, and the counsel rose for the defence. No doubt felt that he had undertaken not only a difficult, but an onerous task, for at the commencement of his speech he was visibly agitated: he perpetually repeated himself; and, instead of plunging boldly into the heart of his subject, and at once grappling with the charges brought against his client, he dwelt upon her youth, on the agony of mind and body which she had undergone for so many months, and on the misery which she must have endured when she gave birth to her last infant in disgrace and tears. Suddenly, however, he rallied; and declared, with an energy as startling as it was unexpected, that, although the sufferings which he had enumerated were of themselves almost a sufficient punishment for the crimes of which she was accused, he had no intention of asking an acquittal upon such grounds.

"No, gentlemen of the jury," he exclaimed, vehemently, "we seek no such subterfuge—we desire no impunity which does not restore our honour. We have already endured enough, more than enough; we care not to remain a mark for the finger of scorn and of suspicion; we must leave this court not only free, but justified. I maintain, gentlemen of the jury, that we have a right to demand this; and I have no fear but that you will feel as I do. What has been proved against the accused? I will tell you in a few words. It has been proved that she was pretty and good—so pretty and so good, that half the young peasants of the village sought to win her affections; that she was industrious,

obliging, and modest; and *that* so pre-eminently, that, although poor and humble, the daughter of a daily labourer, and a menial in the family of a richer neighbour, she was chosen by the son of her master for a wife. I will even recal to your minds the fact that he would have won her more lightly, and that it was only when he became convinced of the uselessness of his illicit addresses, that he came forward loyally and generously to offer her his hand—for this circumstance tends to prove her worth—aye, and that hand was given despite the reproaches and opposition of his relatives, who, in their ignorance of the just value of qualities like hers, believed their kinsman, the heir of a few acres of land and a few thousands of hoarded francs, to be degrading himself by such an alliance. You have heard that the marriage was an unhappy one, and it has been inferred that my client was the cause of this unhappiness; but I will merely ask you to reflect upon what you have seen and heard this day, ere you credit the assertion. The prisoner is accused of having attempted the life of her husband by poison. Where was the husband—the intended victim—when his would-be murderess was arraigned for the offence? Where was he? I will tell you, gentlemen: so securely hidden away, that even the emissaries of his vindictive aunt could not trace him out, and drag him hither to appear against a traduced and injured wife. What was the poison? You must allow me to fall back upon the evidence, and to add to it a most material fact. The accusation sets forth that Rosalie, assisted by her aunt, prepared a pan of cabbage-soup for the dinner and supper of the family, and that of this soup they all partook at noon; it was then set aside till evening, when it was once more placed upon the fire; and at five o'clock, Baptiste being still absent at the wine-shop, the prisoner and her female relative again ate of the soup; and, the embers of the fire being still warm, the pan was carefully surrounded by hot ashes, to await his return. More than once the lid of the pan was raised to stir the contents, lest they should adhere to the bottom of the vessel; and this precaution was taken by the aunt herself, who never moved from the chimney-corner from the termination of her own supper to the return of her nephew, who, according to his usual habit, was far from sober, and who, after partaking of the soup, was attacked by violent sickness. On the following morning, the aunt—you have seen and heard her, gentlemen, and can consequently appreciate her character—showed the dregs of the soup, upon

which there floated a species of white flaky film, with infinite mystery, to half-a-dozen chosen friends; after which, she herself flung out the residue of the soup beside the door of the house, where pigs and poultry could alike devour it, and where it doubtlessly *was* devoured, without any detriment to either from the ashes, which, in the action of stirring the contents, she had herself, beyond all doubt, introduced into the mixture. Why, if she indeed suspected poison, did she cleanse the vessel with her own hands? Why did she, whose god was mammon, incur the risk of poisoning the animals who might partake of it? Great stress was laid upon the fact of the vomiting by which her nephew was attacked after having eaten of this soup; but we have shown that he was a man of intemperate habits, who was subject to this malady; and our wonder should rather be excited by the fact, that he could, while full of wine, have swallowed a mess of this description, than that it should have produced, under the circumstances, the effect ascribed to it.

"Gentlemen of the jury, before God and society, is Rosalie — guilty of having attempted, in that soup, to poison her husband? We calmly await your decision. We now come to the second charge. On a certain evening the firm of Baptiste's father and aunt is fired; the two women are seated in the common room, or house, as the witnesses have universally described it, meaning thereby the single apartment not used as a sleeping-chamber; this room looks upon the farm-yard; the prisoner is near the window, occupied in repairing her husband's linen; the aunt, according to her habit, is dozing near the fire. Rosalie leaves the room for a few minutes, and shortly after her return remarks that she hears an extraordinary noise upon the premises; upon which she is told that she is a fool, and always full of absurd fancies; but, notwithstanding this rebuff, she again exclaims that she is sure something must be wrong, and that she smells an odour of burnt straw. The words are scarcely uttered, when a body of flame bursts from an adjacent barn; upon which the accused, uttering a loud scream, rushes to the bedside of her sleeping child, hurriedly wraps it in a blanket, and leaves the house at all speed.

"Was this extraordinary? Was this unnatural? Was this a proof of guilt? M. le Procureur has decided in the affirmative; but I boldly demur to his conclusion. The first impulse of the mother was to save her infant; and in this instance it must have

been doubly powerful, since, disappointed in all her other affections, the child of her bosom was all in all to her. You have been told that she lent no assistance in extinguishing the fire; and, personally, I admit that she did not do so. It has been asserted, upon oath, that no one knew where she was hidden until the flames were extinguished; and yet it has been proved that, on leaving her home, she made her way, with her precious burden, to the cottage of her aged and widowed father, who hurried, at her entreaty, to the farm, while she remained alone in his hovel to watch over her infant. We would have produced that father to swear to the fact, gentlemen of the jury, but he has been summoned to a higher tribunal than ours; he was poor, but he was not too poor to feel—humble, but not too humble to be beyond the reach of shame;—and the birth of his last grandchild in a prison—I cannot, I dare not dwell upon this subject, gentlemen of the jury—I am warned by the suffocating sobs behind me that my zeal is degenerating into cruelty; suffice it, then, that the unhappy old man is dead, and that thus one important witness has been lost to us.

"M. le Procureur expatiated largely also upon the expressions of bitter hopelessness, which were from time to time forced from the wrung heart of my unhappy client. She 'wished that the farm were burnt to the ground, and her husband reduced to the rank of a common labourer;' and even declared, while smarting under the tyranny of her near relatives, that 'she would gladly fire it herself, to be relieved from the life of wretchedness to which she was condemned.' I am not about to justify these expressions; I am ready to admit that they were alike unguarded and unseemly; but, gentlemen of the jury, remember the provocation! Is there one of us who has never rashly uttered a word that he would gladly recal? Do we, men of education, of station, and eager for the applause of the world, do we always measure our sentences, and weigh our phrases in a moment of passion? Do not let us lie to our own souls.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I have done. What the prosecution could not prove we cannot disprove; but we can appeal to our God—we can appeal to the judgment of all honest men—and we can appeal to your decision. This we do boldly; this we do fearlessly; we are in your hands, and we are safe. You will restore a wife to her husband—a mother to her children—an outcast to her home. You will do this, for you have sworn to defend the right; and that right can only be maintained by our acquittal."

A low murmur of applause, which was, however, instantly checked, was heard throughout the court; and silence was no sooner restored, than the Procureur once more rose. He dissected with great forensic eloquence the address of the counsel, and alluded with keen and even indelicate sarcasm to the youth and good-looks of the prisoner, which had, as he asserted, stood her in stead of innocence. He commented upon the want of experience of her advocate, who had, as he declared, sacrificed his judgment to his enthusiasm; and where he should have convinced, had only dazzled his hearers. He even appealed to the prisoner herself whether, had an acquittal been possible, she could have desired it, when, as she must be well aware, it could but entail upon her an existence of obloquy and suspicion; and, finally, he called upon the jury to deliver society from a woman, whose after career, should she leave that court absolved, might be readily prophesied from its antecedents.

I confess that as I eagerly watched the countenances of the jury, I entertained little hope for the wretched woman, who sat with clasped hands and bent head utterly motionless, as though she also were counting the brief moments of her forfeited existence; until, as the jury were preparing to retire, one of her guards laid his hand upon her shoulder, and whispered a few words in her ear, upon which she passively rose, and disappeared with the two gendarmes through the narrow door by which she had entered. Thence, as I was informed, she was conducted to a cell, where alone and in darkness, all prisoners await the verdict about to be pronounced upon them; a fearful ordeal to those upon whose guilt or innocence the arbiters of their fate were tardy in deciding.

And while she was thus abandoned to all the agonies of suspense, the court itself became a scene of bustle and excitement. The President, the Procureur, and half a dozen of their friends, had retired to the apartments of the former to partake of refreshments; and they had no sooner withdrawn, than a group of some twenty or thirty privileged individuals gathered together on the platform, some of whom were busied in devouring *bon-bons*, and exchanging jokes which elicited hearty, although suppressed laughter; while others drew the daily papers from their pockets, and were soon absorbed in politics, totally forgetful of the wretched woman whose fate was even then under discussion in the jury-room.

To myself this appeared the most painful feature of the trial; the careless mirth and heartless indifference to the agonies of a fellow-

creature, so recklessly exhibited at such a moment, revolted me; but, happily, the suffering was brief. Ten minutes only had elapsed when the bell once more sounded, every one resumed his seat, and the officials returned to their places, closely followed by the jury. When order had been restored, the President, in a tone of more solemnity than he had hitherto used, asked the supreme question:

"Gentlemen of the jury, is the prisoner guilty, or not guilty?"

The jury rose, and the foreman steadily replied,

"NOT GUILTY, M. le Président."

The effect of the verdict was electrical. It appeared as though, like myself, nine-tenths of the auditory had believed that there existed no hope for the accused; and while a joyous whisper arose on all sides, I remarked that the Procureur, who had so earnestly striven to secure the condemnation of the prisoner, turned a congratulatory smile upon her advocate, whose anxiety had rendered him as pale as marble; but this circumstance was soon forgotten in what followed.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the President, "it is my duty to compliment you upon your verdict; you have ably and honourably fulfilled the trust reposed in you. There can be no doubt, in any honest mind, that you have come to a true and just decision. At the commencement of my legal career, when I was yet a mere youth, the interests of my employer compelled me to reside, during several weeks, in the hamlet of which the accused was a native. I have never forgotten—I never *shall* forget—what I witnessed in that obscure village. It is enough for me to assure you that throughout the whole of my after-experience, I was never forced into contact with so utterly worthless a set of individuals; jealousy, slander, and falsehood were the elements upon which they appeared to exist; and it was more than sufficient that the accused, whose reputation you have restored by a most righteous verdict, was pure and modest; and that

by the united charms of her person and her character, she had raised herself from a low station to one of comparative affluence, for every mouth to be opened against her. Gentlemen of the jury, once more I say, that I congratulate you; and that I believe the accused to be as innocent of the crimes imputed to her as either you or I."

I could scarcely trust my senses as I listened, and remembered that this very man, only a few hours previously, had branded the prisoner as a wretch so sunk in vice as to be "capable of anything;" but I could detect no similar surprise on any countenance about me. It did not appear to strike his listeners that he had, at the commencement of the trial, cruelly exceeded his privilege, and even forsworn his own conscience. There was no murmur of indignation, no evidence of disgust; but, on the contrary, an approving smile beamed on him from every side, as if in recompense of his tardy frankness.

I was still lost in wonder, when his voice again sounded through the hall—

"Bring in the prisoner."

In another moment she once more occupied her frightful station; and then the greffier announced to her, in the same monotonous tone as that in which he had read her accusation, the verdict by which she stood acquitted.

In an instant the purple flush faded from her cheeks, and she became as white as a corpse. She swept her hands across her forehead, gave one long stare about her, and then, with a shriek which rang through the court rather like the cry of a wild animal than the utterance of human lips, she made a spring towards the door, nearly oversetting the gendarmes by whom it was guarded, and disappeared.

All was over. The officials collected their papers; the counsel threw off their gowns; the crowd dispersed; and I regained my home, fervently thanking God that it was not thus that justice was administered in my own happy country.

THE PLANT AND THE ANIMAL.

BY PROFESSOR R. HUNT.

THE beauty—the infinite variety—of the vegetable world has ever been a theme for the poet's song. To man, even in his present advanced state of intelligence, a plant is surrounded with many mysteries; and the contemplative mind sees a shadow of Divinity in the strange vitality of each green leaf. How much more mysterious must these wondrous organisms have appeared, when the lights of science burned dimly on the earth, or were obscured by the thick veil of superstitious ignorance.

The psychological influences of plants and flowers are continually figured forth in writings sacred and profane: the earliest poetry, as the latest song, bears evidence of the effects produced by them upon the human mind. The olive-branch of the Noachian dove has ever been the emblem of peace; and since Job wrote "he cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down," the transitory beauties of vegetable life have been regarded as emblems of the instability of human existence. To pass over those oriental philosophies, which invested all nature with a pantheistic spirit, and the lotus worship of the Egyptian priests, we find, in the poetic mythology of the Greeks, abundant evidence of the holy dreams kindled by the contemplation of the vegetable world. The sacred wreath of myrtle spoke to the human spirit of mortality; and the immortality of the soul was typified by the corn sown in the earth, by its revival in the green blade, and by its full ripeness in the golden harvest.

By the Greek, every tree was invested with a divinity—a spirit held possession of every grove; thus giving poetical expression to their dim consciousness of that vitality which a modern philosophy—with somewhat too much haste—refers to certain physical forces or powers. Again, in the wilder mythologies of the Scandinavian races, the creation of more northern and less luxuriant climes, we have a similar expression of the human dream, in the sylph which nestled amid the petals of the rose, or our own fairy, sporting in the shadows of the lovely fern.

Men, then, have ever felt the "sweet influences" of—

"Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields,
In India East or West, or middle shore,
In Pontus, or the Punic coast, or where
Alcinoos reign'd."

And even now, when a material philosophy invades the realms of poetry, there linger around the vegetable creation unknown agencies—mysteries of life—which appear to radiate, like the painted glories of the holy saints; lights, redolent of that sanctity and love, which still linger over the earth as a type of the joys of the lost Eden.

A certain class of experimentalists—we were about to call them philosophers, which would have been a very incorrect appellation—have been lately endeavouring to refer the grander phenomena of animal life to electrical agency. They have, for example, constituted the brain a voltaic battery, and the nerves conducting wires; and according to the amount of certain chemical changes, is, they say, the quantity of electricity in action—which is true—and the quantity of vitality, *vis vita*, or *life* exerted, of which we know no more than did Hamlet the Dane. These savans rush to the conclusion that life and electricity are but modified forms of one physical force; because, during the operations of vitality, electrical phenomena are manifested. Applying their rule of materiality to the highest phenomena of life, they refer the vitality of plants as well as animals to electricity. Even the human senses are explained by certain rude analogies between their operations and those electro-chemical agencies which are developed in the voltaic battery. It would be out of place to explain all the sources of error; it is sufficient to say, that a false logic, based upon imperfect analogies, (reasoning by analogy being always dangerous,) has led to the substitution of the effect for the cause. Man, the monarch of the world, is charged, as a duty, with its subjugation; every created materiality he may examine; and even the physical agencies by which the constitution of the organic and the inorganic kingdoms is regulated he may employ as his ministering spirits. There is, however, a line drawn, beyond which he is forbidden to pass; and if, in his temerity, he oversteps the boundary, he is speedily involved in lamentable confusion and wreck.

Life is a condition of spirituality; and, although we discover heat, electricity, and chemical action manifested during its operations, depend upon it, neither of these physical powers are capable of conversion into any form of vitality. The Creator "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a

living soul." Life, therefore, an emanation from the Eternal, is far removed beyond the most subtle materialities, and is infinitely superior in action and influences to any of those physical agencies which we can detect by the aids of our philosophy.

Having thus explained that, in our consideration of the phenomena of living organisms, we deal only with those agencies which may, in distinction to the spiritual agency, LIFE, be termed material, we turn first to the conditions of animal existence.

The animal fabric is made up of a certain amount of earthy matter which constitutes the solidifying portion of the bones, of muscle, blood, and fat, all of which are compounds, in varying proportions, of gases, familiar to us by the names oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, with carbon—which is, be it remembered, only charcoal in a state of purity. If we take a portion of any animal body and expose it to heat, we, in the first place, dissipate a large quantity of water; and of course the weight of the mass is very considerably reduced. If the temperature is now increased, we shall find that every portion undergoes decomposition; and if the escaping gases are collected, they will be found to weigh exactly the amount lost in the process. Eventually, the temperature being sufficiently high, and supposing the experiment to have been made in a closed vessel, a mass of animal charcoal alone will be left behind, mixed with some earthy matter. Let us convert this into carbonic acid, by burning it in contact with air, and a little white ash will be the only residue. "A pinch of dust," says the poet, "alone remains of Cheops." The noblest human being subjected to this chemical analysis will be resolved into those few gaseous elements, and a few grains of earthy matter, consisting mainly of flint and of lime.

Careful examination proves that the animal draws his supply directly from the vegetable world; that, indeed, the vegetable and animal kingdoms are in mutual dependence on each other. Animal life is supported by carbonaceous and nitrogenous foods, which are prepared in the vast laboratory of the vegetable kingdom. The herbivora derive all their muscle and fat from the grass of the field upon which they feed; and on these the carnivora prey, requiring for the conditions of their existence that they receive the muscle and fat already formed. Was the vegetable world to perish, the vegetable-eating tribes must die; and, these ceasing to be, the flesh-eaters must inevitably perish. Nor is this all. Let us suppose

the world to be possessed by animals only, and examine the conditions of such a state of creation. All the animal races are, during every moment of their lives, pouring forth into the atmosphere the products of that combustion to which the maintenance of animal heat is due. As from the fires of our furnaces and of our domestic hearths carbonic acid is constantly formed, and delivered to the air, from the charcoal combining with the oxygen it contains; so, in the processes of life, with every exhalation, each animal would add to the store of atmospheric carbon, which, in its combination with oxygen, forming carbonic acid, is of a deadly character. Thus, the earth's atmosphere would become so far deteriorated, that animal life would cease under the very influences it had created.

Animals and man, and all the processes by which man, with the subtle agency of fire, reduces nature to his bidding, constantly give rise to carbonic acid. On the lowest computation, the population of London alone must add to the atmosphere daily at least four million pounds of this gas. Consider, therefore, the enormous quantity of carbonic acid which all the inhabitants of this planet are hourly producing. The destructive nature of this air is shown by the almost immediate death of those who incautiously descend into deep wells or brewers' vats, in which accumulations of this compound of carbon and oxygen are commonly found. Therefore, were this allowed to accumulate in the air, it would render our atmosphere destructive to all animal life; we should die by a poison of our own production, as heaps of miserable slaves have died in the holds of the slave-ships, and as prisoners have perished when forced in numbers into close cells. It is certain, therefore, that some means must have been devised by nature for the purpose of removing, as readily as it is formed, this deleterious product of animal life. In a former article, it has been shown, that, by a provision, remarkable for its harmony and efficiency, this carbonic acid is rendered the necessary food for the vegetable kingdom; and that, under the influence of light, it is taken to supply that woody matter which we find in such enormous masses in the great forests of the tropics, and in large, though yet smaller proportions, in the trees and plants of the temperate and arctic regions. The entire subject is of such exceeding interest, that it appears necessary to guide our contemplations: some brief digression should be made to familiarise the mind with the conditions.

The animal and the vegetable kingdoms, it

has been said, are mutually dependent upon each other; the former could not exist, if the latter were removed; and if the animal races were by some dire cataclysm swept away, the vegetable kingdom would speedily perish; one cannot exist without the other in some of the forms in which living organisms are developed. It has been thought by some, that, during the great geological epoch to which the formation of our coal deposits belongs, enormous forests of tree-ferns and similar plants waved in a tropical luxuriance over the areas now occupied with fossil fuel, there being an entire absence of animal life. It was the hypothesis of an eminent geologist, that these quick-growing plants were employed to remove carbonic acid from the air, and fit the earth's surface for the existence of animals. Unfortunately for the hypothesis, geological research has proved the existence of air-breathing animals during the carboniferous epoch; and the probability is, that, much further back in the scale of time, the world teemed with moving organisms. This bit of scientific romance has, however, been seized by the public mind, and some of our most popular writers have employed it to add to the interest of their compositions. We have now, however, the most satisfactory evidence, to prove the existence of animal life during every epoch when vegetation covered the face of the land.

The maintenance of animal heat, which is an essential element for the support of animal life, is due, almost entirely, to chemical action, and to chemical action exerted on the food taken into the stomach, to supply the waste of the system. As the temperature of the different zones of the earth's surface varies, so we discover some very remarkable changes in the habits of the inhabitants. Those races who inhabit the inter-tropical climes are largely fruit-eaters, the quantity of animal food made use of by them being exceedingly small. As we advance towards the temperate regions of the earth, we find the inhabitants eating more flesh; but still it is mainly the muscular or nitrogenous parts which are consumed. Let us advance to the colder regions of "the ice-bound north," and there we shall find man eating enormous quantities of fat as food, and using animal oil as a common drink. Most startling statements are in print of the gluttonous meals made by the Esquimaux and the Indians along the frozen shores of Northern Asia. Strange as these narrations appear to us, they are the natural consequences of the situation in which these men have been placed. Animal heat must be maintained; and where the atmo-

sphere, from its extremely low temperature, is rapidly robbing the body of the heat it develops, the supply of highly-carbonized food—which stands in the relation of fuel—must of necessity suffer a corresponding increase. The food of man is regulated by a law from which he dare not deviate without suffering.

Man, and the lower animals, are constantly consuming azotized and carbonaceous matter; and water, a compound of hydrogen and oxygen, is their constant pabulum. The nitrogen of the former combines with the hydrogen of the water, to form ammonia; and the carbon of the latter, with its oxygen and that of the air, to form carbonic acid. These pass into the atmosphere, and are the most important principles upon which the vegetable world depends.

Man walks the earth, its monarch; all things material he may, by the power of his mighty mind, subdue to do him service. And yet we find him a mere dependency upon the vegetable world; and in return for the support of life, by the supply of the elements of nutrition which it gives him, man, the mighty, is made the machine for furnishing food for the tender leaves, which tremble to every passing breeze.

All natural phenomena progress in a circle, and each division of nature is dependent upon one another. We have not yet discovered all the links of the chain; but, depend upon it, no one in the band by which the creation is bounded is wanting.

The cedars of Lebanon, which waved above the head of Solomon, have grown, and added to their bulk, by absorbing the carbonic acid formed by the men who aided that mighty king to build his temple to the Lord, and those who, generation after generation, have mouldered to dust, even to those now living and breathing, in performance of the destined ends. The palms of the tropics—the glorious flowers of far southern lands—the fruits of Asia and America—the humbler, but no less beautiful, European trees and flowers—the herb of the valley, and the weed upon the wall—are all of them the result of animal life. They have fixed, for a season, the elements produced in the animal economy, at the same time as they aid in supplying all that is demanded by the waste which the necessities of life compels.

The plant is stationary, and is chemically nature's laboratory for producing gluten, starch, sugar, gum, resin, and all the elements for the formation of flesh and fat.

The animal is locomotive, and may be regarded as an apparatus for combustion. All the compounds formed by the plant are taken into its furnace, and returned in a gaseous con-

dition, reduced to the more simple elements, back to the air.

The plant, under the excitation of light, again absorbs these principles, combines them anew, and gives them back to the animal races once more.

Thus are the changes for ever occurring. Nature knows no rest; but, like the o'erlaboured Psyche, toils on for ever. Matter now existing in one form of organization will soon become a disorganized mass; but the spirit of change is working in it, and its chaos gradually assumes new conditions of organization, and puts on new forms of beauty. We may constantly witness the renewal of the great work of creation. The world was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the

deep: the mighty word, "let there be light," was spoken, the light was; and chaos became, beneath its mysterious touch, converted into a world teeming with every form of life, and glowing with the beautiful.

The round of organic change—the conversion of inorganic matter into an organized form—exhibits to us that constant renewal of creation, which must, to every thinking mind, carry home the conviction that the presiding care of a Creator is over all things now, as it was in the beginning. Things are mutable to us—we may read the story of the earth's mutations on the tablets of her mountains—but these changes are but the pulsations of time, marking the progression of order and life around the circle of eternity.

A LITTLE BIT OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

SELECTED FROM SOME UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS AT ROCHESTER.

AN immense time ago, when people used their swords to settle a dispute, instead of giving each other to the lawyers to be sucked gradually to death—when might and right were identical—and when people put off their consciences till their death-bed, and then gave them to their confessors to clear up and brighten—a certain baron, by some means or other, got possession of the keep of a certain castle, which, for obvious reasons, shall be nameless.

This baron was not exactly the sort of character you would have selected as a companion for your son at college, as a husband for your last and youngest daughter, or as chief executor, supposing your affairs were rather in disorder. In fact, viewed by the prejudiced and artificial standard of modern times, we much doubt whether he might not have made one in a public procession, terminating in a suffocating sensation about the regions of the larynx, or have gone to discover new countries at the expense of government. But in these days, when we have utterly lost that fine chivalrous taste which alone can make murder and rapine the virtues they are, we must not hope to arrive at a just estimate of characters like that of the knight Sir Cœur Shaverre.

Sir Cœur Shaverre was one of those amiable gentlemen who combine a taste for the property of other people with great profusion in the use of their own. Had ruining tradesmen then been the fashion, there is no doubt that he would have had a column erected, with his own statue at the top, by an admiring and

grateful posterity. But, alas! in *his* days, plate glass windows and long credit were unknown. With the best will to become an accomplished swindler, he lacked the opportunity; for a swindler without tradesmen, is like a vampire in a family where there are no daughters.

Sir Cœur Shaverre, however, made up for the deficiency; in fact, he rather over-acted his part at times. What with pillaging smaller gentlemen, laying farmers under tribute, and bearing about as good a reputation as Don Giovanni in his private life, he contrived to render himself as fine a mediæval hero as ever died penitent, or slept in effigy, with a dog for his pillow, and a lion to keep his feet warm.

But our knight was not content with the vices of this world. Although his time was too much taken up to allow of his devoting it to the seven liberal arts, and although he hated reading as much as he did the Bible itself, still he was like a good many other rascals, tolerably superstitious, and had some indefinite ideas about the other world, which troubled him sorely when he was sober. Fortunately, however, for his peace of mind, such intervals were of rare occurrence.

It must not be supposed that our knight felt anxious about his soul, or its condition hereafter. On the contrary, he left all that to his confessor, and his confessor never alarmed him with troublesome suggestions. But Sir Cœur Shaverre, with that genuine love of wickedness for its own sake, which distinguishes the higher class of sinners, must needs take to the

study of the occult sciences, and to wholesale invocations of the —

Scientific investigations of this kind were very dangerous in those days. People reasonably objected to raising what they might be at a loss to get rid of when once raised; and burning alive, anathematizing, strangling, and other gentle punishments of a similar character too frequently rewarded the learned in their inquiries after the supernatural. Mysterious lights were seen to twinkle from a turret in our knight's castle, and, although he was merely supposed to be going to bed—the unaccountable disappearance of two children, and the popular superstitions about their use in raising persons whom other persons had no wish to see, proved the means of bringing Sir Cœur Shaverre into serious trouble.

Whatever may have been the nature of our knight's connexion with the —, it is certain that it cost him his life. Scandal says, that the extent of his property had a terrible effect upon the mind of his judges, and that the charge of sorcery was only an excuse for getting at his estates. Be that as it may, poor Sir Cœur Shaverre terminated his life in an upright position, and with such a degree of feverish heat as might arise from being placed in the centre of lighted faggots, smeared with pitch and sulphur. His property went either to the king or the church; and, strange to say, although two-thirds of it had been pillaged from other people, neither king nor church ever thought of giving any of it back to the original owners.

Long, very long after, when the stake had become unfashionable as a mode of punishment, and when the Bible was more read, and the priests less superstitiously revered, the castle in which the iniquities of Sir Cœur Shaverre were said to have been perpetrated, was in ruins, and might be seen, at particular hours of the day, for a shilling a head. The neighbouring cathedral, built out of the knight's confiscated property, was a noble place, and the chapter were as rich as people who have next to nothing to do, and who are obliged to live in good society, ought to be. No one ever complained that they did not keep their carriages, give dinner parties, and do other things like gentlemen. No one ever said the bishop's town house was shabby, or that his sons were ill provided for; and no one ever hinted at a canon living upon his canonry without other preferment.

Everything was in a comfortable condition! The cathedral lands brought excellent revenues, and every now and then a good fine would

drop in, or a lease would require renewal, and this gave the dean and canons a good lift for the time-being, and they looked more sleek and agreeable than ever. But there are troublesome spirits in all ages, who will not rest quiet with things as they are. In former times, the knight Cœur Shaverre had been burnt for meddling with the dead; in the present, a less distinguished personage would doubtless have met with the same fate for interfering on behalf of the living—only burning is out of fashion.

Most cathedrals have some kind of school attached to them; and some of these schools are treated very much as if they were left for the amusement of the chapter, rather than for the education of the scholars. Such was the case with the present establishment. Whether from a taste for the picturesque, or from negligence, the old school-house had been suffered to become a heap of ruins; and the boys' educational accommodation was confined to a miserable dilapidated house in another part of the town. All was dullness and mismanagement, and there seemed to be no funds for anything. The boys, so far from being boarded and lodged gratis, as in the old times, when the school was founded, paid more to the school than they received from it, were few in number, and had no scholarships or exhibitions to assist them on leaving school.

But an unquiet spirit was at work. The Reverend Speakout Shameall, head-master of the school, was given to reading canon's books, especially those about the history of cathedrals and schools. It was a great pity he employed his time so unprofitably, for he would have gained much more by attending to arithmetic and the interests of the chapter—not that he was at all ignorant of arithmetic—but, somehow or other, he could never make the sums worked by the dean and chapter "come right."

The fact was, Mr. Shameall had for some time been comparing the incomes received by the chapter with those accruing to the school, and the result of his calculations was, that while the incomes of the dean and canons had increased, like the offshoots of a Banyan tree, those belonging to the school had either melted into oblivion, or remained in a state of stunted unproductiveness. This was an awkward state of things; and Mr. Shameall felt himself called upon to call upon the dean and chapter for an explanation.

Whether these excellent gentlemen had really forgotten the arithmetic they had learned at school, or that they thought fit to keep their knowledge to themselves, is not known; but



certain it is, that they evinced no more desire to assist Mr. Shameall in his researches than was shown by turning him out of his situation. Fortunately, Mr. Shameall had some property, and so eager were his exertions in the pursuit of knowledge, that he appealed to some other gentlemen, connected with the legal profession, for a solution of the difficulty.

Although, unlike the sorcerer of the old castle, the dean and chapter could not burn the reverend Speakout Shameall, they did their best to show their sense of the impropriety of a schoolmaster studying any arithmetic but that of his employers. They called him an atheist, they prosecuted and persecuted him in every way possible; but they forgot both the character of the man and the times they lived in. Mr. Shameall was a good and a learned man, and people who heard *atheism*

talked of, thought that those who used bad words must best understand their meaning; and the newspapers did all in their power to show that the schoolmaster's arithmetic was the best; and that he had been tried, like the sheep in the fable, with the wolf for his judge, and the fox for his accuser and witness; and men began to ask what right those who were of no use had to meddle with useful people, and what right people had to be punished for giving information respecting stolen goods or misappropriated property. And the dean and chapter grieved much because they could not make a martyr of Mr. Shameall; but public opinion said, that if anybody deserved that honour, it was the party of respectable gentlemen who had robbed poor boys, and then sought to stifle information by persecuting the only man who dared to speak on their behalf.

THE COUNTESS.

PEOPLE who visit a picture gallery for no other purpose than to wile away an hour or two of time that they know not how else to employ, will, generally, find little amusement in the contemplation of walls hung round with a series of portraits only; *half-lengths, three-quarters, or whole-lengths*, are equally incapable of giving to the more idler the transient enjoyment of a few bright and cheerful thoughts. The painted canvas, which transmits to us, it may be, all we can learn of the forms and lineaments of past greatness and goodness is altogether inadequate to rouse with its "mute eloquence," or to charm with its smiles. Nor is it alone the person represented gazing upon us, perhaps, in silence and solitude, from his quaint and richly-gilded frame, that seems to address the spectator; we see, or ought to see, the artist through his work; for, says Mrs. Jameson, "almost every picture (which is the production of mind) has an individual character reflecting the predominant temperament—nay, sometimes, the occasional mood—of the artist, its creator. Even portrait painters, renowned for their exact adherence to nature, will be found to have stamped upon their portraits a general and distinguishing character. There is, beside the physiognomy of the individual represented, the physiognomy, if I may so express myself, of the picture; selected at once by the mere *connoisseur* as a distinction of manner, style, execution, but of which the reflecting and philosophical observer might

discover the key in the mind or life of the individual painter."

Then, after all, what a "palace of thought" is a portrait gallery—what memories may it not stir within us—what feelings re-awaken—what substance will not fancy give to those enchanting deceptions, which, by the painter's art,

"Bring the long-buried dead to life again."

Inferior as portraiture usually ranks in comparison with other branches of art, viewed historically it is superior to all. But an educated mind is required to appreciate its value in this sense, and to understand the records of which the painted figure remains as the symbol or type.

Now, just to apply these observations, suppose I introduce the reader into an apartment devoted entirely to portraits: we will enter, for example, the Van Dyck room, as it is generally called, in Windsor Castle. A rare painter was Van Dyck at all times, but especially so ere multiplicity of business made him somewhat careless, and compelled him to call in the assistance of those who were far inferior to himself. Well, as we walk round the apartment, the eye and the thoughts are naturally most engrossed by the portraits of Charles I. and his family, both grouped and singly, and the mind becomes absorbed in the long and melancholy story of the "royal martyr." There is a "half-length" of his queen, Henrietta Maria, a true daughter of "Henri Quatre," a "lively,

elegant, wilful French woman," who could rush through a storm of bullets to save a favourite poodle, and command the captain of the ship to blow the vessel up, with all on board, rather than strike his colours to the "Roundhead" fleet that pursued her. Van Dyck has dressed her in white satin, and has beautifully represented those bright eyes and graceful airs which so fascinated her husband, and influenced his fortunes. What a noble composition is that of Lady Digby, wife of Sir Kenelm Digby, with all its allegorical allusions to some real or fictitious action of her life, whose mysteries have never yet been revealed to us; a picture of which, Hazlitt says, "it would be next to impossible to perform an unbecoming action while it hung in the room." There, too, stand two young boys together, brothers—George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who fell by the dagger of Felton, in the streets of Portsmouth; and Lord Francis Villiers, remarkable for his accomplishments and extraordinary beauty of person, who was slain during the civil wars, at the early age of nineteen. "He stood," says Clarendon, "under an oak-tree, with his back against it, defending himself, scornful to ask quarter, and his enemies barbarously refusing to give it, till, with nine wounds in his beautiful face and body, he was slain." Then, again, in one picture, we find two individuals attached to the court of the first Charles—Killigrew, one of the monarch's pages, and Carew, a gentleman of the privy chamber; the former, afterwards the licensed

jester of the profligate court of the second Charles; the latter, a lyric poet, of exquisite taste and feeling, and a lively but decorous wit. And nearly opposite these, if our memory serves us, is Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle, whom Waller panegyricises, in some elegant verses, albeit her intrigues are said to have greatly perplexed the king's affairs, and vexed him.

This, then, is one of the uses to be made of portraiture; each individual example constitutes a page of history, when the person represented has established a claim to become a portion of it. If this be not the case, still something may be learned from the attributes with which the painter will invest his subject; for as Mrs. Jameson remarks, "Could Sir Joshua Reynolds have painted a vixen without giving her a touch of sentiment? Would not Sir Thomas Lawrence have given refinement to a cook-maid?" The picture indicates the artist's mind.

Which of the ornaments of our modern female aristocracy was the model of Mr. Parris's "Countess" we have not been able to ascertain; and it is most probable that, did we know, there might be no remarkable history to relate concerning her. All that can be said of the work is, that it represents, in very elegant style, a lady belonging to the class which, in our own day, more than in times past, find their chief happiness in other matters than political strife and turmoil. The pencil of this artist is always graceful in female portraiture, but his exhibited pictures are few in number.

THE BONNIE, BONNIE BIRD.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

O! where snared ye that bonnie, bonnie bird!
O! where wiled ye that winsome fairy?
I fear it was where nae car heard,
And far frae the shrine o' guid Saint Mary.

I didna snare this bonnie, bonnie bird,
Nor try ony wiles wi' this winsome fairy;
But won her heart where the angels heard,
In the shadowy glen o' guid Saint Mary.

O! what want ye wi' sic a bonnie bird?
I fear me its plume ye will ruffle sairly,
Or bring it low to the lone kirk-yard,
Where the flowers o' grace are planted early.

1852.

As life I love my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Its plume shall never be ruffled sairly;
Till the day o' doom will I keep my word,
An' cherish my bonnie bird late an' early.

O! whence rings out that merry, merry peal?
An' O! but the song is chorus'd rarely!
It is, it is the bonnie, bonnie bird,
An' three suns' voices piping early.

For, he didna snare the bonnie, bonnie bird,
Nor work ony guile wi' the winsome fairy;
But made her his ain, where the angels heard,
At the holy shrine o' bless'd Saint Mary.

FRANCIS BENNOCH.

NELLY NOWLAN'S EXPERIENCE; IN SERVITUDE IN ENGLAND.

IN LETTERS TO HER AUNT.

(Communicated by Mrs. S. C. Hall.)

DEAR AUNT,—My good mistress has had an invitation to a place—they call it by the name of CRANLEY HURST: that is, the invitation did not come from her cousin, but from her cousin's brother's wife, who was gone to keep house for her cousin during what she called "her LITTLE ELECTION." My mistress said, she had never been at "Cranley Hurst" since she was a girl, and she had heard that her cousin, the Hon. Francis Cranley (who, for some cause or another, had shut himself up, when a fine young gentleman, all as one as a hermit), had been routed like a hare out of its form, by his little sister-in-law, who pounced down upon him, now and again, like a hawk, scarving and tearing and domineering wherever she went. My poor mistress was a long time what they call temporizing, whether she would go or not, when—I am sure it was to her surprise—she got a letter from the Honourable Francis himself. "He says," says she, "that it's the first invitation he has given to any living creature to pass the threshold of Cranley Hurst for five-and-twenty years; and he hopes I will give his sister-in-law, Mrs. James Cranley, the pleasure to receive me, and that he himself would be happy to see me in the old place once more."

"Poor fellow!" sighed my mistress. Aunt, dear, could you tell me why my mistress sighed "poor fellow," folded up the letter, and laid a rose I had just brought her from Covent-garden upon it?—where, darling aunt (only think how it raised my spirits), I saw as good as thirty Irishwomen, sitting on what we would call pratee baskets, shelling peas for the quality, and working away at the real Munster Irish, as if they had never left the quays of Cork. She put the rose on the letter as if, in her thoughts, one had something to do with the other, and, resting her elbow on the table, shaded her face with her hand; after a time, a very long time, I came back into the room, and she was sitting the same way. "Wouldn't you like a turn in the park, ma'am," I said; "for a wonder, it's neither an east wind nor a pour of rain?" So she gazed up in my face, with that kind of mazed look which people have when you talk to them, and their thoughts are in deep sea or land graves—or, may-be, in the ETERNITY, to which they go before the spirit's time. And what do

you think she said? Why, "poor fellow!" again. To be sure, thoughts are thoughts, and we had as good, may-be, forget the thought of many a thought we do think. That same evening she stood opposite the glass: "Ellen," she says, "I look very old." "There's a power of amiability in your face, ma'am," I answers, "and you've a fine head-piece." It's true for me, and I thought I had got over the age beautifully; but I had not; she turned to at it again—"I look very old, Ellen."

"God bless you, ma'am, ago is a beauty to many."

"Not to me."

"There's twenty opinions about the one thing."

"But I am old."

"More of that to you, ma'am, dear."

"Do you wish me to be old?"

"I wish you, with all my heart and soul, to grow old," I says, and from my heart I spoke, and she felt it; but, seeing she was melancholy, I thought to rouse her a bit. "Indeed, ma'am, I never saw you better in my life (that was true); you're as heavy again as you were when I first had the blessing of looking in yer sweet face, and sure your eyes are as bright as diamonds (that was a bit of a stretch), and there's thousands of dimples in your cheeks this minute" (that was another).

"There, there," she says, smiling a calm smile, "you will not have me old."

"Oh, the Holies forbid!" I said again, "it's I that *will* have you old—but *not yet*."

She took up wonderful after that. Sure we all like a taste of the fluttery; some wish it addressed to their head—some to their heart—some to their great families, taking their pride out of blood, so thick, you could cut it with a knife—some (*musheroons*, I call them) to their wealth—more to their beauty, which, though dead and buried to the world, is alive to them. Aunt, dear, all like it: somehow, the thing to *know is, when and how to give it*. Well, my mistress bought a new bonnet, and such elegant caps, and altogether took a turn for the best. She was amused, too, at the notion of a *little election*, which I wondered at; seeing she was so timid in general."

"I'll engage Cranley Hurst is a fine, strong house, ma'am," I made bold to say.

"Oh, no; it's a long, rambling, wandering

sort of place, Ellen; all odd windows and odd gables—all odd and old." So I said that I'd go bail his honour her cousin's faction (his people, I meant) would keep off the other party, at election times, when they break in, and knock everything to bits; and I told her how my father remembered when the Kilconnel boys broke into Kilmurray-house, and the master canvassing—destroying, right and left—burning and murdering every one that was not of their way of thinking, and shouting over their ashes for liberty and freedom of election. That was the time, when knowing that more of the Kilconnel boys were forced to come over the Crag-road—where no road was ever made, only all bog—the Kilmurray men laid wait for them, and snared them into a gamekeeper's lodge, making believe it was a whiskey-still—just a place where they had plenty of the mountain dew—which (bad luck to it) is a wonderful strengthener of sin, and kept them there drinking and dancing until the election was over; and, then, leaving the Kilconnel boys sleeping, the Kilmurray men disappeared in the night. When the poor fellows staggered out in the rising sun, and found how it was, they grew very savage, and just fair and easy burnt the lodge. And may-be murderings and destructions did not grow out of that; and lawsuits—and persecutions—that made men of two attorneys, who never had cross or coin to bless themselves with before the burning of Crag-road-lodge!

My mistress says, they manage things more quietly here. I can't say whether or not I'm glad of it; for I like a bit of a spree now and then, to keep the life in me—for the English are wonderful quiet; you might as well travel with a lot of dummies, as with them; and the suspicious looks they cast on you, if you only speak civil to them, or look twice their way; the ladies rowling themselves up in shawls, in the corners of the railway carriage, and keeping their eyes fixed, as if it was a sin to be civil. I travel with my mistress, *FIRST CLASS*—(aunt, dear, let all the people know *that*, coming from mass, Sunday morning)—so I see their ways; and the gentlemen bury their noses in a mighty perplexing sort of paper-covered, book called "Bradshaw," or in a newspaper, which they read to themselves, and keep to themselves, never offering to lend the "news" to any one, only shifting it into their pockets, as if they could get more out of it there. They scramble in and out of the carriages, without ever moving their hats, or offering to help the ladies out or in. The truth is, they're a good people, but uncommon surly, or uncommon shy. And as to that book,

"Bradshaw," I thought it must be diverting; people bought it so fast at the railway stations; and you see it sticking out of the pockets of the little scuffy coats, that are all the fashion, and out of the bags the ladies nurse like babbies on their laps, and which they spend months of their time on, to make them look as if made of odds and ends of carpet—which, indeed, they do. I asked my mistress if she would not like to have "Bradshaw;" it must be such pleasant reading. So, with the same quiet smile with which she does everything, she bought it, and gave it to me, saying—"There it is, Ellen; I hope you may understand it." I was a little hurt, and made answer—"Thank you kindly, ma'am; nothing puzzles me upon the print but foreign languages, or may-be, Latin." And as we were going down to Cranley Hurst, I fixed my mistress in the first class, and myself opposite her, with a *rale* carpet-bag on my lap, and my "Bradshaw" in my hand.

"You may read if you like, Ellen," said my mistress—the smile twinkling in her eyes (I'm sure her eyes were mighty soft and sly when she was young). "Thank you ma'am," I answered, "one of my mother's second cousins married a 'Bradshaw,' and may-be I'd find something about his family here." A gentleman stared at me over his Bradshaw—and a mighty pert little old lady, who was reading her "Bradshaw," let down her glass, and asked me when I left Ireland. [Aunt, dear, how did she know I was Irish?] I looked and looked at one page—and then at another—leaf after leaf—it was about trains, and going and coming—and figures in, and figures out—all marked and crossed and starred—up trains, down trains; and Sunday trains—without a bit of sense.

"When will our train arrive at Cranley Station?" asked my lady, after I had been going across, and along, and about, and over, "Bradshaw" for an hour or two—I was so bothered, I could not tell which.

"It was written as a penance for poor travelling sinners," I answered, in a whisper, for I did not want to *let on* I couldn't understand it; she did not hear me, and asked the question again.

"I can read both running hand and print, ma'am," I said; "but none of my family had a turn for figures, and this looks mighty like what my brother got a prize for—they called it by the name of all-gib-raa."

My mistress sometimes looks very provoking—and that's the truth—I can hardly think her the same at one time that she is at another.

The little pert lady thrust her "Bradshaw" into her bag, and snapt the clasp—then turning round to the gentleman, she snapt him—"Do you understand Bradshaw, sir?" "Noa," he drawled out, "not exactly—I heard of a gentleman once who did, but im-mo-diate-ly after he became insane!"

I shut the book—oh aunt, I would not be *that*, you know, for all the books that ever were shut and opened. What should I do without my senses?

Of all the ancient places you ever heard tell of, Cranley Hurst is the *quarest* I ever saw. When you think you are at the far end of the building, it begins again—rooms upon rooms—shut up for ages—and passages leading to nothing, and nothing leading to passages—and a broad terrace looking over such a beautiful bog, and a pathway under the terrace to Cranley-marsh (that's English for bog). I often go that path, thinking of the waste lands of my own poor country. Oh, aunt, to see the great innocent frogs, the very *mora!* of the Irish ones, and lizards, turning and wriggling among the bullrushes; and between the floating islands of green, plashy weeds, that veil the deep pools, you see fish floating round the great grey stones, which, my mistress says, the Romans flung into Cranley-marsh to make a bridge. You should hear my mistress talk of it—she has such fine English.

"Although it's a flat," she says, "I like it better than any mountain I ever saw. Such a combination of rich colour—such orchis—such shades and masses of iris—such floats of rush-cotton—such banks of forget-me-nots—such ferns—and, in the spring, such piles of golden blossoming furze: the peat, so dark and intense, forms a rich contrast to the vegetation; and the 'Roman stones,' piled here and there into low pyramids, have a grey, solemn effect, and afford shelter to numerous migratory birds, who feed abundantly upon the insects that hover, like metallic vapours, over the deepest pools." Them were her very words.

The reception, I must tell you, we got at Cranley Hurst, seemed to me mighty cool—I felt my mistress tremble as she leaned on me; but there was neither master nor mistress at the door to welcome *her*. The servants were there, to be sure, to carry the things to her rooms; but she paused in the long, low hall, that was furnished like a parlour, to look at one picture, then at another; and while she stood before one of a very dark, sorrowful lady—a little pale, wizen'd

woman stole out of a room in the distance, and shading her eyes with one hand, while she leaned with the other on a cross-headed stick, she crept, rather than walked, towards my mistress. Her arms were only little bones, wrapt in shrivelled skin, and deep ruffles fell from her elbows. She was more of a shadow than a substance—so very small—so over and above little—that if I had seen her at the Well of Sweet Waters on Midsummer-eve, I would have crossed myself, knowing she was one of the *good people*. She would have been a fair go-by-the-ground, but for her high-heeled shoes; and, daylight as it was, I did not like the looks of her. The nearer she came, the more wild and bright her eyes glistened; and the lace borders of her cap flew back from her small sallow features. Though I could not help watching the withered woman, I tried to go close to my mistress; but when I made the least motion, she waved her stick, and her eyes flashed so, that I was rooted to the floor at once. She stole over the floor, and the silence was increased by her presence. Aunt, dear, you know I hate silence; and this hung like a weight on my heart, and gathered over us like clouds—suffocating. At last she came close to me; the border of her cap flapped against my hand, but, to save my life, I could not move. Her eyes were on me; they were everywhere at once. She crept round to my mistress, rested her hands on the cross of her stick, and stared at her; her eyes flashing, not like soft summer lightning, but like what we once watched darting into the very heart of the fine old tower of Castle Connel.

When my lady looked down from the picture, she saw the withered woman.

"Old Maud!" she cried. And, Oh! what sorrow there was in them two words!

"The soul outlives the body," said the woman, in a crackling voice—not loud—but sharp and dry, "and the voice outlives the beauty. They said the fair Cicely Cranley was coming, and I laughed at them. No; they said Mistress Bingham was coming—that was it—and I said it must be Miss Cicely; for Mistress Bingham had never entered the door of Cranley Hurst since she broke faith with her cousin."

"Hush, Maud!" said my poor mistress, turning from the witch, who faced round, and would look at her; "there—keep back. Ellen, keep her back—her mind is gone."

"But not her memory," screamed the hag, striking her stick upon the floor. "I mind the open window—and the ropy ladder—and my young master's misery when the hawk

* "Picture" "model."

'tied away the dove that was to be his bride—his own first cousin."

"It was too near, Maud."

"No; the Cranleys married in and out—in and out—and what brings you now? withered and shrivelled like myself, with only the voice!—nothing but the voice! More worn—and old—and grey—than himself—a lean old man! You called me "Ugly Maud" once; what are you, now? Augh!"

She threw down her stick, and began waving her bony arms, and sailing round my poor mistress, in a sort of a mock dance. I stepped in between them, to keep her eyes off my lady; but she dodged between us, mocking, and saying cruel words, and looking, just as a curso would look, if it had a body. All of a sudden, a hard, firm step came up the hall: I knew it was the master of Cranley Hurst. The little hag paused, pointed to me to pick up her stick, which, like a fool, I did. Stepping back, she curtsied reverently to my lady, her little pinched face changing into something human; then, going to meet the master, "I came to give the fair Miss Cicely welcome," she said, "but I could not find her: that old lady stole her voice! *She* Miss Cicely!"

The master struck something which hung in the hall; they call it a gong: the air and house shook again at the deep, loud noise, and from half a dozen doors servants rushed in.

"Can none of you take care of Maud?" he said. "She is insane, now—quite. Keep her away from this end of the house."

"I only came to look for Miss Cicely: I found a voice—*she* stole a voice!" said the old creature; and she continued talking and screaming, until the doors were shut, the echo of the alarm being like the whisperings of spirits around the walls. I wished myself anywhere away, and I did not know where to go; the house was all strange to me; the cousins seemed afraid to look at each other. My mistress *drew down her veil*, and extended her hand; hard as it is—thin and worn—the master kissed it, as fondly as if it had been the hand of a fresh fair girl of eighteen. Aunt, dear, it was as strange a meeting as ever was put in a book—those two aged people—one who had loved, the other who had taken her own will; and small blame to her, aunt. Sure it was better for her to run off at the last moment, than take a false oath at God's altar.

I shall never forget the look of downright, upright love that shone in the master's face as they stood like two monuments *foreinint** each

other. I don't know when they'd have left off or moved, if the sister-in-law, Mrs. James Cranley, had not flung into the hall, followed by her maid, with a clothes-basket full of printed papers and sealed letters, and a footman running on with a big tea-tray covered with the same sort of combustibles. She came in speaking, and one word was so *hot foot* after the other, that it was out of the question to know what she meant.

She was a tight-made little lady—nor young, nor old—without a cap—(*though it would be only manners to ask after it*)—mighty tight, and terrible active—spinning round like a top, and darting off like a swallow: her head looked like a pretty tiger's—fierce and keen: she seemed ready to pounce on anything, living or dead: no creature could be easy, or quiet, or comfortable, or contented, in the same room with her. I saw *that* in a minute, and thought she'd be the death of my poor lady.

As soon as she saw her and the master stauding the way I told you of, sure enough she sprang on her: you would have thought they had lain in the same cradle, to see the delight of her: she pulled up her veil, and kissed her on both cheeks. "You dear creature!" she exclaimed. "Now, I know I shall have your sympathy—your help—your experience. Now, don't interrupt me, cousin Francis—(the poor gentleman was looking dull and stupid)—don't interrupt me—don't tell me of difficulty," she said. "I should think no one in the county has forgotten how triumphantly I carried the question of the *green pinifores* in the very *teeth* of the rector and the churchwardens; the children wear them to this very day! I'll organise an opposition such as no power can withstand. I'll neither givo nor take rest" (I believed that); "and if Lady Lockington's candidate should be returned, in violation of every constitutional right, I'll petition the house." She waved her hand round like the sails of a windmill. I never saw a prettier little hand, nor one that had a more resolute way with it.

"Gently, my good sister, gently," said the master; but Mrs. James did not hear him. She pressed my lady into a chair, commanded her maid, with a fine French name, to lay down the basket, and said that she longed for sympathy quite as much as for assistance. "Active as I have been, and am," she said, "it would delight me to turn over a few of my duties to your care. In town, it is worse—absolutely worse! Remember my committees—*seven of a morning!* Remember the public meetings—the bazaars, which could not go

* Oposito.

on without me—the Shanghai Commission—the petitions of the women of England—the concerts—the Attie Improvement Society!—duties of such public importance, that I have not spent an hour in my own house for weeks together; never seen your master's face except beneath the shadow of a night-cap.”—[Aunt, dear! I thought she was a widdy woman until that blessed minute, never hearing toll of her husband.]—“Then the college committees for the education of young females, prevent my having time to inquire how my own daughter's education progresses; and the “Pap and Cradle Institute” occupied so much of my attention, that my charming Edward will never get over the effects of that horrid small-pox, all through the carelessness of his nurse—dreadful creature! No, no; there is no repose for me sweet cousin.” All this time she was tossing over the letters, like one mad, and my mistress shrinking away farther and farther from her. “Is it possible,” she exclaimed at last, “you take no interest in these things?”

The master said that his cousin was fatigued.

“Well, well!” it is just possible,” said the lady; “but positively, before she goes to her room, I must interest her in my LITTLE ELECTION.”

At night, when I went up to attend upon my mistress, I told her I did not see any sign of what I should call an election, either in the house, or out of the house, though every living creature was teuring and working away for the dear life, at they could hardly tell what, and not a bit of dinner until half-past eight at night, when Christmas ought to be half-way in their beds. Now, my poor lady always had her dinner at two, and yet what did you think she said to me? why—“*eight is the fashionable hour!*” But she was not herself, for she never troubled about what she'd put on next morning, only sat there like a statue; and when at last I coaxed her to go to bed, she laid awake, keeping down the sobs that rose from her very heart. Sure the quality has quare ways, and quare thoughts! And just as she fell into that sweet sleep which is as soft as swan's-down, and as refreshing as the flowers in May, before the young birds call for food, or the sun looks upon the earth—that little whirligig of a lady came spinning into the room, as alive and as brisk as if no mortal ever needed sleep. “Whisht!” I says, stopping her frisking. “Whisht! if you plaze, whisht!” The start she took! and asked me what language “Whisht” was; and, seeing it diverted her, I drew back to the door, and out on the landing, saying all the “Avourneens” and “Gra-

ma-chrees” and real Irish words I could think of, to take her off my mistress. So she called me a “dear creature,” and declared I would be quite attractive at her little election, if she might dress me up as a wild Irishwoman, and if I really would make myself useful. I was glad to get her out of my lady's room, so that she might rest, but I had no notion of making a fool of myself for all the elections upon the face of the earth—I know my place better than that—I leave that to my superiors. Well, if the house was in a state of disturbance that day, what was it the next? Nothing but making cockades of blue glazed calico and of ribband, and turning her blue silk dresses into flags; and open house—all trying to waste and destroy the most they could; and such sending off despatches, here, there, and everywhere; and such baskets-full of letters. Oh! then, surely the post-office should pray for an election as hard as ever it prayed for Valentine's-day. I lost sight of my poor dear mistress that day, for as good as five hours, for the Honourable Mrs. James Cranley locked me and three others into a loft, making them cockades; and to be sure I did work. And I told one of the girls, when we were fairly come to the end, that I would not have worked as I did, and out of the sight of my poor lady, only for the honour of working for a member of parliament; and to hear the laugh was raised against me. “Why,” said Mrs. James's English maid, “it's not a parliament election at all, but an election for the master and mistress of a sort of a charity, called Cranley Hurst College, where children of some particular class are fed, and all that; and I believe some of the country gentry say they ought to nominate the master and mistress; but the Honourable Mrs. James has persuaded the Honourable Mr. Francis that the Cranleys should do it; and the people in the little town said it was neither the gentry, nor the Cranley family, but that every householder had a vote! and that one man's vote was as good as another's! and had that printed in the county paper. And then the lawyers smelt it out, and gathered like crows in a corn-field, trying to strike war between neighbours—which is their custom—and, indeed, poor things, their bread, which must be very uncomfortable food for them, if they have any consciences—which I never heard tell they had; and there seemed but little doubt, if the Cranleys stood to their rights, there would be a lawsuit, and no election till that was over. This drove the Honourable Mrs. James mad: she said if once it got into law, none of them could ever expect

to live to see an election at all; and, as I understood, settled it so that each named a candidate, and canvassed for votes. The Honourable Mrs. James wanted to get in one *Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw* (I wonder had they any call to the book); and they were decent people—bred, born, and reared in the Cranley family—and to be sure, Mrs. James beat Bannagher at canvassing! She was hand and glove with every one that had the least call in life to a vote; she kissed every child in the village; she promised everything that everybody wanted; she promised Mr. Skeggs his cysight, and an ould Mrs. Bland the use of her limbs; she danced in a hay-field, and sang Italian songs to those who never heard a word of the language before. Dear! Oh, dear! I could not help thinking how she was wasting her vitals—doing no real good for man or beast! Oh! if my poor mistress had but half her strength, what a woman she would be! And it was sore to see the downright black lies and falsities they all told of each other. There was some grand point of dispute about the weight of a loaf: at one time, one party had held with a mistress of the Cranley charity, that so much bread was enough for each child; and the other set said, "No; so much." This was a grand quarrel. But those who would have voted for the small bread gave in, and owned they were wrong, and agreed to the large weight; but this made no differ, the others cried against them all the same, and paraded the country with a lump of bread pinched in, to make it look less, and decked it out on the top of its pole with black ribbands, and called it "The Cranley Hurst Starvation Loaf for Poor Children." Well, I was fairly bothered amongst them; and every time the Honourable Mrs. James came across me—full or fasting, in public or in private—she would make me go over my Irish, and smile, and say—turning to ladies or gentlemen, no matter which, until I was shamed out of my very life—"Now, is not she delicious? Will she not make a sensation? She will carry all before her!"

I'd have given the world for a clear head, just to think about my mistress, and the Honourable Mr. Francis, and that horrid old Maud, who ought to be burnt for a witch, as she is. My mistress was obliged to get her own bonnet and shawl; and, indeed, when she went out, she had not strength to come in, only that the Honourable Mr. Francis helped her. At last the day came: I had been up stairs to my lady, and found she had gone down stairs to breakfast!—there was a won-

der!—and returning through the back hall, I saw two such pretty little children, all in rags, not real natural rags, such as we see (I am sure I ought to know what rags are), but nice, pretty, clean, pink gingham frocks, with pieces cut out of them on purpose—torn down here, and looped up there—and their clean pretty white legs and feet quite bare, and their dear little, sweet, fat, fubsy hands filled with artificial flowers, poppies, and ears of corn. Well, aunt, you know how I doat on children; so I just stooped down to kiss them, as I used poor Tom's, and it seemed so natural to say to the youngest, who was hardly bigger than a Clonmel turf—"O! lanna machree was you, every bit of you"—when I heard a scream of delight from the Honourable Mrs. James: it was like the *skirle* of a paycheck.

"You dear creature!" she shouted, "to get up such a delicious rehearsal; the very thing I wanted. Your dress is quite ready; Clotilde shall dress you. You must talk Irish unceasingly, it will prove the extensive charity we propose—that we mean to take in *even the Irish*. It is a bold stroke, but this is the period for bold strokes." And so she talked and hustled me into a room, and the children with me; and before I could turn round (I had not had a bit of breakfast that day, and was starving alive with the hunger) she had my cap off, and my hair down about my shoulders, and my gown off, and a bran new bright scarlet petticoat, that (savouring your presence) was half a mile too short, cut into a scollop here, and a scollop there, and a bright blue patch tacked on it here, and a green one there; and the body of a gown that did not half fit, in the same style, with folds of *white muslin* for shift-sleeves; and a bran new blue cloak, with such a beautiful pink bow in the back of the hood, and—the wickedness of her—to tare two or three slits in *that*. I was so bothered entirely, that I could not speak; and then the maid tossed about my neck in a minute; and every now and then the Honourable Mrs. James would stop and clap her hands, and talk that outlandish gibberish to her maid.

"And what is it all for, my lady?" I asked, when the breath returned to my body, and the courage to my heart. "Now that you are done with me, I'd like to go back to myself, if you please, for I never did join the mummers in my own country, and I don't like it, my lady."

"But you must like it!" she exclaimed,

"you *must* like it—you are to be an Irish beggar-woman."

"None of my breed was ever that ma'am," I said, feeling as if a bolt of ice had run through my heart; but she never heeded me.

"And those are to be your children!"

"*My children!*" I repeated, "my children—oh, holy Father!—to even the like of that to me," and I came all over like a flash of fire. So with that she called me a fool, and repeated, it was all for the good of the country—to show the boundless nature of the "Cranley Hurst Charity"—that it took in *even the Irish*. Oh, how my blood boiled; and I up and told her, that it was true the English now and again did a great deal for Ireland, and very good it was of them, for no doubt the Irish were a mighty troublesome people; and, indeed, it was hard to think how any people could sit down quiet and cheerful that had only potatoes to eat, and rags to cover them. But if the English were good to them, they were always telling them of it, and they never gave their gratitude *time to grow*; and as for me, I had seen too much real misery in rags ever to make a play of it;" and then the tears would come and choke me almost, and I hid my face in the child's lap; I was so ashamed of them tears. Now, would you believe, that instead of being angry, she got out her pencil, and wrote it every word down—and clapt her hands in delight,

and said it was as fine as Mrs. Keeley's humour and pathos—and begged of me to say it again, that I might be sure to say it right—in *public*—and when she found I would not make a mummer of myself, in what she called a *tabloo*, she said she would pay me to do it. And I made answer, that what I could not do for *love*, I would never do for money, which surprised her. The English think they can get everything done through their money. And, aunt, she got into such a state, poor lady, she cried, she wrung her hands, she declared she was ruined, she upbraided me, she said I had promised to do it—and all this time the blue flags were flying, and the band playing on the lawn, and a great flat open carriage of a thing, waiting to take me and the children for a *show*—for a show through the place! think of that! and while she was debating with me, some one came in, and told her she was guilty of bribery—and while the band played, "See the Conquering Hero comes," she went off into little hysterics—upbraiding me all the time. And in the thick of it my mistress entered, leaning on Mr. Francis' arm. "Oh, cousin, cousin!" she screamed, "that horrid Irish woman will lose me my little election!"

The Hon. Mr. Francis seemed not much to mind her, but I heard him whisper my lady—
"But I have gained mine."

YOUTH.

BY THEODORE SEDGWICK.

[At the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the Philo-loxian Society of New York, the anniversary oration was delivered by Theodore Sedgwick, who discharged that duty at a very short notice, in consequence of the absence of the Hon. Hamilton Fish, from whom the oration was in due course expected. The address is at once nervous and graceful, powerfully eloquent, strongly impressive, and highly effective in the illustrations the orator has introduced. We find the following abstract of it published in the *Literary World*, and avail ourselves of the power to reprint it in our pages.]

ON the semi-centennial anniversary of our society, the first half-hundred years of whose existence is coeval with the first half of our own nineteenth century, it might seem not inappropriate to cast a rapid glance over the track of time through which our institution has passed, and to recal to mind the extraordinary events by which our age has been made so conspicuous in the annals of the world.

But I dare not venture on the task. It is at once too vast and too painful. If we look at the other hemisphere the state of things is of the most anxious uncertainty—too many bright hopes have been blasted, too many brilliant anticipations dashed, to make the retrospect on the whole other than one of deep disappointment.

Even were I to attempt to recount or commemorate the rising glories of our own happier land, I know not but my voice would in spite of myself assume a mournful tone. No perceptible obstacle yet checks our progress, no visible cloud yet obscures our horizon, our eager gaze detects no coming danger. But he, whose glance takes in as well the past as the future, cannot without apprehension and anxiety cast even the horoscope of *our* destinies. The very vastness of our material triumphs awakens memories well calculated to temper

our enthusiastic anticipations. All that we have done has been done before, much of it better done, and all done in vain. The dust of Assyria and the sands of Egypt cover monuments to which our costliest structures are frail and perishable erections, and from the rubbish of fifteen centuries accumulated in Rome, works of art are exhumed which, discoloured, mutilated, defaced, still baffle the utmost efforts of our self-complacent energy.

I turn, then, from the "unrelenting Past:"

"Far in her realm withdrawn,
Old Empires set in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone,
Lie deep within the shadow of her womb!"

But the memories of departed greatness are not all of so sad a hue. There are those which, instead of depressing human confidence and chilling human hope, awaken man to a fuller consciousness of his capacities, and arouse him to a truer sense of his energies.

It is an interesting and a cheerful consideration, that over the intellectual, the mental, the moral world Time holds no sway. The frailst construction of the mind outlives the most massive monument of material power. The Temple of the Capitoline Jove lies in ruins; not even the foundations of the Palace of the Cæsars can be accurately traced,—but Cicero and Tacitus, and Horace and Sallust, enjoy a reputation vastly wider, and reach a public immeasurably more extended than in the very zenith of their life-times. The workmen in the Roman forum are still painfully exploring the traces of the pavement of the *Basilica Julia*, beneath the lofty roof of which the magistrates declared her law,—but the refined reasoning and enlightened equity of that body of jurisprudence, commands now a wider empire than when it was first proclaimed by a despotic sovereign to what was then the world. The mouldering column, the broken arch, the foundation hidden by the accumulated wrecks of ages, awake none but painful or at the best but sombre emotions. The memories associated with departed genius, energy, and virtue, on the contrary, tend but to sooth, to arouse, to stimulate the mind.

And these memories can be adequately awakened in but two ways, either by corporeal representation of the immortal dead, or by a faithful and vivid representation of their labours, their achievements, and their sufferings. There is a room in the Capitol at Rome which, I think, yields to none in its extreme interest. It is that which contains the simple unadorned busts of some of the greatest men of antiquity. Others are scattered through

the wonderful halls of the Vatican; and it is impossible to gaze at these images of departed greatness, without having a livelier sense of the reality of their genius and their deeds. Two, especially, transport you most forcibly back to the greatest days of Rome. Among the treasures of a bygone world, the eye is rivetted upon the head of a boy of twelve or thirteen years of age, beautiful in its roundness, freshness, and intelligence, and yet stern, self-collected, cold, impassioned—all that youth is, and all that it ought not to be. I mean the bust of the young Augustus. And that other colossal head, so vast in its intellectual developments, and on which as you gaze you are told it is the face of the immortal orator, lawyer, and philosopher who received the reward which his cold and cruel age conferred on genius and virtue, and offered his neck at Dyrrachium to the assassins of the Triumvirate—the bust of Cicero. There is no head that I know either in antiquity or modern times to be compared with it, except that of one, the massive structure of whose mind is so well represented by his breadth of brow—our own Webster.

Among such speaking, life-breathing images of departed greatness, it is well to walk. It is well to do all in our power to lift ourselves above the comfort-devising materialism of our age, and to escape from the pultry cares of daily life. And when we cannot call to our aid the hand of the sculptor or the painter, we can unroll the mass of history, gaze at *her* canvas, and contemplate *her* monuments. They are often as life-like, very often far more enduring than memorials of apparently less perishable material. Thucydides is not a meaner artist than Apelles, and Tacitus has outlived Phidias.

Let us then, in the few moments allowed, re-enter the long-drawn aisles of history, and people them with some of the august forms of the departed great. But in *our* gallery of heroic personages a selection must be had, and I shall make it from among those who have adorned their youth by great deeds, and on the other hand, whose great deeds have been adorned and graced by youth. The peculiar attribute of our country is its vigorous infancy, its energetic youth. Let us, then, from among the great names of our race, select some of them who, while *young*, have done things which the world does not willingly let die. "There be some," says Bacon, "who have an over-early ripeness in their years, which fadeth by times—these are such as have brittle wits, the edge whereof is soon turned." To these I do not allude. I do not allude to juvenile pro-

digies of acquisition, or infant phenomena; I speak of those who have shown from their earliest age that capacity of application—that power of concentration—that singleness of purpose which are the secrets of success and the master-key of fortune.

Of all those into whose lives great actions have been most compressed, who have most shown how much can be effected by unflinching energy and persevering purpose—and his name is so familiar that I should not mention it here, but that I may not seem intentionally to overlook it—is Buonaparte. At twenty-five he wore the uniform of general, earned through successive grades of service; between that and the age of thirty he swept the Austrians out of Italy, and laid the foundations of his power. At thirty-five he was the emperor of France, the first soldier of the world, and the arbiter of the destinies of Europe.

But while the name of Buonaparte can never be mentioned, without producing that thrill of pleasure which the manifestation of the highest intellectual capacities of our nature excites, so it should never be recalled without the expression of the just judgment which history will record against him. The greatest intellect for all purposes of action which the world has seen—great as a soldier—great as a lawgiver—great as an administrator of his vast empire, was informed and purified by no equal moral sense. No moderation restrained his ambition—no regard for the rights of others checked his desire of aggrandizement—no family affliction withheld him from sacrificing the interests of those nearest to him—he perished the outlaw of the world. As Brennus flung his sword into the Roman scales, so the modern Gaul crushed justice, humanity, and all the dearest attributes of civil society under his military system. He perfected and consolidated that formidable centralization which still holds France in bonds and forbids her to be free. Yet such is the force of genius that his name still lives the wonder of mankind, and from his grave he now dictates the destinies of his country.

The name of another youthful soldier occurs to me, and I select him from a glittering crowd—though far distant from Napoleon in point of time. On the skirts of the Roman Forum athwart the *Via Sacra*, that Broadway of the imperial city, where the antique pavement still shows itself, the very stones, perchance, once trod by Horæ—

“Ibunt forte via sacra, sicut meus est mos;”

there stands an ancient monument which has

defied the ravages of time, and of barbarians more ruthless than time itself. The alant moonbeam which silvers the wild grass growing on the topmost stone of the Coliseum, falls beneath its archway. On its sides, amid defaced bas-reliefs, the eye detects the image of the mystic candlestick of the Jews. The original, it is said, lies in the bed of the yellow Tiber. Beneath that arch countless processions have passed—it was erected nearly two thousand years ago to commemorate the capture of Jerusalem, by a soldier of thirty years of age, who had already lived a long life of military service. But this exploit is among the least of his achievements. It is the true glory of Titus that his early frailties were controlled and his appetites subdued; that he exercised supreme power with rectitude, benevolence, and magnanimity, and that he stands out from the base crowd of the Cæsars a model of virtue and self-command. Over his head is a tablet on which is inscribed the title more full of true praise than that borne by any other absolute sovereign in the annals of the world, “*TITUS, the Delight of Mankind.*”

I turn to those who have been renowned in the arts of peace, and I pause before the haughty figure of an English statesman, who, at the age of twenty-four, bore the burden of prime minister of that vast empire. It was at that age that PITT became premier of England, and till his death, at the age of forty-seven, his policy controlled the destinies of his country. I am not here to discuss the wisdom of that policy. Viewed in the light of our later experience, its sagacity with regard to the permanent interest of England may well be questioned. Its aim at home was to consolidate and perpetuate the power of a great landed aristocracy, and for that purpose no sacrifice of life or treasure was considered extravagant; while its direct result abroad was to cause a series of wars the most dreadful that humanity has ever witnessed. But the genius, the courage, the skill of Pitt cannot well be extravagantly lauded. He was the embodiment of the old English system, of which we now see the dying struggle—a system which has produced great men, and which long commanded the affections of the nation whose destinies it ruled. It will be well for mankind when the English people shall insist on a policy more enlarged, more humane, more liberal—when the energy and intelligence of that great nation shall be as steadily directed to advance the cause of peace and freedom, as they were during the days of Pitt to promote the interests of the despotic power.

We pass from the damps and fogs of the once mistress of the seas to return to a more genial clime. We seek again a sun as bright as our own; a sky as brilliant, but of tenderer hues. We seek that country which, in its ruins, is still the delight and wonder of the world; the art of which is as unrivalled as its nature is unapproached; which of all countries is that which has most a personal and individual character; which makes itself, as it were, a friend—which seizes on the affections and takes possession of the memory—and has a reality like a being of our own race.

In the history of Italy—of Italian valour—of Italian art—of Italian genius—perhaps the most attractive figure is that of Raphael. His intelligent and beautiful face still speaks to us from the canvas, and if we had no such record of his features, perhaps the grace and beauty and soul which breathe from all his works would have suggested some such countenance to the mind. Raphael was a painter at seventeen; at twenty-seven he was called to Rome (such was then his reputation) to compete with Michael Angelo in the execution of the works designed to adorn the Capitol; and at thirty-seven he was snatched from an admiring world, leaving, however, behind him, works which will render his name immortal, long after time and ignorance and neglect have destroyed the last shred of canvas on which his fingers rested. It is amazing, as we pass through the halls where he has left the enduring impress of his genius, to consider how the young years of the great artist must have been devoted to labour. Some of his productions have been defaced by damp and mould—some destroyed by the ignorance of those who have attempted to restore them—but a long life would seem inadequate even for those which still remain. In looking at his mild and placid face, it is difficult to believe that he united, with his rare perception of the beautiful, such patience, industry, and laborious perseverance. At the age of thirty-seven, as I have said, he fell a victim to his devotion to his art. His latest work, "the Transfiguration," was suspended by the side of his dying bed. His last glance was fixed on that personification of our Saviour which he had just completed. He sleeps in the Pantheon, the only one still entire of all the ancient temples of Rome—fitting shrine for his spirit.

I have spoken of deeds of war—of the acts of peace—of the arts that beautify and adorn life—I now turn to higher and holier themes. Luther is an eminent instance of greatness in youth. At the age of twenty-five, he was appointed professor at Wittenburg; at that of

thirty-four, in his attack on the system of Indulgences, he laid the foundation of religious freedom. I have not, of course, the least intention of even alluding to subjects of ecclesiastical dogma or discipline. I am speaking now merely of the right of private judgment in religious affairs, uncontrolled by any human power, clerical or secular. This constitutes in my eyes the real greatness of the struggle into which Luther threw himself. This is its great result. That contest is the strongest illustration of the terrible truth of our Saviour's words that he came "not to bring peace, but a sword." The first martyrs in the conflict fell in the time of Luther himself. A long array of others followed. The fires of Smithfield were lighted, the Low Countries devastated by the remorseless fanaticism of Spain, and France consumed by her religious wars. In the next century, for thirty years Germany was given up to sack and slaughter, and France again convulsed by the folly and superstition of Louis XIV. But the end appears to have been in great part gained. The doctrines of religious toleration have grown out of a struggle, the fruits of which, frightful as it was, are worth all that they have cost. The principle of religious liberty has been in the greater part of the civilized world established—a principle denied and derided, from the days of Diocletian to those of the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Civil society has, in the Old World at least, made but small progress. Despotic and centralized governments still cover or overshadow almost the whole of Christendom; but it cannot be denied that statesmen have learned wisdom, and that sectarians show increased moderation in the humanity with which they now tolerate difference of religious belief. That this acquisition has been made, is due in great part, under God, to the great German, who declared that he feared neither despot nor devil.

Another prodigy of youth is Pascal. I do not speak of the marvellous mathematical labours of his childhood—of his almost intuitive discovery of one of the most important of Euclid's problems, at the age of twelve—his calculations on the weight of the air, nor those of the cycloid curve; but of those long, laborious, early years—those years of research, of study, of reflection, which were requisite to produce the *Provincial Letters*, at the age of thirty-three. Those letters have remained the most conspicuous work of the age to which they belong, and they are still regarded as one of the master-pieces of that French literature, so abundant in genius, in reasoning, and in wit. But these letters are not only wonderful, as

showing to what heights of philosophy a youthful mind may attain, they are still more precious as proving to what a degree a firm mind, a resolute spirit, and a high purpose can triumph over the infirmities of the body. We have other instances of this; they are among the greatest glories of our too feeble nature.

"Cyriack, this three years' day these eyes, though clear

To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of life their seeing have forget,
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear,
Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the year,
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward! What supports me, dost thou
ask?

The conscience, Friend, to have lost them over-
plied,

In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.

This thought might lead me thro' the world's
vain masques;

Content, though blind, had I no better guide."

Such are the unflinching words in which Milton speaks of one of the greatest calamities that can afflict humanity. Nor are other cases wanting. The philosophic Thierry is a paralytic, and the works of our own Prescott have been the result of a long struggle with bodily infirmity. But Pascal's was a still stronger instance—he was a miserable valetudinarian, a feeble hypochondriac, whose whole existence seemed one of the intellect alone.

The Catholic church, of which Pascal is so great an ornament, might afford us many other striking illustrations of the capacity of youth for sacrifices and exertions; but I pause before two of the most venerable forms of that priesthood, so renowned for talent, energy, and devotion to their faith. Fenelon, than whom the history of the world gives us the record of no purer or better man; and Bossuet, of far less simplicity of character, but of fervid zeal, of generous and lofty ambition, of great capacity, and, as a writer, one of the ablest controversialists in all polemical literature; both preached in public at the age of fifteen.

Other illustrious names crowd upon me in all departments of human genius and human virtue. More, the great chancellor, was a member of parliament at twenty-one. Mozart composed at six, and Pope "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." But I cannot proceed further in what my time would only permit me to make a mere enumeration of names, and most of them familiar to us as household words. But one I must not omit.

Our revolution broke out more than three

quarters of a century since. There was then in the college of which we are alumni, a West Indian boy, who seemed to have brought from his tropical clime the fervid temperament of a southern sun. But it soon appeared that, to ardent enthusiasm, he joined the clear sagacity and steady energy of his Scotch ancestry. This boy, then an undergraduate, threw himself heart and soul into the contest, and, in a pamphlet published in 1775, used this language:—"Tell me not of British commons, lords, ministry, ministerial tools, placemen, pensioners, parasites; I scorn to let my life and property depend upon the pleasure of any of them! Give me the steady, uniform security of constitutional freedom. Give me the right of trial by a jury of my own neighbours, and to be taxed by my own representatives only. What will become of the law and courts of justice without this? The shadow may remain, but the substance will be gone. I would die to preserve the law upon a solid foundation; but take away liberty, and the foundation is destroyed." These are the stirring tones of a lad of eighteen years of age. Two years later, the boy held a commission in the army, and was attached to Washington's staff. The promise of great deeds was not belied. His was not a hot-bed growth. He united in all the prominent events of the revolutionary contest. As a soldier, he assisted to win our independence—as a statesman, to consolidate our liberties, by erecting the great framework of the constitution—as an administrative officer, by organizing the government of the Union in its practical details. His name still lives among us. It is a hereditary privilege, which not even our jealous equality forbids, to bear the appellation of an illustrious ancestor; not even the rigour of our statutes against primogeniture and entail, has prohibited his descendants from wearing and transmitting with just pride the name of Hamilton.

I have thus attempted to commemorate the great deeds of a few, and but a few, of those who have consecrated their earliest years to labour; who, disregarding the blandishments of pleasure, have given their youth to that painful toil and persevering effort by which alone great things are accomplished. I am far from insensible that, on a fitting occasion, a list equally illustrious might easily be presented of those who have spent long lives of energetic activity, gradually culminating to their fullest strength and grandest proportions, who have wrestled with time and years, and whose latest days have been full of usefulness and honour. One of these now presents to me his venerable

form—one connected with our own institution, and who belonged to the profession of which I hold it an honour to be a member—who, after long wearing the judicial ermine without spot or blemish, gave his declining life to the embodiment of American law, and whose latest years were marked by the most active and efficient industry. The memory of my hearers will suggest to each one of them the name of Kent.

But my space grows short, and I revert to my original theme. It is not without design that I have selected for my topic to-night the greatness of youth. It is in youth that our vigour is least impaired: "*Orator metuo*," says Cicero, "*ne languescat senectute. Est enim munus ejus non ingenii solum sed laterum etiam et virium;*" which may be freely rendered: "I fear the orator languishes in old age, for his duties draw heavily not only on the mind, but on the strength and the *wind*. And this is equally true of all phases of active existence. But this is the least advantage of youth. It is then that the affections are the purest, and enthusiasm the most ardent. In the language of Bacon, "imagination stream into their minds better and more divinely," and the pale phantoms of fear and distrust as yet stand aloof. The innocence, the very ignorance, of youth gives them their power. It is by a youthful angel that Milton's Satan is overawed:—

"So spake the cherub; and his grave rebuke,
Sovereign in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible: abashed the devil stood."

It is most desirable to impress on youth what they can do, and this in the most effective way, by showing them what has been done. It is thus that they may be weaned from pleasure—thus that they may be charmed from dissipation; for, to the ardent and ambitious mind, the first exercise of its powers brings with it a keenness of enjoyment that no gratification of appetite, no pleasure of sense can rival. It is thus that the freshness and first vigour of their lives will be given to usefulness; it is thus, above all, that they will transmit to old age, not an effete body, faded affections, and worn-out sympathies, but a frame still vigorous, a mind unimpaired, and a heart yet warm.

Nor are the young alone to profit by frequent teaching of this kind; for *us* who have taken, or are soon to take, a long farewell of the

golden age of our existence, to bid adieu to the unbroken health, the bright eye, the light step, the flowing locks of youth, it is especially desirable to draw close the cords which bind us to those who are still protected by the hours, who still rejoice in the early sunshine of life.

"*Adolescentibus bona indole præditis sapientes senes delectantur; leviorque fit eorum senectus qui a juventute coluntur et diliguntur.*" "Wise old men," does Cicero make Lælius say, "delight in the society of the youth, and age is rendered more tolerable to those who are beloved and courted by youth." It was a beautiful attribute of the ancient goddess, Juventas, that she could renew the existence of those in whom she delighted. And it is most true, that nowhere, save in the affections and sympathies of the young, can those of more advanced years find any solace or compensation for what they have lost. Those of us who are more or less advanced in the path of life—who have tried its dangers and endured its conflicts—may boast of experience acquired, of the sagacity and knowledge of affairs which experience alone can give; but who, among the worn and scarred veterans, would not eagerly exchange his accumulated knowledge, his practical wisdom, for the unhesitating energy, the undoubted ardour, the kindling enthusiasm of youth? Compared with these, what is our boasted experience?

Nor is the teaching to be learned from the lives of the great personages whose figures we have contemplated, without its worth in another, and that the most important respect. If the lesson of their lives is rightly read, the great fundamental truths of our religion will be deeply impressed on the young mind. Their triumphs and their defeats, their achievements and their failures, all teach us that youth is in the end powerless, unless it take wisdom for a helpmeet. That strength of years, ardour, energy, equally fail of attaining the great results of life, unless allied to religion and virtue. I know not whether it was by design that the temple of the Capitoline Jove, the head of the Roman mythology, the guardian god of the city, was erected on the very spot where had before stood the shrine of the Deity of Youth, as if that wonderful people intended to plant their religion and their love of country impressably on the foundations of the young mind.

THE TRIAL BY BATTLE.*

A TALE OF CHIVALRY.

CHAPTER III.—THE JUDGMENT OF HEAVEN.

UPON the appointed day, the Count of Barcelona, who had passed the preceding eve in masses and prayers, presented himself at the gate of the camp, mounted on a horse from Seville—a steed whose slender legs and light step made him rather resemble a courser for a *fête-day* than a battle-charger.

The champion of the empress was clad in a coat of mail of polished steel, inlaid with gold, the work of the Moors of Cordova, in the midst of which shone a sun of diamonds, which threw rays like pointed flames; round his neck he wore the chain given him by the empress, for whose life and fame he was about to do battle. He struck the barrier three times, and thrice he was asked by a herald who he was, to which he always gave this reply—"I am the Champion of God." At the third response, the gate was opened, and the Count of Barcelona entered the lists, which were arranged in an oval form, like the ancient classic circus, and bordered with seats, raised one above each other in tiers, filled at this time with the nobility of the Rhine, who had hurried to see the imposing and interesting spectacle.

At one end of the arena, the Emperor Henry was seen, in his imperial robes, seated on his throne; on the other, in a wooden lodge, sitting on a common stool, was discovered the empress, dressed in black, holding her infant son in her arms. Directly opposite the hut in which she was immured, stood the pile destined to consume her and her babe, if her champion were defeated; and near it was placed the common hangman, in a red frock, his arms and legs bare, holding in one hand a chafing-dish, and in the other a torch. In the middle of the curve that formed the lists was an altar, whereon lay the holy evangelists, upon which a crucifix was placed. Opposite the altar stood an uncovered bier.

The Count of Barcelona entered the lists, which he rode round, while a flourish of trumpets proclaimed to the accusers of the empress that the Champion of God was at his post; for by this sacred appellation the defender of him or her who appealed to the ordeal of battle was always styled in the ages of chivalry. The count stopped before

the emperor, whom he saluted by lowering the point of his lance to his feet; backing his steed, whose head he kept towards the sovereign, till, having reached the middle, he made him spring on all his feet, executing this *demi-rotte* in so able a manner, that everybody acknowledged him for a most gallant cavalier. Then he advanced slowly towards the lodge of the empress, curbing the ardour of the mettled charger, till he reached the spot where she was seated, when he dismounted, the noble animal standing as still in the lists as if he had been made of marble. Ascending the steps that conducted him to her side, as if to prove to all present his conviction of her innocence, he knelt on one knee, and asked her if she were still minded to accept of him for her champion.

The empress, overpowered by her feelings, could only extend her hand to him, in token of her acceptance of his services. The count took off his helmet, and kissed the offered hand of the empress with deep respect; then, rising with sparkling eyes, fastened his helmet to the saddle-bow, replacing himself in the saddle with a single bound, and with no more assistance from the stirrups than if he had been clad in a silken vest. Opposite the altar, on the other side of the lists, he recognised the *jongleur*, who had been the cause of his coming there, seated at the feet of a beautiful young lady, whom he rightly supposed to be the heiress of Provence. He advanced towards her, in the midst of the enthusiastic applause of the spectators, upon whom his youth, heroic beauty, and chivalrous bearing had made a lively impression, and whose vows and prayers for his success were the more ardent because he appeared too young and slight to risk his life in single combat against two such formidable knights.

When the count reached the gallery where the fair Provençale was seated, he bowed to the very neck of his charger, till his dark ringlets veiled his face; and, then, raising his head, shook back their scattered luxuriance, while, in the language d'Océ,* he addressed the marchioness thus:—"Noble lady, a thousand

* Tongue of the South, or Provence, in which part of France *oc* was used as the affirmative, instead of *oui*, as in the northern districts.—*Trans.*

*Concluded from page 101.

thanks for the good enterprise you have considered me worthy to undertake; for, but for your message, I should have now been in my own land, without the opportunity of showing my devotion for the ladies, and my trust in God." He smiled as he uttered these courteous words, and looked into the fine eyes of the fair damsel, who blushed, and cast hers on the ground.

"Noble knight," replied the young lady, in the same tongue; "It is me who ought to express the debt of gratitude I owe you, since my invitation, sent by no higher messenger than a poor *jongleur*, has led you to cross seas, rivers, and mountains. You are come. Indeed, I cannot think how I have merited such great courtesy."

"There is no journey so long, no enterprise so dangerous, that I would not cheerfully undertake, in Christian land, or pagan clime, that a smile from your lips and a glance from your eyes would not repay. Therefore, fair damsel, should I grow weak in this combat, deign to regard me with a smile, and my strength and courage will return to me again."

At these passionate words, the count bowed, and the lady blushed; but the flourish of the trumpets, that proclaimed his foes were in the field, summoned the champion from the side of the Marchioness of Provence to his duty. He put on his helmet, and, with three bounds of his fine horse, was seen in the space between the pile and the empress; for the Champion of God, according to the rule of the trial by battle, ought to be near the accused, that her prayers and looks might encourage him during the combat.

Guthram de Falkenberg entered in his turn, arrayed in dark armour, and mounted on one of those heavy German horses who resemble those described by Homer; an esquire before him, with his lance, battle-axe, and sword. At the gate of the lists he alighted, and advanced to the altar. When he reached its steps, he raised his visor, and laying his hand upon the crucifix, on his baptismal faith, his life, his soul, and his honour, vowed that he believed his quarrel to be just and good; adding to this vow his oath that neither he, nor his horse, nor his arms, were defended by herbs, charms, prayers, conjurations, leagues with the evil one, or any enchantments whatever, by which he might hope to overcome his opponent. Then, having made the sign of the cross, he knelt at the head of the bier, and there made his prayer.

The Count of Barcelona alighted also, and in like manner advanced to the altar, where he made the same vows, and recited the same

oath; and, after making the sign of the cross, knelt down to pray at the foot of the bier. In an instant, the Libera was heard chanted by invisible voices, as if sung by a choir of unseen angels. The assistant-priests, on their knees, repeated in low tones the prayers for the dying. Nobody remained standing at that solemn moment but the hangman, who was not allowed to join his ominous voice to those of the assembly, because his prayers were not likely, it was considered, to reach the eternal throne, or, if they did, to do those he prayed for the slightest good.

As the last note of the Libera died away, the trumpets sounded, the assistant-priests took their places, the two combatants returned to their chargers, and replaced themselves in their saddles, remaining immovable, with their lances in rest, and their bucklers on their arms, guarding their breasts, like two equestrian statues, till the flourish of trumpets ceased; and the emperor, rising from his throne, and stretching forth his sceptre, pronounced, in a loud voice, the words "*Laissez aller.*"

The two combatants careered against each other with the same courage, but very different fortune; for scarcely had the heavy battle-steed of Guthram de Falkenberg run a third part of the course, when, clearing double the space with three bounds of his charger, the Count of Barcelona was upon him. For an instant nothing was seen but a dreadful shock, a lance shivered in a thousand splinters, and a confused vision of men and horses; another moment, the horse of Guthram rose without his rider, while the corpse of his master, pierced through with his adversary's lance, lay bleeding on the sand. The Count of Barcelona ran to the horse of his fallen adversary, seized him by the reins, and, backing the reluctant animal, forced him to touch with the croupe the barriers of the field; this manœuvre, according to the known laws of chivalry, being a sign of mercy given by the victor to the conquered knight, whereby he gave his foe permission to rise, who was, indeed, conquered; but the generosity of the brave champion was of no avail to him, Guthram de Falkenberg would rise no more, till the sound of the last trumpet summoned his perjured soul to judgment.

A cry of joy broke from the vast multitude, whose wishes and prayers had been all along

* "You may go." This was the signal, at trials by battle, passes of arms, and tournaments, for the combatants to engage.

for the gallant and beautiful young knight. The emperor rose, and cried, "Well struck;" Douce waved her scarf; the empress fell on her knees, and gave thanks to God for her deliverance. Then the hangman descended slowly from his stand, unbound the helmet from the recreant knight, which he flung on the ground; after which, he dragged the corpse by the hair of the head to the bier, and, returning to the end of the lists, remounted the pile.

The count went to salute the emperor, the empress, and the fair Marchioness of Provence; then, returning to his post as champion, he once more addressed the monarch:—"Saving, Sir Emperor, your pleasure," cried he, in a loud voice, "will you please to cause Walter de Than to be summoned into the lists."

"Let Walter de Than be introduced," replied the emperor.

The barrier unclosed a second time, and Walter de Than entered the lists, armed *cap-à-pied*, and mounted as ready to make his false accusation good; but when he saw near him Guthram de Falkenberg, stretched on the bier, and remarked that a single thrust from the lance of the Champion of God had sent him to his dread account, instead of advancing to the altar, to take his lying oath, he rode up to the emperor, and, alighting from his horse, said:—"Sir Emperor, I cannot obey your summons to the field; for nothing shall induce me to maintain the cause I have taken, for it is a false and accursed one, as, indeed, God, by his judgment on my sinful companion, has decided it to be. I, therefore, throw myself upon your mercy, that of the innocent empress, and the unknown knight—and a noble one he is—while I proclaim before the court and this assembly, that the whole charge brought by Guthram de Falkenberg and myself against my lady empress is false throughout; and that we were induced and suborned to calumniate her by Prince Henry, your second son, who, fearing lest you should finally prefer to him the babe of which your imperial spouse was then pregnant, devised this conspiracy against the life and honour of his stepmother, and the child she would bear. His gifts and promises corrupted us from our fidelity as true knights and loyal subjects. In virtue of this frank confession, I, therefore, implore your grace and mercy."

"You deserve no more mercy than the empress would have found, if she had not obtained from God a champion," replied the emperor. "Go, then, to her, and at her feet implore for pardon, for she alone can restore your life and honour."

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Walter de Than crossed the lists amidst the hisses, groans, and yells of the spectators, and knelt down before the rescued empress, who was tenderly caressing her infant son, whom she regarded with the expression of a Madonna.

"Madam," said the recreant knight, "I come, by the command of my lord the emperor, to entreat your clemency; for, since I plead guilty to the wrong of preferring a false and calumnious charge against your honour and the legitimacy of my lord prince, you can do what you please with the criminal.

"Friend," replied the young empress, "you may depart in health and safety for me. I will take no vengeance upon you; God will deal with you according to his own pleasure and justice. Go, then; but never let me behold you in Germany again."

Walter de Than rose and departed, and from that day was seen in the imperial realms no more.

Then the emperor ordered the gate to be opened for the conqueror, who entered the lists once more; but this time looked round in vain for an enemy.

"Lord Knight," said the emperor to the Count of Barcelona, "Walter de Than will not fight with you. He has confessed his guilt to me, and demanded mercy; and I sent him to the empress, who has granted him his life, on the condition of his leaving my dominions for ever. She was too joyful and too full of gratitude for the deliverance God had granted her by your arm to be severe to him.

"Since it is so with him, I am satisfied," replied the Count of Barcelona; "and I ask no more."

Then the emperor descended from his throne, and, leading the charger of the victor by the bridle, in this manner conducted the count to the empress. "Madam," said he, "behold the knight who has so valiantly defended your righteous cause. You must give one hand to him, and the other to me, that we may conduct him to my throne, where we must all three remain, while justice be done to the corpse of Guthram de Falkenberg; after which, we shall in like manner lead you to the palace, where we will both endeavour to render him all the honour we can, in order to retain him as our welcome guest as long as we can prevail with him to remain at our court."

The empress quitted her station of doubt and shame, to kneel before the emperor, who raised and embraced her before the vast assembly, as a proof to them that she had recovered his confidence and love. Then he took one of her hands, and the Count of Barcelona the other,

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and in this manner she was conducted to the throne, upon which the emperor took his seat, placing her on his right hand, and the Champion of God on his left. As soon as they were seated, the hangman came into the lists a second time, and, approaching the corpse of Guthram de Falkenberg, cut with a knife the links of his armour, which he divided piece by piece, throwing them about the lists, with these contemptuous words:—"This is the helmet of a coward; this is the cuirass of a coward; this is the buckler of a coward." When the hangman had stripped the body in this manner, his two assistants entered with a horse dragging a hurdle, to which they attached the corpse, which was then dragged through every street in Cologne to the public gibbet, where it was hanged by the heels, in order that everybody might come and see the dreadful wound through which the sinful soul of the recreant knight, Sir Guthram de Falkenberg, had issued forth to its dread account. And all who looked upon the guilty dead declared that only the just judgment of God could have enabled such a young and gentle cavalier to overcome such a great and renowned warrior in the trial by battle.

The emperor and empress brought the Champion of God to their palace, where they made him a great feast; and, in order to do him honour, placed him at dinner at their own table, and by their side, and declared that they never intended to part with him. Now, the count wanted to return to his own good city of Barcelona, which he had left two months before with more chivalry than prudence. So, mindful of his duty as a sovereign, after he had done his devoir as a knight errant, he stole out of the palace by night; and, having ordered hay and corn to be given his good steed at the hostelrie, and commanded his squire to groom him, he departed with great secrecy from Cologne, which he left that same night for his own dominions.

The next day, the emperor, missing the count from his table, sent a messenger to the hostel, where he supposed his summons to breakfast would find him. He was soon informed of the departure of his guest, who was supposed to be at least a dozen miles from Cologne by that time. The messenger soon returned to the emperor, to whom he said:—"Sire, the knight who fought for my lady the empress is gone, no one knows whither."

At this unexpected news, Henry turned to the empress, and, in a voice which betrayed his displeasure, said:—"Madam, you have heard what this person has told me. I find

your champion quitted Cologne last night, without leaving any trace by which he can be discovered and brought back."

"Oh, my dear lord!" exclaimed the empress, "you will be still more grieved when you learn the quality of this knight, with which, at present, I think you are unacquainted."

"No," replied the emperor; "he has told me nothing more than that he was a Spanish count."

"Sire, the knight who did battle for me is the noble Count of Barcelona, whose renown is already so great that it exceeds even his lofty rank."

"How!" cried the emperor, "is this unknown knight no other than Raymond de Berenger. God, indeed, sent him to my aid, madam; for the imperial crown has never been so highly honoured before. He, however, makes me pay him very dearly by the disgrace and shame his sudden departure has cast upon me. I declare, madam, that I will not receive you into my love and favour till you find and bring him back to my court. Go away yourself for your journey as quickly as you can; for I will either see you with him, or see you no more."

"It shall be so, since you command it, sire," replied the empress, who was too well accustomed to the hasty manner and arbitrary disposition of her consort to contest his will, however unreasonable that will might appear to her. She had noticed the marked attention the handsome count had paid to her beautiful maid of honour, Douce, Marchioness of Provence, and, therefore, determined to include her in her train, which consisted of a hundred noble matrons, a hundred young damsels of quality, and a hundred knights; for Praxida resolved to travel in a style suitable to her lofty rank; and she used such expedition, that in two months from the time of her departure she found herself in the noble city of Barcelona. The astonishing report that the Empress of Germany, with a splendid retinue, had arrived at the principal hostelrie, quickly reached the noble count, who knew not how to credit it; till, mounting his horse, he rode thither, and recognised at the first glance the fair lady for whom he had lately fought. The delivered and deliverer met with equal joy, and, after the first salutation, the lord count, kneeling at the feet of the empress, asked "to what fortunate chance he owed the pleasure of seeing her in his own dominions."

"Lord count," replied the empress, "the emperor, my spouse, will not permit me to return to his court without you, for your presence

at Cologne can alone restore to me his love and favour. Indeed, ever since he has known the honour the noble Count of Barcelona did the imperial crown by becoming my champion, he has resolved to share in no festivities till that happy day when he can welcome you to his court, and thank you for that act of courtesy in a manner befitting your high degree. Therefore, if you wish me to be once more recognised as Empress of Germany, you must hearken to my humble prayer, and accompany me to Cologne."

Upon hearing these words, the count once more knelt down, and presenting both his hands, in the manner of a prisoner awaiting his fetters, saying, "Madam, it is for you to command, and me to obey; do with me as with a prisoner."

The empress immediately took a golden chain, whose links encompassed her throat eight times, unwound it, and clasped one end round the right wrist of the Count of Barcelona, while she gave the other to the fair Marchioness of Provence, in whose gentle keeping she willed the captive to remain during the homeward journey. The prisoner, on his part, declared that he was too well satisfied with his guardian to wish to break her chains, unless she were pleased to permit him to relinquish them for a time.

Three days after this interview, the Empress of Germany quitted Barcelona, with her retinue of three hundred noble knights and ladies, bringing with her its chivalrous sovereign, in a chain of gold, held by her fair maid of honour; and in this manner traversed Roussillon, Languedoc, Dauphiny, Switzerland, and Luxembourg; the lord count, according to his vow, neither breaking his chain, nor showing any inclination to do so.

The *cortège* of the empress was met, five leagues from Cologne, by the emperor, who, being apprised of the coming of the Count of Barcelona, came to welcome him. As soon as he saw the brave cavalier who had saved the

honour of his dearly-beloved wife, Henry IV. alighted; Raymond Berenger did the same, though still held in the chain of gold by the Marchioness of Provence. The emperor then warmly embraced and thanked him for the honourable service he had done him, by waging the battle of the Empress Praxida, and besought him to name his reward.

"My lord emperor," replied the count, "will you be pleased to command the Marchioness of Provence never to let me go, for, since I cannot depart from her wardship without her good pleasure, I think she ought not to quit mine; that thus, being fast linked together for the rest of our lives, we may never be divided from each other in this world, nor in that which is to come."

Douce of Provence blushed, and even thought proper to make some maidenly opposition to an arrangement so pleasing to herself. The emperor, however, intimated to her, that, being her suzerain, whatever he chose to command she must obey. He therefore fixed the marriage for that day week; and Douce of Provence was so submissive a vassal, that she never even thought of requesting her lord paramount for the delay of a single day. It was in this manner that Raymond Berenger, Count of Barcelona, won the fair heiress, and became possessed of the marquise and lands of Provence.*

* Henry the Fourth of Germany was subject to fits of jealousy, for which failing he once received personal chastisement, at the fair hands of the empress and her ladies, on a certain occasion on which he had concealed himself in his wife's apartment, disguised as a foreign knight, when his intrusion was resented and punished by severe buffetings from the incensed female court, who either did not recognize the emperor, or pretended to mistake him for a robber. Empresses of Germany appear to have been often the mark for false and murderous accusations; since, nearly a century before this period, the Empress Cunegonda was delivered from the pile by the Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights, who entered the lists as the Champion of God, and successfully defended her honour.—*Trans.*

ON A KINGFISHER.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

A LIVING flash of bluest light,
The Kingfisher flew o'er the pool;
I track'd it in its glitt'ring flight,
Where willows made a shadow cool.
The burning sun was in the sky,
But no ray pierc'd that shelter'd spot;
Yet, like a flash, the bird flew by,
Bluer than blue Forget-me-not.

And thus, I thought, in life we see
In ev'ry dim and darken'd scene,
Some glitt'ring ray of Hope thro' all be,
Where all in sorrow's shade hath been.
And, radiant as that bird of blue,
'Twill lighten up each darkest spot;
But brighter in its heav'nly hue,
Than bird or blue Forget-me-not.

THE LUCKY PENNY.*

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

CHAP. III.

THERE are some women who never lose the habit of blushing; it is lovely in the young, and indicates extreme sensitiveness in the old. Richard inherited his mother's blushes before they had faded from her own cheeks. The transparency of Mrs. Dolland's complexion was noticed by Mr. Whitelock; it contrasted well with the dust-covered pages of his books; yet he wondered why her colour came and went, and why her lips trembled.

"Nothing wrong with Richard, I hope?" he said.

"I hope not, sir; and that is what I wanted to speak with you about, if you will be so good as to have a little patience with me. I am a simple woman, I know, sir; my husband (ah! *you* would have understood *him*) always said I was; but the simple are sometimes wise unto salvation. You live, sir, like a Christian—you never keep open after six on Saturdays—so that my boy gets home early, and not too much worn with fatigue to enjoy the rest and perform the duties of the Sabbath; and on Sundays it does him good (he says) to see you in church before the bell has done ringing. I am sure, sir, you are a Christian."

"I hope so; I am a believer; but many a believer does not live as becomes a follower of Christ," replied Mr. Whitelock.

"My husband, sir, was one of those who suffered long, and was kind, and thought no evil; in short, sir, you can read his character in 1 Corinthians, chap. xiii. I owe him more than woman ever owed to man. His unfortunate attachment to me lost him his position in society; his father never forgave him for marrying a farmer's daughter. I thought then I did right, because he, just one-and-twenty, said he could bend his lot to mine, and laugh at poverty, and not live without me, and such like things—as, perhaps, you have said yourself, before you were married."

"I beg your pardon, my good woman," interrupted the bookseller, "but I never was married, and never uttered such absurdities in my life." Mrs. Dolland coloured, and twisted the end of her shawl round her finger.

"Lucky, sir—lucky for you—and for—but I

beg your pardon; perhaps you never were in love."

Mr. Whitelock fidgetted, and grumbled something; and the widow's instinct made her comprehend that he did not relish her conjectures. She continued:—

"I believed every word he said; I could not understand his sacrifice, because I had never moved in his sphere, I thought it a fine thing to marry for love, and outstare poverty. I did not know that the gaze of its stony eyes, and the clutch of its bony hands, might drive *him* to his grave. They said he was consumptive from his birth; I don't believe it; I know that labour and want take its form. I went to his father; I knelt to him; I told him I would leave my husband—go where they should never hear my name—if he would only receive him and his son; I did indeed, sir; but he turned from me with cruel words. And, though he knew he was teaching a few poor scholars, just for bread, so he left him—and so he died. I only wish that young poor girls, who think it a fine thing to marry a gentleman, could know the misery it brings; the hardest lot can be borne alone; but to bring another to it, and that other the one you would die to make happy—*Oh! that is the hardest of all things to bear!* I beg your pardon, sir; but if I did not begin from the first, you could not understand my feelings."

She wiped away her tears, and Mr. Whitelock told her to proceed. He was so much interested in her tale, told in her simple manner, in her soft voice—a voice so full of that low intonation, which is distinct even in its murmurs—that he could not help wishing some one of his favourite novelist, people who, long ago, wrote the most innocent tales, in five or seven volumes, were there to hear it. By his own dreamy abstraction, she was transformed into a young shepherdess, tying a blue ribband round a lamb's neck; and the vision, with its adjuncts of green fields and purling brooks—which he never saw more than twice a year—with an enraptured youth leaning over a stile, and the village church steeple peering above the distant trees, was only dispelled by her resuming her unaffected narrative.

"And speaking, as I was, sir, of understanding the feelings, I know that to the last I

* Continued from page 92.

never quite understood those of my husband. I can't tell if it was because of the difference of our birth, or of our bringing up, or of both; though, as to the birth, his father had been a poor man once, and got rich, some said, not over rightly—though I can't quite believe *that* of my dear husband's father. I never, as I said, quite understood my husband; for, to the last, I know I gave him pain, by little ways which he never complained of, and I knew not how to change; but what I could understand was his PIETY. He lived the last year of his life a life of such faith and hope, that the world seemed to fold itself away from him like a vapour, and he looked upon all that stood between Christ and him as evil. He delighted to teach our child texts of Scripture; and even the wise-like copies which he used to set him from Poor Richard's Almanac, faded from his memory towards the last, though Bible words remained with him, and scraps of Watts's hymns, and long passages of holy poetry; but what he dwelt upon was the future of his child. At that time I got constant work as an embroideress. But the last year he might be said to be more in heaven than on earth; the world was not with him; only hour by hour he used to call me to him, and say, 'Remember our great salvation,' and the next minute he would pray me, clasping my hands within his, not to care about the little lad's learning, so that he could win Christ. He would go on, adding scripture to scripture, to prove that all this world is nothing worth, without that which ensures eternal life. He desired neither riches, nor honours, nor wealth, nor learning for that boy—nothing, but his becoming wise unto salvation. Sir, I understood *that*—*that* came home to me. Now, sir, the lad is a good lad—tender and loving to me, his mother, and, I believe, dutiful to you, sir; though the person below did hint, rather than say, things which I own gave me concern, just now—things which make me fear he may not be altogether what I hope; but he is young, and—"

"It is only Matty's unfortunate manner," interrupted the bookseller. "She does not mean it; she has an ugly trick of insinuating evil, where she means good."

"How very strange," said the meek woman. "I am so glad I mentioned it; I should have made my son so unhappy. What a pity she does not hope, sir; poor thing! not to have hope is worse than blindness. Well, sir, have I explained how anxious my husband was that this dear lad should become a righteous man—not a formalist, but a vital Christian—abiding continually in the faith, faithful above

all things; believing, like his father, in Christ, and evincing that belief by acts of charity—in word, in deed, in thought—towards his fellow-creatures. That, sir, was the religion in which he lived and died; and I should feel unfaithful to his trust, if I did not, by prayer, supplication, and entreaty, try to keep the lad in the path which his father trod. But he is getting too strong for me: his mind swells like a river after rain. He reads his Bible, to be sure; but he reads other books more frequently. I don't know if that is quite right. Oh! sir, I weary heaven with prayers to teach me how to keep him in the right; so that, even if he halt, or turn aside, he may return."

"The boy is a good boy—an excellent lad: I have been turning over in my mind what I could do for him, to put him in the way of bettering his position. He is a right excellent lad," repeated the bookseller; "and I would have you beware of drawing the rein too tight: I think you are anxious overmuch."

She shook her head mournfully. "Sir, I have lived on hope—a holy hope, a hope above the world—the hope of one day seeing him in the courts of his Heavenly Father, met by his earthly father. With that hope to light me, I can walk thankfully into the grave—which, if I live a few months longer, cannot be darker than my sight—*certain* of the brightness which shall be revealed hereafter. But, oh! sir, if he, *his* child, should be beguiled by too much worldly wisdom, or learning, to forget God, how could I meet my husband—how could I answer to him for the soul which he left to my care upon his bed of death?"

"My good woman, all the most righteous parents can do is to letter and bind the book carefully, and let the world cut the leaves."

"Yes," she answered, "and to pray for him, and keep evil, especially the evil of unbelief, from him; and that is one great reason of my visit, sir. You lent him—"

"The works of Benjamin Franklin—I remember."

"Is it the sort of book, do you think, sir, that is fit for my little lad? I know it is full of knowledge, about his catching lightning, and inventing wonderful things, and contains great and good advice to young tradesmen; but I fear, though a great man, he wanted—"

"What the best of us want, more or less, my good lady," said the bookseller, with unusual briskness, "and had much that few of us possess." And, then, after some consideration, he added, slowly, rather as if talking to himself, than addressing another, "Let me see. The early part of his life was stained,

like the lives of many—John Bunyan to wit—with faults almost amounting to crimes; and those would have remained untold, unrecorded—indeed, perfectly unknown, even by his most intimate friends—but for the extraordinary truthfulness of the man's great nature. In the brief account of his own life, he confesses that he was blown about by every wind of doctrine; and to what purpose? to fall into the quagmire of unbelief. Now, this would be dangerous to read and think over for lads of Richard's age and eager temperament, if the entire honesty of Franklin's nature—downright, brave, looking-straight-in-the-face, truth—had not made him confess and condemn his errors. He was scourged—as all unbelievers are, if they would only admit so much—by his unbelief; he had to endure the bitterness and self-reproach of knowing that the young friends, whom his arguments had perverted, turned upon and ill-used him; he recalled his own misconduct, born of, and nurtured by unbelief; and, though his nature was neither pious nor enthusiastic, like that of John Bunyan, he saw, like Bunyan, the evil of his ways, particularly in a reasoning point of view. He learned that unbelief was the proof of a weak, not of a strong nature; he saw how foolish it would be to call a boy "strong-minded," because he would not believe what his father told him! As he grew in years, he strengthened in truth; another proof of his great mind. And then his works live in our literature; they keep their place by their own specific gravity. The lad is old enough to understand this man's greatness, and the value he was to his country—indeed, to all countries—and to imbibe those lessons of usefulness and industry which are taught in his works, without being tainted by his confessed sin. Infidelity is put, and by himself, at such a disadvantage, that it holds out no temptations; it shows from first to last the confessed blot upon a radiant memory. Aye, indeed, this great man, this man so in advance of his time, this true man, was, as I have said, scourged by his infidelity; and he shows his stripes. I daresay"—(the bookseller was a great phrenologist, and the science engrafted much charity on his simple, yet shrewd, mind)—"I daresay the organ was depressed at veneration, but large in benevolence, with an almost overweight of the reasoning faculties. Ah! if historians would only give us the measurement of *heads*, and their developments, instead of their own crude or prejudiced analysis of *character*, we should better know where to render our hero-worship. Don't you think so?"

The mother looked upwards; the spirit's

vision was unimpaired, though the *sight* was fading day by day. Still she always looked upwards, as if all her consolation came from thence. "I do not understand, sir," she said, simply, "what you have observed has to do with my Richard; but if you are sure the book won't harm him, won't shake his faith, or make him think too highly of worldly gifts—" She paused, and then added, "You, sir, being a Christian man, know best. I am certain it teaches plenty of hope *for this world*, and great reliance upon human gifts."

"Your pardon, my good lady," said the bookseller, "but which of our *gifts* is not divine?"

"Aye, sir, but we must acknowledge their origin; and, as my dear husband used to say, not be too fond of setting the furthing candle of reason to give light to the sun of revelation. He made me understand *that*."

She rose to withdraw.

"I fear you are not satisfied, even now?"

She shook her head. "I pray night and day that he may be so guided as to win heaven. I would fain know what to do," she continued, still more feebly; "you are so good to him, sir! May God bless you for it! But the lad—and that book. I wish he had taken to it when my sight was strong, I could have read it then: now, if he reads it to me, I think he picks out the passages he knows I would like, and leaves the rest."

"Did he ever read you the great man's epitaph, written by himself?"

"Yes, sir; there is hope in the last lines, about his appearing (after death) in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by THE AUTHOR. Certainly, no bad man (Christianly speaking) could frame that."

"Bad man!" repeated the bookseller. "*Why there are scores of editions of his works!*"

This, as a proof of his goodness, did not strike the widow.

"Then, sir, you are quite satisfied with Richard." The poor woman's hands trembled as she folded them together, and the long-suppressed tears flowed over her cheeks. "I beg your pardon for troubling you—I have no right to do so, you are so kind to him; only, sir, please to remember that he has *two* fathers in heaven, and that I—poor creature that I am—feel accountable to *both*. I cannot sleep by night; I fear I neglect my duty, and yet I fear to overtax him; he gains knowledge so quickly that I tremble for his faith; and when I am sitting alone, between the dimness of my own sight and of the twilight, a thin, filmy shadow stands before me, and I think that I

can see the parting of its lips, and hear them whisper, 'Where is my child—does he seek to win Christ?'

The compassionate bookseller gazed upon her with deep feeling: the woman so feeble in body, yet so steadfast in what she believed right, was a new interest to him. He rose without a word, went to a dingy escrutoire, opened the top, which folded down, and taking out a small bag of gold, selected a sovereign. "Go homewards," said he, "and as you go, purchase a bottle of Port wine, and what my housekeeper calls a shin of beef. Make it *all*, mind you, every atom, into beef tea."

"For Richard?"

"No, woman, for yourself; the weakness of your body adds to the weakness of your sight, and may, eventually, impair your mind. Pray, my good soul, for *yourself*, as well as for your son. Lay out the money faithfully for the purpose I have named; I know how it is, I know that you feed *him*—but you devote his surplus earnings to pay your little debts. I have seen you, on a Monday morning, enter a baker's shop, with a thin marble-covered book rolled in your hand. I have seen you pay the baker money, and you have left the shop without a loaf. Now, mind what I say."

"But a whole sovereign!" she said, "it is too much—might I not pay—"

"Not a farthing out of that!" he exclaimed, "why you are quite as much of a shadow as when I saw you first. Well, if you are too proud to take it as a gift, your son shall repay it hereafter. And do not be so anxious about Richard; have you ever considered that great anxiety about any earthly thing, is *want of faith* in almighty wisdom and goodness? Has He not taken your husband, as you believe, into his presence for evermore? At the very time when you feared most for your boy, did not a door open to him? and was not the crooked made straight? It has always seemed most unaccountable to me, how people, and good people like you—who have hope for ever on their lips—suffer so much fear to enter their hearts."

But there was so much to cheer and encourage in the generosity and kindness of the worthy man, and in the faithful, yet unpretending, nature of his words, that the widow's hope returned, at all events for a time, to her heart as well as to her lips. She might again have wandered—again have inquired if he thought her "little lad was quite safe," for she never, in her best of days, could embrace more than one subject at a time—but his housekeeper entered with two cups of broth.

"You forget the time," she said, abruptly—"though I'm thinking it won't return the compliment to either of you; I can't say much for the broth, for the meat is not what it was long ago."

"If the master gets a fit," she continued, turning to the widow, "it will be your fault—keeping him without bit or sup—here, take the broth, it ain't *pison*, and master's no ways proud; I wish he was. If you can't take your broth here comfortably, come with me to the kitchen." Holding the cup in one hand, and lending the more than half-blind sempstress with the other, she conducted her down the narrow, dark stairs, as carefully as a mother would lead a child, but before she had seated her by the fire, the bell rang.

"I rang for you," said her master, "knowing that your heart and words do not always go together—"

"Then I tells lies; thank ye, sir," she said, curtseying.

"No, only I wish you to bear in mind, that Richard's mother is in a very low, nervous state."

"How can any one passing through this valley o' tears be anything else?" interrupted the incorrigible woman.

Her master seemed as though he heard her not. "And if you speak to her in your usual grumpy, disagreeable manner"—she curtseyed more deeply than before—"you add to her misery. I am sure your natural kindness of heart will tell you how cruel that would be."

"Putting live worms on fishing-hooks, or roasting live cockles would be nothing to it," observed Matty. Now as the bookseller had a piscatorial weakness, was, moreover, fond of roast cockles, and had recently complained that Matty had forgotten his taste;—this was a very hard hit; he looked discomfited, upon which Martha rejoiced. He was by no means ready-witted—but he was occasionally readily angered—and replied to the sarcasm with a bitter oath, producing an effect directly contrary to what he intended. Martha quitted the dusty room, as if suffocated by satisfaction, and went grumbling and tittering down stairs.

"It was a Lucky Penny, sure enough," she said, "that brought my master and your son together."

"God bless him!"

"Which him?"

"Both, mistress; we hope he will bless what we love best in the world."

"Aye, indeed, true for you. I heard tell of a man *once* who was hung through a 'Lucky Penny.'"

The widow pushed away the unfinished cup of broth.

"And of another, who made his fortune by one—just as Richard will," added Matty, relenting.

And yet, despite this and her other sarcasms, it was curious to see how Martha struggled to keep in her bitter words; when she looked at the widow's shrunk and trembling form, and wasted, though still beautiful features, her better nature triumphed; but if her eyes were fixed upon her kitchen duties, she became sharp and acid immediately. Had she moved in a higher grade of society, with her peculiar talent, she might have been

"That dangerous thing, a female wit,"

as it was, she kept her master (to whom, from her stern honesty of pocket and purpose, as well as from "habit," that great enslaver of

our "kind," she was invaluable) on a species of rack, while the only peaceful time Richard spent in her society, was while he read to her what she called, "the state of Europe on the paper."

"He will soon have been twelve months in his place," said the widow, smiling.

"Come next new-year's-day, if we live to see it; Richard says he'll watch at the corner for the old gentleman."

"Bother! I daresay he's dead long ago."

"No, he is not dead; I am sure he is not dead," replied the widow. "I should like him to see my boy now; I hope he is not dead—"

"Ay, ay, well we shall see," quoth Matty. "Before Peter—(down, Peter, jewel!)—before Peter came, we had a dog called Hope—the most desaven'est *crayture* she was that ever stole a bone; and always brought it back—when there was nothing on it."

ST. MAWES.

THE county of Cornwall, in which St. Mawes is situated, presents few points of attraction to the artist, unless it be the bold rocky scenery found on its coasts. In this general absence of the picturesque, it affords a remarkable contrast to the topographical features of the neighbouring county, Devonshire, so abounding with all that the landscape painter loves to look upon and portray; deep glens and well-wooded heights, streams and water-falls, rich pastures and green moorlands; seawards and inland, the aspect of the country is most luxurious and magnificent. The artist, travelling through it must not say that he is "in search of the picturesque," everywhere it surrounds his footsteps; his difficulty is that, being so *embarras des richesses*, he scarcely knows how or where to select.

But Cornwall also is not without its wealth; it lies, however, far below the surface, while that of Devonshire is visible on all sides; the genius of the country, like the ancient King of Judah, spreading out its treasures openly for the admiration of the stranger, who, if he proceeds farther westward, must descend into the caverns of the earth to find its hidden stores. And yet there is not a single district in the whole of England which, regarded commercially, geographically, or historically, is of more importance in its products, or more curious and interesting with respect to the manners and customs of its inhabitants. It is universally admitted that long before the

Roman legions had found their way hither, the ships of the Phœnicians had cast anchor in some of the innumerable bays on the Cornish coast, to permit the Syrian sailors to freight their vessels with the lead and the tin of the "Cassiterides," or "tin islands," as the ancients named the country; in return for which, Strabo writes, they left behind them earthenware, salt, and copper-goods. A story is told, though we forget by whom, that at a later date, a Roman fleet followed a ship, engaged in the traffic, from some port of western Europe towards Britain, for the purpose of ascertaining where these metals were procured; and the captain of the trader, rather than divulge a secret he was desirous of limiting to his own country, run his vessel ashore on the French coast, and perished in it with all his crew. It will be sufficient for the purpose of showing the present importance of these mines, to state that more than three-fourths of the entire population of the county are directly, or indirectly, employed in working them.

But it seems strange that, as we learn from Strabo, the Phœnicians should have imported copper articles to the extreme western part of England, when copper and tin are now found to be the chief minerals it produces. If this statement be correct, we can only suppose that the ore of the former metal had not then been discovered. The geological formations of the mining districts are very singular, and can scarcely be accounted for on any known



laws of natural production. Writers on the geology of this district inform us, that the extent of many of the metalliferous veins is unknown, as well as the depth to which they extend: no miner has yet seen the end or bottom of a vein. Their width also varies much, "from the thickness of a sheet of paper to thirty feet," but they are commonly found one to three feet thick. The ores of copper or tin do not often occur together in the same vein, at any very great depth. If tin be first discovered, it sometimes disappears after sinking about one hundred feet, and is succeeded by copper; but if copper be discovered first, it is rarely, if ever, succeeded by tin. It is seldom that either ore is found nearer to the surface than eighty or a hundred feet; and if a copper vein meets one of tin, the former usually passes through the latter, and "heaves it out of its course."

It was probably owing to the mineral wealth of this county, which, commercially, was of so great value, that Cornwall had peculiar rights of its own, and a jurisdiction independent of other parts of the kingdom. Edward the Black Prince, was created Duke of Cornwall in 1337, and an act of parliament settled the title on the eldest son of the kings of England in perpetuity. The immediate government of the county is vested in the Duke, who appoints his chancellor, attorney-general, solicitor-general, sheriffs, and his court of exchequer. At the present time, and until the Prince of Wales becomes of age, his Royal Highness Prince Albert acts for him. The revenues attached to the dukedom, which arise from the duty on tin, the rents of manors, and various other sources, amounted some few years since to upwards of twenty thousand pounds annually. The miners claim to be exempt from all jurisdiction but that of the "stannary," or mining courts, except in cases where "land, life, or limb" are concerned.

Some of the most curious antiquarian remains in Cornwall are the numerous blocks of stone placed either in lines or in circles, and which would seem to have a druidical origin, while some writers suppose them to be monumental. Near Liskeard, for instance, are three circles, tolerably close to each other, formed originally by erect stones placed at some distance; several of the stones have been carried away, and others thrown down. The superstition of the people has attached to these remains a legend that they were once men, who were transformed into stones, as a punishment for engaging in the sport of hurling on the Sabbath, and hence they have acquired the epithet of "the hurlers." A similar story is related of another heap in the parish of St. Buryan, where nineteen girls are said to have been converted into as many blocks of stone, for dancing on the Sabbath-day.

The introduction of an engraving like that from Mr. Creswick's picture of "St. Mawes," affords an appropriate opportunity for making a few observations of a general character upon the country which the artist has visited; and especially so, when the immediate locality presents no very interesting topic for description. St. Mawes stands on the southern side of the county, on an arm of the Carrick-road, an inlet of the sea on which Falmouth is placed. The town, which up to the passing of the reform act, returned two member to parliament, is a miserable little place, consisting of one street only, built under a hill by the sea, and containing a few houses inhabited by fishermen. It had neither church nor chapel till about forty years since, when one was erected by the late Marquis of Buckingham. The castle was built by Henry VIII., it defends Falmouth on the east side, as the larger fort of Pendennis does on the west. Mr. Creswick has selected the most picturesque point, to show the peculiar features of the scene.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE,

AT PENGE PARK.

"The Crystal Palace"—we like better its old name, simply because the Crystal Palace was "the palace of the people," and because the prestige of its old name is something so dear to our memories, that we would not have it changed. It was "*the people's palace*" from the first—consecrated to them, and for them, by their Queen; and we believe, that, when

transplanted to another soil, it will flourish, "like a green bay tree,"—sacred to utility as well as to enjoyment.

There are, of course, many who protested against its removal, many who objected to its distance, and now many who gravely prophesy that "it will not succeed," that it will not be patronized, that it is too far from town, that

the west-end people cannot get to it, that—that—in short, it is something that never *was* before, and therefore cannot prosper. We differ from these objectors. We believe, if the plans are carried out, that the structure itself will be a great improvement on the old edifice, presenting three transepts instead of one, and an arched nave. The fall of the ground on one side has led to a clever arrangement of the building, with deep recesses in the ends of the transepts, and an open corridor, the whole length of the intermediate parts, containing sculpture. Within, there will be courts fitted up to illustrate the architecture of the various periods of the world's history, including an Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Byzantine, Alhambraic, Mediaeval, Renaissance, and Elizabethan court, each under the direction of competent men. If, as we have said, these plans are carried out as proposed, the new Crystal Palace will be the most extraordinary structure in the world; and if so, it will not lack patronage. As to the distance, the company will arrange so as to obviate that objection before it is ready to receive the public; it will be a matter of *time*, not of distance. "The west-end people" will be able to get to it with much more ease and rapidity, and at less expense, than the Parisians incur in their transit from Paris to Versailles. We drove, in a one-horse "fly," from Waterloo-bridge through Cumberwell and Dulwich in about three-quarters of an hour; and the inhabitants of Belgravia would find the *route* much shorter by crossing over Vauxhall-bridge. Nothing can be more delicious than the drive, after you escape from "*mere London*," Dulwich, with its fine old college, its beautiful collection of pictures, its magnificent trees, its deep-plashy pools, its quaint-garlanded houses,—is well worthy a pilgrimage; and is only three-quarters of a mile from the site of the vast undertaking, which commands a panorama of one of the richest landscapes in England.*

At present, the railway station is 200 feet

below the summit of the hill; but the great magician, Sir Joseph Paxton, has determined that one of the glass wings of Crystal Palace the Second shall shelter the railway terminus, so that visitors will descend from the carriages *in* the palace itself! This is only one of the wonders promised by this very extraordinary man, to whom the word "impossible" suggests "something to be overcome." It will be highly interesting to those upon whom the beautiful country, viewed from Peuge-park, on the 5th of August, 1852, burst so unexpectedly, to see the change promised by the 1st of May, 1853. Terrace-gardens, adorned by fountains and statuary; jets, rivalling "the Emperor," at Chatsworth; cascades; fountains; baths of sea-water, renewed by each flowing tide, and conveyed in pipes across the country; the brightness and magnificence of the erection itself; the profusion of hardy and half-hardy plants; Loddige's magnificent collection of palms; all these, and a thousand other "things of beauty" and of interest, congregated upon, and crowning, that glorious Kentish valley!

The ceremony of the 5th of August was as simple as the occasion was grand. Flags of all nations were unfurled upon their lofty staves, enclosing a vast area, sloping down the hill; and around this, hundreds of ladies, in every variety of brilliant summer costume, were seated. The band of the Coldstreams on the hill, and the Artillery band in the valley, floated the air with music. Within the circle was a gigantic flag-staff, upon the top of which the flag of England was closely furled. Beside this, the pillar was slung, ready, at a given moment, to drop into its socket. Soon after half-past two, the procession advanced. Six workmen, bearing a large and handsome banner, inscribed, "Success to the Palace of the People," were followed by Mr. Laing, M.P. (the chairman of the Crystal Palace Company), Mr. F. Fuller, and the other directors. The column was immediately raised and inserted in its socket, three young lads assisting at this operation.

When this was completed, the British flag slowly and gracefully unfurled, and the bands burst into that anthem which creates fresh enthusiasm every time it is performed. When the burst of loyalty had subsided, the chairman spoke, not long, but well, saying a great deal in a few words, and explaining what the intentions and hopes of the company which had planned this wonderful erection were. When this was concluded, the feelings of the assembly took another direction, and a rush was made to the refreshment tent, where

* "The site chosen for the re-erection of the Crystal Palace is an irregular parallelogram of 300 acres, extending from the Brighton railway, where it has a frontage of 1,300 feet; between the Sydenham and the Anerley stations, to the road which borders the top of Dulwich-wood, where it has a frontage towards the road of 3,000 feet. The fall from this point to the Brighton railway is 200 feet. It was at once felt that the only position for the new building was on the summit of this hill, and immediately adjoining the road. The building, placed in this commanding position, will be visible from London on the one side, and from a vast extent of country on the other."—*The Times*.

tables were prepared for 600 people, and all was on a scale of princely magnificence.

Mr. Laing, Mr. Scott Russell, and Sir Joseph Paxton spoke to the several toasts, and soon after, the assembly broke up; though many seemed disposed to linger around the plans and drawings, which were displayed in another tent, and to enjoy what, to the London citizen, was as the gush of pure mountain air.

So far, this great undertaking is launched on its way, and as we have faith in the brains which conceived, and the hands that can execute, we believe it will be brought to a glorious termination. But there are two propositions connected with the under-current of this mighty whole, which we cannot but regard with anxiety: the first is, as to the grounds being entirely, and the palace partially, open to the people on the Sabbath-day. We know the *arguments* for, but we know the *COMMAND against* Sabbath-breaking, and we know how some say that Sabbath-breaking consists in so and so, and others exclaim *no*, "not that, but *this*." For ourselves we say, that recreation is *not* Sabbath-breaking, but merry-making is; and that money-making and money-changing of all sorts is at open war with Sabbath peace. If Penge-park is to be open at all on Sunday, it should be as Hyde-park and St. James' are—simply as LUNGS for the people; and for this there should be no charge; if there is a charge, no matter how small, it is, to all intents and purposes, *Sunday-trading*, and for this, as a christian people, we can offer *no excuse*. We cannot punish the tradesman who keeps his shop open for sales on Sabbath-days, and permit the Crystal Palace Company to charge for admission to their park and gardens.

Again, there should be no sale of any species of intoxicating fluid within the precincts of the Crystal Palace *at any time*. The restriction on this point at Crystal Palace the First in no way lessened the number of visitors. It promoted that peace, good order, and good behaviour, which so eminently distinguished the

multitudes who flocked to imbibe beauty and instruction from its contents. The recreation afforded by Sir Joseph Paxton's plan is purely intellectual; and no mis-called "refreshment," tending to excite the passions and weaken the judgment, should be sanctioned by the company. We cannot express ourselves too strongly on this point, when we say, that if the sale of intoxicating fluids is permitted within the enclosures of Penge-park, a little time will see it degenerate into a daylight Vauxhall, from which the more respectable classes will be *obliged* to withdraw. What parents could take their children for amusement, or instruction, to a place where their enjoyment would have a *chance* of being destroyed by the intoxication, or "excitement," of that class of men who kill time with cigars, and their almost invariable accompaniments? If the directors permit the sale of spirituous liquors, they degenerate into tavern-keepers.

It is because we are deeply and earnestly anxious for the success of this great undertaking, that we dwell upon the *two* points upon which must depend its popularity. A large portion of English mothers will desire to take their children to the Crystal Palace for instruction, a still larger, for amusement and health. The patronage of the fashionable world will entirely depend upon the non-violation of their tastes, and the patronage of the *people's world* upon pleasure and instruction; they are learning how to appreciate the beauties of nature and of art, and have acquired, of late, much more instinctive knowledge of the graces, as well as the proprieties of life, than the higher classes believe. Let us, moreover, not forget the very large number of the middle and humbler classes who repudiate the use of intoxicating drinks.

The Crystal Palace will come before the world as a *great teacher*, a great amalgamator, a combination of ALL that can be desired by the highest civilization—and a civilizer of the uncivilized. *One scene of inebriety would destroy the confidence of thousands.*

CHRISTIAN ICONOGRAPHY.*

Few books could have appeared at a more opportune period than the present volume, and, although the policy of translating a book before the original is completed is, generally speaking, questionable, the information conveyed by the work of M. Didron is too precious to be kept longer from the English reader. However, the first volume is complete in itself, and does ample justice to the subjects enumerated in the title-page.

Every student of art is aware how minute and how varying are the features by which the comparative antiquity of its productions is measured. The beard of a Hercules, the arrangement of the hair in a female figure, and the most trifling change in the folds of a drapery, will oftentimes settle a question upon which we have no historical means of deciding, and teach us not only what conception the ancients formed of particular objects, but how they gradually arrived at their perfect and artistic embodiment.

The author of the present publication is well known on the continent as an archaeologist of great learning and ability; and the present work supplies what was hitherto a desideratum in the history of art—viz., a systematized description of those leading features of decoration, which are our best guides in determining the real antiquity of productions ascribed to the ingenuity of the middle ages.

The great predominance of certain peculiar ornaments, either in the architectural or illuminated decorations of this period, and the modifications of those ornaments—in which, however, varied or amplified, the leading symbolical features are never lost—forms a most interesting study, whether it be regarded as an antiquarian test, or as enabling us to judge of modern productions in a similar style, by a just and authentic standard. The decorations surrounding the head, or the whole person, and sometimes whole groups of figures, whether circular, oval, triangular, or in any other form, are in all cases modifications of the nimbus, the aureole, and the glory. It may, however, be observed, that the aureole is but an enlarged form of the nimbus, the nimbus a diminished aureole. Both denote glory, honour, and strength; but the nimbus, whether radiating from, or encircling the head, is unquestionably the earliest in its origin. The story of a flame encircling the head of a future hero is as old as the days of Virgil; and, if we go into mythological antiquity, we shall find an approach to the same idea in the representation of Apollo darting forth rays of light from his head. Nor is the Hindoo mythology deficient in examples of the nimbus.

The glory, properly so called, is applied by M.

Didron to the union of the nimbus and the aureole—an arrangement which, although somewhat artificial, is perhaps calculated to prevent some confusion.

Did our limits permit, it would be interesting to trace the progress of these symbols, especially of the nimbus, in their application and design—to observe the comparative rapidity with which they gained ground in the east, and its lavish application to all sorts of figures, until it sank into a mere decoration, apart from their deep figurative meaning, and gradually fell into disuse. It is observed by M. Didron that, “even on the vases procured from China and Japan, which we see exposed for sale in old curiosity shops, we often find figures of persons of a secular character, adorned with the nimbus, and that it sometimes even surrounds the head of those monsters of fantastic beasts which seem to grow at us from our brilliant porcelain, and bear so strong a resemblance to Christian devils, or the open-mouthed gargoyles of our cathedrals.” (p. 153.) In the west, on the contrary, the introduction of these ornamental attributes was not only more gradual in its introduction, but was subjected to more reverential limitations. M. Didron is inclined to look upon the prevalence of light in the eastern nations as the main reason of this, and his remarks are so interesting, that we unhesitatingly transfer them to our pages.

“That the nimbus is a luminous fluid has been abundantly proved. In the fifteenth century, with us, this mystic head-tire, adorning the heads of the saints, appears, in the monuments cited, like an expansion or unfolding of flamboyant rays, or the beams of a glowing sun. Now, every image, allegory, symbol, or metaphor even, must be borrowed from the imagery, or, to speak more correctly, from the reality of nature. The ideal is transformed into the corporeal. I feel, therefore, convinced that the nimbus was first attached to the heads of intelligent and virtuous persons, from its analogy with that radiation which we may observe to be exhaled by natural objects, in the most mature and energetic periods of the year. In summer, during the hours of noon-tide heat, everything radiates in the field; all nature emits light; a brilliant vapour rises from the earth, floating around the ears of corn, and the topmost branches of the trees. This flame plays around the plants, like that which crested the hair of the youthful Iulus, or the young Servius Tullius, or which descended on the heads of St. Henri and St. Léger. Every branch and flower, every group of trees, the summit of each distant hill, or rocky eminence, seems gilded by an aureole—a kind of natural and universal nimbus. Now what with us is but an accidental appearance—what in our climate is seen but rarely, at certain seasons, and on certain days of intense heat, is in the east an habitual occurrence.”

But it must also be remembered, that the more gloomy cast of mind which distinguished the western nations, and the rigour of their devotional character, was better calculated to preserve those symbols to their more solemn uses, and to contemplate their intrinsic meaning and purpose, rather than their subserviency to general ornament.

Some idea of the importance of these symbols, in

* Christian Iconography: or, the History of Christian Art in the Middle Ages. By M. Didron, Sec. du Comité Historique des Arts et Monuments. Translated from the French by E. J. Millington. Vol. I., comprising the History of the Nimbus, the Aureole, and the Glory; the History of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. With numerous illustrations. London: H. G. Bohn.

† Especially as the author of a most interesting work under the following title:—Manuel d'Iconographie Chrétienne, Grecque, et Latine, avec une introduction et des notes, par M. Didron, de la Bibliothèque Royale, etc. Traduit du manuscrit Byzantin, Le guide de la Peinture, par le Dr. Paul Durand. Paris: Imprimerie Royale, 1845.

testing the antiquity of mediæval productions, may be formed from the fact, that at the close of the sixteenth century, the nimbus almost wholly vanished from the heads of divine personages, and that the churches of Paris, for example, those of St. Germain-des-Prés, St. Sulpice, the Ste. Chapelle, St. Germain-l'Auxerrois, St. Eustache, and St. Etienne-du-Mont, &c., embrace every form and variety of the nimbus, during a period of seven, nay, perhaps nine centuries.

If the subject be one of some difficulty, the reader may safely anticipate considerable assistance from M. Didron's work, in treading the mazy paths of mediæval antiquity. Everything that clearness of description—sometimes, it must be confessed, degenerating into tautology—can do for the illustration of this interesting department of archaeology, has been done in the volume now before us. Moreover, the heaviness of description is relieved by the happiness of the poetical and legendary digressions in which the author not unfrequently indulges.

The present volume, from obvious financial reasons, does not contain the whole of what M. Didron has already published; but we must take a brief notice of some still more interesting subjects which it includes—*viz.*, the history of the portraits of the three persons of the Trinity, and the valuable chapter on the archaeological signs which enable us to distinguish the representations of our Saviour.

The different age of Christ and of his mother, as they are variously represented, is by no means one of the least interesting guides in distinguishing the relative antiquity of portraits or other representations. "In the long series of monuments," our author observes, "two iconographic facts are seen to develop themselves side by side. The figure of Christ, which had at first been youthful, becomes older from century to century, in proportion as the age of Christianity itself progresses. That of the Virgin, on the contrary, who was originally represented in the catacombs as from forty to fifty years of age, becomes more youthful with every succeeding century, until, at the close of the gothic epoch, her age appears to be not more than fifteen or twenty. In proportion as the son grows older, the mother is represented as more youthful. Towards the thirteenth century, Jesus and Mary are of the same age, about thirty or thirty-five years. The mother and child, who have thus met, as it were, afterwards separate, and thence continue to diverge still more widely one from the other."

M. Didron proceeds, with mingled erudition and clearness of discrimination, to point out some still more certain signs of distinction, not only in the portraits of Christ, but of other divine personages. Indeed, the main value of his book is its chronological accuracy. We need scarcely allude to the loose use of the term "middle-aged," to designate anything between the sixth or seventh and the seventeenth centuries; nay, sometimes, a still greater interval. But the work of M. Didron is, in this respect, as nearly perfect as can be expected, if we consider the difficulties attendant on the study. The loss of some monuments, the imperfect preservation, or, still worse, the officious alteration of others, will always invest the science of archaeology with a degree of obscurity. Nor is this very un-

certainly devoid of its advantages—at least, of its means of exciting pleasurable feelings. To elicit something like rules of criticism from materials so variable and uncertain—to place the works of different ages side by side, and trace the development of man's handicraft from rudeness to perfection, and, in turn, to lament over its retrograde condition, when unkindly influences prevailed, and when ignorance and apathy bedimmed the imagination, and held back the pencil of the artist—is surely a study most akin to man's nature, most calculated to employ those faculties of discrimination and preference which are his most distinctive and most valuable characteristics.

A taste for mediæval art, not always attended with the happiest results, has arisen of late years; but, whatever may be our doubts as to a free revival of mediæval symbolism, it cannot be denied that its impressive quaintness has never been surpassed, and that, without adopting its superstitious glamour, we may advantageously take a leaf out of the book of the middle ages, if we would make our churches ecclesiastical in their outward character. If art has any rightful connexion with religion, (and, as the visible exponent of the Beautiful, such a connexion cannot be denied,) every work becomes valuable which places within our reach the parent examples of particular styles, which assigns the time and origin of those examples, and, by unfolding the history of symbols, teaches us, as we contemplate their varying and changeable character, to look only to their inward meaning, not, in the spirit of iconolatry, to forget the Creator in the images of our own device.

To return to M. Didron. His work, from the great variety of his materials, is equally useful to the architect, the painter, the sculptor, and the student of history. Nor will those who contemplate visiting the cathedrals of the continent find it an unsuitable introduction to an acquaintance with the statuary and decorations of those wondrous monuments of mediæval industry. But we have one fault to find with our author. Like too many of his countrymen, he talks lightly of serious matters. Without wishing to impugn his honest belief in the faith he professes, and without in the slightest degree desiring to lay a charge of intentional irreverence, we must express our regret that many expressions—harmless enough, no doubt, to French ears—have not been softened in translation. If there is one fault that will keep the work from being generally read, it is a freedom of language, often approaching flippancy, and conveying the idea of a religion of art only, not of a theory of art humbly and fitly subservient to the adornment and honouring of God's worship.

In other respects, the present publication is quite satisfactory. The translator has added many notes of a useful character; and the numerous woodcuts, while they are "the identical ones used by M. Didron," (Preface p. iv,) vie with the French impressions for spirit and accuracy. Altogether, the book is a highly interesting one, and deserves the attention of all who would trace the rise of mediæval art out of the ruins of pagan art—the triumph of Christian over heathen symbolism.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

SHAKESPEARE.—In the dearth of literary announcement, which characterizes the present period of the bookselling world, we may notice somewhat fully a gigantic private undertaking, by a literary gentleman, whose industry seems unbounded. Mr. HALLIWELL, whose labours in mediæval literature are sufficiently well known, has announced his intention of producing a new edition of Shakespeare, in twenty folio volumes, which are to contain entire reprints of all the novels and tales on which the plays are founded; copious descriptive notes, archaeological, biographical, and literary, tending to elucidate the poet's meaning and allusions; thus giving the reader an idea of what may have been floating through the mind of the poet when writing. For this purpose, about a thousand illustrative engravings are to be given, consisting of every antique object alluded to, whether of every day use in Shakespeare's time, or in that which he has fixed as the period of his various dramas; antique views of places named by him; monumental effigies or personal relics of characters mentioned. So that the works of Shakespeare, the greatest of all uninspired authors, may be elucidated by the learning of the student and the pencil of the archaeological draughtsman. The selection and superintendence of the engravings is to be consigned to F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A., who, together with Mr. Halliwell, has devoted much time and thought to the collection of materials at home and abroad. Nothing fanciful is to be engraved, or any attempt at meretricious picture-making allowed, the engravings being, in fact, pictorial notes on the text of the dramatist. Mr. Halliwell's intention is also to avoid the tiresome controversial notation which has now so seriously overlaid the text, and to restrict himself to pure elucidation. In this, we think, he acts with the best judgment; for when we consider how the greatest critics have failed in their conjectural emendations, we must own to much scepticism generally. When Dr. Johnson, restricted by the knowledge of his own time, writes, in allusion to Shakespeare's description of the hurried workman in "King John," standing in shoes which

"His nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,"

and tells us that the mind of the poet, in this instance, seems to have been confused by the confusion he is describing, for that "each shoe will equally fit either foot," he but betrays his own want of acquaintance with the constant ancient custom of shoes being made to fit each foot alone. The eminent and learned critic, Bentley, reading the lines describing the attendant who

"—— so woo-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,"

having his mind over-filled with classical allusion, proposes to give a proper name to the man, and "restore" the passage thus:—

"—— so Ucalagon!!
Drew Priam's curtain," &c. &c.

A "restoration" that would not a little surprise the bard, could he again "revisit the pale glimpses of the moon." But poets themselves have been equally unfortunate in their "emendations." Wit-

ness Coleridge, who, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," proposes to alter *Pistol's* language in reply to the immortal *Sir John's* declaration, that *Mrs. Page* has "legions of angels" at command; and who says:—

"—— So many devils entertain,
And 'to her boy,' say I."

Coleridge would force a scriptural allusion, improper in every sense, thus:—

"—— So many devils enter'd swine,
And 'to her boy,' say I."

Dr. Farmer's anti-poetic temperament induced him to consider *Hamlet's* fine lines—

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we may,"

as a mere metaphor which occurred to the poet, from his familiarity with the phraseology of the makers of wooden skewers, who *rough-hew*, and *shaped their ends*, for the use of the townsmen of Stratford-on-Avon! Commentary is, therefore, only useful when it is strictly confined to elucidate the text from fact alone; and if Mr. Halliwell and Mr. Fairholt, conjointly, will do so, by giving reprints of the literature of the Shakespearian age connected with his dramas, and representations of actual objects, places, or persons mentioned by him, we shall then possess an edition combining the reading of the student and the knowledge of the archaeological draughtsman; and one that will be of great value in clearing absurdities in the text; forming also a body of Shakespearian literature and illustration, a sort of cyclopædia to which the student may turn with advantage at all times. Such a work can, however, only be appreciated and supported by the few, and to them the appeal is made. Mr. Halliwell proposes to publish it for subscribers alone, and they are limited to 150. The unwearied researches of many years Mr. Halliwell confidently hopes will be thus rendered available to combine in one edition every source of useful illustration, where, "even if there be something redundant, much will remain suggestive of familiar explanations of obscurities and mere popular uses." The idea is most comprehensive, and we hope to find it as completely carried out.

Mr. JERDAN has issued the second part of his interesting autobiography: it includes the period of his life between the years 1814 and 1818; consequently, we are not introduced to many of the celebrities who belong more immediately to our own time; the value of the work will therefore increase as it proceeds. This part is full of valuable gossip: a large number of remarkable persons are noticed; some of them are introduced at full length, of others there are only slight sketches; but in all cases something is given which is worth recording, and ought to be remembered. Much is new, too—as will be supposed, concerning the *personnel* of the writer. It is only just to him to say, that he does not spare himself—nay, he is rather more severe than others will be on his own "short-comings"—his sins of omission and commission—his main purpose being, as he tells us, to "point a moral." The following passage

may be regarded as a key to his design throughout:

"If I were writing a romance or a novel, I could make my principal character suit the tastes of those who admire perfect heroes; but I am endeavouring to write the genuine life, and describe the motives, springs of action, and reflections of a real human being—a mixture of good and evil. I do not set up to teach as a schoolmaster, but to tell the truth, and develop causes and effects, as fairly as my philosophy can appreciate them, so as to operate in the way of example. I am neither concealing nor apologizing for what may be wrong, nor boasting of better qualities and laudable deeds."

Once for all, let us, as among the many critics to whom Mr. Jordan will now be subjected, speak of him in terms rather of affection than of severity—certainly of regard, and not of condemnation; but let us not incur the hazard of admitting all the evils he pictures as environing the career of a man of letters, because one of the most eminent of the professors of literature has been (the fact is notorious enough) unprosperous during the later years of his arduous and useful labours. Mr. Jordan occupies many pages of this volume to show that "literature is neither appreciated, encouraged, nor honoured as it ought to be; and that its professors (if dependent altogether upon it) are liable to worse usage and more misfortune than any other intellectual class in our social scheme." While we admit the force of the first part of this position, we deny its truth as regards the second. Mr. Jordan is very intimately acquainted with all the intellectual classes, and surely he ought to know how few, if any, are prosperous, compared with the many who have to endure obscurity—it may be poverty—it may be want. In this country, it is unquestionable that wealth is everything: rich and worthless men are appreciated, encouraged, and honoured; a railway speculator, *being successful*, shall have his testimonial of £20,000, while the author of a hundred good and useful books shall live neglected, and die deserted. But what is true of literature is true of science and especially true of art. Cases like that of the "inventor of gas," so to speak, are numerous enough; and surely experience supplies us with many examples of painters and sculptors perishing for lack of food! Mr. Jordan, indeed, gives us a list of artists who are living or have died comparatively rich; and he places such list in contrast with that of as many men of letters who are living or have died poor. But the list is not a correct one. Of artists, he names Eastlake, Uwins, Webster, Maelise, Bovall, and Roberts. Sure we are that neither of these accomplished painters, heads of their profession, can do more than make "the two ends meet," while maintaining in society a position which they are bound to uphold. But what shall we say of such men as — and — and — sculptors; of — and — and — historic painters (the blanks may be very readily filled up); men who are the admired of the world, but who rarely have "commissions," and whose annual incomes seldom exceed that of stone-masons and painters and glaziers. Moreover, be it remembered, pensions are enjoyed by many men of letters: there is not the name of a single artist on the list.

In the *Dublin University Magazine*, a story has been commenced by "THE O'HARA FAMILY." In a brief introduction, it is stated that the tales, which

became exceedingly popular some twenty years ago, and which still retain their hold on public favour, were the joint productions of two brothers, the younger of whom, JOHN BANIM, a man of letters by profession, enjoyed all the fame of the authorship, the elder brother having, as it now appears, much of the toil. Mr. MICHAEL BANIM was, and perhaps is, in trade in Kilkenny, the native city of both. Mr. John Banim, a most industrious and most meritorious labourer in the fields of literature, suffered terribly from ill-health. During the latter years of his life, he was able to do very little, and a pension was accorded to him, which, after his death, was, in part, continued to his daughter, since dead, and subsequently to his wife. Banim was a man of veritable genius: his first effort was a joint production, the tragedy of "Damon and Pythias," with Mr. Shiel, whose share of the work was, we imagine, small. He toiled hardly and earnestly, and in the midst of serious difficulties, in London; and at length, worn out, of a surety, with overwork, he returned to his native home, to die, in the prime of life—that is to say, in its prime as regards the number of his years. We rejoice to find that his brother is resuming the pen he had so long laid aside. The story referred to—*Clough Finn; or, the Stone of Destiny*—begins well, with vigour and pathos: we expect to find in it another valuable contribution to the rich store of Irish works of fiction.

We believe there never was a more literary family than the Stricklands—inhabiting an old mansion in Suffolk, and having abundant leisure, and active, as well as refined, minds. These ladies commenced their career as authors, when "the annuals" were in bud, and some of Miss Strickland's first historic efforts are to be found in the pages of *The Souvenir* and *The Amulet*. Since then, we believe, two or three of the younger ladies have married, but others still reside in their ancestral hall; and Mrs. TRAILL, who, we remember, wrote some pretty and playful children's stories, has just, from her home in the far west, sent us over a very charming book for the young, called *The Canadian Crosses*, a tale of the Rice Lake Plains; and a very pretty tale it is, full of interest and information—no more agreeable present could be made to those who, in the early spring of life, are about to leave the old, for the New World, than *The Canadian Crosses*. The illustrations are drawn with Mr. Harvey's well-known taste and spirit; but why will he persist in putting "old heads on young shoulders," an operation declared to be "impossible," and which, when Mr. Harvey makes it possible, is anything but pleasant.

THE REVEREND THEODORE ALVIS BUCKLEY, B.A., of Christ Church, is one of those who, ministering to the call for cheap and concentrated translations from "the old masters," has literally produced as many books, almost in his minority, as would occupy the life-long years of those who laboured at translations some forty years ago. But his labours are not limited to translations only; he has made himself a reputation amongst our periodicals as a writer of brilliant fiction—and is altogether gifted with the power of rapid composition and quick perception—which, added to his learning and imagination, give him great advantages over many. He has just published a volume *Ancient Cities of*

the World, which conveys, particularly to the young student, a great deal of information in a small compass. The illustrations are of average excellence, and the volume is got up so as to make it a pleasant "hand-book" of history.

The Calling and Responsibilities of a Governess, by AMICA. Messrs. LONGMAN have just published a little volume under the above comprehensive title. We intend to revert to it hereafter, as a key unlocking some of our own thoughts on the same subject, and a valuable key it is. *The Calling of a Governess* is, indeed, important. Amica is anxious to draw attention to it, and has devoted not only much thought, but much sympathy, to the "class" governess. We can safely recommend the book, and have reason to believe that, in the second edition, which we imagine will soon be called for, the author will extend her observations, and add considerably to the "list of works," which she considers should be known to "a governess." While we feel inclined to draw our pencil through the list of "Greek, Latin, and Hebrew" books, we would wish to substitute "Hannah More's Essays," and Miss Edgeworth's "Treatise on Female Education;" from these a very perfect system might be formed—certainly no female library could be considered complete without the works of Maria Edgeworth—but as we intend returning to this subject, we take our leave of it for the present

FREEMASONS' FEMALE SCHOOL.—The opening of this school, at Wandsworth, took place on the 2nd of August, with various forms and ceremonies—some of them peculiar to the numerous and powerful body of men by whom the institution is supported. It was originally formed by Chevalier Ruspin, a man of some note in his day, in the Blackfriars-road, at that time a suburb of London, as Wandsworth now is. The school has been removed to a purer atmosphere and a less crowded district; it is now about four miles from the actual metropolis; but who shall say where the next generation may find it—perhaps as completely surrounded by houses, toil, and traffic as the Blackfriars-road of to-day. The ceremony of its inauguration was peculiarly imposing. The freemasons are rarely seen in full costume; there was consequently novelty as well as interest in the proceedings, enhanced by the consideration that between seventy and eighty young girls were there—to be moulded for the hereafter. Upwards of one thousand ladies and gentlemen dined together, under a huge tent, when all the arrangements consequent upon the removal of the school had been gone through, and were concluded. During the proceedings, a very charming little girl repeated the following lines, which had been written for the occasion by Mr. S. C. Hall, at the request of the secretary:—

"Here, from the home your mercies give,
The voice of prayer and praise ascends;
Here, where in hope you bid us live,
We thank our God, and bless our friends!"

"We thank and bless them, while we know
Who bade these generous hearts abound;
And whence these streams of goodness flow—
By those masonic signs around!"

"Signs that to manhood, age, and youth,
Speak of masonic claims, and call
To learn the great eternal truth,
That one GRAND MASTER loveth all!"

"Here shall the weak sweet shelter find;
Here, safe from want, and far from strife,
We gather strength to meet mankind,
And arm us for the fight with life."

"You found us poor, you give us wealth,
That time may touch, yet ne'er decay;
Knowledge and prudence, temperance, health:
Such are the gifts you give to-day!"

"You plant, with hope and faith and prayer,
That the young trees may grow; and you
May know them by the fruit they bear,
Grateful and healthful, pure and true!"

"Such the reward—nor more nor less—
To which your future hope extends,
From children whom to-day you bless:
With homes, protectors, teachers, friends!"

"Asking the help of God on high,
To guide the young, the poor, the weak;
Shall we not try, not vainly try,
To give the recompense you seek!"

"May the GREAT ARCHITECT, whose care
For youth you imitate to-day;
May He, whose ministers you are,
Hear our young voices as we pray!"

"And from his mercy-seat above
Bless you with all things pure and good,
With homes of plenty, peace, and love—
And bless your bond of brotherhood!"

PHOTOGRAPHY.—The science of photography has, within the last few years, attained such a position as a "handmaid" to the arts, if the term may be permitted, and such varied and infinite amusement is afforded to those who e-say to use "the pencil of the sunbeam," that any information respecting it finds a general welcome. Hitherto, the practice of photography has been comparatively limited, by the restrictions placed upon it by the patentee, Mr. Fox TALBOT, of Lacock Abbey; these restrictions operating most powerfully, also, against any improvements which the scientific discoveries of others might bring to bear upon the subject, and which, in other countries, have been the means of perfecting it to a degree utterly unknown among ourselves. For a long time past, efforts have been made to induce the patentee to relinquish his rights, which he has at length consented to do, except in the case of taking photographic portraits for sale. His branch of the science Mr. Talbot still reserves to himself, and to those who receive licenses from him. The resignation of the patent will be heartily welcomed by all who take an interest in this beautiful art, which we shall now soon expect to see advancing most successfully. Its application to the useful, as well as the mere ornamental, is now in a fair way of being tested fully.

COUNT D'ORSAY.—A man of no ordinary mind and character has passed from the living world in the person of Count D'Orsay. While the influence of his name gave a reputation to what many would consider as only the frivolities of life, the influence of his genius was exerted most energetically and worthily, in the arts of painting and sculpture; while the warmth of his heart ever opened his hand on behalf of the needy and distressed. They will most lament his loss who knew him best.

THE CAPTIVE CHIEFS OF MOUNT LEBANON;

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

MY MISSION TO EGYPT IN 1841.

(By the Author of "Reminiscences in Syria," &c. &c.)

"Thence over Egypt's palmy groves,
Her grotts and sepulchres of kings,
The exiled spirit sighing roves."

MOORE.

THE protracted negotiations relative to the "Eastern Question" had at last ended in an appeal to arms. During the summer of 1840, the "integrity" of the Turkish empire was upheld, Ibrahim Pasha was arrested in his victorious course, and the Egyptians were driven by British broadsides from all their strongholds on the coast of Africa.

Commodore Napier, after capturing Saidâ—the far-famed Sidon of the Phœnicians—had effected a landing to the northward of Beyrout, boldly scaled the mountains of Lebanon, and, with a mixed and greatly inferior force, attacked and defeated the terrible, and hitherto unconquered, Ibrahim Pasha, in his apparently impregnable position, amidst the rocky heights of Boharséf.

The Commodore was, however, recalled, in the midst of his brilliant success. Ibrahim Pasha, unpursued by his conquerors, was allowed sullenly to withdraw across the Anti-Libanus, but was greatly harassed on his way by the exasperated mountaineers; and after committing unheard-of atrocities during his retreat—whose course was marked with fire and blood—he at last concentrated his broken forces at Damascus, for the purpose of falling back again upon Gaza, by way of the Red Sea.

Meanwhile, the Turkish forces, which had already been concentrated at Beyrout, were following the Egyptians in a parallel direction along the coast: the mountains of Naplouse intervening between the hostile armies; and into this rugged district I had been sent, with a roving commission and some irregular troops, with directions to excite its wild population to arms; to organize—as I best could—its savage mountaineers, and hang on the flank and rear of the Egyptians, in order to harass them in their retreat, to cut off their communications and intercept their supplies.

Ibrahim left Damascus in the height of winter, and like a wounded lion seeking his

lair, often turned to bay, and showed his teeth, as he slowly retired towards the south, along the route, followed by the pilgrim Mecca caravans.

Although in so southern a latitude, the vicinity of the high mountain ranges—some of them perpetually covered with snow—renders the winters in these regions often rigorous in the extreme. It was during this inclement season of the year that the Egyptians effected their harassing retreat; and the sufferings experienced by them, from cold, from exposure, and from want of supplies, are said to have been most severe; whilst every straggler was cut off by the Bedawees of the Desert, and by the mountaineers of the Houran and of Naplouse, who showed no mercy to their former oppressors, and were themselves visited with fearful retribution whenever they happened to fall into the power of their foes;—for Ibrahim Pasha—never proverbial for humanity—was rendered more bloodthirsty and ferocious than ever by his recent reverses, and the constant hardships and sufferings to which he was exposed.

Having reached the vicinity of the Dead Sea, he crossed the Jordan, and, by a well-executed feint on Jerusalem, he managed to gain a little breathing time, and succeeded in partly concentrating his forces in the arid district of the Wady-el-Ghor, to the southward of the Dead Sea; but the main body of the Turkish army was already crossing the plains of Sharon, whilst a strong column (to which I had recently been attached), after occupying Jerusalem, had débouchéd from the defiles of Hebron. A collision was daily expected, the results of which would probably have been doubtful; for the "morale" of the Turks was at a low ebb, and they still recollected with awe their conqueror at Beilan, at Homs, at Kutayah, and Nezir.

Such was the state of things, when commu-

nications were received from Commodore Napier, at Alexandria, informing us that his convention with Mehemet Ali had been ratified by the allied powers, and that the war was therefore at an end.

During the period of Ibrahim Pasha's tyrannical sway in Syria, he had kidnapped and transmitted to Egypt some of the most influential Druse and Maronite sheikhs and emirs—the hereditary chieftains and princes of Mount Lebanon—and these unfortunate men, after enduring every indignity, were sent by Mehemet Ali to work at his gold mines in Sennaar: a remote province in the far interior of Africa, situated under the torrid zone, near the supposed

• sources of the Bahr-é-Abiad, or White Nile. But who—may the uninitiated reader, perhaps, ask—were these “sheikhs” and “emirs”—who and what were the “Druses” and “Maronites,” of which mention is here made?

A detailed account of the Maronites and the Druses may be found in a work I published on Syria, some years ago; * but a few words of explanation on the immediate subject in question may not be deemed here quite out of place.

Amongst the various tribes constituting the motley population of Mount Lebanon, the Maronites and the Druses take the lead.

The Maronites are Catholic Christians, acknowledging, under certain restrictions, the sway of Rome. Their origin is said to have been derived from a hermit of the name of Marounius, who, in the sixth century (a period when religious controversy was already carried to a great extent between Rome and the Lower Empire), lived on the banks of the Orontes, and who, by the penances and mortifications which he underwent, gained many followers, with whom he strenuously supported the interests of Rome against the encroachments of the Greek church. The latter proved, however, too powerful, and obliged Marounius and his disciples to take refuge in those mountains, which, under their own princes, or “emirs,” the Maronites occupy to the present day; subject, however, and paying yearly tribute to the Porte; which circumstance was the ostensible pretext of the invasion of their rocky fastnesses by Ibrahim Pasha and his troops.

The Maronites occupy all the highest ridges of the Lebanon, from the vicinity of Tripoli to the neighbourhood of Beyrout; the province of the Kesbrouan being the head-quarters of the tribe.

The Druses, though less numerous than the

Maronites, are a powerful and far more warlike race. They chiefly inhabit the southern range of hills, extending from Beyrout to Sidon, along the Syrian coast. Although idolators, whose origin, belief, and religious ceremonies continue to be enveloped in a veil of the profoundest mystery, they outwardly adhere to many Mahometan rites and customs. Their chiefs are denominated “sheikhs,” a title frequently also assumed by the descendants of the Prophet.

One of the most influential of these sheikhs, Hamoud-abou-Neked, was amongst the number of the mountain chiefs, who, as already related, had been treacherously captured by Ibrahim Pasha, and banished into the far interior of Central Africa.

Now, it was one of the stipulations of the Commodore—forming part of his convention with Mehemet Ali—that all those captive sheikhs and emirs should be immediately liberated; and as he took especial interest in the welfare of the former gallant allies of his glorious mountain campaign, he obtained for me the appointment of seeing this portion of the treaty duly carried into effect.

I accordingly left the late scene of war, embarked near Gaza in one of her Majesty's steamers, and repaired without delay to Alexandria, where, being furnished with the requisite credentials, I proceeded immediately on my mission in search of the captive chiefs.

In those days, the giant hand of steam exerted not its influence on the turbid waters of the mighty Nile; and, not being favoured by a northerly breeze, the kunjah, or river-bout, in which I had embarked, was slowly and laboriously tracked by its crew of Arab fellahs against the stream. It appeared to me that difficulties were purposely thrown in my way; and, on arriving at Cairo, I heard that orders had been previously sent for the release of the mountain chiefs, who were already said to have reached Abou Hamed, in their progress towards Cairo, where, it was added, they would consequently very shortly arrive.

The reports I received, were however so contradictory, that I was somewhat puzzled what to believe, and how to act. If I proceeded further up the Nile, I might possibly miss the party I was in search of: it struck me, from the conduct of the Egyptian authorities at Cairo, and from the opposition I encountered, that they had received instructions to baffle me, if possible, in my design. Whereupon, sending trusty scouts, both by the river and the desert, I impatiently waited at Cairo for further intelligence of my intended charge.

Meanwhile, I occupied myself in visiting

* Vide Lieut. Colonel E. Napier's “*Reminiscences of Syria*,” Vol. 1. chap iv.

the many wonders of this celebrated place—wonders which have been by abler pens so often and so well described, that their recapitulation might probably be considered as superfluous. Whilst thus employed, I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the man to whose military genius, Ibrahim Pasha was said to be indebted for all his conquests and victories over the Turks. I allude to the French general: Sève, more commonly known as Solyman Pasha, formerly a colonel in Napoleon's army, and who, like many others, had, at the termination of the continental war, sought and made his fortune in the East; and, in the service of Mehemet Ali, had attained the highest military rank, with a degree of reputation which has extended far and wide.

Whilst Ibrahim Pasha, on the termination of the war, had embarked part of his troops at Gaza, Solyman Pasha, with the left column, the baggage, the women, and followers of the Egyptian army, traversed the Arabian desert; and, after enduring great privations and hardships, conducted his force to Cairo, by the circuitous route of Akabah and of Suez.

This movement he effected during the period of my residence at Cairo, and I rode out into the desert, to witness the return of this portion of the Egyptian army—having already beheld part of it at Gaza.

Solyman's camp was pitched some distance to the eastward of the city: on the day of my visit, a large body of cavalry had just arrived, amongst which was a fine regiment of lancers; and as I admired the steadiness of these veteran warriors, weather-beaten by the effects of a long winter campaign—bronzed by the heat of the desert sand—still suffering from thirst, and all the hardships and privations of a long and weary march, I could not avoid comparisons between them and the Ottoman troops—comparisons which proved far from favourable to the latter—or speculating on the chances the Turks would have had of experiencing a defeat, had a general engagement taken place, before the Commodore's convention proclaimed the war to be at an end.

Solyman Pasha received me with the cordial frankness of a soldier: ere many days had passed, I was an honoured guest at his princely abode, in the suburbs of Old Cairo, and feted with all that hospitality for which he was so renowned. Although outwardly professing the Mahometan faith, the old veteran still liked his glass of good wine: and many a bottle of "Chateau-Margaux" and "Lafitte" did we broach together, whilst comparing notes on the events of the last campaign.

The hardships endured by the Egyptian army, during their winter retreat from Damascus, he compared with those experienced by the French when retiring from Moscow, in their fatal Russian campaign; whilst the subsequent sufferings of his own column, encumbered as he was with women, children, and camp-followers, during the march across the desert—from the excessive heat and want of water—he described as being most intense; "*ces chiens de Bedouins*," as he termed them, constantly hovering on his flanks, and, notwithstanding the peace which had been proclaimed, indiscriminately plundering and murdering every straggler from his ranks; and small mercy did they, if captured, experience in return: being invariably put to death upon the spot.

"My blood be upon thy head, oh, Pasha!" was the dying speech of a Bedouin sheikh, who had fallen into Solyman's unrelenting grasp. "Allah, oh, Sheikh! shall be the judge between us!" was the Pasha's reply, as the Arab's head, on the given signal, rolled on the desert sand.

And, now, after all these sufferings—after unheard and untold scenes of hardships, of wretchedness, of bloody deeds and death—did the veteran warrior fully enjoy the endearments of domestic bliss.

He had, I well remember, two fine young children, of whom he appeared to be most fond. Their mother was a Greek, whom he had rescued from the brutality of his soldiers, at the sack, by the Egyptians, of some town in the Morea, during the war of independence in Greece. Her story was most romantic; but the particulars I cannot now recal, further than his beautiful captive, by her charms and amiability, soon acquired unbounded influence over her master, and became the sultana of his harem, according to the Mahometan forms of the Marriage Act.

Solyman's children and myself at last became great friends; but their mother I never had an opportunity to behold, though particularly anxious so to do; for the old warrior—at least in this respect—was steadfast to the injunctions of his adopted creed!

Most pleasantly did a residence of some duration at Cairo rapidly pass away, till the arrival of the emirs and sheikhs, of whom I had been sent in quest; but my stay was doomed to be still further prolonged, for the "authorities" would not suffer the exiles to depart, until the viceroy had been made acquainted with their arrival, and another order had been received for their transmission to Alexandria, thence to embark with me for Beyrout.

The number of these mountain chieftains, who had thus—through the untiring exertions of Commodore Napier—been released from a state of slavery and suffering, amounted to eleven, besides forty-one attendants; but several had already perished during their captivity in the burning region of Kordofan. Amongst others who had succumbed to the united influence of accumulated hardships, and the effects of an ungenial climate, was the Emir Yousouf, of El Haded: a scion of the regal family of Shehab, a near relative of the Emir Beshir, or Grand Prince of the Mountain, and whose death I regretted the more, being on terms of intimacy with his family, from whom I had experienced great hospitality, and to whom I should now have to communicate this sad intelligence, after having held out to them hopes of shortly escorting back the young emir to his mountain home—to the arms of his aged mother, and of his fond and beautiful sisters, Zuleika and Cherî Shehab.

This unforeseen delay in permitting the departure of my charges, was, as may be imagined, most severely felt by them, anxious as they were to return to their native homes, and, moreover, destitute as they found themselves of even the common necessities of life; for, on their arrival at Cairo, they were without any pecuniary resources—positively in rags—had been all promiscuously thrust into a sort of deserted caravanserai, and, when I first visited them in this dreary abode, were most scantily provided with even the coarsest food.

On entering their prison—for the wretched den in which I found them could only be considered as such—it was affecting to behold the abject and squalid misery to which a state of suffering and destitution had reduced these gallant mountain chiefs, who, a few months previously, might have been considered the "flower of chivalry" of their native hills.

With tears of gratitude streaming from many an eye, they crowded around, and, in the flowery language of the East, hailed me as their deliverer—as the messenger of safety sent by their saviour, the "Comodoro el Kibeer."

The sufferings which, whilst in captivity, they had endured, were described as having been horrible in the extreme; nor did their appearance belie the statement of what they had gone through: pale, wan and emaciated, and—as I have before said—in rags, it was pitiable to behold these princes of their native

land, huddled up like so many convicted felons, in the damp and denuded cells of the ruined old caravanserai, which had been so inhospitably appropriated for their temporary abode.

On leaving them, I went immediately to the Governor of Cairo, represented the state of misery and destitution in which I had found the emirs, and requested they might be removed to a residence more suitable to their rank, supplied with money and with clothes, and with a sufficiency of wholesome food to enable them to exist, until the required permission should be obtained for them to depart.

The promises made to my request, were, as usual with eastern officials, most profuse, but were never carried into effect, except as regarded the article of food.

In my frequent visits to the unfortunate chiefs—for I made a point of being as much as possible with them—I ever received some fresh accounts of all that they had endured. I did my best to cheer and encourage them with the prospect of immediate release, and next of a speedy return with me, to their long-wished-for mountain homes. My endeavours to soothe and comfort them were, however, all in vain; for, with one single exception, they appeared broken spirited, and completely prostrated both in body and in mind. This exception was a noble-looking old Druse chieftain: the Sheikh Abou Noked, of Dhair-el-Khamar, or Palace of the Moon. This sturdy old fellow, with his long, white beard, piercing black eye, and hawk's-bill nose, was a fine specimen of the ancient and noble race from whence he had derived his source. Although apparently verging on seventy years of age, his spirit appeared as unbroken as was his tall, sinewy, and manly frame; still full of strength and vigour, soldier-like and erect. Nothing daunted or depressed by what he had undergone, and what he still underwent, the old sheikh philosophically smoked his caloon, and, although in tatters like the rest, looked and showed himself, under all his misfortunes, worthy of his rank and of his name.

I have said that with this single exception, the whole party of whom I was about to take charge, appeared to be all equally depressed. There was, however, another individual in the group, whose appearance, though strongly contrasting with that of the warlike and venerable-looking Sheikh, appeared equally to set at nought all the cares and sorrows of this world.

This was a little negro boy, who had been captured at one of the periodical "slave hunts," in the remotest parts of the Kordofan, purchased by

* "Kibeer," in the Arabic language, signifies "Great."

the Emir Hyder of Solymah, on his late release from captivity, in the golden mines of Sennaar, and who, although so recently dragged away from his country, his kindred, and his home, smiled unconcernedly at his fate, and with the buoyant and thoughtless spirit of childhood, appeared to set at nought that state of exile in a far distant land, and the perpetual state of slavery, to which he now appeared inevitably doomed. But as I shall have hereafter much to say about this young "Ethiopian Slave," I now return to the more immediate occurrences of my present narrative. The long wished-for order from Mehemet Ali for our departure, at last arrived, though not without the active intercession of the Commodore, to whom I was obliged to write; I found myself at Alexandria, with my party of mountain chiefs, and then flattering myself all further delays and difficulties must be at an end, I addressed a letter—of which the following is a translation—to the Grand Prince of Mount Lebanon, the Emir Beshir Cassim.

Alexandria, 28th February, 1841.

PRINCE,—I have the honour to inform your Highness, that according to instructions from Commodore Napier, I came to Egypt at the termination of the war, for the purpose of taking back to their own country some of your Highness's subjects: the Emirs and Shiekhs of Mount Lebanon, who had been sent by the viceroy of Egypt as captives to Sennaar.

I met these high-born chiefs at Cairo, in a state of great destitution; difficulties and delays were thrown in the way of my departure with them,

which difficulties were at last set aside through the intervention of Commodore Napier, who was, fortunately, still at Alexandria, and to whom I was at last obliged to apply on the subject. The Commodore has finally obtained an order from the Pasha, that the chiefs should be supplied with money, and everything suitable to their rank, and that an Egyptian steamer, or man of war, is to be placed at my disposal, in which I may convey them back to Beyrout; when I hope shortly to be enabled to have the honour of presenting, in person, to your Highness, all these illustrious personages who have been committed to my charge, and of whom I beg to enclose a list; but I am grieved to be obliged to report the death of the youthful Emir Yousouf Solyman Shehab, of El Haded, who fell a victim to fever and to the heat of the climate to which he was exposed.

Commodore Napier leaves this to-day for Marmoorice, and requests me to express to your Highness every sentiment of respect on his part.

This communication concluded with the usual high-flown compliments of the east, and with the following list of the Emirs and Sheikhs of Mount Lebanon, who had survived their captivity in Sennaar, and whom I subsequently took back to their mountain homes:—

Emir Fnaour of Abaye, Emir Faris of the Wad-é-Sharoor, Emir Mahmoud of the Wad-é-Sharoor—all of the Shehab family.

Emir Hyder of Solymah, in the district of Metten; Emir Ali of Brumanah, in the district of Metten—of the Kyad Bey family.

Emir Abdallah of Falouyah—of the Mourad family.

Emir Ali of Deskoutah—of the Faris family.

Sheikh Nickoula Kasim of Kesrouan, and the Druse Sheikh: Hamoud-Ahou-Neked of Dhair-el-Khamar, his son—and Sheikh Abbas Neked.

VERGISZ MEIN NICHT.

From the German.

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D.

FORGET me not!
O loved one, whom my tongue
Now may not name;
For whom I weave this song,
To whom my love proclaim.
In tears thy absence oft I mourn,
With prayers I watch for thy return:
Forget me not!

Forget me not!—
When in the joyous crowd,
Young hands shall wind
A crown of honour proud
Around thy brows to bind;
My guardian-spirit thou shalt hear,
Whispering softly in thine ear,
Forget me not!

Forget me not!
 And when, perchance, thine heart
 New passions move,
 And thy fond lips impart
 To other ears thy love,
 Ah! I conjure thee, by the power
 Of my love, that trying hour—
 Forget me not!

Forget me not!
 Even if hard fate decree
 That I should live,
 Severed for aye from thee,
 And through long years survive.
 Time, in my heart, shall work no change,
 Ah! let thine heart, where'er thou range,
 Forget me not!

Forget me not!
 Yet ere my youth shall pass,
 Should Death's chill hand
 Shatter for me Life's glass,
 And waste its half-run sands;
 My latest breath before I die,
 Shall to thy spirit fondly sigh,
 Forget me not!

Forget me not!
 And if, when life is o'er,
 The dark way trod,
 We meet upon that shore
 Where shines the light of God.
 Ah! then at last my heart no more,
 Of thine shall anxiously implore,
 Forget me not!

ANNIE ORME.*

HOW ANNIE ORME WAS SETTLED IN LIFE, AND WHAT WE DID TO HELP IT ON.
 BY HER AUNT, MISS RACHEL SINCLAIR, MANTUA-MAKER, LASSWADE.

(Communicated by the Author of "Margaret Maitland," &c. &c.)

CHAPTER VI.

WE sat together in this manner for, I think, about half an hour, waiting till Annie should come in; Lexie with her hands clasped round her knees, gripping them tight, and looking into the fire, without once moving; while I was looking at her, and crying quietly to myself, and aye giving the other look behind me at the door, and listening to every sound without, thinking it might be the footstep of that mis-guided bairn. I wearied sore for her every

minute, and yet when a step passed the door which I had fancied in the distance was hers, I was glad; for even though I could not but condemn her as much as Lexie, I could not bear that she should have the burden of all Lexie's bitter words. Poor thing! poor foolish, misguided thing! to think there could ever be any happiness proceeding out of the like of this—a wooing begun hidelins, with, may-be, deceit, as well as stealth—that I should speak so of Annie Orme! and clean against the known opinions and special wishes of her nearest friends. But I was not angry; I was

* Concluded from page 139.

grieved to my very heart. Neither, I think, was Lexie to call angry; but she could keep up an appearance of it better than me.

At last I did hear her; I could not be mistaken—there was not another foot in Lasswade had music in it like Annie's, and she was singing low, as she came, an old tune. The poor thing! it was "Kind Robin lo'es me," as I discerned when she passed the window; and thankful was I to think that Lexie, having no taste for music, would not notice what it was; but, for myself, I know all the tunes in the country, I think, good or bad.

Beenie, I suppose, had been watching at the door, for Annie came in in a moment, and I never heard her rap. She had taken off her bonnet in the passage, and came in with it swinging in her hand, and her face had a thought more colour than usual, and her eyes were shining as I never saw them shine before. Indeed, she was just looking happy and bright, as it might be supposed she should look, coming in from the clear fresh air of such a night, and did not seem to have a shadow of fear about her.

The first thing that seemed to strike her when she came into the room was the way we were sitting, and the trouble upon our faces. She paused in her singing, and stood still a moment at the door. "Auntie Rechie, is there anything wrong?" said Annie Orme.

"Oh! Annie Orme, my bonnie bairn!" said I, but I could not say another word.

"Put your question to me, Annie Orme—I'll answer you," said Lexie; and come here before me, and lay away your bonnet: you need not spoil the good ribbons, though ye've spoilt a better thing—for I have something to ask of you."

Annie came forward in a surprised way, and laid down her bonnet on the top of the millinery box. I was wringing my hands, and pleading with my sister; but Annie came quietly, and stood before her, crossing her hands like a bairn waiting for its questions, and looking as innocent and peaceable as if she were only going to say Effectual Calling; though I did observe—but it might be only the surprise, and Lexie's look at her—a blush spreading over all her face.

"Annie Orme," said my sister, rising high in her seat, and looking so like a judge that my heart trembled for Annie; "you've heard us speak of your mother, and how she threw herself away, and how she died. Since your mother died, Annie Orme, have you ever felt the want of her? Has anybody grudged you a single thing, if it were even play or pleasure,

or the vanities of youth? Has any mortal ever bidden you work except when you liked, or trusted you with any hardship? You've had as good schooling as Lasswade could give you; you're as much thought of as any lady in the place; and I'm sure there's no lady in the place whose garments have gotten so much pains bestowed on them as yours; besides that, your Aunt Rechie there, like a foolish person as she has been all her life, has made herself nothing better than a lady's maid to pleasure you. I ask you, Annie Orme, what you ever wanted that you did not get, or what thing ever was put upon you that you were not pleased with? Do you hear me, Annie Orme?"

"Yes, aunt," said Annie; and now she put her hands behind her, and drooped down her head, but she said not a word more.

"Oh, Lexie!" said I, "have compassion on her; she's little Annie's bairn."

My sister turned her head round to me with a start, and gave me a glance which made me hide my face. "She's little Annie's bairn," said Lexie; "do you mind what Annie Sinclair was, that ye dare to put me in mind of her now? The brightest spirit and the bonniest face in sight of the Pentlands. But what did she do? She went away, and married a man—a man no more to be compared to herself than the Esk water is to the Firth; and his evil ways and his mean manners broke her heart, and she died. We were but girls ourselves, Rechie Sinclair, and Annie was younger than us. But you put me in mind of her when I am here admonishing her daughter. You will make me daft between you. Annie Sinclair lost, and Annie Orme lost—and what's to become of you and me?"

I did not answer; I was crying to myself sore; and Lexie's voice was very shrill and high, as if but for pride she would fain have cried too. But, for all that, I glanced up at Annie Orme; a single tear was stealing down her cheek, and her eyes were full; but she was looking at Lexie steadfastly, and my heart was comforted by her face.

"Aunt Lexie—" said Annie Orme.

"Whisht!" said my sister, "dinna let one evil bring another;—do not say to me, Annie, a word that is not true. Its no story I've heard—I saw it with my own een; and you have been keeping trystes with this man the whole summer through, in spite of his place and yours—in spite of knowing that this was what I could not bear—in spite of our trust in you. It was time, I say, Annie Orme, high time, we had found out what kind of walks you took on the water-side."

Annie put up her hand to her flushed face, and the tears came down one after another, till it was all I could do to keep my arms from her. "Aunt Lexie, dinna be angry," said poor Annie, and there always came the other sob between; "I did not deceive you in my own mind, auntie; and some day you'll no think so ill either of me—or him."

"Of him! Preserve me in patience! She dares to name the Butterbraes' hind in such a way to me!" cried Lexie. "Let me ever hear his name again, or that you've said a single word to such a person, and I'll leave this place. Yes, Annie Orme, I vow to you I'll travel away; I'll give up the business, and flit the house, and take ye away to the West Highlands, or into England, over the Lammermuirs, or some other savage place. Ye shall never marry the like of him—ye shall never more speak to the like of him—ye shall never be a hind's wife—or ye'll kill me, Annie Orme."

"No, auntie," said Annie; but I thought her mind was away, and she did not know what she answered.

"Lexie," said I, "dinna be angry; you have let Annie ken what your pleasure is, and she does not rebel. Lexie, let us be good friends now. Annie, my dear, you need not greet. Oh, lassie! ye dinna ken how precious you are to us both!"

"Dinna speak that way, Auntie Rechie—dinna," said Annie Orme, sobbing; "I cannot bear that."

Lexie was sitting still, with her eyes fixed, looking into the fire. "This lad spoke about a license," she said, in a low voice, as if it were only to herself; "of getting a license some time in the summer. This is what our niece meditated, Rechie Sinclair; this is what she would leave our honourable house to do. You spoke about Thomas Mouter, Rechie, and I scorned it; but still you encouraged him. Now you'll get your will, mair than you wanted;—and when ye see Annie Orme mistress of a public, selling drams to every vagabond that passes by, you'll repent opposing me."

I heard at this moment a strange sound from Annie Orme, which did not seem like a sob, and immediately she hurried away.

"No that I'll ever permit the like of that," said my sister, raising her voice; "not that it ever shall be; but he dared to propose this, Rechie Sinclair, and she made no objection. If I had listened longer, I might have heard more; but that was what I could not do. Is she away to her own room, Rechie? She deserves solitude and darkness as well as ever one did; but she's no so strong as some. Take

in a light, Rechie, and admonish the reprobate; I'll say no more myself this night."

I saw Lexie's heart was moved. After all, though she looks stern sometimes, Lexie is not hard-hearted, nor ever was. So I went quietly ben to my own room, where Annie had gone, for Annie sleeps with me. As I went in at the door, I heard again the strange sound which was not like a sob; and hurrying to see its cause, what did I find but Annie Orme lying back in the big, old easy-chair, with her hands covering her face, and her cheeks all wet with tears, laughing as I never saw her laugh before. To do her justice, I believe there might, may-be, be something of the affection called hysterical (a thing I do not much understand myself) in this of Annie; but it was a real laugh, and real mischief and fun (at such a time!) were in the eye that glimmered out wet to me, from under the shelter of her hand.

"Annie Orme!" said I; "I could not have believed this of you."

"Oh! I think shame of myself for laughing," said Annie; "but I cannot help it—indeed, I cannot help it; you would laugh yourself, if you kent. It was that last thing my Aunt Lexie said."

"Was that about the license?" said I. "Indeed, Annie, it vexes me that you can laugh at that; for a public-house would be a strange place for you. Is it not for a public-house? What is it for? Aye, Annie, now I mind, young Mr. Mouter has a license for simple tea and sugar. If it was that, it would not be so bad; but what tempted ye, woman, when there are plenty lads round about, in your ain degree, to take up with Robbie at the Butterbraes? The like of him!"

"Aunt!" said Annie Orme; "but *you* must not be angry, Aunt Rechie; no, indeed, I cannot bear that; and I meant to tell you, by-and-bye—or he meant himself—"

"Dear me, Annie," said I; "you must give him up—you must not speak to him more—or it will kill Lexie."

"Must I, aunt?" said Annie; "may-be—but I am not sure about that."

"Annie Orme! you'll have to promise. Woman, think of young Mr. Mouter and his fine business," said I. "Mind I am as much in earnest as Lexie; will you promise me, Annie, never to see him more?"

"He's to go away to-morrow, aunt," said Annie; "but I'll no promise—whisht, Auntie Rechie—you wouldna have me break his heart."

"Men's hearts are no so easy broken, Annie,"

said I, "never you be feared; and, besides, he's only a servant man. Annie, Annie, think what you're doing."

Instead of answering me by reasonable arguments, she came away close to me, and put her arms round my neck; so that, before I was aware, I found myself speaking as if I was quite pleased with Robbie, and ready to take him into the family in a minute. I am far too easy in my disposition—far too yielding—as Lexie has told me many a time; but I am too old to mend now.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a very quiet night that, with us. Annie sat silent at her seam, and never lifted her eyes; and except that Lexie now and then gave a groan, and me sometimes a sigh, I think there was scarcely a sound in the room. My sister was much softened to see Annie so quiet; but Annie, as I think, was occupied with other cogitations besides grief for our displeasure;—it was natural, poor thing—and it was not to be denied that this Robbie was a wise-like lad.

When I went into my own room, after having had a conversation with Lexie, I found Annie Orme not in her bed, though she had left the parlour about an hour before. When I came in, she had a little book in her hand, which she put away in a great hurry—no doubt it was some keepsake—so I asked no questions about it.

"Now, Annie," said I, having just been speaking to Lexie about the whole matter, "you must have a stout heart for this, my dear. You've done a very wrong thing in taking up with this young man, and you must be done with him, Annie Orme. Mind, I've seen your mother break her heart, because she did not take good advice, and break off in time. It's an awful undertaking, Annie, the like of this. Many a thing else you may make a mistake in, but everything else can be mended; and, Annie, Annie, my dear, just you think what a desolate thing it must be to repent after its done, when nothing in this world can deliver you except death, which it is a sin to seek for yourself, let alone another."

"But, auntie, there is no need for ever repenting, either before or after," said Annie, looking a little angry.

"Annie," said I, "when folk are not equal, they're never happy. A poor serving lad, with no culture or breeding, and the like of you, Annie Orme—I cannot think of it."

"But Robbie is not a common serving lad;

Robbie is—" When Annie had said this, she stopped, and laughed out; so that I was feared Lexie would hear her.

"Robbie is better than his neighbours—no doubt you think so, Annie," said I; "but wait a little till he grows a coarse man, and you're married upon him. Mind, I'm only supposing a thing that's never to happen; for neither Lexie nor me would ever consent to it."

Annie put her arms round my neck again, and leaned her head upon my shoulder. She did not speak a word except "Bonnie auntie!" but what could I say to her after that. She used to call me "bonnie auntie," when she was a little bairn, and wanted something; I aye yielded then, and I am feared I never will learn to refuse anything to Annie Orme.

Just as we were standing in this way, speaking about him, and me myself (being a fool, and nothing else) praising Robbie, and saying what a wise-like lad he was, we heard Lexie's foot in the passage. Both of us started and ran—me to begin to take off my net-cap, and Annie to hide herself behind the curtains, for fear her aunt should see that she was not sleeping.

"Rechie," said my sister, very low, just looking in at the door—and, seeing she waved upon me with her hand, I went out to her; and what do you think Lexie had brought—I said she was not hard-hearted—that I, knowing her so well, should say the like of that!—I ought to have told the real truth, that there scarcely ever was as kind a heart and as good a head as Lexie's put together, in spite of all she has had to vex her, poor woman, one time and another, all her life through.

She was carrying in her hand the little pink china jug full of negus, which she had just been making with her own hands in the kitchen.

"Is Annie sleeping?" said my sister.

"How do you think she could sleep, Lexie," said I, "after what has happened this night."

"Poor thing!" said Lexie, "though she's done anything but her duty to us, we must not fail, Rechie, of our duty to her. Make her take this—it'll do her good; and if you think she's feverish, give her some out of this bottle. She can expect nothing else, after her behaviour; but I would not have her ill either, if I could help it. Try and get her to sleep, Rechie; I must speak to her the morn."

And with a sigh Lexie went away.

When I went to Annie Orme, she had hidden her face in the pillow, and was crying bitterly; I had near cried myself; for though Lexie

looked hard sometimes, it was strange to see the tenderness and mindfulness of her, even when she had been greatly angered.

The next morning, I went out early to do some errands, and left my sister and Annie alone. I had a fear about it; but still, after all, I thought it best.

Just on the bridge, I met Robbie; I scarcely knew him, for he had on his Sabbath dress, and looked in every way liker a laird than a hind. He was carrying a box with his things—honest man, it was not a very heavy one—and when he saw me, he stopped to speak to me, though he had never done it before.

"I am going away, Miss Reehie," said Robbie; "and though I am not going far, and its better for me, I am sorry to leave Lasswade."

"How far are you going?" said I—but I could not call him Robbie, and I did not know his last name.

"Only to Edinburgh," he said; "I am waiting to put my box on the coach, but I'll walk myself. Good-bye, Miss Reehie; you'll may-be hear of me aguin."

He held out his hand, and I gave him mine—him a common serving lad! He lifted his hat to me when he went away—neither Thomas Mouter nor Peter Braird would have done more than nodded—and I stood still and looked after him. It did not look like his Sabbath dress; he was as easy in it as I am in my old green merino gown; and, indeed, I did not wonder at Annie, for he was just as little like a farm servant as Thomas Strang, the smith (I could see the red glow of the smiddy, and half a dozen boys round it, at the corner of the street—that is what put him into my mind), was like a minister.

I went up all the way home, thinking of what Phemie Mouter said. He might be a great gentleman, or even a lord in disguise; but I soon saw that was not likely, for he had no motive; and though a great lord might pretend to be a landscape painter, as Annie was reading to me in a ballad the other day, I have great doubts whether it would be as good diversion to pretend to be a farmer's man.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Miss Reehie," said young Mr. Mouter, "will you come in to your tea to-morrow night—you and Miss Annie Orme? It's the last night of the year, you know—Hogmenay, as the bairns call it—and there will be just one or two more—all neighbours, Miss Reehie."

"Well, Mr. Mouter," said I, "I am sure I

have no objection; we'll see what Annie says."

I have passed over all the time between October and the end of the year, because there was nothing in it of moment to anybody. We were all going about in our ordinary way, and nothing had happened in the town but what happens every day—a bairn coming home here and there, and an old person dropping off like the last leaves. And touching Robbie nothing was now said, he having clean departed, and nobody in Lasswade, as it seemed, minding about him at all; so that Lexie was again keen about Peter Braird, and I, I confess, began to think that young Mr. Mouter had a chance after all. So I ironed Annie's best collar and her fine sewed cuffs, that she got in a present, and made her put on her new blue merino, with a ribbon round the waist; and, having made up my own good cap, we dressed ourselves, and went down to Mr. Mouter's to our tea. It was not very cold for the season, so that it was pleasant going down the road, seeing the lights shining through the windows, and hearing the bairns singing at the doors. Little Katie Hislop has a miracle of a voice for singing, and she is so very wee a thing, that you cannot believe when you hear it, that such a wonderful sound is coming from a creature that you could almost hold in your hand. There she was, poor little thing, with an old table-cloth tied round about her waist, half full of oat-cakes, and slices of bread, and bits of short-bread, standing at Mrs. Thomson's window, singing one of the longest Hogmenay rhymes—or, rather, it was two or three of them joined together, and sung at the very height of her voice. There were two or three more with her, and just as they ended—

"But we are bairns come out to play,
Get up and gie's our Hogmenay."

Mrs. Thomson opened the window, and gave them I cannot tell how many cakes and scones, and a great lump of fine, rich short-bread to Katie herself.

"Now, we'll go to Mr. Mouter's, and then we'll gang hame," said Tomima Hislop, Katie's big sister; "we needna bide lang there—he'll no gie us ony short-bread. Katie, sing."

But they scarcely waited to sing—they just gathered about the door in a cluster, and cried,

"My feet's cauld, my shoon's thin,
Give me a piece, and let me rin,"

when they all ran away; but whether it was that Mr. Mouter had the cakes ready for them, or whether they were feared to face him (being so sedate a young man), I cannot tell.

"You see, auntie, the bairns ken," said Annie Orme to me; "they would not have run that way from our door."

"Nor from your door either, my dear," said I, "when you have a house of your own; but how is a man to ken?"

The table in Mr. Mouter's parlour was set out very fine, with beautiful china, and silver teaspoons, marked all T. M., his own initials—I thought to myself, if he got Annie, they would have plenty of silver things to begin with; for I knew my sister would not let her go to her own house without a good dozen of spoons—and there was short-bread and a great rich bun, and biscuits and bread of every kind. For company, there was Annie and me, and the two Miss Thomsons, and young William Wood and his wife, besides Phemie and Nicol, and Mr. Mouter himself.

"When are we to hear of a mistress to this fine house of yours, Mr. Mouter?" said young Mrs. Wood. "It's a pity to see such a bonnie little room, and no a wife to put into it: we have been looking for it these three months and more."

"It's a serious business; I am not a man that undertakes anything rashly; but there's no saying, ladies—there's no saying," said Mr. Mouter, briskly; and he looked straight round at Annie.

What did Annie do, think you? I was feared she would have laughed: instead of that, she held up her head, and asked Mr. Wood, as grave as if she had been Lexie, when he was last in Edinburgh.

"When I was last in Edinburgh," said Mr. Wood, "you'll no guess, Miss Annie, who I saw. Do you mind the young man that used to drive the Butterbraes' cart? Robbie something—but I never heard his last name. Well, I met him in a little street near the college, dressed in black, as well as anybody need be, and walking with a gentleman. I never was more astonished; but I did not speak to him, for I thought, if he had got any rise in the world, he would not like to be minded that he was once only a servant-man."

"It was very thoughtful of you, Mr. Wood," said I.

"Eh, and was't Robbie?" said Phemie Mouter, "what way did you no follow him, Mr. Wood? I would have gaen step for step, if it had been five miles—and there's nae saying what grand house he might have led you to in the end."

"Dear me, will somebody have left him siller?" said Miss Christina Thomson.

But Annie Orme never spoke a word, though

when I looked at her, I saw her eyes dancing, and such a crowd of smiles into every line of her face, that my heart was moved to see her pleasure. The two Miss Thomsons were come of very comfortable folk, and would both have portions—so would Phemie Mouter; but when I looked at Annie Orme, I could not help seeing the difference, though Annie would have no portion, and was an orphan, poor thing, with only two single women, Lexie and me, all the friends she had in the world.

And as I thought upon my sister, the water came into my eyes. When did Lexie seek a pleasure to herself, or when did she spare herself an hour's work that was to better one of us? I have worked with her all my days—it may be thought I am taking a share of the honour, but anybody that knows me may know it is not so. Many a one has thought Lexie hard, even when she was toiling for them, and I question if any mortal but me, so much as guesses what kind of heart she has, or, indeed, if she knows herself.

And there was Annie Orme—little wonder that we were both proud of her—little wonder that we both would have had her well wedded, if we could; but the lad she liked best herself—what if he did turn out some great man after all?

"Annie," said I, when we were on our road home, "is this lad, Robbie, a greater person than he looks? tell me, is he some rich gentleman guisarding in this fashion? for, if he is, I'll tell Lexie, and we must instantly leave this place, and never be within knowledge of him more."

"No, nuntie, he is not a great gentleman," said Annie Orme, "no, he's may-be no quite what he looked like, but he's a true man; and by and bye he'll tell you everything himself—but you're no to ask me."

I was confused and bewildered, I could not tell what to think.

When we got home we heard a sound of voices in the parlour, and there was Peter Braird sitting with my sister. He had been getting a glass of wine—Lexie never offers folks drams—and there was a plate of our new-year's short-bread on the table.

"Dear me, Mr. Peter," said I, "are you going up to Windlestrae at this time of night?"

Peter gave a great laugh, and turned red in the face, "I want to be somebody's first-foot in Lasswade here; I came out on purpose; but I'm not going home to night, Miss Rechie."

"Well," said I, "you are paying somebody a great compliment, coming out all the way at a cold night. Who is it, Mr. Peter?"

"Every thing in its right time, Rechie," said my sister, who was looking uncommonly pleased. It was clear that Lexie expected that he had come to be first-foot to Annie Orme.

"I met a gentleman on the South-bridge the other day, Miss Rechie," said Peter, "and he asked kindly for you. He used to give me a lift in his cart, sometimes, on the Saturday nights, when I was coming home wearied, and a fine lad he is—Robert Scott—you mind him?—he was at the Butterbracs."

"And, Mr. Peter, do you keep company with the like of him?" said my sister, with a kind of horror.

"When I met him he was better dressed than me," said Peter, looking down upon his own coat, which was not quite so well brushed as it might have been, "and I am sure he speaks as good English; but I don't just to call keep company with him, Miss Lexie, for I never saw him but this once."

"Let not the name of any such person be mentioned to me again," said Lexie, "what do I care about his good dress—if somebody had even left him a fortune, what would he be for all that, but an uncultivated hind? No, Mr. Peter, as a man's breeding is, so is he—you may take my word for that."

"But its past eleven, and I'll have to be on the watch, or I'll be cheated after all," said the young man, "and I said I would let nobody be before me. Good-night to ye all, and a happy new-year when it comes; don't say I was here, Miss Lexie, if my mother comes down the morn."

Saying which, Peter went away, to the great astonishment of my sister, who tried to persuade herself he was coming back again after all. But I knew very well that Peter Braird cared nothing about Annie Orme—the great red-headed lout—as if he had discrimination for that.

When Annie went ben the house, to tell Beenie that she was to come to the parlour just before the clock struck twelve, and get a spoonful of toddy, and a bit short-bread, and wish us a good new-year, as was our custom, Lexie looked up to me with a concerned face.

"Rechie," said my sister, "do you believe that Annie is still thinking about that lad?"

"I do not ken, Lexie," said I—for I durst not say an untruth either one way or the other.

"They tell me he's to be seen in Edinburgh, well put on, and like a gentleman—a gentleman!—as if dress was all that was needed for that. He'll be taking his new trade by the hand,

Rechie—just you see if I am not a sooth prophet—he'll have got somebody to lend him siller, and before we ken where we are, he'll be setting up an inn or public-house at our very doors, and asking us for Annie. I'll never consent—no, if it killed me to refuse, Rechie Sinclair, I'll never consent to the like of that!"

"There's worse things than keeping an inn, if he had got that length," said I, "and, besides, Lexie, folk need licenses for many an innocent trade; it might be only a grocery shop—it might be—"

"Never let me hear his name again," cried out my sister, and at that moment the clock warned twelve, and Annie and Beenie came into the parlour, and there was not a word more spoken till after the twelve strokes of the clock, when every one of us wished the other a happy new-year.

But no first-foot crossed our door-stone that night.

CHAPTER IX.

ABOUT three or four months after that—it was in April, and pleasant weather—there came a letter to us one day, inquiring if the two of us—being addressed just as "Misses Sinclair, Lasswade"—were called by the christian names of Alexina and Rachel, and were of kin to one Ninian Sinclair, dead in London, who had willed—being a poor old solitary man, though he left a great sum behind him—a legacy of a hundred and fifty pounds to the two daughters of his cousin, Johnstone Sinclair, of Lasswade. Now this being our father, and these being our names, besides that we knew of a cousin Ninian he had in London, Lexie immediately wrote to the law gentleman, in Edinburgh, who asked the question, saying it was us; and there came back an answer from him, telling some ceremonies he would have to go through, and appointing a day for us to come to his office to receive the legacy.

It is not to be supposed we could hear of a great sum like this without some elevation of spirit, and Lexie said immediately to me, "this will furnish a house for Annie Orme," and we were as glad about it as we could be about money. We put on blacks, of course, for the poor old man—I call him poor, not because he was dead, but because he had departed without one to grieve for him—and I thought it in a measure right to mention to folk who we were in mourning for, and what he was, just that he might not be defrauded altogether of some natural notice by the living, of the great end he had undergone.

Just a day or two after this, Annie came in

one day, in a great haste, and ran into the parlour breathless. And what was this but to tell us that Peter Braird and Phemie Mouter had run away together, and had come back married folk, and were even now coming up the town with white gloves and white ribbons, on their road to Windlestrae—though what kind of reception they would get there I cannot tell.

I ran to the door in a minute, to wish them joy; but Lexie sat still in her chair, and would not move, and I saw she was just shaking. I was sorry for Lexie, for she had aye thought so much of this lad, though I did wonder how she could ever even like the like of him to Annie Orme.

When the two young fools and their train had passed—for they were behaving just like foolish persons, Peter, especially, looking half out of his senses, though Phemie behaved a little better—and we were back again into the parlour, and at our work, Lexie sat silent for a long time, after which she began to speak to Annie Orme, and to call her "my dear"—a thing most uncommon for Lexie—as if she thought the news about Peter Braird would be a disappointment to Annie.

"I have been thinking, Rechie," said my sister, "that this poor bairn, Annie Orme, is held far too close to one place, and that a change would do her good. So it struck me, that when we went into Edinburgh for this siller, we might take a room for a day or two at Miss Clephane's, and take Annie with us, and just go about and see what was to be seen. May-be, if there was a very beautiful, quiet day, we might go across to Fife, and back again, for a sail, and just let Annie have a little pleasure like others of her age, poor thing."

"Thank you, Aunt Lexie," said Annie, "I should be very glad."

"Would you be very glad, my dear? then we'll go, Annie, and you may think that settled, for ill would I like this day to refuse you anything that would make you glad, my poor bairn."

Oh, Annie Orme! the tear was in your eye for my sister's kindness, but the laugh was on your lip for her deceiving herself. Do you think I did not see the half-dimple on your cheek, or do you think I did not know that you were no more disappointed about Peter Braird than I was?—you need not deny it, Annie Orme.

So it was settled, that on the Friday next—that was a week from the time we were speaking—we should all go into Edinburgh, and that we should stay, perhaps, a week away from home.

That same night, Annie went out to get a

walk by herself, for I was busy; and not long after she went away, I heard a rap at the door, and immediately Beenie showed in Mr. Mouter into the parlour. He was dressed more carefully than usual, and had a white lily of the valley in his button hole, and white gloves in his hand—but being a careful lad he had not put them on.

He got a very cold reception from Lexie; so, thinking myself bound to pay more attention to him on that account, and having, besides, aye an idea that he might turn out Annie's Goodman after all, I was very kind to him, and we began to speak about what had happened in the morning.

"It could not be a greater surprise to you, than it was to me, Miss Rechie," said Mr. Mouter. "I have observed some stir going on for a day or two—bits of white ribbon lying about, and frills and collars, and things of that kind, which I suppose Phemie had gotten from Nicol, who is very careless of his money, like most scuffling men; but when there was no appearance of her at breakfast-time this morning, I thought she had gone in to Mrs. Thomson's, or was standing hawking with some of the women about, and never troubled myself on the subject. As the day went past, I got more anxious, but still I thought it was only Phemie's nonsense; so you may judge how I was struck when I saw a post chaise stop at Mr. Trotter's door, and out of it came a couple in white gloves. My first thought was, that they were strangers, and I went to the door to see—when, behold! who was it but Phemie Mouter and young Windlestrae."

"Not young Windlestrae; Sinclair Braird is married upon a gentlewoman like himself," said Lexie, sharply, "you mean Windlestrae's young son, that silly callant, Peter, Mr. Mouter."

"Silly, or no silly, he's my brother-in-law, Miss Lexie," said Mr. Mouter, a little ill-pleased, "and I would not like to hear him spoken of otherwise than civilly."

"He was my second cousin's son twenty years before he was your brother-in-law, Mr. Mouter," returned my sister, "and one of the family may speak, as I believe, from her ain knowledge, without asking any permission from a fremd person. Windlestrae, poor man, will be tried this day—I must go up to-morrow and ask for the family."

"For you see, Mr. Mouter," said I, being scared for Lexie hurting his feelings, "a marriage like this is a trial to both the families, both his and hers. If they had only been prudent, the rash young things, and let their

friends ken, and have a right wedding for them—but no doubt it will save much trouble if it does nothing else."

"It brings things to a point with me, Miss Rechie," said the young man, "I cannot do without some woman person in my house; for you see, I am a man by nature who cannot endure waste, and the shop takes me up often, and prevents me looking after things. It is true, Phemie was no great help, but still she was aye there. Now, to tell the truth, I want a wife, and I want a thrifty, quiet one, that will not be extravagant, but take care of the siller after its made, and spend it with discretion. There's your own niece, Annie Orme, Miss Lexie and Miss Rechie—if you'll assure me of your consent, I'll speak to her. My business is a good business, and a steady man can make it better; but if there's any chance of your making objections, I'll no speak to the young lady, for I never like to raise hopes that are not to be fulfilled; for this reason I thought it best to speak to you first."

For a moment there was perfect silence in the room—you might have heard a feather fall, for I durst not speak, though he was waiting for an answer.

"Does my niece, Miss Annie Orme, ken how much you think of her, Mr. Mouter," said Lexie, in a voice of suppressed anger, which, I suppose, sounded quite quiet to the stranger.

"Well, Miss Lexie, I cannot say," said Mr. Mouter, "I am a prudent man by nature; I never put out my hand further than I can draw it back, and not being quite sure about myself, not to speak of you, I never said anything to Miss Annie—but she may have guessed."

"Here she is herself, we'll ask her," said Lexie, very quietly.

The poor young man rose up; "No, no," said he, "if she's to be asked, I'll ask her myself;" but before he could say another word, Annie was in the room.

"Mr. Mouter's sister has married Peter Braird, of Windlestrae, Annie, my dear," said Lexie, "and Mr. Mouter, there, thinks you would make a good wife to him. Now, Annie, I'll let you give the answer for your own hand; would you like to marry this young man, my dear?"

Poor Annie's cheeks grew like crimson; I never saw such a face, and I thought she would have fallen down; but glancing at Mr. Mouter, and seeing him pull his white gloves through his hands, dirtying them far more than if he had put them on, the dimple formed in her cheek again, and she just said, "No, auntie, I would not," and ran from the room.

"Miss Lexie, you've used me very ill," said Mr. Mouter, "I can never look over the like of this. You think I'm not good enough for Annie Orme? very well, we'll see; I would have made her Mrs. Mouter if you had given me civil treatment. Now, though I know very well she does not mean to be ruled by what she said just now, yet I'll be held by it, Miss Lexie Sinclair; and I can tell you I think myself as good as your niece any day, or better, if the truth were told. I wish you good evening, Miss Rechie; you need never hope to see me in this house again, grand as you think it; for I can do better than a poor mantua-maker, before I go a dozen steps, and when that girl, Annie, is an old maid like yourselves, you'll repent the way you've used me."

Saying that, he flung open the parlour door and went away. "I am very sorry, Mr. Mouter," said I, "you see Lexie's that proud—to be sure she has a good reason—but if you like to speak to Annie herself"—

"That's past, that's past, Miss Rechie," said Mr. Mouter, waving his hand, "if she went down on her knees to me, I could not look over this."

"Which she never will do, be you sure of that," said I, in haste, "not if you were a king, instead of having a grocery shop; and its a comfort to think she would not have taken you after all."

I said this last low, and he did not hear me; but, indeed, I came in in a fever at him and Lexie, not knowing which had made me most angry; but then I minded that nobody had so good a right as Lexie to dispose of Annie Orme, and that the young man was not seeking her because he liked her, but because she would make a thrifty wife. Now I had no doubt Annie would make a good wife, if she had a little time to get dounce and settled—but a *thrifty* one—alack a day!

CHAPTER X.

FOR the whole next day, Lexie was much cogitating in her own mind, and scarcely spoke a word to anybody; but in the evening, as she was standing at the door for a mouthful of air, Annie having again gone out (Annie had really turned very fond of being out at nights), young Dr. Jamieson stopped his horse at the door to speak to us, and after asking very kindly for her and me, how we were, made particular inquiry for Annie Orme. When he rode away, I saw the face of Lexie was full of meaning, and so waited till she should speak.

"Rechie," said my sister, at last, "Annie Orme now will have a tocher."

"And not a bad one, Lexie," said I, "for the like of us."

It was just dusk, and there was a kind of grey, quiet light coming down out of the sky, where the clouds lay motionless, like far-off lands sleeping by the sea. Some of them had just touches upon them of the sun here and there, and some of them were dark and round, as if they projected out of the blue, and some of them were white and soft like masses of down; in among them was a star or two. It looked to myself, being pondering, as if it was the golden streets of Jerusalem, with the evening lamps lighted here and there, and that we in this world could only get this one glance at them before the deep night came over us, and gave us our lawful sleep. And then my thoughts went away from me, up to what *they* were doing, who went about the streets of Jerusalem where the lights were lighted yonder; and I thought of what the prophet says of grey-headed men leaning upon their staffs, and bairns playing in that city, and the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride; and then I marvelled if the folk yonder might ever win to the walls or to the gates, to look down on the old country far below, and what they thought of it now. And from that my mind wandered to little Annie, and the way she used to cry our names from our old threshold stone; and I looked away over the water, to the side of the brae that glimmered up among the clouds, and I almost thought that if I had been on the road, I could have seen Annie at the door, with her arm round the neck of our dog, Warlock, and him giving aye his little bark when she cried, "Lexie, Rechie," and my mother busy in the room, and now and then passing by the door. I gave a long sigh as my heart returned to me, and my sister must have been thinking the same, for she sighed too. "Its like one of the old nights langsyne, Rechie," said my sister to me.

And then we both gave another sigh; and then, for my part, the tears came to my eyes, and I bade Lexie come in, and we would get a light and take our seams again.

Being returned, Lexie began to speak again about what she was saying before.

"Rechie," she said, "my mind is not changed, though neither you nor me judged discreetly about the proper person—but we'll no controvert that any more. There's that young man that was speaking to us this moment, Rechie—that's a fine lad, and a good son, and a person that nobody could make any objections to—I would be content with him for Annie."

"Dr. Jamieson? but he'll be looking for higher than our Annie, Lexie," said I.

"I would like to ken how he could look higher, or in what respect?" said my sister. "If it were for good looks, Annie Orme is what I call bonnie; and she'll have as much as furnish a good house, and she's come of most creditable people. So, I say, Rechie, we must be civil to the doctor, and ask him to call and see us, for I see nobody in Lasswade that would be as suitable for Annie Orme."

At this moment, Annie herself came into the room.

"You have been long out, Annie Orme," said I, "where have you been? you should take your walks through the day, and no at night."

"I have been just at the waterside again, aunt Rechie," said Annie Orme.

Something in the tone of her voice made both Lexie and me look up. I never saw so happy a face; one smile was coming close on the step of another, and there was a wavering colour upon her cheeks, which rose and fell, and her eyes were giving shy, sudden glances here and there, from under the cast down eyelids, and her breath came a little fast and short, so that you saw her heart was beating quick.

"Dear me, Annie," said I, "was there any body with you by the waterside?"

The next moment I repented having said that, for Lexie saw what I meant, and her face grew red, and she stopped her work and looked at Annie with a knitted brow. Annie never noticed this; she gave a low laugh, twisted the strings of her bonnet, and said to me, "I met Helen Lyon, auntie," and then went quick away to her own room.

I dared not look at Lexie; for to tell the truth, I felt almost sure, within myself, that Annie Orme had been holding a meeting with Robbie, from the Butterbracs.

"Rechie," said my sister, solemnly, "you'll see if I do not speak true. She's dealing unfaithfully with us; see if that hind lad does not come to us, to dishonour our house with his mean proposals. I am as sure as if I had seen them, that Annie met him this night, and the first word of such a thing that's minted to me, I'll take my staff in my hand, and this misguided thing by the arm, and journey away to some strange place—for I'll no bear it. To see Annie Orme serving strangers, and filling measures, and taking pennies and sixpences, from the meanest passer by—it would kill me, Rechie Sinclair!"

Well, if it would have killed Lexie, it may be was even greater pain to me; for you see, I

stood between the two, and had sympathy with both, and sorrowed with both in my own spirit, feeling that I could not bear this any more than Lexie, and yet in my heart yearning with pity over the ill-advised bairn. You may believe, too, what a start I was thrown into, when the candle being put out, and me laid down, Annie Orme crept into my arms, and whispered to me, "He's got his license, Auntie Rechie."

"Oh, bairn, bairn!" said I, "do you tell me that;" and I thought I would have broken my heart.

CHAPTER XI.

Now whether it was a natural perverseness of circumstances, such as I have sometimes seen, or whether it was really a sudden liking, I cannot tell, but of this I am certain, Dr. Jamieson called upon us within two days of the time I have mentioned, of his own accord, and told us that our father's cousin, Ninian, was also a far-away cousin of a friend of his, to whom some of the old man's money had likewise come. The doctor was a very pleasant lad, good at conversation, and of a cheerful nature; and I could not help thinking that Lexie would have done better if she had made as discreet a choice the first time, instead of setting her heart upon Peter Braird; but I saw at once, that it would be nonsense ever dreaming about it; for, seeing he was received among some of the gentry and the rich gentlemen farmers, and had money and an inheritance himself, was it ever to be supposed that he would come courting to Annie Orme?

However, I had to keep my thoughts to myself, for Lexie was greatly exalted about Dr. Jamieson, and pressed him to come back again, which he said he would do. And ever after that, Lexie was both anxious and angry if she saw so much as a smile on the face of Annie Orme, and would have done some ill to Robbie, I believe, if he had been so rash as to come to our door.

But the week passed, and we heard no word of him. And who do you think was cried in Lasswade kirk upon the Sabbath-day? who but young Mr. Mouter and Miss Christina Thomson! I could not believe but the preacher was out of his senses when he said the names.

Upon the next Friday, according to our arrangement, having put up a supply of things in the little black trunk, and all our best bonnets in a big box, and tea and sugar for a week in a little basket, we took the coach, and

went into Edinburgh. The place we were to lodge at was Miss Clephane's, where Lexie had learned the millinery. It was up a long stair, near the end of the Cannongate, and close to the palace, and we could see the sentries at the gate from our windows, and Arthur's Seat beyond. Miss Clephane was then an old woman, and had given up the business, and lived on her money, just letting a room now and then, and like us she had a niece living with her; but Miss Rosie Clephane was nearly as old as me, and very tall, and as thin as Lexie, so there could not possibly be any comparison made between her and Annie Orme.

They were speaking much at this time about some students who had lodged with them, who were done with their time at college, and now were preachers, ready for kirks, and waiting on them. One of the first things Annie said, when we got to Edinburgh, was, that she wanted to go to one particular church, and no other, a thing which surprised me, seeing that Annie did not commonly express so very clear a will of her own; but as the minister there was a great man, and well worth hearing, neither Lexie nor me made any objection. On speaking about it to Miss Rosie, we discovered that she went there too, so we made up our minds to go altogether, to Annie's great good pleasure; though what special interest she had in it, I could not, with all my skill, make out or perceive.

On the Saturday, we took Annie to see the palace and the castle, and let her out by herself at night—on her promising not to stay long—to go up as far as St. Anthony's chapel. She came in as blooming and happy-like as could be, and I never was prouder of her—though it did not become me on a Sabbath!—than when I fastened her white gown the next morning, and watched her put on her new bonnet with the white and lilac ribbon, which I choose for her myself. You never saw a fresher, bonnier face in Edinburgh or out of it; and she looked as like a lady, I am bound to say, as any one we met, though we passed through some of the grandest streets in the town, on our way to the kirk that day.

CHAPTER XII.

I LIKE to see folk coming into a church. If we are there a quarter of an hour too soon, Lexie always reads her Bible without ever lifting her head, and makes Annie Orme do the same; but, for my part, I like to notice everybody that comes in, and to see who of a

family is at the kirk and who is not, and just to take a kindly look of them all. So it happened, being busy looking at all the strange folk, I never glanced up at the pulpit at all, till the psalm was given out, and then I had to hurry to find the place in a very small-printed Psalm-book; besides, I was particularly taken up with Annie Orme, who let fall her Bible a dozen times, I am sure, if she did it once, and grew red and white, and put up her handkerchief to her face, till I grew very anxious, and thought she was ill; I asked her, and said, I would go home with her, if she liked; but Annie answered, "No, no," and let fall her book again. So immediately it came into my head, that may-be she had seen Robbie in the church, and I looked round and round, and lost my own place, and missed the psalm-singing, hunting through the kirk for him; but I could see him nowhere.

What blind inconsiderate mortals we are after all; I was within half-an-hour of what made my heart stir with thanksgiving, and I knew it not.

All through the prayer I was concerned about Annie; I scarcely could attend to it for my trouble about her, which was a great sin in me. So we sat down again, and I was looking into Annie's face once more, and asking if she were unwell, when I heard the click of Lexie's glasses—Lexie is very short-sighted—as she put them on to look up at the minister, and wait for the text. But before there was a word of the text—you may think how I started, both my heart and me, when Lexie suddenly threw up her arms, and gave a cry, which made me think she had fainted. I started from Annie, and turned to my sister, who was on my other side. "Are you ill, Lexie?" whispered I, and there was great drops hanging on my brow with fear.

"Rechie Sinclair, I'm a fool," said my sister, and she panted for her breath. "Look up yonder—up yonder, ye foolish person, I tell ye—its Robbie, from the Butterbraes!"

I looked up; what did I see? past the long, pulpit stairs, past the preacher's desk—there, with his minister's gown upon him, and his fine blacks and white neckcloth, bending his head over the big Bible, in the very pulpit itself, was the same Robbie that took off his hat to me on Lasswade-bridge, and that we did not think good enough for Annie Orme!

I sat there with my mouth open and my eyes—I could not believe my very sight—and at the same time I was half distracted with the constant click of Lexie's glasses, as she put them on and took them off, and did not rest

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still for a single moment. Also, Annie Orme had hidden her face low down in her hands, and I could feel by the motion of her, being close to my side, that she was crying with all her might. But I could not say a word—I could not do a single thing, but sit with my eyes staring wide open upon Robbie Scott.

Bless me, to think of that—to think of that! But bye and bye I noticed that his voice was shaking, and I steadied myself as well as I could, that the poor lad might not lose his fortitude by looking upon us; I have no doubt it was a grand sermon—not the least doubt—but what it was about at this moment I am not prepared to say.

"Do you ken the minister, Miss Sinclair," said Miss Rosie Clephane, bending over to my sister, when the blessing was said; "did he no do grand? That's our student lad I was telling you about—for the Presbytery only licensed him last week."

I looked at Lexie, and Lexie looked at me—never one of us said a word; but at last Lexie gave a bit short laugh, and rose up and went right away; I saw she thought shame.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE minister came after us immediately from the church, Sabbath-day as it was.

"Annie Orme," said my sister, "your aunt Rechie and me are two old fools. I make no hesitation in saying that—but I am not a dour person—nobody can blame me with such a spirit; so if your aunt Rechie does not object, Annie, we'll ask this young man to stay to his dinner."

"Me, Lexie!" said I.

As if they did not both know that I would never oppose! So we put the minister opposite Annie at the table, and I took the head, and Lexie took the foot, and thus we had our Sabbath-day's dinner in Edinburgh. If any body had told me, three hours before, that Robbie would dine with us that day, I should have laughed it to scorn; yet, here he was, and no one in the room more taken with him than Lexie Sinclair, her very self.

So he told us all his story. It was true his father was a very poor man, with a poor small moorland-farm in the south country, no better than an East Lothian hind; but Lexie never seemed to heed that, though Mr. Robert told us plain. The poor lad said, too, that he lived for his first session on little more than five pounds; that his second he got some teaching; and that over since he had been keeping himself in the hardest way, though principally by

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teaching, till the last summer, when his father was in want himself, owing to an ailment among his cattle, and he was driven to great straits, and had to hire with Mr. Lait, of Butterbracs.

"A little vulgar pride stood in my way, no doubt," said Mr. Robert, with a smile, "but it was necessity, and I did it. There is no time of my life I shall regret less, Miss Lexie; for when I drove the Butterbracs cart, I had liberty sometimes to walk by the Esk water—and you will let me carry, not the remembrance only, but the companion of these walks with me all my life—will you, Miss Lexie?"

And Lexie said afterwards to me, "how could I, if I had been ever so inclined, have said 'No,' to a minister?"

So he is to get our Annie; and I am sure I am very glad and very well pleased, and proud of him, for a fine looking young man, not to say a minister. There is already some chance of him getting a kirk very soon, and whenever he is placed they are to be married; but though I am very glad of so suitable a man for Annie, and that she will not need to sew all her life, like us, but will be well taken care of and provided for, and have a higher place in this world than the like of us—

Still—but I would have been disappointed if she had not been married—still I am very loth to let her go away; and I think, may-be, the best plan of all would have been to let well alone, and keep her beside us, and have her aye Annie Orme.

It is too late for that now, for she is sitting at the window with Lexie making her wedding gown, which my sister and me bought out of Annie's knowledge, in Edinburgh, last Monday. And Lexie herself can almost come the length of laughing now about the license, and is as proud of the young man as can be. And only yesterday, when we went up to Windlestrae to see Mrs. Braird, who, poor woman, is anything but pleased with Phemie Mouter for a daughter-in-law, I smiled within myself at the change in Lexie—for whereas, a short time ago, she would have been overcome with shame at the very mention of Robert Scott as a match for Annie Orme; now she began of her own accord to tell Windlestrae and his wife the whole story, and all about "the grand sermon (I am sure she never heard a word of it any more than myself) which Mr. Robert preached in Edinburgh to Rechie, and Annie Orme, and me!"

BIRDS IN CAPTIVITY.*

THE BULFINCH.

(*Larix Pyrrhula*.)

"His head of glossy jet I spy,
His downy breast of softest red."

I DIVIDE this subject into two parts—the educated and the untaught bird. The imperative necessity for adhering to the treatment pursued by the German instructors of these docile creatures would alarm an amateur, satisfied to have a bulfinch in its natural and uneducated state. I am fully convinced that, were our artisans to give the same meed of care as the patient professor of "Cher-Hessen," "Fulda," and the "Vogelsburg," our native birds would equal, if not rival, those of the "Faderland," our melodies being more simple and familiar; the natural notes are pleasing only as being illustrative of a cheerful, loving temperament—their huskiness conveying an idea of an effort to do better.

Naturalists have a variety of opinions as to the migration of these birds: I am inclined to

believe that if, with us, it is a permanent resident, it, nevertheless, is more gregarious than is comprehended by a small family party, and that they change their quarters. It is only in the south that the bulfinch is pronounced to be a bird of passage, and I have reason to believe that it is a mere supposition, the result of finding these birds in every European state and abounding in Russia and Sweden. This confirms my opinion, that the delicacy of the German birds is the effect of man's treatment. I doubt that the "black bulfinch" is ought but a victim to bad feeding; the "white bulfinch" I should not pronounce to be so problematical, if the specimens said to be in the "Leverian Museum" had been bred in the house, as these birds pair with canaries; and the bird called "the London mule" (the produce of goldfinch and canary) is nearly white; besides, I have seen a bird called "the white blackbird"—(the term rather paradoxical!) The food for bulfinches caught in a wild state (*id. est.* the dunces) should be the same as I have laid down for the first and second class feeders, also apple blossom fruit: insects they seek when on the

* Continued from page 99.

wing, but in confinement they are not necessary; larch-buds and green food making the nearest approach to its natural food; bearing in recollection, that for ten months in the year this bird frequents the woods, and approaches the gardens and orchards only when the buds are full of the embryo blossoms. In May, they return to the hedges and sloe-blossoms, and, by a provision of nature, build about June—later than the mere seed-eating birds. Baths and sand wind up this treatment: the latter is absolutely required, as these birds are inclined to grow fat, and are greedy. Quartz has been found in small particles in their crops. Hempseed only to be allowed as a treat—a few grains a week; flax, canary, and rape to form the standard food.

I now begin the more important theme, and having bought the German piping bulfinches, and had instruction from the dealer, I shall give the substance of the lessons received, as also my experience of their efficacy.

The first food given in Germany, where the art of rearing nestlings is understood, is egg and "sweet summer rapeseed:" the seed is steeped in boiling water, and then washed, so that the husk comes off; after this, a very little seed is mixed with the egg, and with this paste the birds are fed every two hours; each succeeding day a little more seed is added to the egg, and thus the bird becomes at last used to the rapeseed.

Their mode of instruction may be acceptable to my readers. "After the birds have been at home four or five days, the teacher whistles to them, three times a day, the tune which they are to learn; and that which they have not learned when February comes, they will never learn at all. About this time they are all sold to the bird-dealers, and by them brought to England, America, and other countries, where they are disposed of at a high price: even in Germany, a good piping bulfinch is sold for eight or ten louis d'or (about nine pounds sterling)."

The great objection to the importation of a number of valuable birds together is, that they are apt to become "confused" in the air learned, and to take from one another the first or second part of a tune—some of the travellers singing overmuch *en route*, while others forget the lesson taught; but if the birds have been well instructed, they will resume their own tune or tunes, when separated from the many. At times, a bird can only remember the call-note: a tune may be whistled to it, *always in the same key*, and liking to sing, and its original tune having been forgotten, it will take to the new one; but it is only the experienced

teachers of Germany who will be able to instruct in a new air. After moulting, these birds are frequently distressed, and others are enraged, because their attempts to sing are abortive: in such case, *let their health* be attended to, and they must be kept *warm and quiet*, when it is more than probable their voices will come round in a natural way. Any impatience on the part of the possessor will irritate a species that nature, or, what is more likely, training, has made irritable; but when the bird begins his engaging tricks, and looks cheerful, *then* assistance, by whistling in the same key to which he had been accustomed, may be afforded. It must be remembered that the Germans rear their bulfinches in rooms heated by stoves, and that hoarseness is generally the consequence of their first winter in Britain.

In a single instance I was not successful. My room was not kept sufficiently warm: the bird moulted badly the first season, and forgot his tunes; he partially resumed them in summer, and seemed to be in good health when in my large aviary cage, to which I removed him from his own, for exercise; the second moult he died. I have known these Germans to be in excellent song for years, where windows were seldom opened; and I judge that, being removed from the close rooms of artisans, the *first winter* is their trial; once acclimatised, they do well. A late authority mentions an instance of a piping bulfinch having lived in a cage twenty years; and the writer (Mr. Thompson) adds, that the age when bought is unknown; but it is easy to know by the feet of a bird, and by other signs, if it be an old one.

Their food should be *summer rape*, called "*sweet summer seed*," a little canary, and flax. It is difficult to obtain it: as a substitute, turnip-seed may be given, it is more expensive, but the rape sometimes sold is strong and bitter. But with us there is no seed called *summer rape*. Not more than five or six grains of hemp weekly, this will be sufficient, and make them tame; they take it off the tongue; also the pips of apples, green food—especially chickweed and salad—apple-blossoms, larch-tops, a cherry, and a fig. The fewer delicacies the better, as these birds are inclined to apoplexy. It is recommended to put a bit of rusty iron in the drinking vessel, if the bird becomes hoarse; also about the size of a nut of manna, given *occasionally* in the same vehicle, improves the voice. I have never found manna to *cure* a bird when ill, but it relieves one slightly ailing. For the cure of fits, dip the bird into cold water, and put him then in a warm and quiet

place. For this attack, known by the bird falling down, spreading the wings, and opening the beak, a spider may be afterwards given. Some add "a bit of pork," "a sprig of wormwood," but I did not find the bird picked at either; and as a general remark, I would say that simple remedies only have any chance, beyond them you only increase suffering.

Although this species is supposed to be insectivorous, I have seldom found them to take with the avidity of other *lozias* a meal-worm or raw meat, both of which are good when ailing. I gave about the size of a nut of bread, upon which cold boiled milk had been poured, at least twice a week, as *I made a rule to do to all my birds*. One reason is, that it is the best remedy against the huskiness produced by constantly eating dried seeds, and also that I found birds prefer the milk so given to it by itself; and milk being one of our best remedies, *birds unaccustomed to take it when in health, will not touch it when ill*. I also scrape raw beef, and mix it with the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, on which a few drops of water have been poured, and all made into a paste, and given quite fresh, on alternate days, with the above. When this paste (the nightingale's food) was provided, I added a vessel of cold boiled milk—provisions indispensable before and during the season of moulting, and the first winter's trial of our variable climate.

The possessor of a bird who will take an interest in his well-doing, need hardly be reminded to observe if the ailing favourite will take the milk. I have known it prescribed "to withdraw the water vessel." The sufferer sulked, obstinately avoided the milk (perhaps it had become sour), and must have died, if the water had not been replaced; this supports my argument, that it is better to accustom the birds to that which they will really like.

All obstructions in the voice proceed from cold; when the sufferer makes the continual sound of "*tjib-tjib*," the Germans use a warm bath, by which I have seen two birds killed; and I believe, as I before tried to impress upon my readers, that all *unnatural* remedies frighten so delicate a creature, and *hasten its death*. Again, I advise the *prevention* of cold, given principally by draughts of air. This bird likes a cheerful cage; I found the bell shape the best, placed in a *cheerful and yet warm* situation. It may seem strange to say, but it is a fact, that these birds, and others also, require occasional change of air; about the pairing season, I restored one of mine to health by a country visit. Experience has taught me that the early training of the taught bulfinch points

out the necessity of steady care to preserve health and song—*little can be done to cure the consequences of neglect*. The trained bulfinch is a delightful companion, he bows, hops on the table, sings at command, and is susceptible of the strongest attachment; if slighted, he grieves or sulks, and fits frequently follow a fright. I prefer the bird that has but one tune, for in more than one instance I have known them to forget, or confuse the march and the waltz, that so delighted the hearers in the former season, and two "pipers" in the same room will cause confusion and forgetfulness; in any case, two birds of the same kind should never see each other. A thrush has been known *never to have sung* because another was present.

The price of a good taught bulfinch is from three to four guineas. There is an indescribable charm in the melody of these pretty beings, and their desire to attract the attention of those they are attached to, and they are exclusive and constant. As I regret that any bird is in confinement, and know that no benevolent feeling will emancipate the whole class; also that *foreign birds cannot be given their freedom*, I try to make mine feel less of the irksomeness of captivity, by allowing them at times, *when perfectly safe from accident*, to fly in and out of their cages; it is the careless neglect of persons not closing their doors to shut out the little toddling feet of children, the *gaucheries* of servants, and the indifference of casual visitors, together with the undesired attentions of grimalkin, that cause so many "fatal ends to favourites." I say less about fire-places, for, with two exceptions (a nonpareil and a golden oriole), I found that birds, accustomed to leave their cages, avoided the fire; still it is a dangerous practice to neglect placing a guard, or to forget that a large water ewer or basin may lose you your favourite also. When the forms of an early greeting and good will had been gone through, "Pop" (my pet bulfinch) ranged the breakfast-table, and took a bath, cold or tepid, according to season; if I left the room, he watched the door, and prepared his call-note; he hopped to meet me when I entered, and poured forth his airs, looking saucy all the while, for no one else would he sing "at command." I remarked the fondness of these accomplished birds for hats, by which I conclude some association—shall we call it *memory*?—was connected with early lessons. On one occasion—for I seek all that can take me within the sounds of melody, sweeter to me than that of a *prima donna*—I saw a ludicrous, and, to the bird-dealer, a rather inconvenient illustration of a piping

bulfinch's fondness for that very ungraceful portion of man's attire. I accompanied a lady to Schinge's rooms, and he had one choice and high-priced bird exhibited the last; this he, with merchant-like acumen, had removed to his "family apartment," redolent of onions and German cookery, *n'importe*, there perched "bully," indifferent to all objectionable matter, and heedless of fastidiousness as we were, when we encountered his bright black eye, he did not obey the sign (the waving of his master's head), a hempsced offered and accepted, still silent; the poor man looked distressed, but conscious, while, in his broken English, he said the words "*confused*," "sulky." Our anxiety made us look patient and amiable, another trial—there the culprit sat "in dull contented ignorance"—at last, in despair, the owner of the contumacious beauty clapped on his hat, with "*dere nou*," closely resembling poor Hood's "wooden d—n," and, forthwith, after two or three preparatory calls, bully threw himself, *con amore*, into his three melodies—to call them either "flute-like," or "bird-like" sounds, would be to wrong the exquisite sweetness of the notes—the more extraordinary that the natural tone of the bird cannot be called a song. I need scarcely add that, after the extorted confession of this monomania on the part of *Der Gimpel oder Dompfaffe*, my friend not being a Welshwoman, or an admirer of innovations, and with a prudent conviction that the owner of a hat could not be ever at hand when she desired a waltz from the cage, declined the purchase. I have often thought over this, and several instances of similar associations, with surprise, for the German miner and artisan never has, I believe, adopted any head-covering except a cap.

To prove that the bulfinch is fully entitled, by his docility, his excellent memory, and his social habits, to rank in the collection of the amateur as a first-rate favourite, I give the following anecdotes, illustrative of his just claims to favouritism, premising that the term "piping bulfinch" always means a *taught* bird.

One which a lady (north of the Tay) bought of a German bird-dealer, because of the excellence of its song, was no sooner in her possession than he became entirely mute, and though apparently in perfect health, neither voice nor instrument could induce it to sing. A Hanoverian officer, who happened to be present, whistled several waltzes, but in vain. Bully was still silent; at last the Hanoverian recollected an air he had heard a bird-dealer sing in Germany, and whistling the first bar, the bird instantly finished it.

Another, in Edinburgh, not only sung delightfully, but performed several curious tricks. When its mistress was at work, it flew away with her needle; or if she was writing, it tried to carry off her quill; sometimes a hempsced or two was put into an ivory box, the top being lightly laid on, the bulfinch darted towards it, and dexterously overturning the lid, hovered over the open box, from which he picked out the seed, and flew off without alighting.

I taught mine, also a canary, (and a non-pareil, by means of meal-worms,) to do the same, even taking seed from my half closed hand.

One more instance, and I have done. A lady bought a bulfinch from a French prisoner, the poor exile had painted the cage of his little captive like a prison, and the bird drew up two little buckets, suspended by a gilt chain, one containing seed, and the other water. This bulfinch was extremely tame, and though bred in the woods of Greenilaw, (near Edinburgh,) it whistled a variety of troubadour songs.

I quote the last anecdote, on account of the proof it affords of the teachable nature of this bird, but I enter a protest against training birds with buckets, for reasons which I shall give more fully under the head of the goldfinch.

THE CARDINAL GROSBEEK.

(*Loxia Cardinalis*)

THE appearance of this beautiful bird is more familiar to our cages than his treatment is understood, which should be simple but varied. Of a brilliant colour and a hardy nature, he is equally desirable as an inmate of an aviary; fierce and destructive to his own species, he never molests even the smallest specimen of any other. The female is of a soft mouse-brown colour, tinged with red, the crest (like that of the male bird) forms a point when raised; she is graceful and lively, and, unlike hen-birds, sings as well as her mate; the notes are softer, but less continuous. The male-bird has been known to evince much jealousy at the vocal powers of his partner, and I have witnessed, with my own pair, serious matrimonial bickerings, requiring a total separation, not only from cages, but from the same room, when at liberty to range about. The Virginia nightingale is of the rare instances of foreign birds pairing in confinement. The late Earl of Derby had a "residence" prepared for these royal visitors, and succeeded in their naturalization. I am also aware of a pair having hatched, and brought out their young in a

large cage, but the tyrant *caro* destroyed his offspring in a jealous fit. I am not a convert to an opinion lately given, that the cardinal grosbeak would bear the severity of an English winter in a wild state; many reasons tend to support my view of the subject, with which a supply of food has nothing to do. They are not calculated to endure hard weather, being subject to blindness; before rain they crouch down and depress their crests, and their joyous notes pending its descent is no proof that shelter in a comfortable domicile is adverse to their taste. Any one who has studied their habits will also allow, that, pugnacious as our robins, "a broad-gauge" would be required. Their price is at all times high, not being imported in large numbers; however, it is with this prince of captives our true history lies.

Of all birds I consider the cardinal grosbeak to require a roomy cage, and baths daily. The latter as a preventive to parasites, to which it is said they are much subject, and a variety such as I have laid down under the head food. I have known these birds perish, and in great agony, merely from the sameness of their food, and neglect as to cleanliness and exercise; my birds have a flight in the room daily, but this is not a necessity; I like to see their enjoyment on the wing.

There is a prevailing idea that the *lorias* hide their food: observation of their habits induces the belief that they do not like eating from the seed-drawer or vessels, but seek about for a place to which to carry their selection. I therefore placed a little square box (like a nest) near a perch, and invariably they remove their choice bits to it, and eat in comfort. They should have fresh soft food daily, and the "paddie" (unshelled rice) is the seed they prefer, but give them but little of it; Indian corn or hempseed, canary and millet, (especially the former,) being less heating. They delight in barley and wheat in the ear; they enjoy all kinds of fruit and grass seeds. My bird is unusually tame; I leave his cage-door open, and he dashes in and out at will (for no other word can express his rapid movement, and he knows his name, "*Dot*," perfectly well) when he wants sugar, bathes in preference on the table, and is a determined fly-catcher. It is not usual to tame a Virginia nightingale. "*Dot*" is very happy, carrying his food to his box, discussing grapes and apples, while waiting for the summer fruits. He likes "high places," and is especially fond of the shelter of his half cover at night. At midnight, he sings suddenly and loudly; as summer advances, the song becomes continuous and incessant from dawn of day.

Although these birds moult in autumn, and are supposed to be in song soon after Christmas, I find a good deal depends upon the season; if severe, a huskiness in the throat checks their early notes, nor can they be depended on until April. The conceited air, when before a looking-glass, the raising and depressing of the crest, together with the rolling motion of the body when singing in the sunshine, render these birds most amusing, also most desirable inmates of the cage. I have only observed, in any instance, the ailments which result from mismanagement—want of variety of proper food, want of exercise, and want of sand. When oppressed by unwholesome treatment, they open their beaks and look sad. I pronounce this *loria* to be the king of seed-birds; and a friend, who has one twelve years in good plumage and song, gives him in these days the desirable character of being "the most economical of favourites." One canary eats more than would three red birds. This lady lost hers, and he luxuriated three weeks in a garden, feeding on green peas. A red-coat is a grand provocative to a shot, and the gardener was proceeding to kill, when his master kindly interposed, baited a trap with the favourite food, and returned the wanderer to his happy owners.

The vocal powers of these birds vary considerably, their superiority consisting in the prolongation of the "roll" and "jug," from which musical sounds they derive the distinctive appellation of "nightingales." The repetition of a favourite stanza is their morning practice; and it goes sometimes beyond the bounds of the hearer's patience. The character of this species is that of nonchalance and vivacity; he is not of the gentler kind; woo be to the person daring enough to catch him, or to attempt to pare his nails (a necessary operation); he fixes his beak, and bites through the flesh; and before he has accomplished this revengeful feat, he utters loud and angry cries, sufficient to deter from a Quixotic attempt to better his condition.

My hero, "*Dot*," had, on one of his days of full liberty, a fancy to sleep outside his cage. I returned home late, threw a handkerchief over him, and placed him in his timent: he awoke, and screamed loudly. For three days he resented the liberty—by total silence the first, and a cessation of song whenever I entered my sitting-room, where he lived, on the other two. He is amiable when addressed by name, but flutters when strangers approach without this ceremony! These would be considered trivialities in a petted native bird, but

the grosbeaks are not "model" birds in temper; they bear captivity without repining, but mostly retain their wild habits. There is much in kindness to develop disposition, and the Virginia nightingales repay any care. I must repeat that they are most frequently mismanaged.

I find, as with all foreign birds whose health has been preserved, that each additional year in confinement improves their song; the bird of the first year's importation is dependent on the care afforded him for the ensuing period. Seed is but the smaller proportion of their food; therefore heedlessness only can be advanced where fruits, vegetables, and soft food are the staple commodities. The brilliant colour changes by neglect of food and air.

I mentioned to a friend the singular fact, that my Virginia nightingale sung on *Christmas-day* for the first time after the autumnal moult, and not afterwards until April; and this for three succeeding years. Too polite to express a doubt, this lady could not conceal a look of surprise. The following year, she observed in her own bird the same singular fact. In a very delightful work, *On the Passions of Animals*, by the late Mr. Thompson, of Belfast, many wonderful details are given, to be accounted for by those very "passions;" but to that just related there is no clue.

A propos to this subject, that of "curiosity" is most remarkable in the cardinals (and I have observed it in most birds). The grosbeak, if nurtured to intelligence, examines all alterations in his food-vessels and petches, the changes of position with reference to the placing of his cage—he even observes the outward aspect of surrounding objects. At the present writing, my "*Dot*" is in full song by day and night, at a time when other Virginia nightingales are looking abashed at their ragged garments, in this "the silent month." I found my bird, at the ordinary moulting season, drooping *too suddenly* for this natural process; he had taken cold and was ill. I removed him to a room having on it *the morning sun*, hung up his cage free from disturbance, administered the remedies already prescribed for the bulfinch and other *lozias*, with the addition of mealworms, and in a few days "*Dot*" resumed his melodies, and retained his coat.

The moulting of foreign birds is irregular, being greatly dependant on the period (necessarily unknown to us) when they leave the parent wing—the early or late brood. This simple fact, when unconsidered, causes great perplexity; proper treatment will also prolong the period of song, a *desideratum* when their resuming it will depend on a mild spring season.

A LADY'S NARRATIVE OF CAPTIVITY AMONG ALGERINE PIRATES.*

AFTER the first week of our detention in Salee, my husband began again to manifest symptoms of ague; mental disquiet, confinement, and starvation had done their work, and the horrid disorder had come back. This put the climax to my misery. We petitioned the governor to be allowed to send to the ship for some bark, but received in answer a peremptory order not to attempt to communicate with it on any account. The old despot did not change to want anything just then. I felt as if I could more readily have pistolled him for that cruel refusal, than I could have performed the same office for Allan Ruberico, in the struggle for liberty. For nine days the poor sufferer did not leave his mattress. Our principal nourishment was now derived from sour black bread, onions, garlic, and turbid water; coffee rarely made its appearance. The heat of the sick chamber was almost suffocating; no

breath of fresh air could be coaxed into it; and during the day, from sunrise to sunset, continued confusion, bustle, and noise were around us—constant demands upon me for exhibition; then shouting, bawling, and screaming from the different members of the household; and, between these, interludes of young Judah's vehement treble. I verily believe my spirits could not have borne up against these accumulated sources of wretchedness, had I not cherished the daily thought, that each morning might be the last we should have to endure them.

On the third Friday of our stay in Salee, Samuel Bendenhen came to chat with us. He seemed to think he was promising me a high gratification, when he said I should soon be taken to see the king's wife; adding, that "she was four, and all travelled at once." This puzzling announcement was soon made a little clearer to me by the running commentary—"She is fine thing to see; two is black,

* Concluded from page 147.

and two is white; she is all covered with jewels and gold." I then understood there were four wives in the case; all the Moors increase the fractional division of their better-half as their worldly prosperity augments. The conversation having thus inadvertently gone in the direction of matrimony, I took occasion to ask my instructor in the customs of the land why Miriam, who was a Jewess, did not eat with her husband. He gave me to understand that it was because of her extreme modesty — "she was so very shameful, that she could not eat with him." I unconsciously turned to look for this fine specimen of female delicacy: she was sitting upon the top step of the stairs, at the end of the gallery, completing her purification for the approaching Sabbath; before her was a large brass cauldron of water, in which she was bathing her feet and legs, and immediately beneath her stood the Irish captain, looking on with a puzzled stare.

During this night, we frequently heard the cry of the minaret watchmen, and also the clapping of their hands and wooden shields, as they called the Mahometans to prayer. Soon after sunrise, an extraordinary commotion began in the streets: we could distinguish the continued tramp of soldiers. Bendenhen soon brought the news, that a special courier from a neighbouring town had given the governor information that hordes of wild Arabs were pouring down from the high country. The noise we had heard was caused by Algerine troops marching in to garrison the town; the large gates were already closed, and the walls manned. The inhabitants were used to these incursions of the Bedouins, who, upon such occasions, swept from the mountains in vast unorganized masses, and drove before them whatever booty they could lay their hands upon. Whenever their visit was anticipated, the women and children from Jew-town were brought to Salec, for their common danger effaced for a time all distinctions of faith and of caste. Several ladies came to Miriam for protection, and among them one who interested me exceedingly, in consequence of her being the wife of my friend Bendenhen. She had with her an infant son; and the united ages of the parent and child amounted to only fourteen years and four months.

On the Saturday evening, to my great surprise, when our host had finished his recital of Hebrew psalms, he sang part of our national anthem in very tolerable English. After this vocal performance, he unlocked an old chest, and exhibited its contents, either to amuse me, or to gratify his own vanity. He showed me

some fine gold ear-rings, measuring three or four inches across, and set with large carbuncles and other precious stones; each drop could not have weighed less than four ounces, and the two were connected by a strong gold chain, intended to be passed over the top of the head, when they were worn. He also produced some magnificent bunches of pearls, that must have been of immense value, and seemed to enjoy my admiration exceedingly. I did not, however, find that my host was raised in my estimation by this display of wealth; I could only think how vast the booty must have been that had afforded such a share for one individual. As I gazed at the gold and gems, I only saw the plundered ships that had yielded up their freights, the gallant hearts that had battled in vain with robbers, and the sorrowing homes that had mourned the missing ones. After I had inspected the treasures of the casket, Miriam and Una endeavoured to persuade me to let them dress me out in Moorish costume; they wanted to see how I should look in it, and had prepared a very handsome equipment, but my heart was too ill at ease to allow me to submit to their will, and I besought them, by signs, to leave me in peace.

My dear husband was now alarmingly ill; the fever was again at its height, and raging the more furiously, because I was unable to procure either the medicinal or dietetical appliances that I could command while at sea. Half frantic, I begged that some kind of fresh meat might be purchased for us: I was told that we could not have any for five days, as no animal food might enter the purified dwelling of the Jew, unless properly slain by the rabbi, and the rabbi would not kill again before that time. After reiterated petitions, the boy Mehemed was sent off a six-hours' journey, to beg that the rabbi would deign to slay a chicken, at this unusual period of the week, for a sick Christian. When the luxury came, however, we were not allowed to have it dressed to our own fancy; Miriam had it prepared for us, and then sent us but a very small portion of the whole. The hard-earned morsel proved to be, after all, but a sorry boon.

When the measure of my despair was nearly full, and my spirit humbled to the sense of how powerless the arm of flesh was to aid or comfort, the hand of Almighty Providence was stretched out in our behalf, our bonds were rent in twain, and our mourning turned into joy. The Jew came to us on the Monday morning, with the astounding intelligence that the governor had just received an express from

the Emperor of Morocco, intimating that the brig *Perseverance*, then suffering detention at Salee, had been peremptorily demanded of him by the resident consul of Tangier. The communication stated that the Tangier consul had informed the emperor, that unless the vessel, her British captain, her lady passenger, and her crew and cargo, were immediately sent to him, he should forthwith strike his flag. So great was the emperor's anxiety lest this threat should be acted upon, that the imperial despatch was accompanied by a mandate, that we should depart instantly for Tangier, under the convoy of a schooner of ten guns. Our host was amazingly surprised at all this; he could not think how on earth anything should be known at Tangier concerning us. We, of course, were no less astonished than he was: we very well knew that both himself and his courier would keep their own counsel, inasmuch as that would be tantamount, in the existing state of affairs, to keeping their heads. My husband had only once during our captivity in Salee seen the four men of his crew, who were confined with the Austrians. The men were then in very good spirits; they were in a more roomy house than ourselves, were better fed, and seemed, upon the whole, to find their detention agreeable rather than otherwise. They suffered no privations, had no work to do, and were aware that their pay was running on. Under these circumstances, they enjoyed the passing day, and were reckless of the morrow. During this afternoon, they were brought to the consul's house, in order that we might be in the greater readiness for our start. The consul, our host, took this occasion to dilate eloquently upon the great trouble and expense so much unanticipated company had caused him, and then finished his harangue by presenting his bill—a list of exorbitantly heavy charges for the entertainment of ourselves and our men. We were too anxious not to throw any impediment in the way of our liberation to hesitate for an instant about the payment; again English sovereigns were tendered and graciously accepted, and I had once more cause for the deepest gratitude that it had occurred to us to secrete our little hoard of money, as the *primo* necessary of our condition. If we had not possessed these secret friends, I believe we should have ended our lives in the land of deserts, and laid our bones among the Algerines.

During the afternoon, the poor Austrian came to take leave of us: he had been informed of our good fortune; but the same courier who had been its bearer had also brought orders

that he and his sixteen men should be taken up the country, to meet the King of Fex. I always believed that this was merely a blind, intended to deceive us as to his whereabouts; for it was not at all likely that an escort would be spared from the town, when all the surrounding troops and inhabitants were thronging in for its protection. The heart-broken man thanked us for the little kindness we had been able to show him, with tears running down his venerable face; he pressed and wrung our hands, and was considerably comforted by my husband's solemn assurance, that his first act of liberty should be the notification to the authorities of Trieste, and to the captive's owners and friends, of all that had happened. We could only further murmur a prayer for his deliverance, as the soldiers hurried him away.

The evening of this eventful day, that was to be the last of our sojourn in the land of captivity, was marked by an incident in which I was interested, in spite of myself. Miriam and a party of female visitors were occupied in staining the eyes, hands, and nails of the pretty Una; arrangements had been made among her relatives to marry her in a few days to a young man of Jew-town, whom she had never seen. The work proceeded merrily, and the victim seemed perfectly unconscious of the fate to which I fear she was doomed. How earnestly did I wish she had been going away with me; as it was, I left many grateful thoughts with her. She had been a constant and useful friend, and was indeed a creature of singularly warm affections, gentle feelings, and kindly sympathies; she always seemed to me like a pearl that had been cast among swine; I do not think there could be a single dweller in Salee, or in Jew-town, who was able to appreciate her pure lustre at its proper worth.

When my husband had received the notification of the emperor's order, he had sent a message to the governor, requesting that he might have sufficient notice of the hour appointed for his departure, to enable him to procure a supply of provisions for the passage to Tangier. As we had no trunks to pack, this was the only preparation we had to trouble ourselves about; we therefore retired early, and enjoyed a little repose; for this one night, we were alike indifferent to rats, birds, spiders, fleas, and suffocating air. Soon after sunrise, three different parties came for us in less than as many minutes: go we must that instant. So, after all, I was not to be allowed to see either the quadruple consort of his majesty

the king, or the spectacle of the land-robbers' attack upon the nest of the sea-robbers. I easily managed to find consolation for these disappointments: the haste of our escort did not outstrip our own willingness to move. We left the consul's house without seeing any of its inhabitants save Miriam, who gave me a hearty parting embrace. We passed through the streets without molestation, and were ushered for the last time into the patriarchal presence at the custom-house.

Joy and hope had operated wonderfully upon my husband's frame, but he was so weak, that he could not stand before the governor. He was accommodated with a chair, while a little pretence at business was gone through: mysterious papers were formally and ostentatiously signed; but, then, at the last, the sleeping lion aroused himself, and shook his mane. My husband said there was something more to be done—he must have his countryman with him; he could not go without the Irishman, and, what was more, he would not. And, enervated and depressed as he was by illness, his generous heart prompted him in the part he had to play so well, that it was at length deemed best to accede to his demand—the Irishman was pronounced free to go to Tangier with us. This knotty point settled, we were hurried once more over the rocks, and down the descent, to the landing-place. A large Moorish barge was waiting for us, with the sails already spread; our old acquaintance, the captain of the port, was at the helm, and the boat was soon scudding with us before the breeze. The port-captain told us that his orders were to take us to the Moorish schooner, and not to our own vessel. This was a little drawback upon our pleasure; but expostulation was useless, and we were forced to make the best of it.

The day was intensely hot, and there was a heavy sea running, so that I was soon insensible to everything about me. We met the schooner's boat at sea, and were transferred into it. The port-captain compassionately took me at once on board the *Perseverance*, contrary to his orders, and in ten hours my husband joined me there. He had merely been detained on board the schooner until the orders were issued to get the vessel under weigh. Our four men were kept on board the schooner to help to work her. Allan Ruberic and twelve Moors still took command of the *Perseverance*. The Irishman (I neither remember his name, nor that of his little cork boat) and his crew also formed part of the schooner's complement. The governor had sent on board the brig a peace-

offering, consisting of twenty loaves of white bread, fifty pounds of grapes, and half-a-sheep. This was courteously and considerably designated as a present to the Christian woman. The Christian woman saw them delivered, but she saw nothing more of them; Allan Ruberic and his comrades took care of that. We did not much trouble about it, however, as Samuel Bendenhen had accepted a commission from the captain to purchase provisions for the ship. He told us he had done so, and received the amount of his outlay, upon the assurance that he had seen all the things safely locked up for us. This was, nevertheless, a falsehood. My favourite had, at last, managed to get his share of spoil out of us, and had left me to grieve, more for the unanticipated baseness, than for the privation which it entailed.

A gun from the Moorish schooner was the signal for the British ships to weigh their anchors. This was, however, the work of many hours, as there was but one able seaman among the dozen Moors on board; our convoy was out of sight before the anchors were disentangled from the ground. The Austrian brig we left riding where we had first seen her, but she was now floating lightly on the water, the Moors had relieved her of her cargo, consisting of valuable packages of jewellery, watches, and other costly goods.

We were thus once more at sea, after twenty days' residence in Salce. We landed on the Wednesday, and effected our happy escape on the Tuesday fortnight following. But our sufferings were not yet by any means at an end. The distance to Tangier was about a hundred and forty miles, and the passage might have been made, under favourable circumstances, in twenty-four hours. In consequence of being badly manned, and encountering strong adverse winds, we were, however, twelve long fearful days beating about in heavy seas. There were twenty-two of us on board, and we had nothing but salt provisions to live on, and one small cask of water. In ten days, the water was all gone, and for the remaining two of the voyage, we had to endure the most agonizing thirst; at length Cape Spartel hove in sight, and we entered the bay of Tangier. All other thoughts were, at the time, lost in our pressing need; we were more alive just then to our thirst, than to the joy of our deliverance—water was our only hope—water was our only cry. From the first boat that came off to us, we received a small supply of it, and this seemed to us of ten thousand times more value than all the gold we had left in Salce.

Our anchor was dropped in the bay of Tan-

gier on Sunday morning, and a signal immediately appeared from the consul's house, summoning the captain on shore. We were soon in the boat, Allan Rubricee accompanying us. We landed on a sandy beach, with the sea breaking over rocks on either side of it. Tangier lay straggling in front of us, its houses occupying a sort of valley, through which a water-course descended, affording traces along the sides of how heavy the fall must be in the rainy season. The consul's residence stood upon a rising ground to the south, and was built in the Portuguese style, being adorned with verandahs and porticoes. Its interior was furnished with all the luxury and elegance that wealth and a cultivated taste can command. The formalities of depositions and protests having been gone through, we were kindly invited to partake of refreshments, and I was presented to the consul's lady, a native of Gibraltar, dressed in the European fashion, and of prepossessing appearance. Her manner was, however, reserved, and as I was myself still considerably indisposed, I could make no effort to break through the barrier. The conversation was, therefore, exclusively carried on by the consul, Mr. Douglas, and my husband, and related chiefly to the circumstances of our position. After two or three hours entertainment, we returned on board, and found our men quarrelling openly with the Moors; Allan Rubricee was getting very outrageous. For the next two days he and the captain spent their time in countermanding each other's orders, and I was in the hourly dread of hearing that the turbulent African had drawn the long knife he constantly wore at his girdle; at last he attempted to prevent the mate from going on shore with a letter the captain had written to Mr. Douglas. Upon this my husband took me with him, and went on shore himself, protesting that he would not again return to his ship until every Moor was taken out of her. Mr. Douglas said he had made frequent applications to the governor to remove our unwelcome companions, but that that official had refused to do so until the Moorish schooner had arrived. Our ship's papers had been purposely kept on board the schooner appointed to be our convoy, and in their absence, our advocate could of course take no further steps in the proceedings. Mr. Douglas approved of my husband's determination to remain on shore for the present, and gave him a recommendation to a Spanish hotel. Here we remained for four days in comparative comfort. We thoroughly enjoyed the luxury of a pretty airy bed-room; the only annoyances we suffered

were caused by the nocturnal inroads of an army of musquitos, and the nocturnal vociferations and clappings of the watchmen upon the four minarets of a neighbouring mosque. These were trifling vexations after all we had suffered. The change in our circumstances was so great as to seem almost incredible; I could not tell what to make of having no requisitions to exhibit myself hour after hour; I no longer entertained any apprehension for our personal safety, and my dear husband was rallying fast under the influence of mental quietude, pure air, and an abundance of delicately prepared food. We were quite satisfied to remain tranquilly within the precincts of our delightful sanctuary. The very noises around it made us more sensible of the realities of its pleasures. The house stood in that part of the town which lies on the south side of the valley; four spacious windows admitted light and air, and overlooked a wide extent of fruit farms, wearing the aspect of richly cultivated gardens. The buildings of Tangier are not ornamental in themselves, but they are so irregular in their outlines, that they impart a very pretty appearance to the valley they occupy. The most striking feature in the scene is the winding water-course, diversified by the variously-coloured soils the torrent has left behind. The eye follows its track downwards to the ocean, and upwards to the distant hills, where the ever-green orange trees, with their golden fruit, and the gracefully waving fan palms, blend together to form a luxuriant drapery for the verdant slopes. To the eastward, the picture is finished by the sea and the bold outlines of Gibraltar's rocky heights; and to the northward, by the little lighthouse of Tariffa. Such was the lovely landscape that greeted us whenever we chose to turn our attention outwards, from the comforts of our temporary home.

Our hostess had brought with her from Spain skill in the culinary craft that is there so highly prized. Our table was furnished sumptuously, agreeable dishes that I knew nothing of, fresh fish in very variety, pigeons that never looked or tasted twice alike. These were but a few of the luxuries we feasted on, and of course we measured the excellence of every dish submitted to us, by our memory of Miriam's garlic soup and sour bread. We had also dates, grapes, figs, and pomegranates, in the greatest profusion, and of finest quality. Fate seemed to be bent on making us amends for one long month of starvation, and to be setting about its work in the handsomest possible way.

The inhabitants of Tangier are a mixed multitude. The Moors only wear the odious flannel

wrappers; the Spaniards and Portuguese appear in graceful, dark-blue cloaks; and the French, German and Swedish inhabitants affect even gayer and more diversified costumes. The Moors are no votaries of fashion; their mode of dress has not been altered in a single particular for more than a thousand years. There is still very much in their customs that call to mind the early days of the Patriarchs; they say that they prefer to do without chairs and tables now, because there were none used at the beginning, and why should they want such appliances, when their fathers' fathers did very well without them. All those innovations which we denominate refinements, they call base effeminacies, and therefore shun them; hence the very strange doings we witnessed during our sojourn in Salee, where no breath of foreign influence has yet been able to make its way.

During the first night of our residence in the Spanish hotel, the little sleep the mosquitoes and minaret criers would have allowed us, was frequently broken by tumultuous noises in the neighbouring streets. Crowds seemed to be rushing backwards and forwards, and indulging themselves in a liberal allowance of gun-firing and drum-beating. Our hostess, who spoke tolerable English, came to us to tell us what all the disturbance meant: "You must not be frightful," she said, "it is only a Moorish wedding." She told us that the bride elect was in the midst of the noisy throng, carried in a sort of sedan, by the male relatives of her family. After she had been paraded three several nights in this way, she would be taken to the house of the bridegroom, and be left for a day; if, after this probation, the parties found they could agree together, they would be man and wife; if otherwise, the lady would be returned to her friends. The contract could only be made binding by the occurrence of twenty-four hours of uninterrupted harmony. In the morning, our hostess recurred to the subject of this wedding; she said, laughingly, "I know the lady. She tell me she not let her new husband like her, she look ugly all she can; she never look at him yet, but she look at somebody; she hear he not like a woman talk, she will talk very much; she hear he like sit on carpet, she will stand and walk all day; she hear him not like singing, she will sing, and never stop." We afterwards heard that the promising lady had proved as good as her word. Young Sadam Nedabro took home his refractory bride, but did not prove himself by any means a Petruccio in managing her; she was all too much

for him, and the upshot of his wedding was, that he got greatly laughed at, and had to take himself off to another town.

The *Perseverance* had been seven days at anchor in the bay of Tangier before the schooner that had been appointed for her protection arrived. We had then, at last, the satisfaction of seeing her standing in, with the Irish vessel in her wake; the poor little craft was, however, almost a wreck, in consequence of the unseamanlike manner in which she had been handled by her Moorish crew. My husband immediately presented himself before Mr. Douglas, and signals were made for the master of the Moorish convoy and Allan Ruberie to come on shore. They obeyed the summons, and brought with them the ship's papers, but denied that we were British subjects, and stated that upon that ground they intended to retain possession of their prizes. Thereupon Mr. Douglas despatched an express to the governor, who had found it convenient to absent himself from Tangier just at this juncture. In a few hours an answer was received from the Moorish ruler, in the form of an official document, requiring Mr. Douglas to attend a convocation of the resident consuls at noon on the following day, and intimating that it was generally understood the prizes did not belong to any nation represented at Tangier, and that, therefore, he, Mr. Douglas, had no authority for interference in the affair. Mr. Douglas immediately forwarded a notification to the governor, and to the several consulates, that if any one presumed to question his authority in the matter, or if every Moor was not instantly removed from the vessels, and every person connected with them was not at the same time restored to unconditional and perfect liberty, he should forthwith strike his flag, and take the two British captains across to Gibraltar. His highness Julah Rai was by no means prepared for this energetic course of proceeding. The announcement of Mr. Douglas's intentions produced an immediate change in his views of this matter, and he now seemed only anxious to rid himself of any further responsibility in an affair that was assuming so ugly a look. He, therefore, at once issued a peremptory order to the Moors to deliver up both the vessels on the following morning. This order was obeyed without further hesitation. As soon as the Moors had performed their earliest prostrations, they came on shore, and gave up the ships' papers to the consul, and once more the rightful masters of the vessels assumed entire control and command of them.

As we were on our way from the Spanish hotel to the boat, on this joyous morning, a young Moor, of very exquisite and dandified appearance, addressed us; he was clothed in fine, white flannel, and wore a very tasty scarlet turban, trimmed out with silver, and tasselled with gold; he walked first on one side of us and then on the other, with a mincing gait, and at length addressed my husband in Italian. He said he understood him to be the captain of the great English ship in the bay, that was laden with dollars, and as he wanted money very much, he would be greatly obliged to him for some of them. This request sounded so comically innocent, that I could not restrain my inclination to laugh. My husband was in a more serious mood, but even he could not altogether resist the winning smile with which the petition was proffered. He therefore answered, that he should have been very happy to be able to accommodate him, but that his own considerate countrymen had already taken away from the ship everything but the masts and anchors, and he must, therefore, postpone the consideration of his request until he was himself richer. The young dandy appeared to be thoroughly satisfied with this explanation, and bowed, and smiled graciously to us, as he moved away.

On the same day with our return to the ship, a French brig-of-war came into the bay, to complain of several acts of molestation that vessels of their nation had suffered from Salce rovers. At the very time the French officers were going on shore, my husband and his mate were landing, with the purpose of lodging an information at the French consul's against his highness the Algerine admiral, for having stopped the *Perseverance* under French colours. Immediately on our arrival at Tangier, he had forwarded letters to Grazia Dio Minerbe, of Trieste, the owner of the Austrian vessel; and he had also written to the government authorities of that port, as well as to the Austrian captain's family.

Those of our men who had been detained on board the Moorish schooner were restored to their own ship as soon as they arrived in the bay of Tangier. They were not a little rejoiced at the change, for they found their fare, in the close, dirty hold of the schooner, a very different thing to their shore living at Salce. They had there neither fresh fish, dates, grapes, nor peaches, their ordinary diet upon land; but they were now, however, persons of great importance in the eyes of their messmates, and had very astonishing and amusing yarns to spin. They fully accounted for the slow pas-

sage the schooner had made from Salce; for they stated, that as soon as a breeze of wind touched her sails, her anchor went down, that she might wait for better weather; she had crept along close in shore all the way, and once had positively returned to Salce. During the voyage, she fell in with a British sloop-of-war, on surveying service; the officers had immediately boarded her, to ask what the Moors were up to with the little Irish craft. The answer was, that they were taking her to the British consul at Tangier, because she was without a Mediterranean pass. This account did not satisfy the officers, and they insisted upon seeing the Irish captain, that they might hear his account. The poor fellow was brought to them, but his energies had been so crushed by suffering and fear, that when they inquired whether he stood in need of any of their assistance, he answered unhesitatingly, "he did not." When again interrogated as to whether he was suffering any restraint, he again said, "he was not." Nothing further could, therefore, be done for him, and the British cruiser had reluctantly allowed the Moors to continue their course. While this conversation was passing on deck, our four men and the three Irishmen were in confinement below, Moors standing over them with drawn sabres, to compel their silence. There is no doubt that the captive on deck had by some means been impressed with the part they expected him to take, and had had his fears so played upon, that he dared not depart from his instructions. The result showed that the Moors had not been mistaken in the character of the poor fellow they were dealing with; their craft had for this time at least been equal to the occasion.

It had often been matter of considerable surprise to us that Allan Rubricee had kept the secret of our having money and watches in our possession; this matter was no longer to remain an unsolved enigma. Before we left Tangier, he came on board, under the pretence of wishing to take leave of us, but really to claim the bribe we had offered him in the first week of our captivity. He said the reward was promised him on condition that he should bring the brig to Tangier, and as he had now fulfilled his part of the bargain, we must also fulfil ours. The prompt refusal he met enraged him excessively, and he took his departure, vowing vengeance in every possible Moorish form.

Our Irish companion in misfortune now came to tender us his thanks, and to take his farewell of us. His expressions of gratitude were as boundless as they were extravagant;

the tears once again coursed down his cheeks. My husband went on board his sloop with him, to see what the Moors had done with it; he found it a complete wreck—leaking, and plundered of everything moveable. He therefore counselled that she should be taken across to Gibraltar, and that a survey should there be called, to determine whether it would be best to condemn her as unworthy, or to refit her for the voyage homewards. The *Libernian* gladly followed this judicious advice, and soon after hove up his anchor. We had the satisfaction of seeing him glide out of the bay towards the shore of liberty. The wind soon failed him, but we knew that the current would, nevertheless, carry him into Gibraltar, even before we had time to get under weigh. I shrewdly suspected that if the simple-hearted Paddy once more found himself safe at Cove, he would never again venture out of sight of Irish shores.

We found that the worshipful company of rovers had plundered us of every moveable object they could by any means appropriate; they had also either used or destroyed every vestige of the ship's stores. We were going to Seville light, being chartered for a cargo there; so that fortunately there was no merchandize on board for them. It was the general opinion in Tangier, that if the British government made a claim for compensation for the ship's unlawful detention, and for the loss of property entailed by her plunder, even though the claim were not acceded to, the commander of the gun-brig who had taken us would be punished with the loss of his head. Success or failure, in Barbary, makes any action right or wrong; and deeds that are rewarded with honours when they issue well, are attended by disgrace and death, when they lead to unpleasant consequences. In Moorish despotism, heads are generally considered as the most convenient kind of palliation that can be offered to conciliate offended potentates. If one does not seem to be sufficient to prove that the emperor has no wish to assume the responsibilities of his subordinates, a dozen are sacrificed, as a matter of course; there is no measure to the amount of compensation that is readily given, when the account is allowed to be settled by human life.

As soon as we had laid in sufficient stores to last us to Seville, we went to Mr. Douglas, to thank him for his kind and prompt attentions. We were keenly sensible, that but for his bold and resolute conduct, even our hoard of gold might have failed at last in restoring us to freedom. We chanced to name, during the interview, that my husband had again suffered a paroxysm of ague on the first night we slept

on board the brig, the consequence was, that when we returned to our boat, we found a present awaiting us of a packet of bark, and half-a-dozen of old Port wine. Words would ill express the gratitude I felt for this last touching proof of our good friend's consideration; I am sure that he found in his sense of well-performed duty a rich and ample reward for all that he had done.

In the evening, our anchor was hove a-peak, in expectation of the land-breeze; but we were becalmed throughout the night. We were lying within a quarter of a mile of the French brig-of-war; but the expression of Allan Rubrice's face, as he passed over the ship's side, had been so full of sinister meaning, that it was deemed prudent to keep the entire ship's company alert and on deck until daybreak. Our men accordingly paced backwards and forwards in the calm summer's moonlight, re-spinning old yarns, the captain every now and then visiting them, to make sure of their watchfulness. Just before sunrise, the breeze of our desire came, the ship gathered way before it, and when the orb of day rose into sight, we were making good speed for the Guadalquivir.

In a few hours we were at St. Lucar, but we found that our troubles were by no means ended by our return to a civilized land. It would be foreign to the direct object of my narrative to record all we had yet to suffer. We were detained for a quarantine of twenty days at Bouanza, on account of coming from an African port; in the Guadalquivir, four other days were added to the detention, because an epidemic had broken out at Gibraltar; at the end of these, we were ordered to return immediately to sea, without holding any communication with the land. To have done this in the state in which we were would have been to have rushed upon starvation, for we were literally without the necessities of life; my husband, therefore, simply answered that he could not, and would not go. During the four succeeding days, soldiers were sent to enforce the order of departure; my husband's reply was to point his loaded cannons at the boat that contained the armed men, and to advise them not to undertake a task that would prove to be beyond their strength. On the fifth day, his obstinacy seemed to have gained the victory, for the boat then came to us from the quarantine guard-ship, with a flag of truce and a pass, authorising us to go where we pleased. My husband immediately proceeded to Seville, some miles higher up the river, to claim his cargo from the merchant; but, alas! the cargo had been already shipped some weeks in another

vessel, on account of the *Perseverance* not presenting itself at the expected time. After some delay, the captain accepted another freight, consisting of wool, for London, and began to load at the Garden of Olives. During the lading, the rain came down, and the wool was damaged, and the owner forthwith instituted an action for the recovery of the amount of damage, in one of the courts of Seville. After nine days spent in law proceedings, the cause was turned over to arbitration, and it was decided that the amount demanded should be deducted from the freight payable in London. We then dropped down to St. Lucar, took in our sea-pilot, and in a few hours were once more on the open ocean, homeward-bound.

Our passage to England was a tedious and a stormy one; for three weary weeks we were beaten about in heavy seas and adverse winds, at the entrance of the channel, and during this time we were short of water, short of provisions, short of fuel, short of patience, short of everything, in fact, excepting salt water, of which we had more than enough. At last we made Dartmouth, recruited there for four days, while waiting for a change of wind, and then finally ran for the Thames.

During our short stay at Dartmouth, the dreadful intermitting fever again attacked my husband; it came with a severe paroxysm of spasm, apparently the immediate result of sleeping in the damp bed of an inn. In consequence of this fresh accession of illness, the captain remained on ship-board until the vessel was cleared at the Wool Quay in London; then a broom was hoisted at the mast-head, and a negotiation was opened for the sale of the ship. In a few days the bargain was concluded, and the money paid; the *Perseverance* passed into other hands, and I saw her debilitated and invalided master carried on shore from the berth that was no longer his own. At the time, it seemed to me that we were taking leave of a vessel that had been cursed to us by some disastrous spell. Afterwards, when my dear husband was once more restored to health and strength, I was able to look back upon the past with different feelings; I then saw that, however great our trials and sufferings might have been, the mercies bestowed with them had vastly exceeded them in amount. We had been surrounded by the dangers of the mighty deep, but had been carried in safety through them; enemies had hemmed us in, yet no hair of our heads had been hurt; famine and sickness had grievously assailed us, yet, when the jaws of the grave

seemed to be opening before us, we had been snatched from the brink of the yawning cavern, and healed in the hour of our greatest need. And, more than this, we had been led into temptation, but not left there; impulse and casuistry had urged us to take upon ourselves the sin of bloodshed, but even at the last moment our hands had been stayed from the dreadful deed, and our memories saved from the heart-rending remorse that must have followed. In a worldly sense, our Algerine captivity and voyage to Seville had been fraught with loss and disappointment; but, in a spiritual sense, they were profitable and blest to us—they had taught us experimentally that “affliction cometh not forth of the dust,” and that “trouble springeth not out of the ground.” We had gone forth in the pride of our strength, and with stubborn hearts, but had fallen among barbarians and heathens, and had returned from their companionship humbled and chastened. We had been shown, by adversity, that there is a happiness apart from worldly prosperity, which grows stronger and deeper, in proportion as the more evanescent joys of life reveal their shadowy and uncertain character. We had proved, in our own experience, that good comes out of evil, and that, therefore, patience and long suffering are never without their ultimate reward.

In concluding the above narrative of an incident of real life, it may be as well to state, in explanation of the proceedings of the Algerine pirates, that, previously to the beginning of the sixteenth century, the lawless horde of Arabs, inhabiting the northern Atlantic coast of Africa, had been in the habit of plundering indiscriminately the trading ships of all mercantile nations. About this time, however, their depredations became so troublesome, that the mistress of the seas was induced to expostulate in rather high and earnest tones. A formal demand was made of the Emperor of Morocco, that the merchant ships of England should be allowed free and uninterrupted ingress to the Mediterranean, then one of the great emporia of its commerce. His swarthy highness did not deem it prudent to demur to this demand, and, accordingly, a treaty was entered into, by virtue of which it was arranged that British ships bound to the Mediterranean should take a safe-conduct with them, which should suffice to secure civil treatment at the hands of the subjects of Morocco. For this safe-conduct it was agreed that the owners of the vessel should pay a small tribute, amounting to a few shillings. The document was

made out on parchment, and embellished with an ornamental figure of Britannia, and in this guise was distinguished by the appellation of "The Mediterranean Pass."

As years rolled on, the Moorish treaty continued in force, and by degrees its provisions became matters of custom; so that the "Mediterranean pass" remained one of the ordinary papers all ships provided themselves with when about to enter the great inland sea. The Moorish cruizers were allowed from time to time to board such vessels, and ask for a sight of their pass; but they had no right to institute any other kind of examination into their papers; neither was it in any way lawful for them to demand a pass of vessels bound only to the outer Atlantic ports.

Upon the shadowy pretext of this almost obsolete treaty, three centuries and a half old, Algerine piracy has managed to drag on a precarious existence even to the present day. From time to time, ships have been fitted out, in the remote port of Salce, by lawless adventurers, whose policy it has been to interest the Moorish authorities in their occupation, by yielding to them the lion's share of the booty, after each successful expedition, taking in return only the name of servants of the emperor. Whenever cruizers of this nature fell in with the armed vessels of civilized nations, they were invariably found under Moorish colours, engaged in the harmless and peaceful work of asking for a sight of the Mediterranean pass; but when, on the other hand, they chanced to pounce upon prey of inferior strength, false colours appeared, as in the rencontre with the *Perseverance*, and, under the pretext of some informality in the papers submitted to their inspection, they carried off their victims to Salce, and retained them there in secrecy, until they had ascertained whether any inconvenient inquiries after them were likely to be made. If all seemed to promise well, after a sufficient time the vessels and cargoes were appropriated, and the crew carried up into the country, and there detained, upon the chance of extracting ransom for them at some future time. Every now and then it has chanced that the buccanniers have caught Tartars, and have paid heavily for their temerity. They have, upon such occasions, been quiet for a time; but after an interval of repose, they have again appeared in the open seas, when least expected, and recommenced their predacious work. In the affair with the *Perseverance*, they were very near meeting the chastisement they merited. In consequence of the representations of Mr. Douglas to the Foreign-

office, four ships of war were sent out to Tangier, to demand compensation for the plunder and detention of the British ship; the Algerine port was blockaded; but, soon after the commencement of the blockade, a severe epidemic broke out at Gibraltar, and the ships were withdrawn, to procure supplies for the rock fortress, and there the matter ended. Some time afterwards, the owner and captain of the *Perseverance* had an interview with Sir G. Murray, then secretary for foreign affairs; but the interview only led to an expression of regret that nothing further could be done.

Something, however, was done, in one sense, the sympathising reader will be glad to know. In consequence of the generous Englishman's letter to Trieste, the poor Austrian captive was demanded and restored to his friends, and soon after an Austrian squadron presented itself at Rabat, and bombarded the nest of the piratical horde. The three principal Moorish ships that were in the anchoring-ground at the time of the bombardment were entirely destroyed.

In the *Morning Advertiser* of February 2, 1830, the following paragraph appeared:—"On the 27th of October last, a bottle was picked up at Bottle Creek, Grand Caicos, latitude 21° 20', N., longitude 71° 20', W., which was found to contain the following note:—"

August 1, 1828.—Should this be picked up by any one, I beg they will make known, as soon as possible, that the English brig, *Perseverance*, is taken by a brig of 10 guns and 150 men, apparently Turks, and carried into Salce. Taken off Cape Finisterre on the 26th of July, 1828. I have my wife on board.—Brig *Perseverance*, W. S. Master.

It will be at once perceived that this was the document spoken of in the first part of the narrative, as being thrown overboard from the bows in a cask, the night after the purpose of the Moors to take their captives to Salce was discovered. The cask was launched into the Atlantic, near the latitude of Cape St. Vincent. It must have thence been carried southwards, to the neighbourhood of the Canary Islands (for such is the well-known direction of the ocean's drift); there it must have become involved in the northern edge of the great equatorial current of the Atlantic, which the earth's rotation causes to set into the Gulf of Mexico, between San Domingo and the main land of South America. The Grand Caicos bank, where the bottle was stranded, after a voyage of nearly fifteen months, is just north of San Domingo. It is worthy of remark, that Humboldt has given an estimate that the equatorial current of the Atlantic would drift a floating body from the Canary Isles to the Caracas in thirteen months.

R. J. M.

THE SICILIAN MOTHER.

It is the privilege, or rather the office, of the painter, to deal with the common incidents of life as if they were not of ordinary occurrence; or it may, perhaps, with more propriety, be said, that he is allowed to invest them with so much of poetical imagination as, while retaining their natural features, to give them a character and beauty not invariably their own—to wrap them in sunshine or in shadow as his fancy pleases. And, when left to follow the current of his own free thoughts, unfettered by commissions for given subjects, which he neither feels nor cares to feel, except as they may affect his interests or his reputation; the works of every artist are a tolerably sure index of his own mind, the reflex of his thoughts upon what has been presented to his observation, either personally, or through the medium of indirect channels, such as come to him by reading, for instance. And hence, they who have studied the pictures of the great masters of art, whatever their age or country, and have also become acquainted with the individual character of the painters, cannot fail to come to the same conclusion. Raffaele could never have sketched the gaunt and miserable beings that Spagnoletto delighted to picture; nor could Guido have associated with the ferocious bands whom Salvator Rosa is said to have made his companions; simply because the artist would, in such cases, have had no sympathy of feeling with their models, living or only imaginary: the art which results only from the eye and the hand, and that expresses not the love of the painter for what he represents; as one delights in that which is agreeable, will be, perhaps, a piece of clever mechanism, but nothing more.

Now we know only by reputation the artist who painted the picture of "The Sicilian Mother," but we will venture to assert he would never have selected such a subject if he had not thoroughly *felt* it, and had some sympathy with the joyous pride of the young matron in her children. There is no doubt some such scene may have attracted his attention in the country to which he has assigned it; but he has thrown around it the charm of his own fancy, and tinged it with the poetry of life.

We have sometimes heard the question debated whether the father or the mother possesses the deeper affection for a child; yet the argument has never, to our knowledge, been satisfactorily settled. In Mrs. Hemans's "Siege of Valencia," she puts forth the claims

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of the latter very strongly; the quotation is rather long, but the language of her reasoning is so beautiful in its simplicity, and so natural in its fervour, that no apology need be made for repeating it. Elmina has been vainly attempting to induce her husband, Gonzalez, the governor of the city, to save the lives of her young boys, who have fallen into the hands of the enemy, by surrendering up the place: he continues determined in his refusal, and her entreaties give way to reproach:

—"There is none

In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's breast. It is but pride, wherewith
To his fair son, the father's eye doth turn,
Watching his growth. Ay, on the boy he looks,
The bright, glad creature springing in his path;
But as the heir of his great name, the young
And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long
Shall bear his trophies well. And this is love!
This is *man's* love! What marvel! *you* ne'er made
Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings,
His fair cheek rose and fell; and his bright hair
Waved softly to your breath! *You* ne'er kept watch
Beside him till the last pale star had set,
And morn, all dazling as in triumph, broke
On your dim, weary eye; not *yours* the face,
Which early faded through fond care for him,
Hung o'er his sleep, and, duly as heaven's light,
Was there to greet his waking! *You* ne'er
smoothed

His couch, ne'er sung him to his rosy rest,
Caught his last whisper, when his voice from yours
Had learned soft utterance; press'd your lip to his,
When fever parch'd it; hushed his wayward cries
With patient, vigilant, never-weary'd love!
No! these are woman's tasks! In these her youth
And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,
Steal from her all unmark'd!"

The women of Sicily are, in general, remarkably handsome, very fascinating in their manners, but, unfortunately, scarcely less lax in their morals than the females of the other Italian states. The island has been so frequently colonized by both its European and African conquerors, Greeks, Carthaginians, and Saracens, Normans and Spaniards, that it sometimes is not difficult to trace the origin of certain classes of its inhabitants; but the Greek and Punic features and character seem to prevail most in the higher grades of society. Their fondness for music, the dance, and the song, their high degree of civilization, the beauty of the country, and its genial atmosphere, all contribute to render a temporary or even lengthened sojourn in the island most agreeable to the traveller, who may easily reach it from Reggio, at the extreme southern part of Italy.

Q

THE LUCKY PENNY.*

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

CHAP. IV.

Matthew Whitelock, reclining in what he called his "easy chair," was musing, rather than thinking, over the inconsistencies of the most consistent, and pondering as to which was the more beautiful to contemplate—the love a mother bears her child, or the devotion a child renders to a parent; thinking how many instances there are of the former, and how, comparatively, few of the latter; hoping that the widow would really buy the wine and meat, as he desired; and having, like all genuine Englishmen, great faith in "creature comforts," he converted the worn, attenuated widow into a portly woman. Having arranged this, he indulged in a vision he had of late enjoyed so frequently, that it had become almost a reality—that Richard would turn out something like Whittington: his dreams of the future had gradually taken Richard in, first as a shadow, then as a substance, until he formed a portion of all his day dreams—wondering if he could tie up fishing-fies, yet fearing to ask him, lest Martha might make it another subject of complaint; varying these fancies with probabilities as to whether he should have good fishing the first of the following June, when he made his annual journey to Teddington, and, be the day hot or cold, invariably returned with a swollen face, wonderfully helping Martha's sarcasms during the following summer and autumn months; indeed, she constituted it a red letter day—everything occurred "before" or after "master went bothering after the bits of fish, that the cat would'n't eat without butter, and got the bad face." Then again his thoughts would dwell upon Richard, whom he believed—and with fair show of reason—endowed with a rare capacity for acquiring knowledge, and turning it to the best account. He never thought of another power he had—that of attaching to him those who seldom formed attachments. Some observation made by the lad, in a careless, off-hand manner, would frequently set his master calculating what he could do for him. He delighted in lending him books, and to draw forth his opinions upon them; devising many clever expedients to overcome Richard's shyness, and make him "speak out." As the lad's accumulated and

accumulating knowledge became better known to him, he felt almost inclined to apologize when it was necessary he should take out parcels; but what especially charmed him was the boy's unconsciousness of his own book improvement and superiority. Had it not been for the unaccountable fear Matthew Whitelock entertained of his housekeeper—which he only overcame by fits and starts—he would have forbidden Richard the kitchen, and seated him at his own little table in the dusty back room; but he knew that such a movement must lead to open rebellion. He had grown positively uncomfortable at the idea of Richard's brushing his shoes, and cleaning knives—"a lad capable of writing the Latin names of his books without a dictionary, and was a better penman than he was himself!" However difficult it may be of belief, considering his "calling," it is a positive fact that Matthew Whitelock revered literary acquisitions; and when a clever book did not "sell," Matthew would take the part of the author against "the trade"—a proceeding which caused him to be considered "a fool" by many who are wise in their own conceits.

These and such like thoughts were passing through Matthew's mind, in a half-dreamy way; now lingering, now rushing onward, and then off, while Peter lay at his feet; and he began to long, as he often did, for Richard's return; for he enjoyed a chat with his messenger, as he used to enjoy a newspaper. Without his perceiving it, Matty entered, and shutting the door, as she always did when she had anything particular to say, placed her back against it, wreathed her bony arms together, and passing one foot over the instep of the other, stood on one leg, "shouldering" the door-case.

"Its my opinion, si, that you make too much fuss entirely with that boy, and that he's forgetting his place."

"Is it—how?"

"Well, thoughts is thoughts, and its hard to put them into words; but here they are! He'd rayther any time stay fiddling after one bit of dust or another, or stitching ould tataration books, that's going to the bad since the year one, or mending your pen—as if you had not eyesight (the Lord preserve it) to do it yourself—than sit and rest his young bones at his supper; and as to rubbing over the knives, he does them in no time, without a bit of a stop

* Continued from page 184.

between; so that I never have a word out of him. And the paper! he reads it shameful! treating polyticks as if they war dirt; and so ignorant, that when he's done, he knows no more of the state of Europe than when he began. His mother says he lives without sleep, or as good as: there's a heart-break for a tender mother! I hate unnatural ways. The truth is, he's above his business."

"I quite agree with you."

"Then," said the contradictory Matty, "it's a sin and a shame for you to say so, sir. You have nothing to complain of: he's willing enough to do every hand's turn for you. I'm nothing in the house—just no-thing! He's as civil and smooth as crame—with his good morning, and good evening, and fine day, Mrs. Cook! but that's professional—there's no love with it. He's all for learning and books. If he goes on this way, you'll have to take him into partnership."

"Very likely!"

Matty immediately stood erect.

"Then, sir, you must look out for another housekeeper, that's all: I'm not going to have two masters, and one of them no better than a dog-boy! Oh! that I should come to that! He's bewitched you, so he has—put his *come-ther* over you. I should'n't wonder if you made him sit down at your table, and printed his poems."

"His what?"

"Poems! Hav'nt I heard you say many times that there was no good in books now, since there's such a many writers; that a book is no longer a book, only a rubbish; and that all the half of the writers do is to spile paper and pens, and waste ink. Them's your words, master, when you war in one of your pleasant humours, *discoursing* upon the ruin that's come into the world. And now this boy goes and writes poems, and you'll print them!"

"Go down stairs, Matty, and bring me those poems."

"And to be made a *paper weight* in my old days—just to stand upon papers."

"Do as I desire you."

"I can't: do you think I'd keep 'em in the kitchen? There they aro!" she continued, throwing a roll of manuscript on the table; "there they are! As if *he* had any right to set up for a poet—as if his mother and him hav'nt gone through starvation enough without that. That's what comes of his neglecting the state of Europe, and hurrying over the knives: his mother wanted to tell you about it, but had no courage, and no wonder. Its asy to see what's before him now; and his poor mother blind

and desolate. Poems! Oh! no wonder my hair's grey! But its your fault, master—in-forming his mind! I wonder who ever troubled about my mind!" And out she flounced, while her master, not without some secret apprehension—more anxiety, in fact, for Richard than he had ever felt before—unrolled the manuscript, and, after wiping and putting on his spectacles, commenced its perusal.

CHAP. V.

IN Harley-street, where the houses bear a near relationship to each other, and seem to have been erected by some grave builder, who was never ambitious of being considered an architect, but heaped brick upon brick, in the heavy, old-fashioned style; laying down solid floorings—putting in solid windows—bearing in mind that there might be dancing in the first floors, and dinners in the dining-rooms—and so created (giving the walls time to dry, and the plaster to harden—doing, in fact, everything which builders do *not* do now) the long, solemn street, which so admirably illustrates the term "respectable." In one of the most sedate and self-important houses of this very respectable street, lived Mr. Francis Oldham. His name was upon a brass plate on the door, showing that he was not ashamed of it. The brass plate was as lustrous as if it had only been put up the previous day, and the door-steps were white and spotless as snow; the windows were bright in the lustre of unstained plate-glass; the paint all fresh. Many beggars, well or ill-dressed, passed up and down that street, in sunshine and shower, but few knocked at that particular door, or addressed begging-letters to Mr. Francis Oldham, though his name could be read from the opposite side of the gaping street; indeed, if a beggar did knock at that bright-plated door, the policeman (policemen and dogs know beggars by intuition) on his lonely beat would have set the knocker down "as a real case, and no sham—a green one." No regular beggar would waste time on such an act, it being currently reported amongst the clique, that Mr. Francis Oldham never did an act of charity in his life, and never would do one.

The house without was an index to the house within: it was so well ordered as to be positively uncomfortable; the bright bars had the effect of ice—it was impossible to imagine they had ever contained a fire; the polished oaken floor of the dining-room had a small, square Turkey carpet in the centre, upon which stood a

solid mahogany table, like a tomb-stone. There was a picture (how such a picture ever came there was a mystery) of Christ overturning the tables of the money-changers in the temple. It was gloriously treated. The figure of the Saviour in the foreground—calm and erect, the face more than half-turned towards the cowering crowd he had reproved, while withdrawing from a presence whose authority they dared not dispute—was full of the most sublime dignity of displeasure; the effect produced upon the people was the effect of will, rather than of words; the attitude was in itself all-elocuent—all-powerful. If you looked at the picture before you noted the frozen bars and tomb-like table, and desolate aspect of the room, you would never notice them at all—it would absorb your attention from the first to the last moment you passed in the shivering atmosphere of the rich man's inhospitable chamber. The Saviour's right arm was outstretched, yet not fully elevated; it seemed as though the tables of the money-changers had been crushed and broken while he raised it from his side—the arm of flesh being the symbol of the arm of the Spirit; there was a positive halo—a radiance—around the head, not painted in the ordinary way, as if brought there, but a tender light exhalng from the Christ. It was impossible to tell how the effect was produced, there it was, a thing to dream of; inspired, doubtless, after holy prayer and supplication, that it might be given to mortal man to show what Jesus was—what Jesus did. The whole picture, in every effect, in every detail, was magnificently painted; and yet it was the Saviour, the Saviour alone, that rivetted attention. You would have given much that the face had been turned away from the multitude, and towards you; and yet who could look upon the severity of its beauty unseathed! Oh! rare painter—and wise as rare!

The wonder was, how Mr. Francis Oldham could endure the silent reproof of such a picture; for the tale was whispered that he had been, and was, a money-changer—one who gave gold for bills, and took large interest. It might have been untrue, but so went the tale; and if true, then it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Francis Oldham rarely dined there, but partook of his solitary meal in a little back room, where the barred window looked into a small, square, paved court, surrounded by high, white-washed walls, which even the Harley-street cats, could never scale!

The house, despite its glaring and ostenta-

tious cleanliness, felt as if uninhabited; and there was a close atmosphere, caused by want of ventilation, which oppressed the spirits of those who were accustomed to breathe fresh air. It was also a silent house, nothing moving about it except a very beautiful little spaniel, of a bitter, unamiable temper, who attempted to bite every visitor, without the courtesy of a warning bark.

Contrary to his usual custom, Mr. Francis Oldham was pacing up and down the drawing-room. The chairs and sofas must have been rare and costly, to match the inlaid tables and buhl cabinets; but they were all carefully covered with brown holland—cold and glazed; the rich paper looked as if it had not been hung a week; and the dreadful holland that shrouded the carpet was spotless and chilly as a field of snow. The little dog paced after its master, pausing occasionally, as if wondering why he walked there at all: it was not at home in the room, seemed to have no place to lay down upon, and was thoroughly uncomfortable. A magnificent *pendule*, and two costly, but heavy and tasteless, lustres, were on the chimney-piece; and the old man (for he was old) never failed to pause before the clock, to see if time lingered as usual. He frequently glanced at the arm-chairs, as if intending to sit down—perhaps it was their cold and comfortless air which prevented his doing so, or perhaps he did not like to crease the covering. A very small fire was burning in a fire-basket within the grate, and yet the short November evening was closing in, with more than usual fog, and creeping, creeping cold—a cold which rhimed the windows, and made the street-lumps look dim and wet. Mr. Francis Oldham walked on; sometimes rubbing his dry, hard palms together, and feeling if there was another button to draw his coat still more closely over his narrow chest; he coughed frequently—it echoed like a death-knell in that still house. After a long time, a step was heard ascending from below; it came stealthily up, as if unwilling to disturb the silence. The drawing-room fire was nearly out, only one or two cave-like coals glowing at the back of the basket, and the mystified street lamps cast their palest light into the room; still Mr. Francis Oldham walked, and his shadow, broken off at intervals by the piers between the windows, to which the curtains were drawn tight back, and covered with that ghastly holland, came and went, a thin, crazy-looking shadow—now on the floor, now on the wall. How dim and homeless everything appeared in that chill, unsocial room—it was becoming positively

spectral; at last the step paused at the door, and then the handle turned, and a gaunt-looking woman, shading the candle with her hand, said:—

"The cook, sir, declares the rabbits will not be fit to eat, shall she?"—

"Rabbits," he interrupted, and his voice was hard and grating, "I told her if my brother did not come, she should dress but one."

"I don't know, I am sure, sir; that was what she said."

"It is past six?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then tell her to put the dinner by, it will do for to-morrow. I cannot eat at this new-fashioned hour; clear away the things below, and get me some tea."

As if the dog understood the mandate which deprived her of her bones, she leaped up to her master's hand; he stooped and fondled her, "No, no, Fan shall have her dinner; tell the cook to send me up Fan's dinner—poor Fan." He took the little animal in his arms, and caressed it tenderly, and his eyes lost their fierce, suspicious look, while playing with his little favourite; it was strange how much the cold man and the cross dog were to each other. Mr. Francis Oldham never looked sternly or suspiciously on Fan, never grudged her her food, never withered her by unkindness, or spurned her, as he did his fellow-creatures, with contempt from his heart and door. In a short time, both were seated in the little back room. Tea was the only luxury he indulged in, and this he drank so strong that, if he had taken council of a physician, he would have learned that the excited state of his nerves, and the irresistible humours from which he suffered, were the results of his libations to the Chinese gods. A knock came to the door, single and deep; the lonely man sprang from his chair as if electrified, and Fan barked furiously; the step from the depths below again ascended the stairs, and in process of time, the gaunt housemaid entered with the newspaper—which Mr. Francis had long since ascertained he could keep for two hours in the evening for the charge of one penny—he read it in less than one, for he was quick of eye and comprehension; but he calculated on the possibility of not being able to read it in one, and, besides, it was a bargain, "I told him," said the maid, in answer to her master's angry look, "I told him, over and over again, he must ring, not knock."

Hard, iron-hard, as that man seemed—unimpressible—his features and expression remaining unchanged, while perusing column

after column of disastrous warfare, of frightful shipwreck, of murder and rapine, of execution, of marriage, of insanity, of gay balls, of costly city pageantry, of advertising misery, of catch-penny falsehood; redeemed from time to time by a burst of honest enthusiasm for a noble cause, or a noble virtue, or marked by the no less noble sarcasm, shivering a false speculation to atoms, or torturing some hoary sinner by the public exposure of his gilded sins. Unmoved, I say, as the old man looked; unmoved by wit, or eloquence, or heroism; untouched by misery; stolid, silent, except when shaken by his warning cough—there was still beneath that mask of wrinkles, within that petrified heart, one eternal pulsation, that beat there night and day, that would not, could not rest; throbbing on, gaining strength from his weakness in its fearful monotony—still talking of the past!

Another knock, by a hesitating hand, followed rapidly by one loud and redoubled—a will-come-in, whether-at-home-or-not, sort-of-knock—and then a tearing ring, vibrating through the house! Fan was paralyzed, she opened her mouth twice or thrice to bark, but could not; Mr. Francis dropped the paper, clutched the arms of his chair firmly, and gasped for breath.

"What a waste of noise!" he murmured, thirty years has not changed his knock; another! why will not that woman hurry, he will shake the paint off the door."

There was loud and joyous questioning in the hall, a voice of boisterous cheerfulness shouting with all the eagerness of fraternal affection for his "brother." Mr. Francis Oldham was moved, he did not understand it, but he *was* moved; he almost staggered to the door, and staggered still more when his brother, after an embrace close as the hug of a brown bear, wrung and shook his hands until they ached again. The old men looked each the other in the face. "Why Frank, God bless me, your features are our poor father's; your height, size, all his! But are you ill, brother? or has any sorrow since the last I know of, come upon you? No; well, that is good; but you show sorrow—you must brighten up."

"But for your voice, John, I should not have known you. Your hair, however, is not white as mine." By a dexterous movement John Oldham removed his wig; "there," he exclaimed, "how do I look now, and not afraid of the phrenologists. But where are your fellows? I want my things brought in and taken up stairs. What, no men servants; well, my rascal will soon be here, I left him to look

after the luggage, and take care (don't be frightened, Frank, my boy) of my monkey; the nicest creature you ever saw. I hope your dog is good-natured; Jebb is quiet enough, but if she teases him, he'll flay her alive, he will by Jupiter!"

"He'd better not," growled Mr. Francis, snatching up his favourite. "John, this is my only companion, or friend; she betrays no secrets, tells no tales, and knows a beggar even in the disguise of a gentleman."

"Ah! Frank, you were always cynical. Make a dog your *only* companion and friend, when there are friends to be had, ay, in plenty, if we only deserve them; and as to the beggars, poor devils! why Frank, you remember our own young days; a broom and a crossing would have been a fortune to me, when our luxury consisted in sniffing the savoury steams that loomed from the kitchens of the London Coffee House; talk of the *increased* power of steam after that," and he laughed joyously; 'and then do you remember how we worked for a supper—' Want a coach, your honour?' 'here Frank, hold the link to his lordship!' 'Chairman! See-dan—ay—ay—all ready!' Ah! the days of Ranelagh and Vauxhall! we were hungry, half-starved link-boys, errand-boys, serving-boys then; but we had youth, and hope, and energy; strong wills, though in tangled ways, and triumphed. Lucky dogs we have been, eh, Frank?" and again John Oldham shook his brother's hands; while the proud, rigid brother writhed under the remembrances in which John gloried, and continued, "Do you remember, Frank, our unlucky sixpence? I never forget the tenderness I felt for that last coin we had in the world! and how, after a hard day's fug, and a hard day's disappointment, we went to the baker's to buy us a loaf, depending on the change for a bed, and how the sixpence was a *bad one*! and how the baker would have it that we knew it, and threatened us with a constable; but the baker's wife said him nay—that I "*looked honest*," and "*you looked starved*," and she gave us a stale roll. That woman's kind eyes have shone in my dreams many times since then! what a living, abiding thing is charity!"

It was well that John did not then look at his brother Frank.

The baker's wife was right; more than fifty years had gone past, grinding its thousands, and its tens of thousands, and its hundreds of thousands, into nameless or forgotten graves; a generation had come and gone, yet her judgment was still true—"the one looked honest, the other starved." The children had grown into

boyhood, into youth, manhood, age! had passed through six of the "seven ages," with toil and labour, been elevated by "lucky hits," and depressed by commercial changes; had been both battered and cherished by what the one called "Luck," and the other "Providence;" had been stimulated by extraordinary energy, and strengthened by a fixed purpose; nurtured, they could not imagine how, though they could tell *where*; they had achieved the same end, by different means, and in different hemispheres, and still "one looked honest, the other starved."

Mr. John and Mr. Francis Oldham sat opposite to each other in the little parlour, that commanded a view of the small square courtyard, with the high walls; there never before, had been such a fire in the grate, the coal seemed endowed with a spirit of life, and crackled and sparkled—resolved to "make a night of it." The spring of the candle-lamp gave an occasional click, a sort of hurra in steel, and a bound, thrusting the candle up so as to form a mimic illumination. Fan did not partake of this dumb hilarity; she knew the monkey was in the house, and crouched her nose between her paws, ready to spring forth in a moment. She groaned and growled to herself, wondering, doubtless, in her canine selfishness, what her master could want with a brother or a monkey, when he had her.

Wine, of marvellous age and flavour, was poured from cobwebbed bottles into glasses which had been dry and dusty for years; it evinced its power by fevering the one, and rendering the other still more hard and bitter; but both men were "moderate"—the one from penurious habit, the other from a principle instilled by wisdom and experience.

"I wonder, brother," said Frank, abruptly, after many topics had been exhausted, "I wonder you never married."

"I think," replied John, after a very long pause, during which the thoughts of both had been rushing wildly among memories of the past—long forgotten; while some almost obliterated associations started like skeletons from mouldering graves, or arose with all the freshness of mocking youth before them; trials and turmoils, hopes, disappointments, a mingling of life and death, vapoured through the long vista of time, into which each gazed bewildered! John's jocund face assumed now a sad, and then a *serious* expression, like the long-drawn rays of a winter sunset; his thoughts had strolled back to the present, laden heavily with the memory of a wrong, revived, cruelly and unnecessarily by his bro-

ther's question. He felt constrained to speak, and yet feared to give his thoughts or feelings voice; his age was forgotten, or only recalled by the shrivelled, blighted man, whose manner and words had jarred upon the heart that only wished to feel how they, two remnants of the past, were alone in the wide world; and that it would be wiser never to touch the chord, that already the brother had struck with heartless violence.

"I think, Frank," he said, at last, "if your memory does not fail you, you cannot wonder why I never married."

"If" replied his brother, and his words came hard and broken through his compressed lips, "if you mean that *her* memory prevented it, so best. One was quite enough to be ensnared into matrimony. I congratulate you on your escape, brother John."

"This comes ill from you," replied the brother; "she preferred you."

"She married me," interrupted Frank Oldham, with bitter sarcasm. John rose from his seat, and looked fixedly at his brother.

"If she had not loved you, she would not have married you; there was nothing to induce her but the love of woman—the unselfish love which we so little understand. She sacrificed all for you, Frank; you were not then the prosperous man that you became—she was a blessing."

"A curse!" groaned out Francis Oldham, fiercely, prolonging the *r*, grating it between his teeth, while his dark, sunken eyes, glared like a tiger's in the dark. "A *cu-r-se*," he repeated; "I wish you had had her, with all the luck she brought to me!"

A variety of contending feelings wrestled in John Oldham's bosom; his distress was suffocating—agonizing; he gazed on the distorted features of his brother, and thought, "Was it for this I returned—despite his written words, is he unchanged?" And then, terror-stricken, he fancied that Frank must be insane. For a moment, frightful as this was, he would rather have had it so, than know that, in his senses, his brother had ever dared to express such thoughts: he summoned his better angel to his aid, by a rapid supplication for strength, and power to overcome evil by good. After another moment, he felt compassion for the rich, wretched man, who was grasping convulsively the handles of the chair whereon he sat, and muttering. "Brother," he said, "more must have passed, during the many years of our estrangement, than I have ever known. We are old men, both; we exchanged brief letters; at first they were cold and for-

mal—but of late our hearts drew towards each other—mine did, God knows, towards you! We are, to all appearance, once more together, beneath the sanctuary of your roof, warmed by your cheerful fire, stimulated, perhaps, over-much by your good wine—but we are, in reality, beside the graves which yawn for those who approach three-score and ten. I have given up the associates and associations of forty years, for my heart yearned to be with you, brother, so that we might end our days, as we began them—if it was God's will—within an hour of each other. For *this* I have crossed the sea, determined, because of the long estrangement between us, that we should now be all in all to each other; but while I breathe this air, and have the power of speech, I will suffer no shadow to be cast upon *her* memory. You wooed her from me, brother, and far-off I bore, silently, unrepiningly, the misery which I believed secured her happiness."

Age had failed to paralyze that large heart! it was beating at that moment with the fervour of youth within his breast; tears overflowed his eyes, and, if he had yielded to his feelings, he would have covered his face and wept; but there was a stern severity, an unmelting nature about his brother, which brought his years back upon him, and though his purpose remained his enthusiasm faded.

"We will not speak of it," said Frank, abruptly; "we are two old men now, waiting *annihilation*."

John Oldham shuddered, and drew back, as if stricken by sudden ague. "Not so," he said, "waiting the perfecting of a life commenced here, to be purified and immortalized hereafter." Such was his noble nature that he could hardly help—as he stood looking down upon the man, "the muck worm," writhing in the toils of infidelity, ashamed to let his face be seen, so that he covered it with his hands—falling on his knees beside him, and praying that his heart might be changed; he forgot his indignation in his horror and sorrow at the confession which had escaped from those shrivelled lips; his sanctified benevolence, born of true Christian charity, came forth, and he longed to take him to his bosom as a little child, and nurture him with tidings of great joy; the cause of the deformity of his brother's nature was laid bare before him; the hideous skeleton of his life was there in all its frightful, fleshless deformity; the coil of the great sin-serpent was around him, its breath stifled him, its eyes pierced him, its poison mingled with his blood, he was exist-

ing without hope! without faith! trembling on the brink of the damp, hollow grave, from which he believed, or desperately thought he believed, there was no resurrection. What availed his heaps of gold, the greetings of men in the market-places, the notoriety achieved by his wealth, he must exchange all for the putrid grave—for that consummation he had toiled—living his latter years unloving and unbeloved—living without a blessing, dying without a hope!

John, the eldest of the two old men by one hour, laid his hand gently—pitiingly—on his brother's shoulder. "Frank," he said, "this must not be—this cannot be! My poor brother, what fearful tortures you must have gone through to have come to this."

The gentle, tender tone of the voice, the loving pity of the words, touched him; the wine fever was abating—the bitterness giving way; he was never otherwise than hard and severe, but he had become a demon under the unusual influence of the old wine. He withdrew his hands from his full, but wrinkled brow, and spoke:—"You do not spurn away your infidel brother? *She* learned to shrink from my touch before she died. The preachers got hold of her; men who cry perpetually, 'Flee from the sinner—flee from the sinner, and leave him to destruction;' but that was not all—the mother of five children—but one survived—one boy—beautiful as she had been. I looked to that boy to take up my life, and in his turn bequeath it to his child—that was the immortality I sought! John, she taught that boy to shudder at my voice; she did more! she strengthened him in what she called a faithful standing up against Apollyon. I will tell you; I would not have my child think and feel as I do for the universe! I would teach my enemy to do so, not my friend—not my child," the old man groaned.

"Speak freely," said John, soothingly; "I pity you the more, but do not love you the less, my brother!"

"But Margaret thought I would have taken away the stay, the hope, from my own child, though I had nothing to give him in return! She made him dread his father. My child shrank from my side; those eyes of light became dark when I drew near; and when my wife lay dead, that boy watched beside her, lest I should disturb the inanimate clay by my presence. He rose against me when I crept into the room to look my last on her—it might be in love, or hate—he rose against me, upbraided me like a strong man, for having broken her heart. I did not do it, John—

women have pined and died from contradiction before now! I could not help it! if she would watch and pray by night, and catch consumption, what could I do? She had a doctor, too; though the boy upbraided me, and said, 'not until it was too late!' My own child taunted me; and that dreary night I was heated, as I was but now; for I had drunk much wine, to give me strength to look upon the face of death. Thus nerved, he bade me back—dared me to take the seat which *he had left*—stood in my path—I struck him down. As I am a living man, the dead cried out! It was no fancy; for years I have been started from my sleep by that same cry!" His shrunken chest heaved convulsively, and he shuddered so, that his after-words came trembling from his quivering lips. "I raised him in my arms, and laid him in my own bed; and when I went for help, he crawled back, and there again I found him, kneeling beside *her* corpse. If I injured her, she was revenged by the deep hatred that most beautiful of boys bore to me—his father! Oh! how I watched and waited, thinking to win his love; how I sought to discover his tastes, his fancies, and force them to the one purpose—affection for myself. All spoke of his beauty, and congratulated me on having such a son, a scholar and a gentleman, to hold high place in good society. I wish I could have hated him; no, cold as he was to me, *he was my pride*, but as he grew, his genius was cramped by fanaticism; he sought conventicles, and took companionship with Methodists, little caring what I thought. And then his health failed, and I sent him from his associates into the country, hoping he might be tempted into the manly pastimes of the English field. What did he then? Married—while a mere boy, he married a farmer's daughter. He, whom I hoped would have brought family and distinction, enriched our blood by means of my hard-earned wealth, wedded a low-born, silly girl—a loving fool, no more! And when I questioned him—hoping they were not wed—he said she was good enough for him; that his mother had often told him of the lowly struggles and station of our young life; and how riches, such as I possessed, never brought honour or honourable distinction. I told him he was no more son of mine; and he coolly wished that such were possible! I never saw him after."

"Did he leave no children?" inquired John.

"What care I!" said Frank, fiercely. "If he left a swarm of children, what is that to me? My heart was forthwith locked against him and all the world; I have long shut out

all human sympathies, and never thought to be moved again as I have been moved to-night. Now, brother John, you know me, or nearly so. It may be that you leave me to-morrow: there is no reason why we should seek to please each other—neither can serve the other's interests."

"Enough of this stony creed!" exclaimed the stranger. "I have heard so much, that I can endure no more to-night. I warn you of one thing—if your son left children, I

will find them out. I do not seek to exculpate him from the great crime of disobedience, but I *will* find his widow, and her children."

"Aye, try it; I knew you would," said Frank, worn out by his unusual emotion; "they will be Margaret's grandchildren."

"And yours."

Frank Oldham tossed his arms wildly out, as if he would cast them from him; and the old men separated for the night.

ITALY AND HER FOREMOST MEN.*

IN our preceding remarks concerning Rome and the Papal States, we have shown upon what obsolete and absurd principles their present existing laws are founded; the unjust and contradictory manner in which those laws are administered, and the disreputable character and conduct of too many of the individuals to whom the power of carrying them into execution is entrusted. It is now our more painful duty—a duty we owe alike to humanity and truth—to inquire into the effects of such a system of government upon those unfortunate enough to be subjected to its tyranny; to consider the severity of the sentences that follow a secret accusation, and a mockery of a trial; and to throw open the doors of the prisons, wide enough to show the horrors to which their unhappy inmates are exposed.

Under the old clerical *régime*, the prisons and galleys of Rome were in a most deplorable condition. At the epoch of the Italian revival, and during the constitution, Doctor Luigi Carlo Farini, at this time minister of public instruction in Piedmont, was appointed to the superintendence of them; and under his direction many abuses were destroyed, and the whole system was much ameliorated. But with the restoration of the papacy came the restoration of all the evils, in every department, of the old clerical administration.

We have already stated that a Roman citizen may be dragged from his home, even in the middle of the night, without any charge being specified against him, and confined, for an indefinite period, in any of the ordinary prisons. That of *Monte Citorio* is the one to which an unfortunate is usually sent, immediately upon his arrest; from this depot, as it may be considered, and which we have already mentioned

as receiving within its walls, in the first seven months of the past year, 3745 persons, from a population not exceeding 120,000 souls, the prisoner is generally removed to the *Carcere nuove*, or new prisons, where he is placed in *segreta*, or secret confinement. This *segreta* is a subterranean chamber, about ten or twelve feet square, and the same height, with a vaulted roof, containing one sole aperture for air and light. In this cell frequently twelve or fourteen unhappy wretches, not condemned, but only suspected, are pent up, in a space that does not allow more air than is required for four or five. In one of those cells, by order of some previous Pope, who had more compassion for the sufferings and sorrows of his subjects than Pío Nono has ever shown, a marble inscription was put up, directing that not more than eight persons should be confined in it at once; notwithstanding which edict, twenty-two persons were very recently crammed into this same cell!

What renders this over-crowded state still more intolerable is, that no classification, either with regard to offence or station in society, is made. A young man accused of attending an obnoxious meeting, or merely suspected of political disaffection, may be placed side by side with a murderer, or a miscreant whose crimes disgrace humanity; and Colonel Grandoni, a gentleman in every sense of the word, is at this moment associated, by the infamy of his gaolers, with the very dregs of society, in one common prison. There are at this time seven hundred prisoners in the *Carcere nuove*. Out of seventy-five who were personally known to a highly respectable resident in Rome, holding an important official situation, only thirty remain; fever, consumption, sickness of the heart, and, unhappily, suicide, having burst the bonds of the rest.

* Continued from page 111.

Each prisoner has a bag of musty straw, never changed, and generally swarming with vermin, for his bed, without any sort of covering. Of the internal arrangements of the cells we cannot allow ourselves to speak; suffice it to say, that anything more revolting to decency, more injurious to health, more disgusting in every respect, cannot be imagined. The most ferocious and hardened criminals in the cell make a point of assailing and stripping all new comers, and subjecting them to the most atrocious outrages, whilst the keepers themselves have frequently cruelly beaten, for pretended insubordination, the injured parties, who have cried to them for help; nay, murders have been committed within the very walls of the prison, and no notice taken of them.

The food of the prisoners is usually calculated at two pounds of bread, twelve ounces to the pound, nominally, but in reality eighteen or nineteen ounces in the whole, instead of twenty-four; a soup of paste, rice, or beans; three ounces of meat, of the most disgusting quality; and a *foglietta*, about a pint, of the commonest wine. This is the ration issued once in every twenty-four hours. The style of the prisoners' living may be appreciated by our readers, when we inform them that the original contract between the government and purveyors of the prisons, allows nine-and-a-half *baiocchi* (fourpence three farthings) per diem, for the food, clothing, and all other expenses of each prisoner. This contract is then taken by a sub-contractor, at only seven-and-a-half *baiocchi* per head; and in some of the provinces it is still lower. It is in speaking of the *segreta* that we mention meat, such as it is, being given every day; in many prisons it is only allowed twice a week.

With these seven *baiocchi* and a half, per diem, for each prisoner, the contractor has to pay all his underlings, besides the expenses of warehouses and carriage, and the interest of the capital he may employ in the speculation. He must, moreover, have all the keepers and inspectors accomplices in his frauds, because, if he were to abide honestly by the terms of his contract, he would be ruined, as far as his worldly interests might be concerned. These gentry must, consequently, be very highly bribed: we know of one keeper who receives from a contractor as much as thirty *scudi* a month, under various false pretences. It may easily be imagined what much larger sums the inspectors and superior officers are paid in proportion; and all these sums have to be deducted out of the miserable pittance allotted to the maintenance of the prisoners, whether

innocent or guilty, accused or condemned! But the badness of the diet, trying as it must be, even to the strongest constitution, is, perhaps, more supportable than the badness of the air; which, contaminated as it is at all times in the prison, by impure drains and other sources of pollution, becomes, under the oppressive heat of an Italian summer, a misery sufficient in itself to produce madness and suffocation. In the *segreta*, the prisoners are allowed to be shaved once a fortnight, and, the operation being performed outside the entry of the cell, it is eagerly anticipated by them, as affording them their only opportunity of inhaling for a few minutes a pure atmosphere. If any of them are indisposed, they are not allowed to see a medical man until the day after they have made their complaint; and a young man from Albano, in the month of August, 1851, was suffered to expire on his bed of straw, in presence of his fellow-prisoners, without the smallest bodily aid or spiritual consolation. Indeed, the religious observances, on which the priests lay so much stress, when anything is to be accomplished by the outward display of them, seem to be thought no way necessary for unhappy captives shut out from every other solace; and even among the medical men that attend the prisons, there are more who are cruel enough, like Dr. Valeri, to insult the sufferings of their patients, than to soothe them, as the humane and honourable Dr. Bacelli does, by the language of condolence, and an attentive inquiry into their maladies.

In proportion as the keepers are careless and brutal, with respect to the comfort and health of their victims, they are ferocious and vindictive in the exercise of the power put into their hands of punishing insubordination; by which term they almost exclusively understand any appeal made by a prisoner against the violence and injustice of the ruffians who may surround him. The modes of punishment which the keepers are allowed to use are the *carolina*, the *stick*, *fetters* (*sceight à discrétion*), and *segretino*. The *carolina* is an instrument lately imported from Austria, resembling the stocks, in which the prisoner is fastened, whilst he receives a certain number of blows from a stick, according to the humour in which the keeper may find himself at the moment of pronouncing the sentence. A prisoner, who was condemned by the despotic will of one of these monsters to receive fifty blows every day, expired under the forty-fifth, on the second application.

It is to the Austrians that Italy is indebted for the introduction of the stick, as an instru-

ment of punishment; and in their merciless hands it frequently becomes the instrument of what an English jury would bring in wilful murder, as a certain number of blows are allowed to be given across the stomach, which is almost inevitable death. The Italians were horrified at a ferocity they had never before witnessed, and in some cases the display of it led to the most tragical results. One instance may suffice, though many might be given. A respectable man, a widower, at Forlì, by trade a shoemaker, had an only child, a boy thirteen years of age, who, besides being the delight of his father's humble dwelling, industriously assisted him in his business. One day, the boy was walking along the road, accompanied by his little dog, when he unfortunately met an Austrian officer, who was taking an airing on horseback, and who was likewise accompanied by a dog, but of much larger breed; the big dog flew ferociously upon the little one, and the poor boy, alarmed at the peril of his canine friend, seized some stones, and struck the assailant so courageously and repeatedly over the head, as to kill him on the spot. The officer, enraged at this termination of a combat which he had before looked upon with considerable satisfaction, immediately had the boy seized, and condemned him to receive twenty-five strokes of the bastinado. It was urged to him that the youth, being slender and delicate, might not be able to sustain so severe a punishment; but he would hear of no mitigation of it, and the poor child expired under the seventeenth blow. The wretched father, frantic at the intelligence of his child's death, rushed the next morning into the coffee-house where the Austrian officer was composedly taking his breakfast, and stabbed him with seventeen wounds, leaving him lifeless, and himself quitting the horror-stricken circle without any one making an effort to detain him.

Nor is this cruel and degrading punishment confined to the humbler classes; the most respectable members of the community are not secure from it. A short time ago, a party, seventy-five in number, of the principal citizens of Jesi, a place we have already mentioned as rejoicing in Cardinal Cesari for its bishop, wished, in compliance, we would take the liberty of suggesting, with the most sacred in-born feelings of the human breast, to solemnize the anniversary of the day on which they had to mourn the fall of many of their nearest and dearest relatives and friends on the field of battle, in the vain endeavour to preserve the precious gift of liberty to their country, at the expense of their blood. These citizens, aware

of the despotic tendency and hypocritical holiness of their governors, would not give them a plea for persecution, by celebrating a mass for the souls of those dauntless heroes,

"—— who sank to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest,"

though that very mass for the defunct, *if paid for*, is held out by the priests as the surest release from purgatory, and passport to the gates of paradise; they therefore limited the expression of their living regrets and hallowed remembrance to the simple insignia of a black scarf. Would it be believed by Englishmen, by any one possessing a spark of human sympathy, that this mere outward sign,

"The show and semblance
Of their grief ——"

as Hamlet would express it, should be construed by the self-installed ministers of a religion honoured by the precious tears of its Omnipotent Founder himself, who, in his human garb, sympathising with human sorrows, wept with the weeping sisters of Lazarus dead, though, in his omniscience, he knew that he should restore the same Lazarus to life, ere these precious tears upon his own sacred cheek were dried—would it be believed that this mere outward sign of mourning, adopted in all classes of civilized society, as the natural expression of an interior sense of deprivation and regret, should be construed by these same ministers of "peace and good-will towards men" into a crime, subjecting those guilty of it to imprisonment and the *stick*! Yet so it was. Had but our readers seen, as we did, one of the most gifted, the most eloquent of Italian exiles in our land of refuge, turn pale, when he was apprised of this horrible treatment of his countrymen, they would have joined, as we did, in the exclamation, "not loud but deep,"—

"Bastonavé i Italiani! ma il giorno verrà!"

But we must return to the prisons. The punishment of the stick is usually inflicted in the court-yard, in sight of the other prisoners; Farini had put a stop to this abuse; since the restoration, however, of the priestly régime, it also has been restored, with more inhumanity than ever. After being thus beaten, almost to a mummy, at the pleasure of the keeper, the miserable prisoner is laden with fetters, sometimes to the weight of eighty pounds, and thrust into the hole called the *segretino*, where he is left to his fate. Last summer, an unhappy wretch in this condition, smarting under his lacerations, tortured by

thirst, and tormented by fever, shouted in vain for water, from an hour after dark until six in the morning, when, happily for him, he was found dead upon the floor of his cell! And where, among the thousand priests of Rome, where was his ghostly comforter? his spiritual adviser? without whom the death-bed of the rich man is considered neither holy nor safe! where the disciple of Christ, who, in visiting "the sick and in prison," is considered to visit his Blessed Master, who graciously identifies himself with all who are in suffering and sorrow!

The prisons termed *Alla Larga*, or at large, are certainly more humanely organized, especially the new ones of Monte Citorio, the prisoners in them being allowed to receive clothes and money from their relatives and friends, but it is on the condition of bribing their keepers heavily; and the cells are subject to a very unhealthy degree of humidity.

The prison of San Michele, which occupies no inconsiderable part of that immense building, is solely devoted to political prisoners, and is at this time as full as it can hold. The keeper is one of the most ruffianly fellows in Rome, and the prisoners are treated with the most atrocious barbarity—nay, even their relatives and friends, anybody, in short, connected with them, who may present themselves at the gate, in the hope of seeing or procuring tidings of them, are subjected to every insult that the cruelty of a bad heart, joined to "the insolence of office," can suggest. One instance may suffice of the behaviour which is suffered on these occasions, and we will select it from many of a similar nature that occurred last year, when Signor Marco Evangelisti was superintendent of the prison. A young man, of the name of Apollonj, the son of a respectable advocate, was seized, on some political pretext, and dragged to the prison of San Michele, where he languished week after week, month after month, denied any communication with his family. His father, an aged man, repeatedly petitioned Evangelisti for leave to see him, but was always sternly refused; at length, after eight months, he took courage to address Monsignor Giannagi, who, more merciful, granted him permission to pay the young man a visit, accompanied by his wife and daughters. They accordingly set out for the prison; but when they arrived there, they were most brutally received by the keeper and his agents, and some time elapsed before the prisoner was allowed to be brought out. At last he came; but when he stood before them, pale, emaciated, loaded with fetters, and co-

vered with filth and vermin—an inevitable consequence in an Italian prison—the unhappy father was so agonized at the sight, that he fell to the ground in an apoplectic fit, to the horror of the son, and bewildered terror of his mother and sisters, whose shrieks and cries for help filled the air. At that moment, Evangelisti, as naturally attracted by sounds of distress as the tiger by the scent of blood, came to the spot, and instantly ordered the young man back to his cell, and the father to be dragged into the streets; which he actually was, in his unconscious and apparently lifeless state, *by the feet*; and we state this upon the information of a gentleman of the highest respectability in Rome, and of considerable official importance, who was an eye-witness of the fact. Signor Evangelisti then turned round to the distracted females, and told them they "must not stay there to act their farces," and actually threatened them with personal violence, if they did not instantly depart. Shortly after, this man, who, as chancellor of the *Sacra Consulta*, and secretary of the Council of Censure, had caused misery and death to hundreds, himself fell, under the stroke of an assassin.

We now come to the places of confinement for convicts, of which the principal is the *Carcere de Termini*, intended originally solely for galley-slaves, but into which the uncondemned are often thrust, at the tyrannical caprice of the authorities, as was the case with our unhappy countryman, Edward Murray, who, in a letter which he was fortunate enough to get conveyed from his prison, in Ancona, to this country, thus describes his situation at the time:—

"The epoch of my judgment now approaching, Mr. Moore advised me to go to Rome, in order to go in person before my judges, and he obtained that for me.

"Fresh sufferings were continually added to the old ones. Often they refused to give me some wood, under pretence there was no order from the government. When I Spoleto, the chief of the gendarmerie—a man of the most ferocious temper—loaded my hands and my feet with heavy iron chains. When in Rome, I was confined in the horrible galley of Termini. While still uncondemned, had they the right to stamp a mark of infamy on my name, associating my existence to that of robbers and murderers! My process had been completed a year ago; since a year I had no more been kept up in a solitary dungeon, but in a common prison. Consequently, according to what laws could they shut me up again in so horrible a prison, or, I should rather say, in so horrible a grave! For such it was. A very damp-looking place, seven feet long, and four wide; unwholesome, and *completely dark*; no breath of air penetrating into it, for there was no window at all. My physician de-

clared half-an-hour's walking, every day, to be indispensable to me; but they refused it constantly.

"Were I to mention my several sufferings, I should say they were far beyond physical tortures; I was innocent, but unable to prove it to the world; I had no means to remove from my face the stamp of ignominy, the vengeance of men I never offended had stamped upon it—of men who, by an extraordinary refinement of cruelty, granted me to see my family, but only in the presence of ignoble spies, who were there to catch every word, to interpret every sigh of the afflicted soul!"

Alas! how many could tell a similar tale!

The places of confinement for criminals, or those pronounced by the tribunals to be such, exhibit the same disorders and abuses as the prisons of detention, with the addition of others peculiar to themselves. Here, also, the keepers beat the prisoners, and rob them likewise, but according to a particular system; the keeper acts as a check on the contractor, and the *capo-stanza*, or chief of the room, who is always one of the oldest and most wicked of the prisoners, as a check on the keeper. What are the consequences of this system? The contractor hands over to the keeper, wine, broth, or soup, which passes through the hands of other officials, and, finally, through those of the *capo-stanza*, or distributing prisoner; so that before it reaches the mouths of the prisoners, *en masse*, the food becomes strangely diminished in quantity, and the wine as strangely diluted in quality. These facts can be proved by certificates drawn up in the time of Farini, in consequence of which Pietro Perotti, the chief keeper was removed, along with some others, since restored to favour and to office.

The consequence of these connivances is, that the chief keeper is obliged to wink at the excesses of the *capo-stanza*, who is generally the tyrant of the whole room, and ill-treats and strikes the rest of the prisoners, particularly any that may have belonged to the Civic Guard, which body was noted for its activity against robbers. The *capo-stanza*, Antonio Sabbatini, was an accomplice in the frauds of the chief keeper we have just mentioned, Pietro Perotti, who, in return, screened him, when he not only cruelly beat and wounded many of the prisoners, but even outraged one of them, in a manner too revolting to describe. If any of the prisoners complained to the head-keeper of the tyranny and brutality of this man, he paid no attention to them whatever; and at this present time, if they do so, they are placed in the stocks and beaten.

A keeper in the fortress of Narni, named Carticini, has so frequently and so cruelly administered the bastinado in this manner, that several prisoners have died under his

blows. The attention of the authorities was at last called to the case, and he was removed, but not deprived of the power he so much abused, as he is at this time in office, in the prisons of Civita Vecchia; so little regard does the Papal government pay to the lives of the unfortunates whom they are called upon, at any rate, to protect as fellow-creatures, if not as sheep, even though stray ones, of that fold of which the Pope professes to be the true and only shepherd. But it is not only directly that the head-keepers and *capo-stanza* rob the prisoners, many indirect means of accomplishing the same end are open to them. The head-keeper is generally the proprietor of a *dépôt*, or shop, at which he sells whatever articles the prisoners may require—such as tobacco, wine, or spirits—of course at an exorbitant rate. In the prisons of Monte Citorio, this trade is carried on by a man of the name of Fevri; now a *shirro*, or police ruffian, instead of following his former occupation, one, if possible, more base.

The *capo-stanza* frequently buys up beforehand, for a mere trifle, the rations of improvident prisoners, who, in some cases, have actually expired of hunger afterwards; indeed, in the month of August, 1851, six were found dead in their cells from this cause. This insane folly is generally the consequence of gambling; and the profiting by it, though strictly forbidden, is constantly connived at. Indeed, all these abuses are well-known to the authorities; but when men so closely connected with the ruling powers as Monsignor Savelli, and the brothers of Cardinal Antonelli, have an interest in the contracts, no wonder that the contractors should rarely become the subjects of judicial inquiry.

On the same ground of speculation, it becomes an important point to the speculators to keep as great a number of persons as possible in the prisons; and many are detained in them, under various false and fraudulent pretences, long after their term of imprisonment is expired. This abuse, also, Farini had in a great measure done away with; and in one year he prevented the infliction of 16,000 extra days of imprisonment on various prisoners, thus saving the government 1500 scudi, which it must otherwise have paid the contractors for their maintenance. The abuse is now, however, revived in full vigour.

Under such regulations, the morals of the prisoners, in general, may be pretty well imagined. In no other country do offenders so almost invariably relapse into crime, after their release; for, even if they were disposed

to remain honest, it is next to an impossibility for them to do so, no lawful means of getting their living being available to them, after having once been in the galleys. Of course, we except men of honourable character—honour not to be tarnished by the breath of calumny—men who have been the mere victims of tyranny, such as the brave and unimpeachable Calendrelli. We have already made mention of this ill-used man, but we will now lay some further particulars of his case before our readers, as a specimen of the mode in which justice is administered by the Consulta Tribunale in Rome.

Alexander Calendrelli was many years an officer in the Engineers, esteemed by all who knew him for his acquirements, probity, moral character, and religious feelings. He it was who prevented the firing of cannon, on the 16th November, 1848, against the pontifical palace, in a moment of popular indignation, when the vacillating character of Pio Nono, since too clearly made manifest, first began to be suspected by his subjects. He was also greatly instrumental in preserving sacred the libraries, palaces, and villas of Rome; and he saved the lives of the few soldiers who endeavoured, during the revolution, to raise again the Papal banner. He was made minister of war during the republic; he afterwards resigned that office, though he continued to serve the cause of liberty by every exertion of his courage and military knowledge. After the resignation of Mazzini, who refused to sign the capitulation of Rome, Calendrelli was made triumvir, and in that capacity he held stores in the artillery, and a great deal of property elsewhere, which had been exacted by the republican government for the necessities of the state. On the entrance of the French, he, as member of the triumvirate, consigned to the restored authorities 200,000 scudi in paper, and 60,000 in gold and silver—a fact proved by incontestible documents. He remained in Rome purposely to give an account of his administration, although he well knew that he endangered his head by so doing. He repaired to the municipality, and stated what articles were in his possession. He also declared to the Commission of Recovery the quantity of copper and other articles he had, and assisted in restoring them to their owners. He sent three cart-loads of books, belonging to the ecclesiastical library, to the librarian, Abate Saliceti, and several baskets full to Monsignor Cardona, superior of that institution; and on Saliceti's stating that some works were yet wanting, he exerted

himself to the utmost to recover them from various quarters where they had been dispersed. The Abate Saliceti still, however, dissatisfied, applied to a commission, instituted by General Oudinot, for the recovery of books, manuscripts, and other objects of science or art; but his application was rejected, because he could in nowise prove his previous possession of the books he claimed. Notwithstanding this ungenerous conduct on the part of Saliceti, Calendrelli again exerted himself to satisfy his demands, as far as he could, by purchasing some of the required books from the shops of different booksellers, and giving up others belonging to himself, from his own library. For these Saliceti promised to send, but he delayed doing so, with an inertness singular enough, as contrasting with his previous eagerness on the subject, and in the meantime, Calendrelli's house was invaded by *sbirri*, who carried off all the books, and also a number of works of art, as well as some arms, which he had been a long time in collecting. This seizure was made without any legal intimation or warrant of tribunal; without the presence of a legal appraiser, without drawing up an inventory, in short, without the observance of any of the formalities of the law. It was executed by one Domenico Farina, by trade a pawnbroker, in the Borgo; a man of notoriously bad character, which, however, had not prevented him being made secretary of the commission of recovery; probably, in illustration of the popular adage, apparently a very favourite one with the clerical government, "set a thief," &c. In his official capacity this Farina found, from Calendrelli's own deposition, that he had in his possession certain books belonging to the ecclesiastical academy; the man was a bitter enemy to Calendrelli, and is generally believed to have been the principal instigator of the iniquitous legal proceedings against him.

The articles thus taken from Calendrelli's house were publicly exposed, under pretence of their being identified; but, during that exposure, many of them were stolen away, and it is by no means improbable that many others were secretly added, in order to work the ruin of the party accused.

Several months after his arrest, Calendrelli was accused of theft on various counts. The *prosecutante*, or conductor of the accusation, was Signor Manzoni, and to him were consigned the written testimonials in favour of Calendrelli, to which we have already alluded. Manzoni constantly affirmed that he had reported these documents, as was his duty, and

that his own conviction was that Calendrelli was innocent. It was, perhaps, for this reason that the proceedings were transferred to a man named Mori, not of very good repute, but who still had honesty enough to confirm the presence of the testimonials, among the papers connected with the trial, all of which finally remained in the possession of the Chancellor Pasqualoni. We have already stated that the acts of the *Consulta* are carried on and completed in secret, without any guarantee for the prisoner. Calendrelli, when accused, could not, according to the tenor of the regulations of this tribunal, either defend himself, or choose an advocate in whom he could trust; he was therefore obliged to take an advocate, *ex officio*, a man named Gui. The defence was secret, as usual, the prisoner never, in any case, being made acquainted with the nature of the defence made for him, any more than with any other acts of his trial. Yet, by virtue of a trial like this, was this brave and honourable, and most disinterested man, pronounced guilty of theft, and condemned to *fifteen years* of the galleys for *stealing books* from the ecclesiastical academy, and *five more* for stealing arms from the Prince Barberini.

Now comes the question: was this most harsh and unjustifiable sentence passed through the iniquity of the judges, or through the falsification of the acts of the proceeding?—amid the darkness that shrouds the legal administrations of Rome can the problem ever be solved? It is certain that the testimonials we have mentioned, and which have been seen by a most honourable Roman gentleman of our acquaintance, as well known and as much respected among the highest English families that seek the eternal city for health or pleasure, as among his fellow citizens, these testimonials abundantly proved Calendrelli's innocence with respect to the first of the charges against him, and the second was positively rebutted by the Prince Barberini's own agent, Giordani, who affirmed that he himself sent the arms as a present to Calendrelli, in acknowledgment of his exertions to save the Barberini palace from injury, but that he was subsequently paid the full value for them. This statement was confirmed by Enea Viti, who was present during the transaction, and was the bearer of the money from Calendrelli to Giordani. Calendrelli's own account tallied with that of both these witnesses.

The processante Mori in vain endeavoured to corrupt the testimony of Viti, by alternate

promises and intimidations; he could no way shake his integrity, so he revenged himself upon him for it, by getting him sent to prison, where he was kept five months without a shadow of pretext or accusation against him. Calendrelli's advocate, Gui, and several of the judges, affirm that none of the testimonials in his favour appeared in the acts of his trial; but if their affirmation be really true, in proportion as it proves their individual innocence with respect to the verdict, it necessarily implies the most shameful infamy on the part of the public administration; the injustice of Calendrelli's condemnation is equally manifest in either case, and a system cannot be too strongly execrated, which, pandering to the worst passions of human nature, only serves to favour the secret workings of cruelty and vengeance in the sacred name of God! If there were wanting further evidence as to the lofty honour and calm self-possession of this brave and high-souled officer, it would be found in his own announcement of the dreary fate before him, for all the best part of his life, in his letter to his sister, just before leaving his prison.

September 8, 1851.

MY DEAREST SISTER,—Yesterday evening my sentence was notified to me; it is to the following tenor: "Fifteen years to the galleys for robbing, to the prejudice of the ecclesiastical academy; and five years of public labour for robbery of twenty *scudi*, to the prejudice of the Barberini family; besides which, ignominious death, for treason." All this, by the special favour of his Holiness, has been reduced to twenty years at the galleys.

Before setting out for Lalliano or elsewhere, according to my destination, I communicate this to you with the utmost serenity of mind, because I feel that I am no way culpable. Thank my uncle, thank my defender, thank all those who have exerted themselves on my behalf; especially the Prussian minister, to whom present my respects, and entreat him to place at the feet of the king my most heartfelt homage, and my boundless gratitude for the interest he has deigned to take in my case.

I send you my picture; keep it in remembrance of me, but let it be hidden from every eye save your own. I send you also my sheet, pillow-case, trousers, and basin. Collect what linen you can; shirts, handkerchiefs, and two pair of sheets, and send all to the place of my destination; having previously obtained the consent of the Sacred Consulta, through which you will also send me news of yourself and family.

I beg you, my Lisa, to tranquillize yourself, to preserve your health, and to live for your children. With regard to myself, you will see that the very men who are now so deeply humiliating me, will liberate me from the penalties they have inflicted upon me, as soon as their party-spirit calms down, and they become better acquainted with my innocence.

Console Ludovico and my poor father, and tell

them that I shall be composed and resigned, if I do but know that they do not take to heart a thing which I hope will be but temporary. I am on the point of going, and in setting out, I remember that on this same day, a few years ago, I and Ludovico were all intent on adorning our house, and contributing many *studi* to the grand festival in honour of the Holy Father. (Alluding to the splendid demonstration of affection and gratitude with which the Pope was greeted by the people, September 8, 1846, after having granted the celebrated amnesty to political offenders.)

Now, I set out poor and abandoned, with only thirty-six *batecchi* (eighteen-pence) in my pocket.

Such is the fruit of my *plundering*! I embrace you affectionately; believe me to be always your brother.

ALEXANDER.

P.S. I beg you to make interest for me, that my little dog may not be taken away from me. This is the favour that I request.

We leave our readers to form their own opinions as to the present state of justice or humanity in Rome. Our next remarks will be upon the system of education and public instruction pursued in the Papal States, and its influence upon the character of the people.

A VISIT TO JERUSALEM IN 1827.

Extracted from the Private Journal of Lady Montfaucon.

THURSDAY, October 18. *Jerusalem.*—There is no city in the world which can bear comparison in point of interest with Jerusalem,—fallen, desolate, and abject even as it appears—changed as it has been since the days of its glory. The capitals of the ancient world inspire us, at the sight of their decaying monuments, with thoughts that lead us far back into the history of our race, with feelings that enlarge the sphere of our sympathies, by uniting our recollections of the past with the substantial forms of things present: but there is a power in the human mind by which it is capable of renewing scenes as vividly without external aids, as when they are most abundant. There are no marble records on the plain of Marathon, to aid the enthusiasm of the traveller, but he feels no want of them: and thus it is, whenever any strong and definite feeling of our moral nature is concerned; we need but be present on the spot where great events occurred, and if they were intimately connected with the fate of multitudes, or with the history of our religion, we shall experience a sentiment of veneration and interest amounting to awe, and one above all comparison nobler than that which is excited chiefly by the pomp or wonders of antiquity. It is hence that Jerusalem, notwithstanding the ploughshare of the heathen, infinitely exceeds in interest Rome, Athens, and even the cities of Egypt, still abounding, as they do, in monuments of their former grandeur, and wonderful and venerable as they are, above all other places on which the mere temporal history of mankind can bestow a sanctity. No place has ever suffered like Jerusalem: it is more than probable that not a single relic exists of the city that was the joy of the whole earth; but the most careful and enthusiastic of travellers confess, that when they have endeavoured to find parti-

cular marks for their footsteps, there was little to encourage them in the investigation. But it depends not for its power of inspiring veneration on the remains of temples and palaces; and were there even a less chance of speculating with success respecting the sites of its ancient edifices, it would still be the city towards which every religious and meditative mind would turn with the deepest longing. It is with Jerusalem as it would be with the home of our youth, were it levelled with the earth, and we returned after many years and found the spot on which it stood a ploughed field, or a deserted waste, the same thoughts would arise in our hearts as if the building was still before us, and would probably be rendered still more impressive from the very circumstance that the ruin which had taken place was complete.

It is almost a matter of necessity that the traveller should have these feelings on visiting Jerusalem. It is only in proportion as he venerates the spot, independent of what he at present sees there, that he can properly estimate its sanctity. If his thoughts refuse to obey the simple impulse of his spirit, or if his mind be incapable of waking into action without the aid of monuments, inscriptions, or statues, he must not look for gratification in Jerusalem; and if he trust to the traditions which have been accumulating there for centuries, his reflections will be mere mental shadows. It is to his notions of the general sacredness of the place, that he must resign himself. Jerusalem is the same now, in respect to its monumental records, as it was before it became the city of David; its rocks and valleys alone remain to prove its identity with Jerusalem of old.

But when once the mind is properly roused to the sentiments which should thus arise, independently of external objects, every foot of

ground which the traveller passes in Jerusalem, or its neighbourhood, will help to increase the vividness of his emotions. A vast change has taken place in the very clothing of nature here since its fall, and her present apparel is in striking harmony with the later chapters of its history. The olive, the fig-tree, and the vine, still cover many of her hills with their richly-laden branches; even the rose is seen flourishing in bright luxuriousness in the recesses of her valleys, and some of her plains indicate their fertility by plentiful harvests; but there is everywhere some appalling token of desolation, and the traveller can scarcely help feeling that he is in a country of which it might be almost said, without a figure, that the heart of the land is broken.

It is not difficult for a reflecting mind to imagine what a variety of strange—both solemn and pleasurable—emotions must fill the mind of the pilgrim, as he approaches the venerable capital of this singular country. The feeling of awe and melancholy, so natural to the region, is necessarily tempered with that delight which a traveller can scarcely help experiencing on finding himself near the accomplishment of a long and difficult journey. Almost all who have visited Jerusalem describe themselves as having been thus affected.

Little is known respecting the origin of this city, which makes so remarkable a figure in the history of mankind. It is, however, supposed that it was the residence of the ancient monarch Melchisedec, king of Salem; and Scripture informs us that it subsequently became the possession of the Jebusites. As the capital of a nation usually experiences, in the most eminent degree, the various changes of its fortune, Jerusalem, in the time of David and Solomon, was probably the wealthiest city, for its extent, in the habitable world, and justified, without a metaphor, the expressions employed to indicate its greatness and magnificence. The afflictions which its inhabitants experienced in the subsequent wars of the kingdom, were evidently rendered on all occasions more terrible by the wealth and luxury, the stern pride and haughty feeling of security which appear to have characterized them from the earliest period of their establishment in the land. From the description given of the ancient city by Josephus, assisted by a view of the spot on which it stood, it is easy to form a judgment of what must have been its strength, and its power of resisting the attacks of an enemy. It was fortified, he informs us, with three walls, except where it was protected by the better defence which nature

had provided, deep and impassable valleys, where one wall was deemed sufficient. These walls enclosed the mountains of Sion and Acra, and encompassed, it is supposed, about the space of an English league. The mountains are divided by a valley; and on the former of them, by much the loftiest of the two, stood the upper town, circling the fortress of David; and on the latter was built the lower town, with the splendid temple occupying the hill known by the name of Mount Moriah, which the Asmonean princes joined to Acra, by filling up the valley which intersected them. Of the three walls above mentioned the historian remarks, that the old one, which formed the strongest portion of the defences, had been an object of careful consideration with both David and Solomon, and of many of their successors.

But never did a city, about to become the prey of a conqueror, offer a spectacle of such magnificence to the eye of its enemy as did Jerusalem. Fitted by its very position, on the summit of hills which seemed to have a meaning in their frown, and hanging over valleys of which the sterility and roughness might be easily imagined to have only been overcome by the special blessings of the God of nature, this city of Zion would have offered a spectacle sufficiently imposing, had it still consisted but of the rude dwellings of the ancient Jebusites. It is not difficult, therefore, to account for the astonishment and even deep emotion with which Titus contemplated the scene before him while preparing his legions for the assault. "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces," would have been the natural exclamation, probably, of the general under any other circumstances but those in which he was placed. "The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion" would have been more ready to rise in his mind, than a feeling that he should be its conqueror and desolator, when he saw before him, in its grandeur, the Temple of Israel's God. Of that most wonderful building of antiquity we can form no conception from any edifice at present in existence; but the historian has described it in language glowing at once with the spirit of religion and patriotism. "The outward face of the Temple," says he, "wanted nothing that was likely to surprise either men's minds or their eyes; for it was covered all over with plates of gold, of great weight, and, at the first rising of the sun, reflected back a very fiery splendour, and made those who forced themselves to look upon it avert their eyes, as they would have done at the sun's own rays. But this Temple appeared to strangers,

when they were coming to it at a distance, like a mountain covered with snow; for, as to those parts of it that were not gilt, they were exceeding white."

It was against the city thus fortified by all the contrivances of ancient military art, aided by advantages of situation scarcely equalled by that of any other city in the world, that the son of Vespasian planted his standards. History has no page on which she has employed a more fearful eloquence to describe human calamity, than that in which she has depicted the fall of Jerusalem; but the records of its subsequent fate are not without details of ruin and suffering almost as terrible. It was not till after many an attempt on the part of the surviving Israelites to throw off the yoke of the conqueror, and many a fierce and bloody conflict, that Hadrian built, on the ruins of Zion, Elia Capitolina, and covered every spot of ground, which had been hallowed by the worship of the true God, with the grossest emblems of idolatry. The emperor Constantine, with his mother Helena, afterwards filled it with places of Christian worship. An immense addition was thence made to the Christian community; and for near three hundred years, Jerusalem enjoyed comparative peace and prosperity. But in the year six hundred and eleven, Chosroes, king of Persia, subjected almost the whole of Syria to his sway; and, three years after, led his conquering army into Judea. The intermediate districts offered for some time a barrier to the holy city; but nothing could resist the perseverance of the invader, and Jerusalem, after a vain attempt at defending her sacred walls, saw her streets crowded with the barbaric hosts.

The Persians, however, did not long retain possession of the conquered country. The emperor Heraclius succeeded in effectually expelling them both from Jerusalem and the surrounding territory; and Palestine again remained undisturbed till the renowned Omar, in the year six hundred and thirty-six, laid siege to it at the head of his victorious Mussulmans, and converted it into the chief city of the Mahometan power in the east. For a considerable period the reign of Islamism remained unshaken; but both Jews and Christians, feeling no diminution in their reverence for the Holy City, continued to traverse its streets and environs, in defiance of the bitter insults heaped upon them by the Turks. The complaints which the pilgrims from Europe brought back to their country, respecting the oppressions they had suffered in fulfilling their vows, at length excited, as is well known, the

zeal of the western princes, and gave rise to that series of memorable wars to which, it is argued, modern Europe owes much of its culture and civility. The success of Godfrey of Boulogne again made Jerusalem the capital of a kingdom; but in proportion as the Christians became divided among themselves, the Turkish power recovered strength; and at the close of the thirteenth century the flower of chivalry fell beneath the swords of more than two hundred thousand Moslems, and Jerusalem again saw its walls crowned with the crescent. But the conquerors of the fourteenth century were led by a prince of different character to him who achieved the conquest in the seventh; and the victory was gained under dissimilar circumstances. It is not, however, necessary to search very deeply for the causes which have gradually reduced Palestine to its present impoverished condition. Tyranny and misrule are at all times sufficient of themselves to engender misery, and in Jerusalem they have had their perfect work.

But to pass from these reflections to my own feelings, I can never be sufficiently thankful to Almighty God for suffering us to reach this city in safety. The obstacles that presented themselves, the dangers with which we were threatened, the detentions and vexations which had actually to be endured, all rose in my mind as I gave way to the feeling of delight with which I at length saw the fulfilment of my dear husband's long-cherished wish. Nor was my satisfaction a little increased at the recollection that I had strenuously urged him to pursue the journey, even when his own ardour had somewhat abated, and when I had to oppose my counsel to the advice and wishes of our companions.

Mr. Amzlae has a synagogue in the house, and at day-break the male branch of the family assembled at prayers. Notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, and the little rest we had been able to procure, owing to the number of insects which came forth during the night from the cushions of the divan, or sofas, that formed our bed, Montefiore was induced, by the holy feelings so naturally excited in this place, to join them.

Mr. Amzlae's daughter, by a former marriage, came in the morning to offer her services at my toilette. She is not more than fourteen years of age, but is already married; and her husband, who is only one year older, has so feminine an appearance, both in person and style of dress, that we imagined him, the preceding evening, to be a lady. Mrs. Amzlae, who is an exceedingly pretty young woman,

was herself married at thirteen, and is now not more than twenty. This is, however, nothing extraordinary, it being the common custom in the east for marriages to be solemnized as early as the age of eleven or twelve years. The ladies in general wear a profusion of ornaments. A broad, gold belt encircles the waist; but the head is simply covered by the turban, no hair being allowed to escape from its folds, which, when the features and forehead are handsome, is a becoming fashion.

Our breakfast consisted of a cup of coffee and a cake, which was handed round; and we were happy to find Mr. Amzlac, who said our arrival had proved a balm to him, much improved in health. The chief rabbis of the Portuguese and German Jews, attended by the different officers and deputies, together with all the heads of the nation, came to welcome us. These visitors occupied our attention during the forenoon; and after dinner we accompanied our party to see the Greek convent, and then to a large stone, said to be the last relic of the Temple of Solomon. It is held in universal veneration, and is inclosed by a gate, the key of which is held by the Turks. The Jews, who visit it regularly once a week, are obliged to pay every time it is unlocked for them. One of our religion attending us, was recognized by the Turk, who demanded his usual fee; but this claim was resisted, it being argued that, as he simply came as our guide, and it was not the customary day, the exaction was illegal. The dispute created some confusion, and I was somewhat alarmed; but the interference of our Agar prevented the Turk from persisting in his imposition; not, however, without uttering many a threat that he should represent the affair to the governor.

Friday, October 19. Jerusalem.—Having sent our letters of introduction, we had the greatest difficulty imaginable in excusing ourselves from accepting the urgent invitations of the hospitable persons who had prepared rooms for us in their houses, and pressed us, with the most urgent invitations, to sojourn with them during our stay. One of the foremost was a relation of the late high-priest, of the German congregation here, to whom the Rev. Doctor Horschel gave us a letter; but Mr. Amzlac said that it would be offering him the greatest possible affront if we left his house for that of any other friend, having stopped there on our arrival. We were therefore compelled to relinquish the obliging invitations we had received, greatly to the disappointment of those who made them. We could not, however,

resist their entreaties to see the apartments they had prepared for our reception, and which we found to be very nice and replete with every comfort.

While Montefiore proceeded with Mr. Amzlac, to visit some of the sacred spots most esteemed in this revered city, I accompanied Mr. Bell and Captain Anderson to Bethlehem. We were escorted by a young monk from the Greek convent, followed by our Agar, Dragoman, Paulo, and Armstrong. I commenced the journey on a mule, but finding its pace too heavy and fatiguing, I changed it for a donkey, which I found far more agreeable. We obtained, as we proceeded, a good view of the mosque built over the tombs of David and Solomon, and the Mount of Olives. We also passed a ruin said to have been the Tower of Simcon, and the monastery of Elias, which is now occupied by Greek monks. The road was rocky; but fig, olive, and mulberry-trees adorned many of the hills, and the declivities were covered with a gay harvest of the most beautiful wild flowers. After an hour's ride we came to Rachel's tomb, which stands in a valley on the right, near to which is a well at present without water. We dismounted to view this most interesting monument of sacred history. It is formed of four square walls, with Gothic arches bricked up, and is covered by a dome-roof. On entering I was deeply impressed with a feeling of awe and respect, standing, as I thus did, in the sepulchre of a mother in Israel. The walls of the interior are covered with names and phrases chiefly in Hebrew and other Eastern characters; but some few English are to be found among them, and to these I added the names of Montefiore and myself. My feelings of gratitude on this occasion were not a little increased by a knowledge of the circumstance, that only six European females are said to have visited Palestine in the course of a century.

The next object which attracted our attention on the road was a Greek convent, at which the monk, our companion stopped to converse, for a few moments, with the superior of the establishment. Continuing our route, the town of Bethlehem at length appeared in sight, built on a hill; and we were soon seated in the Greek convent, to which we were welcomed by its holy inmates, whose appearance, however, was far less robust than that of their brethren whom we had seen on the way. We were here shown the celebrated chapel said to have been built by Justinian. It is adorned on each side with twelve Corinthian columns, each consisting of one solid piece of marble;

and the walls are decorated with Mosaics, on a gilt ground which, however, have suffered greatly from the ravages of time. We next descended to a subterranean chapel built on the spot where the birth of Christ is said to have taken place. An arch, or grotto, is pointed out, in which the birth is supposed to have occurred. It is ornamented with several historical paintings, descriptive of the event from which it derives its sanctity. They are productions of very early masters, and are executed on a gilt ground, similar to some that we saw at Pisa.

Opposite to the grotto was a long passage, lighted by two rows of silver lamps. This portion of the edifice belongs to the Greek, Armenian, and Latin churches; but the place of nativity is the especial property of the Greek order, and is the most highly appreciated. We were next shown the place where the three Magi came to offer their adorations, and present their offerings to the infant Jesus. This appertains to the Armenians, and is a grotto similar and contiguous to the former, and adorned, like that, with descriptive pictures.

After this we were led to a dome, said to enclose the bones of the massacred infants, but which is held too sacred to be opened. Leaving these vaulted places of Christian veneration, we gladly accepted the invitation of the fraternity to take some refreshment after our fatigue, and were shown into an upper room of the convent, where we seated ourselves on cushions placed on the floor round the room. Sweetmeats, lemonade, and coffee were presented us, (the same spoon sufficing for the whole party—fortunately I was served first.) We then inspected some mother-of-pearl shells, and various sorts of beads manufactured at this place, and made several purchases. The beads, which come from the Dead sea, are very curious, and are held in great estimation, particularly by Catholics.

After tendering our acknowledgments for the civility they had shown us, and taken our leave of the monks, we left Bethlehem, and on again arriving at the Greek convent on the road, we were invited by the superior, who was standing at the gate expecting our return, to enter. Several of the brothers came and joined in the gracious request; and on our acceding to the invitation, we were led into a comfortable room, and took our places on the divan, the good-tempered superior heading the party, on a raised separate seat, at the top of the apartment. Water and towels were served to each guest; mine being, as formerly, ornamented by gold and silver ends. The presi-

dent then poured out some liqueur, of which he first tasted; then followed lemonade, scented with otto of roses; and a few minutes after a dinner was served, which proved to us that the merits of a good kitchen were not wanting to the holy establishment. In dividing the poultry, without the aid of knife, or other instrument, except a fork to steady it, our Greek proved, by the expertness of his fingers, that he was a good anatomist among the feathered race. Each person, however, was served with a knife, fork, and spoon. Pomegranates, figs, and coffee, with a cibou to each of the gentlemen finished the entertainment; and this being Friday, a day on which the monks abstain from animal food, their attention to us was particularly manifest. Before taking our leave, we looked into the chapel, and were directed to observe the altar, as exhibiting a proof of the present comparative poverty of the establishment; brass candlesticks having been placed on the shrine in lieu of silver, which were sacrificed to supply the exactions of the Turks, and in contribution to the expenses of a war carried on with their own country. But the complaint of extortion is not confined to one sect. Among the poor Jews but very few families are able to support themselves. There is no commerce, and shops are not suffered on terms which admit of their becoming profitable.

We returned to Mr. Amzlae's at half-past four, having had a most gratifying excursion. Mrs. Amzlae we found handsomely dressed for Sabbath, and the house neatly prepared. Montefiore was as delighted as myself with the manner in which the forenoon had been spent. He had visited, in the course of his ramble, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the Jewish place of interment, where he saw the cave of Jeremiah, the tomb of Absalom, and inspected, for a second time, the stone, said to be the last vestige of Solomon's Temple. Friday being the day on which it is the custom to view this only relic of former magnificence, and to indulge themselves in which the Jews, poor as they are, pay their tribute. We passed the Sabbath evening in Jerusalem most happily with our kind host and his family.

Saturday, October 20. Jerusalem.—At dawn of day Montefiore arose and went to synagogue, accompanied by Mr. Amzlae. An hour afterwards I repaired with Mrs. Amzlae, escorted by two male attendants, to the same place of devotion. The gallery was thronged with females, all clad in deep white scarfs, which covered their head and figure. There are no seats, but two were provided for us; the other persons who were present placing

their handkerchiefs on the ground, and there taking their places. We perceived through the wooden trellis-work that Montefiore was just called up to Sephar; and this being the first Sabbath we had ever spent in Palestine, he offered for all his absent friends individually. Many were the solemn thoughts which rose in our minds, finding ourselves thus engaged in this holy land: the country of our ancestors, of our religion, and of our former greatness; but now, alas! of persecution and oppression. We hear from every one of the extortions that are levied, and that there is no means of support except such as is provided by the bounty of other countries, with the exception of the little help afforded by the few families who continue here from a principle of religious enthusiasm, and contribute all in their power to the support of the necessitous. There are four synagogues adjoining each other, belonging to the Portuguese, who form the principal portion of the Jewish community. The Germans have only one place of worship, and the greater proportion of the congregation are from Poland. There is also a numerous society at Hebron, eight hours' journey from Jerusalem; but they are in a wretched state of poverty. Still, how delighted should I have been, had time allowed our visiting that town, consecrated to recollection, as the burial-place of the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and of Sarah, the mother of Israel; and interesting from so many other circumstances connected with the history of the Old Testament.

After breakfast we paid a visit to the Haham, who expected us. Sweetmeats and liquors were handed round, as usual; and, what was more agreeable and refreshing, we received the hearty and paternal good wishes and blessings of the reverend priest, who bestowed them with an affecting cordiality, and said that our visit to the Holy City appeared to them almost like the coming of the Messiah. Mr. Amzlae then requested us to call upon an old lady who had, a few months since, lost her husband. He had been one of the most learned and esteemed rabbis of the place. Our friend was much affected on entering the house and beholding the widow.

On our way home we were accosted by a tall gentleman, in so emphatic a manner that his vehemence led me, at first, to imagine that he was a Turk, come with hostile intentions. We found, however, that he was only endeavouring to express how it would mortify his feelings if we left Jerusalem without paying him a visit. It would have been difficult to refuse an invi-

tation so earnestly expressed, and we accordingly accompanied him to his house, which we found to be exceedingly neat, well furnished in the Turkish style, and altogether one of the best we had seen here. The gentleman was about seventy years of age, of a healthful, robust mien, and most cheerful manners: he had returned, the preceding week, overland, from Constantinople, without having encountered the smallest obstruction. We here again accepted refreshment, which its superior quality rendered by no means a difficult task. Every thing, indeed, and not less than the rest, the neatness of the ladies' dresses, exhibiting marks of elegance and refinement.

We remained, on reaching home, a short time to rest, and then proceeded to fulfil our engagement to dine with Mr. Meldel, and prevailed on Mr. Amzlae to accompany us, whereby we hoped to promote unanimity between the Portuguese and German congregations; an object which Montefiore wished to accomplish, it being the ardent desire of Dr. Herschel, who solicited his interference to that effect. The most heartfelt satisfaction was expressed at our presence; every one vied in showing us politeness and attention; and the table abounded with all the delicacies that could be obtained. The female branches of the family were in the same room, but did not sit with us. As Mr. Amzlae had invited Mr. Bell and Captain Anderson to dine with him, he entreated us not to prolong our visit beyond what politeness on our part required. We therefore took leave of our hospitable and worthy entertainers, and found ourselves obliged to partake in a second dinner. Thus there was no deficiency of good cheer for the celebration of this my birthday, which I never expected to pass at Jerusalem. Montefiore requested Mr. Amzlae to obtain a necklace similar to the one worn by his lady; and having succeeded in his commission, I have been this day presented with it by my dear Montefiore, as a memento of this venerable city, and a birthday present.

We had several arrangements to make during the evening, an early hour having been fixed for our departure the next morning. It was our wish to obtain specimens of whatever curiosities the place afforded; but we could obtain nothing except wine, earth, some embroidery on calicoes descriptive of the most celebrated ancient edifices, soap, a silver cup, an ancient manuscript, and some coins. Of the wine we took a small cask, it being made by families only as it is required for their own immediate supply. No stock is therefore kept; and, as there are no wine-

merchants, each person procures his own grapes, and makes it at home.

In the course of the evening we were visited by the superior of the Latin convent, who, among other civilities, expressed a hope that, if ever we renewed our visit to the Holy City, we should not pass his convent without entering. He also expressed regret that our friends did not take up their abode with him, instead of proceeding to the Greek Convent. Great jealousy is said to exist between the different orders, of whom the Armenians are the richest. Montefiore had received an invitation from the governor the day before to pay him a visit, but he excused himself, pleading the shortness of our stay. A second invitation, however, having been sent, he was prevailed on to go this afternoon. His reception was most flattering: coffee and pipes were handed; and his excellency expressed some surprise that Montefiore had not called on him before. He then desired his scribe to add a handsome eulogium to our passport, to which he also affixed his name and seal, and offered to send a guard with us to any place we might wish to visit, whether within or without the walls of the city.

Seventeen rabbis read prayers for us, during the night, in Mr. Amzla's synagogue; and after two hours' rest, Montefiore joined them in their devotions.

Sunday, October 21. Jerusalem.—The pious sounds from the place of prayer, which was opposite my chamber, awoke me, and I arose with the sun. The necessary arrangements for our journey were speedily made. Captain Anderson, Mr. Bell, and suite, already awaited us below; the mules and guides were at the gate; Armstrong and Paulo were actively placing the luggage; while the Agar, ready mounted on his beautiful charger, with the attendant dragoon, completed the picturesque group. I now descended to perform the unwelcome task of taking my leave of friends, who, although the acquaintance had been of so short a duration, had gained a place in our affections, by their hospitality and their many kind expressions of

regard. The Portuguese high-priest had come, at this early hour, to give us his blessing; nor did I ever behold a more benign countenance, or a more venerable-looking man. Many other respectable members of the congregation also attended, and overwhelmed us with their affectionate wishes. A host of poor widows also, and others, came to ask assistance; but Montefiore had previously arranged this matter with Mr. Amzla. Coffee and chocolate were served; and our amiable hostess had provided a supply of white bread and small cheeses made at Hebron, with a quantity of cakes and wine for the journey; which were increased by the kind present we had received of a large basket of almond-cakes, and two bottles of his best wine, from the gentleman who had so particularly urged us to accept his house during our stay in the city.

At a quarter before eight we mounted our mules and donkeys, amid the blessings and good wishes of a numerous throng, who followed us to the gates. Farewell, Holy City! we exclaimed in our hearts. Blessed be the Almighty, who has protected us while contemplating the sacred scenes which environ thee. Thankful may we ever be for His manifold mercies! May the fountain of our feelings evermore run in the current of praise, and entire devotion to His will and His truth, till the time shall arrive when "the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads!" Isaiah, xxxv. 10.

A fine sunshiny-day brought us safely, though with some fatigue, to the well beyond Abbah-Goush, which we again passed without molestation. A poor Hebrew guide, however, who had remained near me all the way, was detained for his fine. I was not aware of his religion till afterwards, nor of his being in custody; but in about half an hour he overtook us, having paid two piastres. After an excellent meal at the side of the well, we continued our journey to Ramla, which we reached about five o'clock, and were again welcomed by the good brothers of the Greek convent.



CAMPAGNA DI ROMA.

THEY alone who are unacquainted with the Italian language need to be informed that the term *Campagna*, though generally used with reference only to the country round about the city of Rome, is also applied to other localities in Italy—as the Campagna of Florence, the Campagna Felice, in the kingdom of Naples. The Campagna di Roma includes a vast territory of some sixty miles in length, by nearly fifty in breadth, which contains several towns of good repute, besides the former capital of the western world.

If there be one part of Europe which offers to the traveller whose thoughts are with the past, and whose mind is stored with the spoils of time, stronger inducement to visit it than another, it assuredly is this portion of the Papal States, which, under its ancient title of Latium, once occupied so prominent a position in the history of mankind. Every step his foot takes is on classic ground, hallowed in his recollection by the events which have transpired within its limits; but the portion which more especially would attract his attention is that lying immediately about the city of Rome, to the south and east of the Capitol, and along the Palatine, Quirinal, and Aventine hills, on each side of the Tiber—

“Everywhere

Some trace of valour or heroic toil !
Here is the sacred field of the Horatii,
There the Quintian meadows. Here the hill,
How holy, where a generous people, twice,
Twice going forth, in terrible anger sate
Armed; and, their wrongs redressed, at once gave
way;
Helmet and shield, and sword and spear, thrown
down,
And every hand uplifted, every heart
Poured out in thanks to heaven.”

Now, let us suppose the traveller, after a long day's wandering through this locality, flings himself wearily on one of those lofty eminences, and, as the evening sun lights up the whole scene around him, he falls into a deep reverie, haunted with “visions of the dead,” passing in review before his eyes, from the hour

“when he from Troy
Went up the Tiber,”

till Generic, the Vandal, covered the land with his barbaric armies. What a dream of glory to the imagination! How the memory recalls the deeds of brave renown in the warriors of ancient Rome—

“Her demi-gods, in senate met,
All hrad to counsel, and all heart to act;—
Her festive games, the school of heroes, see,
Her circus ardent with contending youth;
Her streets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
Full of fair forms, of beauty's eldest born,
And of a people cast in virtue's mould.”

This is the dream of her greatness and her triumph, her magnificence and her patriotism; but it is followed by another, in which tyranny and sensuality, passion and lawlessness, usurped the places of more noble feelings:—

“Hark ! a yell, a shriek,
A barbarous outcry, loud, and louder yet,
That echoes from the mountain to the sea !
And mark, * * * like a bursting cloud,
The battle moving onward ! Had they slain
All, that the earth should from her womb bring
forth
New nations to destroy them ! From the depth
Of forests, from what none had dared explore,
Regions of thrilling ice, as though in ice
Engendered, multiplied, they pour along,
Shaggy and huge ! Host after host they come;
The Goth, the Vandal, and again the Goth !”

But, amid the impending desolation of a mighty heathen nation, there arises another power, which Rome, through the cross of Constantine, wields over the civilized world, and brings it into subjugation: the tiara of the priest has pushed aside the iron crown of the soldier; the incense of the Christian's offering smokes upon the ruined altars of pagan sacrifice; and now, at the expiration of fifteen hundred years, we find—

“Groves, temples, palaces,
Swept from the sight; and nothing visible
Amid the sulphurous vapours that exhale,
As from a land accursed, save here and there
An empty tomb, a fragment like the limb
Of some dismembered giant. In the midst,
A city stands, her domes and turrets crowned
With many a cross; but they that issue forth,
Wander like strangers who had built among
The mighty ruins, silent, spiritless;
And on the road where once we might have met
Cesar, and Cato, and men more than kings,
We meet, none else, the pilgrim and the beggar.”

Well, it is thus; but, nevertheless, a pilgrimage to the Campagna di Roma is worth the undertaking, even if one cares not to worship at the shrine of St. Peter; and prefers rather to sit, like Marius, among the ruins of Carthage, beneath one of the time-worn fragments of ancient Rome, or under the majestic tree that throws its deep shadow on the waters that run at the base of some modern temple in Mr. Crouch's classic picture.

A LETTER FROM IRELAND, IN SEPTEMBER, 1852.

* * * * * Killarney.

You ask me if the country is much changed: and, now that we have journeyed from the "black north" to the sweet south, what we *"think"* of it?

I have never had time to *"think"* while in Ireland; seeing and feeling so much and so rapidly prepares one far too little for thought; thought must be the produce of hereafter; but I can tell you a few of my *"impressions."* The old friends that *remain* greet us with their old affection; but more than one, or two, or three high-born families—whom we knew and loved—have been swept, as it were, completely away; and, though we were aware that such was the case, and that their homes had passed into the hands of the stranger, the realization of the fact certainly cast a shadow over our footsteps during our brief sojourn in Dublin. You must not smile when I say the streets of the city look lonely "without the beggars." I pray you to understand that I do not wish them back; those whom the pestilence spared are better off in the workhouse, and the inhabitants and tourists do better without them—no question about that. Their misery is both alleviated and concealed, and Dublin is almost as free from mendicants as London; but yet their bright change of wit was a good exchange for the copper coin, or the silver fourpence, which gained you the ready-made blessing and made you smile. However, as far as Dublin is concerned, "street beggars" are matters of history.*

* Some of the Irish gentry depict all Irish mendicants (who are still in considerable force at the tourist stations) as "impostors," and set down those who relieve or sympathize with them as fools. *If the Irish mendicants are all impostors, then are the tales of Irish distress all untruths*; for one is the consequence of the other. There are impostors in Ireland, as well as in England; but to say, as I read it this morning, in a very intelligent and pleasing little guide-book, by "An Old Traveller," and published by the Dublin Murray, McIlushian, that "tourists have created this abomination," is—to speak of it very politely—A GREAT MISTAKE. Beggars and begging were rife in Ireland before a dozen tourists had crossed "the herring-pond"—those who repeated their wit and repartee, chronicled what might have been said to a dozen others, but was no less clever on that account. The Irish beggars are not the only wits who rehearse their good things, and repeat them frequently. "You've crammed your wit to cram me," said one of those "hard" gentlemen to a witty beggar. "Why, thin, if I did," was the reply, "it was all I had to cram, and you're too crammed to take it."

The "season" (for Dublin *has* its season) is over, and the inhabitants are either luxuriating in the beauty of the bays and breezes, the rivers and mountains, of their native country, or "touring it," abroad or at home; still there is a great pulsation going on in the very heart of "the city," which, by next May, will burst forth, not into outrage, but into a peace-offering—a "great Exhibition" of industrial art—proving still more largely what Irish resources are, and at the same time inviting competition from other lands. The plans are all prepared—the site decided upon—subscriptions paid, or promised—the great stronghold being the energy and liberality of the same gentleman who gave confidence to the projectors of the Cork Exhibition, by his liberal donation at its commencement. I do trust and believe that the undertaking will prosper as it deserves. Cork planted its first step firmly, it kept its promise, and more than paid its way; it burst forth with true Celtic spirit—the Dublin committee for the proposed Exhibition has more time to organize its proceedings; and, judging from the present zeal and industry of its various members, the undertaking will not only receive, but command support, and draw thousands of visitors, next summer, to the banks of the Liffy.

There was something singularly strange to us in the great steam "movement," which has, since our last visit to Ireland, altogether changed the character of Irish travelling. We could hardly believe we were skirting the bay of Dublin on a railroad, and then darting off to the "north," freighted with the wisdom of the "British Association," and the brilliant *cortège* of the popular lord-lieutenant, who were to assemble, on business and pleasure, in Belfast. The line from Dublin to Belfast is not yet completed, so the passengers—first, second, and third class—with their luggage, were turned, in a most miscellaneous manner, into cars and omnibuses, to cross the "Boyne Water," and meet, as one of the drivers expressed it, "the tail of the other tay-kettle," at the opposite side.

You would have been exceedingly amused by the confusion and chaos which occurred during this singular transit, upon which the sun shone with unclouded brilliancy. Every vehicle was crowded—every unfortunate quadruped overweighted: in one corner of a "two-horse car" was seated an archbishop, balanced at the opposite side by the great

oracle surgeon of the age—whose wit is as bright as his knowledge is profound—and who enjoyed the *mêlée* with a true sense of the ridiculous; the pallid Napoleon-like face of Prince Bonaparte contrasted with the restless expression of a Russian prince, whose moustachios extracted some not very original wit from the multitude of ragged boys, who screamed and tumbled along the road—"Will I, sur—will I, my lady, stand on my head? just one ha'penny. Sure I'll stand on my head for a ha'penny; I'll stand as straight as a rush on my head for a ha'penny, sur." Even in *that* I saw a change—it was not the kneeling, screaming, downright do-nothing begging of the olden days; the ragged urchins wanted to earn the "ha'penny" by standing on their heads; it was a step or a toss with the times—it was (laugh if you please) an improvement—it was more than something; and they did stand on their heads, and scream and jump "Jim Crow," and escape in the most miraculous manner from under the very feet of the horses, until we believed in the opinion expressed by a grim old Scotchman—a philosopher, doubtless—who observed, that "the right way to get boys into danger was to take care of them." And while we rattled and "tore" over the bridge, the beautiful Boyne rolled beneath, freighted with memories of very different import to the still divided "factions" of Ireland. If I journeyed frequently to Belfast, I think I should be sorry when the railway is quite finished, and properly and discreetly managed; a little variety enhances the pleasure of travelling, and Ireland is becoming so very like England in its iron highways, that, but for the guard's plaintive and repeated entreaties at the different stations, of—"Oh! then now, gentlemen, for God's sake take yer seats, will you, if you please? sure the train can't keep time this way, no how! Oh, then, go in, and good luck to ye! Oh, do!"—and the flying peep at a dilapidated cabin, or an exquisite bit of mountain scenery, or a magnificent ruin, or a rushing, foaming river, and the one want, the dreary want, of trees—we might fancy ourselves in "the sister country;" but the "Dublin and Belfast line" is not well managed yet, as the lamentation of a good-natured, bewildered young Englishman testified. He expected considerable sympathy for the loss of "twenty-two pair of boots and a sword," which "his rascal" had put up in a great hurry, and which could be found nowhere! There was something irresistibly droll in his lamentations, and the often-repeated determination to make the railway company pay for them; but, in the meantime, what

could he do without his sword and his boots, and his boots and his sword? Still the wonder was, (considering the bustle occasioned by the transit of the British Association and the lord-lieutenant,) not that this half-innocent, half-knowing youth had lost so material a part of his wardrobe, but that anybody recovered theirs. And when at last we found each other, and were all seated "at the tail of the other tay-kettle," we were still more astonished that we all fell into right places, considering how small and ill-organized a staff was appointed to attend to the wants and wishes of such a numerous assembly.

When we arrived at Belfast, we found the population of that highly prosperous and increasing town literally "out of the windows," for every window was open, and filled with ladies waving handkerchiefs, while the crowd beneath screamed and scrambled; and triumphal arches were crowned with flags and flowers, bands playing, and cannon firing; and the mayor met the lord-lieutenant, and the lord-lieutenant met the mayor, as if they had been friends from the days of *Fin ma Cowl*. The wise, and grave, and learned members of the British Association were quite forgotten in this first burst of loyalty; and, so great was the turmoil, that we were but too happy to escape to the other terminus, where we again steamed away, and in little more than an hour arrived at the noble and hospitable castle, within sight of the inland sea of *Loch Neagh*, where we were to spend some happy days.

Of all the "four quarters," "the north" progresses the most steadily; not only in one branch, but in art, commerce, and manufacture. In Belfast commenced those extraordinary efforts to give profitable means of employment to the female peasants of the surrounding country, and the blessing of industry has increased the small "comforts" of the people in various ways: the cottages look more prosperous, though they are not so numerous as they were ten years ago; and wherever we turned in Belfast, we heard the sound of the mason's trowel and the carpenter's saw. Buildings are progressing as rapidly in and about this northern town as they are in the neighbourhood of London; the "Linen Hall" is in itself, and for its suggestions, and the beauty of order in its arrangements, worthy a pilgrimage; the "School of Design" is filled with anxious and earnest pupils; the "Botanic Garden," we were told, was greatly improved; and we should have been pleased to inspect the College, but it had been taken possession of by the sections of "THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION."

Men with placards, signifying their office of watch-keepers over the doors of Section A. or B., permitted us to peep in, and hear the "hum of wisdom," to which young and old listened with very enviable attention. "PROFESSORS"—(the Irish never abate a dignity, and are as fond of a title as our Germanic neighbours)—hurried here and there; bishops, princes, philosophers, a stray poet or two, historians, geologists, rhetoricians, a fair sprinkling of indefatigable Americans, mingled with the worthy people, whose "northern manners," warmed to southern heat, and whose hospitality spread "luncheons," which were perpetually replenished from three until five; then there were "evening meetings" and "excursions," and "investigations" of "round towers" and all other "towers;" and visits to "the Causeway" and "Loch Neagh;" and "breakfasts" and "dinner," at the residences of the "nobility and gentry"—"*friends*" houses overflowing with "friends" and intelligence; and little children in the streets, playing—as big children sometimes do—at "philosophy," and investigating oyster-shells with great gravity.

It was very delightful to hear how much the members of the BRITISH ASSOCIATION enjoyed their visit to THE NORTH, and to feel that then, as ever, the English who visit Ireland are certain to forget, in the enjoyment of the present, the prejudice of the past.

We visited the damask manufactory of ARDOYNE, and there, after the lapse of ten years, again saw the interesting progress of a

manufacture which has established a world-wide fame.

Around ANTRIM were spread the bleach-greens of Mr. Chayne, the exquisite linen forming a filmy covering on the bright, green grass, like the first fall of early snow. William Spencer says that

"Noiseless falls the foot of time,
Which only treads on flowers,"

but it *falls*, nevertheless; and we returned to Dublin by the same route, though with less confusion than we experienced on our journey to the north; and then, by the Dublin and Cork railway, we came on our road to the south. I cannot say too much for the arrangement and good order of the line, which is as yet only completed as far as Mallow; the stations are really picturesque and substantial buildings; but the loneliness of the beautiful country through which we passed, realized still more fully the accounts of the double desolation that has so altered the aspect of the country—indeed, I could not have believed in such a total change, had we not seen it; and when we left the train at Charleville, *en route* for Springfield Castle, and after spending a couple of days with our friends there, posted on to Killarney, the lonely ruins of the peasants' cottages, by hill-side and way-side, impressed me so painfully, that I was only consoled by repeating over and over again in my own mind the miserable truth—"better in another land—better in *their* graces—than here."*

A. M. HALL.

AMERICAN OPINIONS.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.* BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.—HINTS ON DRESS AND BEAUTY:† BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

WE have placed these books together, not because of any resemblance existing between them, but simply because they are types of the extraordinary differences which exist between two distinct classes of intellectual American women.

Mrs. Stowe is earnest, intense, faithful, fervent, a very woman in gentleness and love, yet of heroic determination, and inspired in

impulse and in action, by the strongest and purest spiritual religion. She is the grand and prominent type of the "Marys" who have "chosen the better part."

Mrs. Oakes Smith is smart, sharp, and intelligent; superficial—more, perhaps, from habit than deficiency—hitting with considerable clearness upon a "fact or two," and making the most of them. Much troubled about the long dresses and externals of womanhood; and yet, with the blackest and bitterest examples of slavery around her on every side, making the welkin ring with republican tirades, winding her periods with praise of the "regal pride of democratic simplicity," and "leading the van of nations in the great

* *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; or, *Negro Life in the States of America*. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Routledge and Co., Farringdon-street.

† *Hints on Dress and Beauty*. By Mrs. E. Oakes Smith. Fowler and Wells, New York.

* To be continued.

sentiment of human freedom." The unblushing manner in which she boasts of "freedom," while so large a proportion of her country's population are crouching in their fetters beneath the slave-lash, is a proof rather of her superficiality than of her want of feeling. Her whole mind is set upon trousers and gipsy hats; she is one of the wide world's "Marthas," "troubled about much serving."

With us, such distinctive classification is rarely to be met with; we are outwardly more alike, and even in our books and domestic habits more closely resemble each other; so that a Mrs. Stowe or a Mrs. Oakes Smith are here seldom encountered. Indeed, the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* stands pre-eminent among women; in the whole range of European and American literature there is no such book; the author has been happy in a subject of all-engrossing interest; her "facts" are as interesting, as full of the wildest adventure, the truest pathos, the blandest humour, as the imaginations of our best novelists could supply. Consequently, we cannot speak of her as an imaginative writer; she has simply and forcibly recorded what she has seen and known; and she has done this as fearlessly, and with as high an object, as ever stirred the heart of woman into action. Wherever this precious book is read, the deepest contempt for the upholders of slavery must follow. Until the America we desire to love, and to which we look as the country of the future—until she is thoroughly purged from the sin of slavery—until the fetter and the scourge are altogether abandoned—it is in vain to claim for the United States a large share of political or intellectual progress. She may continue to achieve commercial greatness—she may be rich and powerful—she may rival Birmingham in locks and pistols, and skim the waters more fleetly than the parent bird who taught her how to spread her wings and trim her plumage—she may talk (as, in fact, she does) more loudly about liberty than all the nations of Europe put together—but as long as a single negro is enslaved within her broad dominions, she remains a polluted and blood-stained object of contempt to every nation under heaven.

Oh! what a bitter thing to be branded as the "*Slave State*!" "Toll me not of rights," said Lord Brougham, in the unforgotten days of his stirring eloquence; "talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves; I deny the right, I acknowledge not the principle; the feelings of our common nature rise in rebellion against it; be the appeal made to the understanding or the heart, the sentence is the same

that rejects it. In vain you tell me of laws which sanction such a claim: there is a law above all the enactments of human codes, the same throughout the world, the same in all times, such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the sources of power, wealth, and knowledge; to another, all unutterable woes, such as it is at this day—it is the law written by the finger of God upon the heart of man; and by that law, unchanged and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they will reject with indignation the wild and guilty phantasy, that man can hold property in man."

It is marvellous how the gentle and pleading tone of this fearless, yet womanly book, sets forth the terrible and gigantic iniquity of American slavery; the faults, and follies, and vices of the negroes, are not glossed over by a single effort to make them better than they are; "Tom" himself is simply a faithful, affectionate creature, sanctified to endure, as only a Christian can, by a firm belief in the truths of revelation. We are so carried away by the holiness of the mission Mrs. Stowe has undertaken, that it is not until after the book is closed we do justice to its literary merits. It is composed of events arising out of slavery, and of characters, for many of which we have no parallels in England. The author excels in her descriptions of natural, as well as spiritual strength; such as, for instance, the escape of Eliza, the quadroon girl, with her child, when she discovered that her master had sold him to a slave-dealer, though she herself was to have remained with a mistress who treated her kindly, and to whom she was much attached.

"It is impossible to conceive a human creature more wholly desolate and forlorn than Eliza, when she turned her footsteps from Uncle Tom's Cabin.

"Her husband's suffering and dangers, and the danger of her child, all blended in her mind, with a confused and stunning sense of the risk she was running, in leaving the only home she had ever known, and cutting loose from the protection of a friend she over loved and revered. Then there was the parting from every familiar object—the place where she had grown up, the trees under which she had played, the groves where she had walked many an evening in happier days, by the side of her young husband—everything, as it lay in the clear, frosty starlight, seemed to speak reproachfully to her, and ask her whither could she go from a home like that?

"But stronger than all was maternal love, wrought into a paroxysm of frenzy by the near approach of a fearful danger. Her boy was old enough to have walked by her side, and, in an indifferent case, she would only have led him by the hand; but now the bare thought of putting him out

of her arms made her shudder, and she strained him to her bosom with a convulsive grasp, as she went rapidly forward.

"The frosty ground creaked beneath her feet, and she trembled at the sound; every quaking leaf and fluttering shadow sent the blood backward to her heart, and quickened her footsteps. She wondered within herself at the strength that seemed to be come upon her; for she felt the weight of her boy as if it had been a feather, and every flutter of fear seemed to increase the supernatural power that bore her on, while from her pale lips burst forth, in frequent ejaculations, the prayer to a Friend above—"Lord, help! Lord, save me!"

"If it were *your* Harry, mother, or your Willie, that were going to be torn from you by a brutal trader, to-morrow morning—if you had seen the man, and heard that the papers were signed and delivered, and you had only from twelve o'clock till morning to make good your escape—how fast could you walk! How many miles could you make in those brief hours, with the darling at your bosom—the little sleepy head on your shoulder—the small, soft arms trustingly holding on to your neck?"

"For the child slept. At first, the novelty and alarm kept him waking; but his mother so hurriedly repressed every breath or sound, and so assured him that if he were only still she would certainly save him, that he clung quietly round her neck, only asking, as he found himself sinking to sleep:—

"Mother, I don't need to keep awake, do I?"

"No, my darling; sleep, if you want to."

"But, mother, if I do get asleep, you won't let him get me?"

"No! so may God help me!" said his mother, with a paler cheek, and a brighter light in her large dark eyes.

"You're *sure*, an't you, mother?"

"Yes, *sure!*" said the mother, in a voice that startled herself; for it seemed to her to come from a spirit within, that was no part of her; and the boy dropped his little weary head on her shoulder, and was soon asleep. How the touch of those warm arms, the gentle breathings that came on her neck, seemed to add fire and spirit to her movements! It seemed to her as if strength poured into her in electric streams, from every gentle touch and movement of the sleeping, confiding child. Sublime is the dominion of the mind over the body, that, for a time, can make flesh and nerve impregnable, and string the sinews like steel, so that the weak become so mighty.

"The boundaries of the farm, the grove, the wood-lot, passed by her dizzily, as she walked on; and still she went, leaving one familiar object after another, slackening not, pausing not, till reddening daylight found her many a long mile from all traces of any familiar objects upon the open highway.

"She had often been, with her mistress, to visit some connexions, in the little village of T—, not far from the Ohio river, and knew the road well. To go thither, to escape across the Ohio river, were the first hurried outlines of her plan of escape; beyond that, she could only hope in God.

"No, no, Harry, darling! mother can't eat till you are safe! We must go on—on—till we come to the river!" And she hurried again into the road, and again constrained herself to walk regularly and composedly forward.

"She was many miles past any neighbourhood

where she was personally known. If she should chance to meet any who knew her, she reflected that the well-known kindness of the family would be of itself a blind to suspicion, as making it an unlikely supposition that she would be a fugitive. As she was also so white as not to be known of coloured lineage without a critical survey, and her child was white also, it was much easier for her to pass on unsuspected.

"On this presumption, she stopped at noon at a neat farm-house, to rest herself, and buy some dinner for her child and self; for, as the danger decreased with the distance, the supernatural tension of the nervous system lessened, and she found herself both weary and hungry.

"The good woman, kindly and gossiping, seemed rather pleased than otherwise with having somebody come in to talk with; and accepted, without examination, Eliza's statement, that she 'was going on a little piece, to spend a week with her friends,'—all which she hoped in her heart might prove strictly true.

"An hour before sunset, she entered the village of T—, by the Ohio river, weary and foot-sore, but still strong in heart. Her first glance was at the river, which lay, like Jordan, between her and the Canaan of liberty, on the other side.

"It was now early spring, and the river was swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro in the turbid waters. Owing to the peculiar form of the shore on the Kentucky side, the land bending far out into the water, the ice had been lodged and detained in great quantities, and the narrow channel which swept round the bend was full of ice, piled one cake over another, thus forming a temporary barrier to the descending ice, which lodged, and formed a great undulating raft, filling up the whole river, and extending almost to the Kentucky shore.

"Eliza stood for a moment, contemplating this unfavourable aspect of things, which she saw at once must prevent the usual ferry-boat from running, and then turned into a small public-house on the bank, to make a few inquiries.

"The hostess, who was busy in various fizzing and stewing operations over the fire, preparatory to the evening meal, stopped, with a fork in her hand, as Eliza's sweet and plaintive voice arrested her.

"What is it?" she said.

"Is n't there a ferry or boat that takes people over to B—y, now?" she said.

"No, indeed!" said the woman; "the boats has stopped running."

"Eliza's look of dismay and disappointment struck the woman, and she said, inquiringly:—

"May-be you're wanting to get over t—anybody sick? Ye seem mighty anxious!"

"I've got a child that's very dangerous," said Eliza. "I never heard of it till last night, and I've walked quite a piece to-day, in hopes to get to the ferry."

"Well, now, that's onlucky," said the woman, whose motherly sympathies were much aroused; "I'm re'lly consarned for ye. Solomon!" she called, from a window towards a small back building. A man, in leather apron and very dirty hands, appeared at the door.

"I say, Sol!" said the woman, "is that ar man going to tote thim bar's over to-night?"

"He said that he should try, if 'twas any way prudent," said the man.

"There's a man a-piece down here that's going over with some truck this evening, if he dur's to; he'll be in here to supper to-night, so you'd better set down and wait. That's a sweet little fellow," added the woman, offering him a cake.

"But the child, wholly exhausted, cried with weariness.

"'Poor fellow! he is't used to walking, and I've hurried him on so,' said Eliza.

"'Well, take him into this room,' said the woman, opening into a small bedroom, where stood a comfortable bed. Eliza laid the weary boy upon it, and held his hand in hers till he was fast asleep. For her there was no rest. As a fire in her bones, the thought of the pursuer urged her on; and she gazed with longing eyes on the sullen, surging waters that lay between her and liberty."

Of course a hot pursuit is commenced, the slave-dealer accompanied, certainly not assisted, by "Sam" and "Andy," two of Eliza's fellow-servants, track her to the house, where he has taken shelter.

"In consequence of all the various delays, it was about three-quarters of an hour after Eliza had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern, that the party came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing by the window, looking out in another direction, when Sam's quick eye caught a glimpse of her. Haley and Andy were two yards behind. At this crisis, Sam contrived to have his hat blown off, and uttered a loud and characteristic ejaculation, which startled her at once; she drew suddenly back; the whole train swept by the window, round to the front door.

"A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment, her feet to her scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came; and, norred with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and bounding leap, she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap—impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sam, and Andy instinctively cried out, and lifted up their hands, as she did it.

"The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and cracked as her weight came on it, but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake;—stumbling—leaping—slipping—springing upwards again! Her shoes are gone—her stockings cut from her feet—while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

"'Yer a brave gal, now, whoever ye ar!' said the man, with an oath.

Eliza recognized the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

"'O Mr. Symmes!—savo me—do save me—do hide me!' said Eliza.

"'Why, what's this!' said the man. 'Why, i 'tan't Shelby's gal!'

"'My child!—this boy—he's sold him! There is his mas'r,' said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. 'O Mr. Symmes, you've got a little boy.'

"'So I have,' said the man, as he roughly, but kindly, drew her up the steep bank. 'Besides, you're a right brave gal. I like grit wherever I see it.'

"When they had gained the top of the bank, the man paused.

"'I'd be glad to do something for ye,' said he; but then there's nowhar I could take ye. The best I can do is to tell you to go *thar*,' said he, pointing to a large white house which stood by itself, off the main street of the village. 'Go *thar*; they're kind folks. *Thar's* no kind o' danger but they'll help you—they're up to all that sort o' thing.'

"'The Lord bless you!' said Eliza, earnestly.

"'No 'casion, no 'casion in the world,' said the man. 'What I've done 's of no 'count.'

"'And, oh, surely, sir, you won't tell any one!'

"'Go to thunder, gal! What do you take a feller for? In course not,' said the man. 'Come, now, go along like a likely, sensible gal, as you are. You've arnt your liberty, and you shall have it, for all me.'

"The woman folded her child to her bosom, and walked firmly and swiftly away. The man stood and looked after her.

"'Shelby, now, mebbe won't take this yer the most neighbourly thing in the world; but what's a feller to do! If he catches one of my gals in the same fix, he's welcome to pay back. Somehow, I never could see no kind o' critter a strivin' and pautin', and trying to clarr themselves, with the dogs arter 'em, and go agin 'em. Besides, I don't see no kind of 'casion for me to be hunter and catcher for other folks, neither.'

"So spoke this poor, heathenish Kentuckian, who had not been instructed in his constitutional relations, and consequently was betrayed into acting in a sort of Christianized manner, which, if he had been better situated and more enlightened, he would not have been left to do.

"Haley had stood a perfectly amazed spectator of the scene, till Eliza had disappeared up the bank, when he turned a blank, inquiring look on Sam and Andy.

"'That ar was a totable fair stroke of business,' said Sam.

"'The gal's got seven devils in her, I believe,' said Haley. 'How like a wild cat she jumped!'

"'Wal, now,' said Sam, scratching his head, 'I hope mas'r 'll 'scuse us tryin' dat ar road. Don't think I feel spry enough for dat ar, no way!'

Sam gave a hoarse chuckle.

"'You laugh!' said the trader, with a growl.

"'Lord bless you, mas'r, I couldn't help it, now,' said Sam, giving way to the long pent-up delight of his soul. 'She looked so curus, a leapin' and springin'—ice a crackin'—and only to hear her—plump! ker chunk! ker splash! Spring! Lord! how she goes it!' and Sam and Andy laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks.

"'I'll make ye laugh t'other side yer mouths!' said the trader, laying about their heads with his riding-whip.

"Both ducked, and ran shouting up the bank, and were on their horses before he was up.

"'Good evening, mas'r!' said Sam, with much gravity. 'I very much 'spect missis be anxious

'bout Jerry. Mas'r Haley won't want us no longer' Missis wouldn't hear of our riding the critters over Lizzy's bridge to-night; and, with a facetious poke into Andy's ribs, he started off, followed by the latter, at full speed—their shouts of laughter coming faintly on the wind."

The power and pathos of this would, we are certain, induce such of our readers as have not already read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, to do so forthwith. But it is not detached scenes, or characters, however admirably painted or portrayed, that can convey an idea of the perfectness of this transcript of "negro life." As a whole, the philanthropist will find ample reason in the information here conveyed for putting his theories in practice; and we pray that it may rouse those who are possessed of political influence, to combine with those who write, to denounce slavery to the world, as a curse and a degradation wherever it exists. So much we in England can do; but we must look to the American abolitionists to uproot the iniquity and cast it from them. The love of gain, and the love of tyranny, and in some modified instances, the love of old habit, will of course oppose this to the death; but the spirit of freedom is gaining hourly strength throughout their immense continent; noble-minded American women, sheltered by the banner of love, and charity, and justice, which

Mrs. Stowe has unfurled, can do much—perhaps more than men—to set the captive free; they may combine to avoid all intercourse with slave-holders; they may resolve not to give their maiden hands in marriage to any who sanction slavery; they can unlash the whip and unlock the fetter; and, while exercising this power firmly and calmly within the sanctuary of their own homes, or in the wide-spread circle of their influence, they may feel assured they are among the foremost and truest patriots of whom AMERICA has ever boasted. No one who desires to see the United States respected, no one who longs to see her really enjoy the freedom, which as yet is but the disturbed dream of the bond-slave; no one, who sympathizes with the bold, onward progress with which she rushes forward in other things, but must pray—and more than that, must *act the prayer*—for the total abolition of slavery. And, in future times, when the mild quadron and the merry negro are free to go, and free to come—it may be as the servants, it may be as the friends, of the white man—they will teach their children to kneel and pray beside the grave of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who, in a book then perhaps faded into tradition, stood before the world as their defender, and the friend of her beloved country.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

Mrs. Howitt, who has long been considered one of those possessing the happy art of leading, without lecturing, children into knowledge, is conducting a magazine for the young, called *The Dial of Love*. Mrs. Howitt, in her graceful and natural address, says, that her *Dial* "will have the peculiarity of inscribing its precious and beautiful truths in sunshine; it will be calculated alike for boy and girl; for the thoughtful as well as the merry; for the poor as well as the rich. It will be useful in the school-room, and as an out-of-door companion; and the cheerful light of the flickering fireside-flame will mark its shadow indications no less truly than the broad sunshine of the field and the seashore; it will lie with the playthings, on the seat in the nursery-window, and on the bench of the child's garden, whilst its spirit will be loving and gentle and pure enough for a dial-plate, above the entrance of the temple of worship in every child's heart." The three published numbers realize the promise contained in this extract; and, judging so far of the work, we may cordially recommend it. The young will learn only what is good in these pages; they will so learn as to remember; lured on to knowledge through the pleasantest paths. The woodcut illustrations are sufficiently numerous and good; perhaps, if they were more *explanatory*, they

might be more valuable; but we by no means complain that exuberance of fancy is here prominent, for the fault of the age is the other way. Those who know Mrs. Howitt—and they comprise a very large majority of the old and young everywhere—need not be told, that in thus superintending and directing a publication for the especial use of "boys and girls," she is sustaining another claim to their respect and affection.

LITERATURE in Paris is now in a very quiescent state. During a recent visit, we could not avoid contrasting the aspect of the walls with former appearances. Announcements of novelties of all kinds, from pens of all qualities, used to meet the eye continuously, sometimes simply appealing to the judgment of the reader by the value of the subject, or the power of the writer announced; or ingeniously and powerfully attacking his love of the novel or ridiculous. Every means that invention could attain was resorted to for attraction, and it was neither unamusing nor uninteresting to think over the means which enterprising publishers adopted, to insure notice and sale of the works in which their capital was embarked. Tired, in the end, of the "thousand and one" modes of

catching your eye, and wearied with the streets of Paris, if you strolled into a theatre, you might chance to find yourself "caught again"—the curtain or drop-scene was covered with placards also, and ruthlessly fixed before your tired eyes. It would seem as if the noble art of puffery had expired with this "*grand coup de théâtre*;" for now we see nothing of the kind. There is a drariness, however, in its place, anything but gratifying to a reflective mind, and the sense everywhere as of something wanting. The press in France is effectually shackled, and its great writers silenced or banished. Victor Hugo, one of the greatest, is an exile on our own shores, neither his native land nor Belgium affording him a home; yet, spite of persecution, he still retains his power, which is visible even in the eager search, by the douaniers of the frontier, in every corner of the travellers' baggage, lest *Napoléon-le-Petit* should lurk there unobserved. To see the master-minds of a country thus crippled, alienated, or persecuted, is a really lamentable thing; this fear of the pen is but another proof of its power, a power which ever has, and ever will triumph, if not in the present, most certainly in the future. It awards justice to the good, and inflicts justice on the bad; the actions of a conqueror are as nothing without the record of the historian, and to him falls the task of fixing the character of the victor. A similar dread of the press seems, also, to be shared at present in Austria, and adds not a little to the difficulties which beset publishing houses or dealers in new books. The publishers are much restricted by the power given to the police minister to refuse copyright to any book he pleases. The dealers have to run continued risk of confiscation in the transmission of their property from place to place, inasmuch as the prohibitory index of the officials may condemn, without hope of appeal, the whole or greater part of the assignment. The discretionary power allowed these censors may induce them to prohibit, for local reasons, a book which has passed freely elsewhere; from this there is no appeal, nor is the unfortunate bookseller allowed indemnification, or permission to take back his books to his own warehouses. The whole of these stringent regulations are under the command of Field Marshal Von Kempen, of whom report speaks highly, as the most fitting man in the empire to carry them out, inasmuch as he possesses a firm conviction that the invention of printing was one of the wickedest suggestions of the Father of all Evil, and one which he is especially bound to nullify. Englishmen have reason to be proud of their "island home," on contrasting it, reflectively, with some continental countries.

NURSERY RHYMES have marvellously gained favour in the eyes of the public. We believe the first collector of these "waifs and strays" of childhood was the industrious literary antiquary of the last century, JOSEPH RITSON. His collection was, however, a small and comparatively unknown book. Mr. HALLIWELL, about ten years ago, took up the subject, and first published an enlarged and classified collection, at the expense and for the members of the Percy Society. The book was afterwards reprinted for the public, and had an immense sale. It was reproduced in America, and it occasioned similar collections in Germany. Illustrated editions were announced, resplendent in gilding and colours, and some displaying great artistic powers. We see

that a fifth edition of Mr. Halliwell's gatherings is announced, in spite of the exhaustion which the subject would appear to have undergone.

The Retrospective Review, published some thirty years back, has always retained its position as a stock-book for the library—its price has never gone down—and it has been gladly consulted by all who wish for an acquaintance with the elder writers of England, whose works are rare, expensive, and confined to the costly libraries of the collectors of scarce books. Sometimes these works were of that nature, that an entire perusal would weary any but the most enthusiastic admirer of "books older;" but when apt and interesting quotation was combined with agreeable writing, and instructive comment on the author and his times, the reader never failed of gratification in reading of these by-gone masters of the pen. Hence the popularity and enduring value of the old *Retrospective Review*, to which the best scholars of the day contributed. Mr. J. R. SMITH has announced a *New Retrospective Review*, which will continue the same style of research, but will embrace a new feature in one of its departments, that of printing, for the first time, short manuscripts in Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Norman, and Early English; and another division will be open to correspondence on literary matters. If the work exhibits a due amount of vigour and research, it will be a welcome quarterly visitor to the lover of old literature. The announcement promises well.

Mr. R. B. CALTON, author of *Rambles in Sweden and Götaland*, has just published a little volume of *Annals and Legends of Calais*, which possesses much interest, from the curious details it gives of the town which was the last possession of the English in France, and which abounds with historic mementoes. The vicinity of the dreary old city is also possessed of much to attract the lover of famous sites: between Guines and Ardres was held "the Field of the Cloth of Gold," when Henry VIII. and Francis I. met royally, feasted sumptuously, and involved themselves and their courtiers in extravagant debts. The history of the "olden time" in Calais is a curious mixture of war, pageantry, and religious celebration, during the transformation of a nest of pirates into a city of thriving merchantmen. The more modern history of the town "points a moral" in the notices of *émigré* notabilities, such as the Duchess of Kingston, Beau Brummell, and Lady Hamilton, who fled thence to die in poverty; the last-named was carried to her grave "with a black silk petticoat stitched on a white curtain thrown over her coffin for a pall," that grave being in "the timber-yard, just without the fortifications." There is food for interesting reflection in every page of this little book.

THERE are certain peculiarities affecting astronomical science, which render any attempt to make the study of it easy altogether impossible. It would seem that while Providence has permitted us to acquire, with comparative facility, a knowledge of what it most concerns us to know respecting the earth on which we dwell,—its construction, the laws which regulate its motion, and the times and seasons that affect its external condition,—the my-

teries of the heavens still remain an occult science, if the term may be allowed to be thus applied, until deep thought and much study shall bring its hidden things to the light of our mind. But the difficulties in the way of attaining this knowledge are under no circumstances so great as to deter any from its acquisition, especially with the aids which modern writers have proffered for our assistance. One of the most simple of its kind, and at the same time most comprehensive, is a little work recently published by Messrs. JARROLD and SONS, entitled *A Guide to the Knowledge of the Heavens*, by Mr. R. J. MANN. As it is chiefly intended for the use of schools and families, the information contained in the book is arranged by way of question and answer, and illustrated with diagrams of the heavenly bodies, and of such geometrical figures as it is necessary for the student to be acquainted with. With such help as Mr. Mann's volume affords, the pupil will find a rough path made tolerably smooth, as his thoughts travel upwards to a world of which even Newton confessed, that all he had learned only taught him how little he knew.

CHURCH HISTORY.—It may interest not a few of our readers to know that a project has been started to publish, by subscription, the writings of the principal ecclesiastical authors, from the Venerable Bede to Foxe, forming a complete Church History. It certainly does seem strange, as the prospectus which announces this design affirms, "that the people among whom religious controversy, and the affairs of their church, have always excited the deepest interest, should have exhibited hitherto such a strange deficiency in this matter." There never has been, we should think, a more fitting time than the present for the publication of a series of works of this description; now, when the most searching spirit of inquiry after truth is abroad, and the whole fabric of the religious and political constitution of our land is undergoing a thorough investigation for its better security. The writings of the ancient fathers, hitherto known, even to the learned few, only by epitomes and abstracts, are now in a fair way of being placed fully and prominently before the world; so that both priest and laity may learn on what foundations the early church of this realm was built, and how it was supported, till the Reformation cleared away the dross and rubbish time had gathered around it, and its pure and majestic principles of truth and beauty were once again developed in all their originality. The editorship of this important work has been confided to the Rev. JOSEPH STEVENSON, the author of several publications on ecclesiastical history.

SPANISH POETRY.—Considering that Spain has of late years been anything but a *terra incognita* to the Englishman, and also the earnestness with which our own writers are searching for the intellectual wealth possessed by other countries, it is extraordinary how little we know of the modern literature of this portion of the great European peninsula. It may be, for almost aught we find to the contrary, that the long unsettled state of Spanish politics, the dark cloud which war, revolution, and

misrule cast over that fair but stricken land, has overshadowed its intelligence, and blighted the aspirations of its men of science and letters; only now and then do we gather a gleam of light, to show us there still exists some few descendants of a once numerous literary race, and some poets who have not yet hung their harps upon the willows. Messrs. LONONAN have recently published a small volume of translations, by Mr. J. KENNEDY, of the *Modern Poets and Poetry of Spain*, which introduces the reader to a few names whose writings are worthy of perusal. Mr. Kennedy observes, in his preface, that the last twenty years have been distinguished by a most decided improvement in the tone and character of Spanish poetry, and he is inclined to attribute this to the progress which the English language has made, during this period, among the educated classes of the country; from which they have imbibed more vigorous and manly ideas and feelings than their immediate predecessors possessed. He instances, in proof of this, that ten out of the twelve authors whom he writes of were well acquainted with our language and literature. It is also not a little singular, that the best and most popular of these poets, such as Martinez de la Rosa, Jovellanos, and Do Arriaga were statesmen, actively employed in the bustle and turmoil of political life. We could find many poems in Mr. Kennedy's translations worthy of extract, had we space for them; but we can only direct attention to his volume, as a novelty among our own literature, and accept it as a proof that the land of the Cid is not utterly deaf to the voice of song and the inspirations of the muse.

Among the many valuable books which Mr. H. G. DUNN is offering to the public in a new form, and at a cheaper rate than that at which they were originally published, we notice some of PROFESSOR HUNT's most instructive and interesting works—viz., his *Elementary Physics*, *Poetry of Science*, and his *Panthea*, *the Spirit of Nature*. These are volumes worth republishing, the offspring of a mind versed in the philosophy of nature, and susceptible of all her poetic influences.

Mr. W. H. BARTLETT, whose illustrated works on eastern countries have found so many admirers, will shortly add to his other publications—*Sicily: its Scenery and its Antiquities*. These latter consist chiefly of Greek, Saracenic, and Norman remains, of a most picturesque character; engravings from which, united with views of the beautiful scenery of the island, cannot fail to form an attractive volume.

Mr. GEORGE RICHARDSON PORTER, one of the secretaries of the Board of Trade, well known to the public by his admirable statistical publications, particularly by his *Progress of the Nation*, a work which will convey the history of the present to remote ages, has recently died. Close application to the duties of his office had induced a diseased condition of the system, and having been accidentally stung by a gnat, the little wound became the final cause of his death, at Lemsington.

THE MARRYING MAN.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

(By the Author of "Frank Fairleigh," &c. &c.)

CHAPTER I.

"Tom, I'm going ashore for a couple of hours; if the first lieutenant should forget to send a boat for me at the end of that time, invent some dodge to jog his memory, there's a good fellow. Is there anything I can do for you in the excellent and amphibious town of Portsmouth?"

"Of course there is," was my reply.

"Let me hear it, then," was the rejoinder; "quick, man, for I'm in an awful hurry."

"Aye! what, is the pretty Polly so impatient, you dare not keep her waiting for five minutes, even to oblige a friend; or do you fear a rival? There was a most fascinating bagman making the agreeable to her yesterday, when I happened to look in at the "Crown" for a bottle of soda-water. What, you won't wait? Well, then, I commission you to buy yourself, at your own expense, a pound of the best Manilla cheroots, in which case you will have a decent weed to give a friend, from time to time. Buy 'em, my dear boy; and to save your white teeth from discoloration, I'll smoke 'em for you."

But ere I had reached this point in my discourse, Charley Burrell was over the side, and a suggestion which I was about to hazard, that he should invite the port admiral to take a friendly glass of grog and a hand at cribbage in the cockpit, some fine afternoon, was lost to the world for ever.

And now, perhaps, the reader will not object to be enlightened on the important point of who Charley Burrell and "I" might happen to be. Who I was, is a question more easily than satisfactorily answered. I—*ipsissimus ego*—I myself, I, Tom Harrington, was the youngest son of a younger son of a 'good old county family: we had Norman blood in our veins, and "showed breed" in our forms and features; but, although we allowed pockets to be made in our unmentionables, it was merely for fashion's sake, for we never had anything to put in them. My father was one of the handsomest men I ever beheld, and, being only a younger son, held his head high, and felt proud of his family, upon the superfluities and runnings-over (to coin a word) of which he contrived to exist very comfortably; but I,

being a generation worse off, was "no-ways proud," (as the old women term it,) and held my head "promiscuously," and as it pleased Providence. I had four brothers older than myself—each possessed a talent of his own, took a line of his own, and distinguished himself in that line. I, on the contrary, had no particular talent, took no line, and distinguished myself only by the facility with which I availed myself of every opportunity of getting into scrapes. Thus I became looked upon at home as the shocking example, and was sent to sea accordingly, where *etatis* eighteen, I found myself, on the morning when the conversation just detailed took place, midshipman of the watch on board H.M.S. *Spitfire*, then lying as guard-ship off Portsmouth. To detail the antecedents, or describe the social position of Charles (or, as he was more familiarly termed, Charley) Burrell, is no such easy matter, seeing that from the first moment in which I beheld him, a species of mystery appeared to hang about the man. Although Burrell is a good old name, it was impossible to identify the particular branch of the Burrells to which he belonged. When pressed on the point, he hinted, rather than declared, that he had been brought up in Ireland, where his father was possessed of large estates; and as he always appeared flush of money, no one doubted the truth of the statement, or cared to verify it. He had joined our ship about a year previous to the time of which I am writing, having obtained the appointment of second lieutenant. He had not been on board a fortnight, ere, by his fascinating appearance, polished manners, obliging disposition, and the variety and extent of his accomplishments, he had captivated all hearts. He seemed about twenty-two, possessed a tall, graceful figure, and singularly handsome features, and rejoiced in an admirable Crichton-like facility for doing everything better than anybody else. It may easily be imagined that this favourite of nature soon gained a position among his shipmates, to which any less gifted mortal would never have attained; and ere he had been six months on board, no one would have ventured to pronounce a girl pretty, a horse promising, or a bottle of wine drinkable, till Charley Burrell

had established their orthodoxy by the fiat of his approval. Since he had catered for the mess, the wine-merchant was besieged for the same port with which he supplied the *Spitfire*. The steeple chase he got up became memorable in the annals of sporting, for, although all the horses were ridden by naval officers, only three out of eight came in minus their riders. Then, as to women, every one acknowledged that Mary, the "only daughter" of mine host of the "Crown," was by long odds the prettiest girl in Portsmouth; and if Mary had not lost her heart to Charley Burrell, why she was the most arrant little coquette who ever trod prunella, that's certain.

"Tom! Harrington! Tom, I say! where the — Oh, there you are. Here's the first lieutenant been singing out for you, and swearing like a whole regiment of troopers, because he can't find you," and the speaker, Fred Onslow, a fine, spirited little fellow of thirteen, a particular friend and *protégé* of mine, rushed into the cockpit so hastily, that, catching his foot against the door-sill, he would have fallen headlong, had not I extended my arm, and caught him. The situation was essentially melo-dramatic, and, flinging myself into a tragic attitude, I availed myself of it, by apostrophising an imaginary long-lost brother, when the *urgent* voice of the first lieutenant reached my ear, "breathing my name" in tones which proved that he was not in a mood to be trifled with.

"The boat sent for Mr. Burrell has waited for him an hour, and he had not arrived, so the cockswain returned without him. You know as well as any one where he is likely to be found, Mr. Harrington: take the gig, and, if he is in Portsmouth, bring him off with you. Tell him to consider himself under arrest, for neglect of duty."

Having thus spoken, the first lieutenant, who, in the captain's absence, was really a terrific personage, resumed his promenade up and down the quarter-dock, with the air and gait of an hungry tiger. I *did* know where I conceived Burrell would probably be found; but in vain did I search Portsmouth through, there apparently he was not; he had not visited any of his usual haunts, even the pretty Mary denied having set eyes on him that morning. At last, a half-tipsy hostler deposed to having seen somebody, whom he took for Mr. Burrell, on the top of one of the London coaches, but if so, "he had been and altered himself some-ways." And with this scanty and unsatisfactory information I was obliged to return, and make my report to the first lieutenant, who

received it with a most diabolical expression of countenance; but he was an awful man, was that lieutenant, at least, when the captain was not on board.

Well, there was a pretty shindy made about poor Charley's disappearance: the captain went bodily to London to look after him—all kinds of traps were laid to catch him—even a reward was offered for his apprehension—but in vain; and at length a report was circulated, and pretty generally believed, that he had been seen dressed like a common sailor, with his whiskers shaved off, and a carrotty wig on, serving before the mast in a vessel bound for America. One thing only was certain,—Charley Burrell had bolted.

The next question was—why or wherefore he had done so? An answer was quickly forthcoming. No sooner had the news become generally known through Portsmouth, than bills innumerable poured in; not only "little accounts," private and personal, but unfortunately debts for wine he had supplied to the mess, for the payment whereof he had months ago received the money. The result may be easily imagined—a court-martial was called, and poor Charley ignominiously dismissed the service. Popular as he once was, men now vied with each other in abusing him. Still there were some three or four of us, (myself among the number,) who could not so easily forget our friendship, and, in spite of appearances, hoped against hope that some explanation would be found for his extraordinary conduct, without reducing us to the unpleasant necessity of admitting that, for more than a year, we had been the facile dupes of an accomplished swindler.

On calling to inquire how Mary had borne the desertion of her lover, I was informed that the hot weather had disagreed with her, and that she had gone to stay with her aunt in the country, to recruit her energies. For at least three weeks nothing was talked of but the "mysterious disappearance" of Charley Burrell, at the expiration of which period, somebody else's cow died, and the affair was forgotten.

As it is not my intention to write my life, but merely to relate so much of it as is necessarily involved in following the career of Charles Burrell, the Marrying Man, I will skip over the next two years, and beg the reader to imagine me at the age of twenty, highly elated at finding myself a lieutenant, and waiting in London while some of my influential relatives used their interest to get me appointed to a ship. Loitering down Bond-street, one sunny afternoon, my attention was attracted by the

splendid action of an unusually fine horse, the taste and finish of a remarkably stylish cab, and the thoroughly workman-like appearance of the whole turn-out. To my surprise, no sooner did a fashionable-looking young fellow who was driving it catch sight of me, than a pair of lemon-coloured kid gloves pulled up the splendid horse with a jerk so sudden as to throw him on his haunches, while a voice that sounded familiar to my ear exclaimed, "Tom Harrington, by all that's wonderful!" and on looking up, I immediately recognised in the speaker, my former friend and associate, Charles Burrell, the runaway ex-lieutenant of the *Spitfire*. Although the moment I caught his bright sparkling eye, and recognised his joyous devil-may-care smile, I felt something of my old regard stealing over me, I considered it due to my own dignity to resent, what I could not but consider, the impertinent familiarity of his address. A man who had lost his character, and bolted with a considerable amount of money belonging to the mess funds in his pocket, had no right to consider himself fit company even for such a *very* youngest son as I was. So I merely raised my hat with Grandisonian politeness, and was about to pass on; but Charley was too cool a hand to be shaken off so easily.

"Very grand and dignified, indeed," he said, laughingly; "but, my dear boy, it *won't* do. Ever since I came into my fortune, and stood right with the world again, I've been wanting to run against one of the old *Spitfires*, and now chance has thrown you in my way, and I'm not going to let you escape me. Come, jump in, man; don't you see the horse is tired of standing?"

At the beginning of this speech, my mind was quite made up to persevere in my coolness, and to resist any overtures towards the renewal of our acquaintanceship; but, somehow, Charley had a way with him which rendered it so disagreeable to say "No," that, in fact, it became next to impossible to do so. It is lucky he never tried to persuade me to rob a bank, or pillage a church, for I fully believe I should have done it. At all events, I know that on the occasion in question I was seated by his side, and dashing along Bond-street at the rate of twelve miles an hour, almost before he had done speaking.

"And so you all set me down as a swindler, and the old fools on the court-martial actually dismissed me the service, because I happened to have a run of ill-luck, which my purse was not long enough to bear up against, eh? Well, they only saved me the trouble of resigning

my commission, which I certainly should have done, when my jolly old uncle in India died, and left me his heir. Handling tarry ropes becomes slow work when one can spend £5000 a year on shore, and yet not consider oneself extravagant. But, as I see you're in a hurry now, dine with me quietly at Morelli's, in the Haymarket, at half-past seven, and I'll tell you all about it, over a bottle of real Chateau Margaux." And, so saying, Charley set me down within a stone's throw of the Admiralty, very angry with myself that I had not been able to muster sufficient presence of mind to refuse his singularly impertinent invitation. As I had not refused it, however, go I must, and go I did, although my joy at finding, on my return to my hotel to dress for dinner, an official letter, appointing me first lieutenant of the good ship *Cassandra*, put me in such a celestial frame of mind, that I could have feasted with Duke Humphrey, or the Barbecue, or even Sancho Panza, in *Barrataria*, without complaining of the fare.

The veriest epicure who ever adored turtle, however, could not have complained of the dinner Charley Burrell had provided for my entertainment:—on the contrary, one only felt ashamed that two men who could have dined off a couple of pounds of beef-steak, and a quart of porter, should have had such a banquet set before them.

After the second bottle of claret made its appearance, Charley, who had previously rendered himself especially agreeable on the general topics of the day, began—"And now, Tom, my boy, I will tell you (always supposing you find the subject sufficiently interesting to wish to hear the truth about it) why I astonished the good people of Portsmouth, by making myself scarce upon such short notice—what has befallen me since—and how, if tomorrow comes, and finds me alive and jolly, I intend to employ it."

Of course I expressed my eagerness to hear his explanation, and he continued.

"The fact is, that when I first joined the *Spitfire*, I went the pace a great deal too fast; but I believed my governor would help me if I got into any scrape, and I trusted to luck to bring me right again. I did pretty well till that confounded steeple-chase; but on that I lost, from first to last, about £1000. Just at that time I received the money for the mess-bills, and as I knew that the tradesmen would wait, and the blacklegs wouldn't, I applied the aforesaid tin to satisfy the more clamorous ones, fully believing that I should be able to replace it when necessary. Whether the cap-

tain grow suspicious of me, or what, I can't tell; but he suddenly desired me to make up my accounts, and send them in by a certain day. I instantly wrote to my father, telling him the scrape I was in, and begging him to send me a cheque for £800. My return of post came a letter from his lawyer, informing me that, owing to the failure of one of the great houses connected with the India trade, my father was a ruined man, and that his liabilities were so heavy, that, by his friends' advice, he had determined to keep out of the way till some arrangement should be entered into with his creditors. Well, you may suppose this news, coming at such a time, drove me nearly frantic; and, as a last chance, I rushed to the gaming-table, played for the full amount of my debts, and—lost! I gave an I.O.U., payable next day, for the money, and resolved, before it should be due, to blow my brains out. Accordingly, I came on shore, with a brace of pistols ready loaded in my pocket, and betook myself to the "Crown," meaning to write something between a will and a last dying speech and confession, and then shoot myself. Little Mary brought me pens and paper, and, somehow—(I suppose by a woman's instinct of affection, for the poor girl was desperately fond of me)—she guessed my purpose, and would not leave me till she had obtained my promise not to attempt my life. Having yielded to her persuasions, there was nothing for it but to decamp. Accordingly, disguised as a common sailor, I found my way to London, where I contrived to elude the search made for me. How I lived for the next year and a half, I can scarcely tell you; at times I was no stranger either to cold or hunger, and have gone out in the morning without a farthing in my pocket, or the slightest idea whither to direct my steps. But when things got to the worst, they're sure to mend; so just as I was beginning to lose my last possessions—health and strength—old nuns, in India, who was always an intolerable bore when living, very obligingly died, and from a beggar I awoke one fine morning to find myself rather a millionaire than otherwise. The first thing I did was, as you may guess, to make it all right in regard to the *Spitfire* 'defalcation,' as the old fogies on the court-martial had the impertinence to call it. And, now, what do you think I am going to be after to-morrow?"

"Get married, perhaps," returned I, naming the most improbable thing that came into my head.

"Right, by Jove! Edipus himself could not have hit it nearer. Yes, my boy, I'm going to do

what most people will call a very foolish thing—I'm going to marry little Mary, daughter to mine host of the "Crown;" but she's as good and as pretty a girl as ever lived. She's saved my life; she's remained constant to me through all my troubles; she cares more for me than any one else ever did, or ever will; so people may say what they please, I'm independent of everybody, and marry her I will."

"Your determination does you credit," replied I, grasping his hand, and shaking it warmly. "Charley, old fellow, you're a brick, and I beg your pardon for ever having been induced to think otherwise of you."

"Say you so, man!" exclaimed Burrell, eagerly, "then you shall come and see me spliced; and if you don't say the champagne at breakfast is the best you ever tasted, why I don't know good wine from bad, that's all."

I took him at his word, and a gay and happy wedding it proved. The wine was super-excellent; but a handsomer couple than Charley Burrell and his bright-smiling, blushing, little wife, could seldom have been found amidst all the rank and fashion who take each other for better for worse beneath the lofty dome of St. George's, Hanover-square.

CHAPTER II.

FIVE years had elapsed since the morning on which I had drunk more champagne than was by any means prudent, at Charley Burrell's wedding breakfast, and the giver of the feast I had not encountered since. Having, like Lord Bateman, of lyrical celebrity, "sailed east and sailed west"—having been done exceedingly brown by the sun and the slave-dealers off the coast of Guinea, and been put out to cool in the vicinity of Greenland's icy mountains—having, like the pious *Æneas*, been "considerably tossed about, both by land and sea," and in short experienced the usual vicissitudes of a sailor's life, I now found myself appointed first lieutenant of the good ship *Atalanta*, refitting at Portsmouth, preparatory to her departure to join the admiral, then cruising off Malta. Of course, as the operation of taking in her stores was not completed, I was obliged to be almost constantly on board; but the little time I spent on shore I made the "Crown" my head-quarters. One of the first questions I asked mine host was concerning the welfare of his daughter and her husband.

The worthy man shook his head. "Mary is well enough," he said; "she lives in a little cottage, just outside the town, and I generally contrive to spend my evenings with her; it is

better for me than being tempted to exceed my one glass of grog, as I often did at home; and it cheers Mary, poor thing, to have even her old father to gossip with a bit."

"Why, how is that, then," I inquired; "does not her husband live with her?"

"Ah! that turned out a bad business," was the reply; "I never approved of the match; she'd better have married some honest young fellow in her own rank of life; but, woman-like, she was so taken with Mr. Burrell's handsome face and dashing manner, that she would not so much as look at any other man. But I expect she sees her error now, though even yet I believe she's very fond of him."

"Well, but what has Burrell done to forfeit her good opinion?" asked I, impatiently, wearied by the worthy man's prolixity.

"He has done this, sir; he has won my poor girl's affections, bound himself to her by the solemn tie of matrimony, and then first, neglected, and finally, deserted her. He has not been heard of in Portsmouth for the last three years, and it's my belief he has left the country, for good and all."

"But what has become of the fortune he received from his uncle in India?" I inquired.

The innkeeper smiled. "He was a first-rate liar, I will say that for him," he resumed; "he'd got such an easy, off-hand way of saying things, that people couldn't help believing him. Why, bless you, Mr. Harrington, he'd no more a fortune left him than you had."

"Then I wish he'd teach me the secret of living, as if he were Dives himself, without one," rejoined I.

"You would not make use of it, if he did, sir," was the reply. "I've learned the truth of a good many of his goings on since I saw you last. When he first cut away from here, afore the court-martial, he hadn't a sixpence in the world."

"So he told me," interrupted I.

"Aye, but he didn't tell you that when he got to London he went as a billiard-marker, and by his cleverness, and a little cheating, whenever he could manage it without being found out, contrived to scrape together money enough to take a share in a fashionable gaming-house, where he grew rich on the ruin of better men than himself. He didn't tell you that, did he?"

My companion then proceeded to relate various minutiae in the career of Charles Burrell, which certainly threw discredit on the story of the Indian uncle; but when one came to sift the evidence, there was always a link wanting to enable one to fix the accusation

unmistakably. A person like Charles Burrell was seen several times acting as croupier, and eventually as dealer, in a notorious gambling-house. Times and seasons suited, but still there was always room for a doubt; it *might* not have been him. Certain facts, however, were indisputable. For the first six months after his marriage he lived quietly and peaceably with his wife, at the cottage Mary still occupied. At the expiration of that period, a letter arrived, which, as he said, required his presence in London; and from that time his absences became more and more frequent and prolonged, till at length he stayed away altogether. Mary's letters were returned unopened, and for three years she had neither seen him nor heard of, or from him.

This account of my quondam friend grieved and annoyed me; but so strong was the fascination he had exercised over me, that I could not help hoping against hope, that partiality to his daughter might have prejudiced the good innkeeper against his son-in-law, and that even yet, Charley would turn out not to be so black as he was painted; with which vague and not particularly well-founded expectation I was fain to content myself.

When her preparations were completed, the *Atalanta* sailed, and in due course of time reached Malta in safety; thence we were dispatched to cruise off the coast of Turkey, and look out for pirates at the entrance to the Dardanelles. We had been on this station about three weeks, and were lying off one of the smaller Turkish ports, the name of which has escaped my memory, when, one morning, we perceived a boat from the shore approaching us, with an individual in the stern who looked like, and proved to be, a clerk in a public office. He was the bearer of a letter to our captain, from the English consul. The captain of the *Atalanta* was a man younger than myself; but, having the good fortune to be nephew to a cabinet minister, he found himself captain of a frigate at the age of twenty, while I, five years his senior, was still a lieutenant. Probably, from a latent consciousness of his youth and inexperience, which he studiously concealed by an affectation of remarkable and superfluous decision of character, he did me the honour of consulting me in all cases of difficulty. Accordingly, on the present occasion, he had not been closeted more than ten minutes with the young official, before I received a summons to attend him.

"Sit down, Mr. Harrington; I have just received a communication from Mr. —, the consul, informing me that an English subject

having become involved in a quarrel with a French *employé* of the Turkish government, a duel has been the consequence. They fought this morning, on the sands below the town, and the Frenchman was mortally wounded. The Turkish authorities immediately seized the Englishman; and, as by their law such an offence as he has committed constitutes a capital crime, he is to be executed outside the town to-morrow morning. Mr. — has used every means in his power to obtain a commutation of the punishment, but without success; and in his position he dare not interfere further. The Englishman, it appears, is a young fellow of good family and fortune, and Mr. — is naturally deeply interested for him; he therefore writes to me to say, that if by any chance I should be disposed, on my own responsibility, to send a boat's crew on shore an hour after midnight, he will take care that the prisoner shall have an opportunity afforded him to escape and join them, come on board, and before daybreak to-morrow, find twenty miles of blue water between himself and the fatal bowstring. Of course, I have at once made up my mind how to act; there can be but one opinion on the subject. You see the matter in this light, Mr. Harrington, do you not?"

Too well accustomed to the captain's habits to indulge even in a smile at the tact with which he thus, without committing himself, sought to draw out my opinion, I replied, gravely, "I perfectly agree with you, Captain Flexmore; the rules of the service, and the common dictates of humanity, alike require you to send the boat."

"Of course, of course," was the quick rejoinder, "there can be no doubt about it; only, as the affair is somewhat out of the common routine, and one which may hereafter be called in question, it is a satisfaction to me to find that your opinion so entirely coincides with my own. I will write to inform Mr. — that the boat shall be in readiness, waiting, an hour after midnight, at the point he mentions; and as, if anything should go wrong, some judgment may be required, I shall feel obliged by your taking charge of the expedition in person." I, of course, expressed my perfect readiness to do so, and the conference ended.

Five minutes before the time appointed, I sat, wrapped in a dark cloak, in the stern-sheets of the boat, which, manned by a dozen well-armed seamen, rose and fell with the ripple of the water, within an oar's length of the small rocky landing-place named in Mr. —'s letter as the point of rendezvous.

The moon was low, but afforded sufficient light to enable one to discern the outline, though not the colouring, of objects in the immediate vicinity. After waiting till some minutes past the time, anxiously listening for the slightest sound which might indicate that the prisoner had succeeded in effecting his escape, I grew fearful that the scheme had in some way transpired, and that the authorities had adopted measures to frustrate it, and was just considering what steps it would behove me to take in such a conjuncture, when the flash and sharp reports of a couple of muskets startled me from my meditations, whilst almost at the same moment a figure emerged from the gloom, and, dashing hastily forward, exclaimed, in tones which even then sounded familiar to my ear, "Boat, a-hoy! are you the *Atalantas*?" And, as I returned an affirmative answer to the hail, the speaker jumped on board, almost before the boat's prow touched the shore, with an ease and *savoir faire* which proved that he was well accustomed to the water.

"Give way, my lads," exclaimed the stranger, as the men took to their oars; give way with a will; those confounded musket-shots will alarm the town; we shall have the whole swarm turning out directly, and a stray bullet might pick off one of us; I should be sorry if any one got hurt on my account." He removed his hat, and examined it by the light of a dark-lantern I had with me. "A near thing, lieutenant," he said, directing my attention to a hole by which a bullet must have entered, and passed through the hat. "If I'd been one of your long-headed fellows, now, I should have had half an ounce of lead in my brains by this time: this is the third shot I've had fired at me in less than four and twenty hours; so it's not my fate to be food for gunpowder, I suppose."

"No; you're reserved for a more exalted destiny, probably, Charley, my friend, though you've contrived to cheat the gallows, too, this time," replied I, who, during the former speech, had made up my mind that the illustrious stranger, was no stranger at all to me.

"Charley, eh?" repeated my companion, in surprise; "your acquaintance with my name, and the appropriate sentiment with which you accompanied the mention of it, convinces me that you know me; but it's so confoundedly dark that I can't recognize your features. Who is it that I have the pleasure of thanking for my deliverance from, not the gallows, as you so obligingly hinted, or, at all events, only a Turkish version of it, the bowstring? Ah! I thought so."

While this conversation had been going on, lights had been flitting about the town in all directions; and after more bustle and confusion than would have accompanied the arousing and arming a couple of battalions of English troops, some dozen Turkish soldiers came running pell-mell down to the landing-place, and perceiving the boat, which was not yet out of reach of shot, commenced an irregular and, fortunately for us, badly-directed fire upon it. One of the first shots discharged, however, unluckily struck the arm of the cockswain, who was pulling stroke-oar, and disabled him. Charles Burrell (the reader has of course guessed that he it was, and none other), however, caught the oar as it was falling from the man's hand, and taking his place, pulled away lustily, till we had the satisfaction of seeing the bullets fall short of us at each report.

"You may take it more coolly now," observed I; "no shot has reached us for the last minute and a half;—your arm's not broken, I hope, Evans?"

"All right, sir; it's only knocked off part of the sheathing, and cut through some of the running gear, so that my fingers don't act altogether so ship-shape as they used to did."

"Never mind, my man," was Burrell's reply; "I'll splice it for you with a ten-pound note, as soon as we get on board the *Atalanta*. Those Turkish scamps luckily missed my pocket-book, when they took my traps from me."

On reaching the ship, which we accomplished without further mischance, Burrell, who appeared, as usual, full of money, was as good as his word, for, having obtained Captain Flexmore's permission, he not only gave the wounded cockswain a ten-pound note, but tipped all the boat's crew a guinea each. The moment he recognized me, he, with his usual *sang-froid*, plunged at once into terms of the closest intimacy, "old-fellowing" and "Tom-my-boying" me at every second sentence he uttered; nor could I, unless I had chosen actually to pick a quarrel with him, do anything to repel his advances. He had not been on board twelve hours ere he became hand and glove with Captain Flexmore; so that, when at last I found an opportunity to relate to that gallant officer my previous knowledge of his guest, nothing I could say would induce him to regard Charley Burrell in any other light save that of an injured innocent; and he boldly declared his intention, the moment he returned to England, to apply to his uncle to institute an inquiry, and have the iniquitous decision of the court-martial reversed, as it was a scandalous

shame that such a fine young fellow as Burrell should be lost to the profession, because a crew of old women could not make allowance for a man getting into a scrape. And perceiving that this frame of mind was stereotyped, (for the captain continued in it quite a week,) I ceased to attempt to alter it. Charley certainly was a genius in his way. Before he had been three days on board, he had related a most interesting romance (in every sense of the word) to account for his duel with the Frenchman, in which the interior of a harem and a lovely Greek captive were the prominent features; while for my private ear he had prepared a statement refuting the scandal of the gaming-house episode, establishing the deceased Indian uncle as a great fact, and accounting satisfactorily for his desertion of Mary; to the whole of which narrative he contrived to impart such an air of veracity that I actually gave it credit, and believed, with Captain Flexmore, that he was the victim of appearances.

After Burrell had cruised with us about a week, we fell in with a vessel bound for England, on board of which he secured a passage, and so departed, bearing with him a whole harvest of golden opinions.

As the *Atalanta* continued on the same station for some weeks longer, I one day obtained leave to go ashore, and dine with a wealthy Greek merchant, to whom I had brought letters of introduction. The old gentleman received me most courteously, mounted me on a mule almost as fat as himself, and took me to see the lions of the neighbourhood, including the ruins of a temple, with all the antecedents of which he expected me to be acquainted, "because the English were such excellent classics," and the site of an ancient battle-field, where, for the same reason, he begged me to point out to him the exact position occupied by each several phalanx—all of which, considering that I could not with a safe conscience have deposed on oath that I had so much as heard the name of either temple or battle before, I flatter myself I accomplished very creditably, my observations tending to exalt, rather than depreciate, the old gentleman's preconceived idea regarding the classicality of an English education.

At dinner, the *agrémens* of the affair were greatly enhanced by the presence of two very lovely girls, the old Greek's daughters—my attentions being pretty equally divided between the interesting Sophronia, who sat on my right hand, and she, if possible, still more interesting Zoe, who was placed as my *vis-à-vis*.

vis. The meal passed off most pleasantly, the wines being as good as the young ladies were pretty, until I arrived at a frame of mind in which I felt quite capable of pitching my hospitable entertainer out of his own window, and availing myself of the catastrophe to make double-barrelled love to both his fair daughters at one and the same time.

I am happy to say I restrained the impulse, and merely endeavoured to look my admiration; although, so completely was my mind filled with the lovely objects before me, that, when the young ladies retired, I could not, for the life of me, think of any other remark to address to my host than what a fortunate papa he was, to possess two such beautiful daughters—so I actually went the length of saying it. Moreover, it answered very well, for the old gentleman chuckled, rubbed his hands, and seemed highly pleased with the compliment.

"And which do you admire most?" he inquired, as he filled his own glass, and passed me the bottle.

"Where both are so lovely, it is difficult to decide," replied I, meditatively; "but if I must pronounce an opinion, I think the young lady who sat opposite me is perhaps the most faultless in profile."

"Yes," was the reply, "Zoe's is the higher style of beauty; but you must not lose your heart to her, Mr. Harrington, for she is already

married to a countryman of yours, a young Englishman, of high birth and large fortune."

"Indeed!" replied I, with a slight start of annoyance, for, *entre nous*, dear reader, Zoe was the one at whom I had chiefly been "making eyes," with, as I hoped, no inconsiderable effect. "Indeed; he is a lucky dog, whoever he may be."

"He is, or rather was, in your profession," was the rejoinder; "but he quitted it when he had obtained the rank of post captain. He came here, about two years since, with letters of introduction to me from my London agent, and fell so desperately in love with Zoe, while, at the same time, he grew so delighted with our mode of life, that he became a suitor for my daughter's hand, and promised, if I would bestow her upon him, to give up his own country, and to reside here for the future. They have been married above six months, and he has now returned to England to sell his estates, intending to embark a large portion of his capital in my business, in which he will become a partner."

"And a very sensible thing to do, too! I only wish I were able to follow his example, and try my luck with Miss Sophronia. May I ask," continued I—little anticipating the answer I was about to receive—"may I ask the name of this favoured individual?"

"Certainly," was the reply; "the name of my excellent son-in-law is Mr. Charles Burrell."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

DEATH has done his work among us! A great victim has fallen! The Duke of Wellington is no more!

That we should have to record this event before very long, we were prepared for. That it did not happen sooner, was one of the many wonders of that wonderful man's career. As far back as 1839, his constitution was supposed to be so utterly broken down, by repeated shocks of illness, that nothing could prolong his existence beyond a few years, or the use of his faculties till the morrow: yet thirteen years have passed over, and still the annual gathering of heroes has been renewed under his presiding auspices, and the British peers have listened with reverence to his voice in debate on questions of the highest import, and he has been ready and able to buckle on his sword to the last, and do good service in defence of his country's interest and honour.

The final hour, however, is come—he is dead! From a thousand churches the bells toll their solemn knell over the departed; and cannon from a thousand bastions and batteries boom forth the death-note of the hero; and the flags on a thousand ships float half-mast high; and crape wraps the colours of the brave, wherever the British ensign is unfurled; and at his post the lonely sentinel, that humblest representative of the system of war, brushes away a tear—his tribute to the memory of the captain he revered; and in the minister's gloom the banner of knighthood droops, and the casque and the falchion are wreathed with funeral emblems, for the pride of chivalry is departed. And, in the secret conclave of many a hostile power, a gleam of exultation darts to light up malignant eyes, for the spell of that name which kept envious and conspiring Europe in awe is broken, and the enemy thinks he may venture once more to look

a British battle-front in the face. The empty pomp and procession to the tomb is all that now remains—the plumed hearse, and the muffled drum, and the war-horse, and the spurs, and the sword—the sword that conquered the conqueror of the world: for the hero of an hundred fights and an hundred victories lies low—low as the lowest of his enemies, as the earliest companions of his arms—in the dust; and we feel, and the world feels, that the greatest of soldiers is no more.

But all this—and it is much—would not have stirred the deep feelings of our hearts, and urged us to our task with the ardour we feel, like the thought—the exulting thought, which adds poignancy to our grief, and enthusiasm to our eulogy—that Wellington, warrior as he was, was the great PACIFICATOR of the world, the man who, under Almighty God, gave to Europe that glad and golden interval of peace, within which our national liberties had time to be ripened, our popular institutions matured, and our social system humanized; during which the wealth and prosperity of the empire was consolidated, and scope given for the arts we cultivate and appreciate to grow up and flourish, and—we would fain believe—strike root into the soil of society, too deeply to be again permanently displaced by the brute ferocity of a returning military age.

Yes, Britons! we have lost a hero indeed!—a hero, as boundlessly superior to the soldier he conquered, as fortitude, honour, heroism, and moderation must ever be to ambition, pride, selfishness, and cruelty. To compare the genius of Wellington with that of Napoleon is absurd; probably no man ever lived combining the same diversified, and apparently opposite qualities of mind, as Bonaparte. This peculiarity it is, which, while it explains the amazing resources of his policy, likewise forms the truest point of distinction between him and Wellington. In the latter, was displayed as remarkable a singleness of character and purpose, as in his rival a diversity of both. The only point on which Napoleon was at unity with himself was ambition. But as ambition is a march and not a goal—in which the road is indifferent, if only progress be made along it—so the emperor's meteoric career was as aimless and headlong as it was dazzling. He rushed forward, he knew not and cared not whither, so that in his way he trampled upon the liberties of nations, and decked himself with their spoils. Behold, on the other hand, in the mighty dead before us, the embodiment of the opposite quality. To humble the enemy of Britain and of Europe,

to cripple his power at every accessible point, no matter how remote, or how apparently insignificant—in short, to follow out the great conceptions of Nelson, and complete by land what was by that hero begun upon the ocean—and to pause when those objects were accomplished—such was Wellington's policy, from the moment he first set foot in Portugal invested with the independent command of our armies, to that in which, at La Belle Alliance, he resigned the pursuit of the imperial armies he had routed to the Prussian commander.

We do not shrink from saying, that it was the least of Wellington's merits that he was a great general—though even his enemies admit he was that. His distinguishing praise is that he never for a moment sacrificed the citizen to the soldier, or forgot, in the height of his most crowning triumphs, that he was the servant of his king and country, fighting battles not for himself, but for them; and reaping laurels whereof the richest boughs should adorn the statue of British liberty, while only what the nation could spare should be appropriated to himself. His whole career was an illustration of this honest citizenship of his. Amidst the seductions of success, his penetrating glance still darted through the ranks of his enemies towards the peace which lay beyond, and he fought for *that*, as other men fight for conquest, triumph, glory. The peace he sought, moreover, was no extravagant or chimerical one, to ensue upon the annihilation of our enemies, and the acquisition of the power and possessions they had lost. The war as waged by him was, even when it seemed most aggressive, purely a patriotic one, and not more truly did the Archduke Charles act upon the defensive when he drew up the Austrian army upon the field of Wagram, than did Wellington in driving Soult in confusion across the frontiers of Spain into France. To fight for peace is the most glorious of warfares; it is, in fact, the only one upon which the soldier and nation may safely invoke the blessing of God. 'His glory was Wellington's.

We have neither space nor inclination to offer a memoir of the departed Duke. Information of this kind the public has had on every side; and no doubt extended and detailed biographies will satisfy the world's curiosity upon the subject before long. Still less is it our design to enter upon an examination of his military talents, either in the way of comparison, or upon their positive merits. But it seems due to the dead hero and his surviving fame, to remind the reader of some circumstances which ought to be taken into consi-

deration, in forming a final estimate of what he had to do, and what he did.

When, in 1809, Sir Arthur Wellesley proceeded to Lisbon, charged with the mission by his courage and prudence to repair the disasters of the British arms, certain and peculiar difficulties met him at the outset. The successes of the revolutionary armies, and afterwards of Napoleon and his generals, had gradually given a colour of plausibility to the idea which the French themselves industriously fostered, that the power of France on land was irresistible, and that all operations were hopeless against troops who had the God of Battles so manifestly on their side. On the other hand, although a degree of *éclat* had attached already to the name of Wellesley, both in India and in the Peninsula, the general opinion of Europe, and more especially of England itself, was strongly against the efficiency of our land forces; with which—the popular idea was—it was absolutely ridiculous to attempt to face the victorious soldiers of the Empire during any continuous operations. And there seemed grounds for this opinion, first in the retreat of the Duke of York, and now, more recently, in the disastrous affair of Corunna, and the discomfiture of Sir John Moore's army. In short, all the influences of *prestige*, as it is called, which had so materially favoured Nelson in those adventurous and hazardous exploits of his upon the sea, were against us on land. And no one who knows what effect *character* has upon masses of men will be inclined to slight or undervalue these influences, acting upon the *physique* as well as the *morale* of our troops.

Again: Wellington entered Portugal not so much as an independent power as an ally. He was obliged, if not to take orders from the Portuguese Junta, to co-operate with it; which meant to operate, with the embarrassment of its thwarting, vexatious, vacillating, and treacherous policy to impede him. And this counteracting influence of so-called allies hung upon him ever afterwards—through Spain, and even to the field of Waterloo, where his dispositions were all but neutralized by the shameful apathy, or cowardice, of a considerable portion of his force—that portion being the *allies*. At the commencement of the Peninsular war, had he possessed the advantage of an army unshackled by assistance of this kind, and free to operate in the country according to his own ideas of what would be most detrimental to the enemy, and advantageous to himself, his task would have been an easier one, though not more glorious; for, as these difficulties ac-

cumulated around him, and he became more and more convinced that the settlement of affairs was further off than was generally supposed, he came to a coterminous determination that no human power should induce him to relinquish the advantages he had already secured, or forego the object he had originally in view, in undertaking his command;—thus bringing into prominent and early relief those qualities that were so conspicuous afterwards, and alone enabled him to realise, at length, and after various vicissitudes, hopes which would have been chimerical had they been indulged by any one else, or on any other grounds than they were.

But there was another paralyzing influence at work at the opening of the Peninsular operations, which struck at the very root of the efficiency of the British army, and bid fair to neutralize all its efforts: this was the financial condition of England at the time. As the historian of the Peninsular war remarks:—"Her enormous debt was yearly increasing in an accelerated ratio; and the necessary consequence of anticipating the resources of the country, and dealing in a fictitious currency, was fast eating into the vital strength of the state; for, although the merchants and great manufacturers were thriving from the accidental circumstances of the times, the labourers were suffering and degenerating in character; pauperism, and its sure attendant, crime, were spreading over the land, and its population was fast splitting into distinct classes—the one, rich and arbitrary: the other, poor and discontented; the former composed of those who profited, the latter of those who suffered by the war."

How this state of things operated upon Sir Arthur Wellesley's army is well known. In 1809, the British force was expected, in conjunction with the weak and undisciplined troops of the country, to accomplish the deliverance of Portugal, and ultimately of Spain, from the French, whose force in those kingdoms approached 300,000 men—this army of ours numbering barely 22,000 *effective men*, "weak in everything but spirit; the commissariat without sufficient means of transport; the soldiers nearly barefooted, and totally without pay; the military-chest empty, and the hospitals full!"

The condition of this handful of men as to supplies is thus further described by Sir Arthur Wellesley himself, in a letter to Lord Castlereagh:—"It was, and is, impossible for us to move without money: not only are the officers and soldiers in the greatest distress, and the want of money the cause of many of the dis-

orders of which I have had occasion to complain, but we can no longer obtain the supplies of the country, or command its resources for the transport of our own supplies, either by land or by water." This is bad enough; but the letter to the Marquis Wellesley, of the 30th of October, presents a yet more deplorable picture of the privations of the British army, or rather, yet more striking evidence of the crippling of its resources as an invading power, in consequence of such privations; for the difficulties resulted in this.

Now, look at the state of financial affairs in France at the same period. Notwithstanding the vast expenses of two great wars, the resources of the Empire were fully equal to its emergencies. The budget, no doubt, which had been 720 millions, was raised to 800 millions and more. But the income of the treasury was obtained with extreme facility, the *caisse de service* abounded in money, and taxation was not overwhelming, while the currency was a sound metallic one. The magazines at Perpignan, Toulouse, and Bayonne were supplied with vast stores of *matériel*, including all those comforts which, we have seen, the British soldier was without; and accordingly the French troops presented at that period a contrast to ours so striking, as could not fail to provoke the comments of the nation that witnessed it.

Thus, neither money nor men were wanting to this war. The intrusive king, Joseph, was guided by the counsels of his imperial brother; and, although that brother urged him to apply the resources of Spain in its defence to the uttermost, he was always prepared to make good any deficiency, rather than that the masses there in operation should lose anything of their effective strength.

Here, then, is surely a sufficiently remarkable contrast in the condition of the hostile powers, at and towards the commencement of the Peninsular war. It must not, indeed, be overlooked that the British leader had, to aid him, an intense national feeling on the part of the population of both countries, which led them to lend, by means of the *Partidas* system, or *guerilla* warfare, much of that co-operation they were utterly unable to afford with effect in the open field; but this assistance, important as it no doubt was, did not become available at the commencement of the war, and could not possibly have been anticipated. It only affords another proof that the strong resolution to succeed under difficulties will have its effect, sooner or later, in raising up means for itself, and developing powers around

it, which would never have sprung into existence but for the invigorating and inspiring example of its own heroism.

● But there is a final reflection, which the contemplation of our position in Spain at this period necessarily suggests, and which has reference rather to a fixed law of political dynamics, than to anything peculiar in the circumstances of the time, or the characters of those engaged in the important events then going forward. A country, if it be blessed with freedom, has something to pay for the blessing; while, on the other hand, if a country be cursed with slavery, it enjoys one or two alleviating advantages growing out of its condition. No government is so strong as a military despotism; that is, in no form of government can the whole power of the state be brought so fully to bear upon any particular object. Napoleon possessed this advantage over every one of his enemies, except Russia, that he, as an individual, fought against constitutions. In the case of England, the contrast was the strongest of all. In her, a responsible ministry—a sort of domestic *junta*—organized, or half organized, a force—equipped it, or half equipped it, by the intervention of jobbers—assigned it its destination at a distance—then appointed a responsible commander, removable at will, at the same time retaining the power of controlling the operations of that commander, while it limited or refused the supplies, in *personnel* and *matériel*, which alone could make his combinations or their own successful; and these operations were all the time looked at askance by the whole body of discontent and disaffection in the country, which watched for every slip, and was ready to call prudence cowardice, and heroism rashness; thus realizing the *minimum* of national physical force. In France, on the contrary, every circumstance combined to raise hers to a *maximum*. A despot, wielding the whole political and financial resources of his empire, was also the general of its armies, thus uniting the military element with the others, and constituting one solid, single, concentrated and absolute power, which nothing less compact and vigorous could be supposed capable of coping with for a moment.

Thank God, the single element of LIBERTY was wanting to make France invincible. That element Britain possessed; and it stood her *ἀσπίς ἀνυσω*—instead of spear and shield. Yes; from the days of Leonidas to those of Wellington, freedom has been informed by the same inherent genius of victory; and in estimating the achievements of the Great Man

who is gone, this consideration should, in justice to those he led, never be lost sight of, that he commanded an army of *freemen*—men who, under the sacred banner of Liberty, were nerved with a strength such as to render that memorable expression of their chief not hyperbole—that *their warfare was that of giants!*

These considerations it will ever be necessary to bear in mind, in forming an estimate of the genius of Wellington. They should constitute the foundation from which any critical analysis of his military career should commence, and be the first postulate demanded of those among rival nations who seek to cavil at and calumniate him. With us, we would once more repeat, his great and crowning glory is his being the Pacifier of Europe. This merit was peculiarly his. We know of few generals—Washington was one of them—of whom it was never suspected that, in the flush of success, they had sought out a field for the further display of military talent, at the sacrifice of political considerations. Wellington was content to do his duty without cutting out fresh work for himself; he had completed it early, and never sought again to embroil his country for his own purposes. His occupation was gone at a period of life when most men are entering upon theirs; but instead of whetting his sword in secret, he beat it at once into a ploughshare, and put his hand honestly to it. We are not now going to analyze his

political opinions—people differ about them;—but surely no one, not even a soldier, can refrain from admiring his cheerful and life-long abandonment of the calling which he felt his country could now dispense with. For this we bless him—for this we lament him—for this we do not hesitate to pronounce him an instrument in the hands of God for promoting the happiness of mankind. If the tempest of war should burst upon Europe before he is laid in his grave, still a generation of men has passed over in the sweet calm of uninvaded tranquillity. Nations have cemented alliances, and secured enduring advantages from each other in the time; the sciences, the arts, the charities of life have put forth their tender buds, have blossomed and borne fruit in the time; distance has contracted, thought has gained wings in the time; the servants of religion have gone forth unobstructed, and brought distant tribes to a knowledge of the true and only God in the time. Yes; if the Spanish Godoy, by an impious mockery, was styled “Prince of the Peace,” while he was instigating one of the cruellest of wars, our Prince of Waterloo may be allowed to have merited the lofty and Christian title by truer claims—claims which distant ages will best appreciate, inasmuch as the acquisitions of war dazzle in proportion to their insecurity, while the blessings of peace are an eternal possession of the human race.

THE LUCKY PENNY.*

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

CHAP. VI.

“AND so, mother, as this is the first day of the new-year, after I have given my good friend and master the best wishes a grateful heart can offer, and presented to Martha the gift you prepared for her—”

“Let me see it—let me *feel* it, I mean,” interrupted Richard’s mother. “To me the shawl looks dull and spotted; yet it is of good substance, a nice soft shawl, and green, you say; what green? is it the bright *green* green which the young larch puts forth, when the first showers of April hang upon it like diamonds; or the blue green of the infant wheat, clothing a field in velvet; or the deep, dark, indigo green of the solemn pine trees? Richard,

my child!” and she laid her hands on his shoulders, closing her eyelids over her dim eyes; “Richard, this blindness has its blessing; I never, until I became dark, would think of the scenes of my early days—when the farmer’s daughter danced for joy in the first beams of summer, or watched from the hayfield the soaring lark, or gloried in the rich harvest-home, or the merry-making round the Christmas fire—I did not dare to shut my eyes and recall those childish things, when I knew they *must* open on all the cold, cruel, wants of poverty; but now, when you are out, and happy—bless you, my darling! happy in industry—it is quite cheerful to close them against the wall of moths, and stars, and swimming things, that mingle with the daylight. I have but to shut my eyelids, and recall all I ever saw, or lived

* Continued from page 233.

among; and there it is, the trees! such trees! and the flowing river, fringed with rushes, and floating bunches of forget-me-not; and the nest of the green-footed water-hen, the skimming swallow, the glancing fish, the heavens so blue, so full of light; our own farm-house, where first your father came for health, and loved to read to me, and hear me read, and tried to teach me all things good and holy, and made me see the beauty of the trees, and clouds, and flowers, and blossoming grass; and would ask questions, which, as I could not answer, why tears would come; and then he would call me a silly village girl, and say, with hope, and faith, and love, I needed nothing more, and that his learning would do for both. I see him now, not as you remember him, a pale, dying man, but full of youth and beauty. I gave him (may God forgive me) idol worship, I gave him as much love, as much devotion, as I gave my God, and did not think what he would have to suffer from marrying without his father's leave. I did not know what poverty or sickness were, nor think what it would be to see him and you want food." She shuddered, and then added, "But God took him from me—so best."

The boy looked all the time upon his mother's eyes, and yet she could not read his passionate gaze of love and admiration! boy though he was, he had arranged her cap, and smoothed her glossy hair beneath its borders, and joyed in the tint of returning health upon cheeks no longer thin and wasted; the prescribed diet had done well, but repose had done better. Richard had acted on his master's instructions, and spent more time in reading what she loved best to hear; he had also written a hymn, which, in her own way, she set to an old child-loved tune; and, frequently, while her fingers plied her netting or her knitting, she would croon over those words, dearer to her than all that Milton ever wrote, and conjure up the scenes of her girlhood to the harmony of her son's verses.

"How is it, mother?" inquired Richard, forgetting his purpose, his master, and Martha's shawl—"how is it, that when you speak of those past days, you speak so differently from what you do about other times and things, and look so handsome, dear mother? I only wish you could see how different you look, from what you did this day twelvemonth, before I got my lucky penny."

"God has been very gracious, Richard, but there is a promise: 'Yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.' I dare say I do speak differently, par-

ticularly when I speak and think of your father; he took such pains with us; but poverty lowered me every way, and it is only when I think of those days I rise again."

"But, mother, you always hoped."

"Yes, dear—" and Richard saw her old look return—"yes dear, I should have died without hope; but I don't want the hope that you will be a great writer, your master thinks it is better to print books than to make them."

"Perhaps better than either, to carry them out," answered the boy; and while his cheek flushed, a very different expression passed over his features, from that which dwelt upon his earnest brow the morning that he waited for his master's door to open.

"No, Richard, you cannot mean that," replied his mother, in simple faith that he meant what he said; "you have done a great deal more than carry out books or parcels; but I believe what Martha says is true, that you are a spoilt boy," and she passed her hand fondly over his head. "Now take the shawl to Martha, and don't laugh at her odd English, or mind her unkind words; she means well."

"And so did the old governor, who gave us the pennies! Surely I have had a good master since then; I only wish he was poor, that I might work for him;" and after some more words, and a promise to return to their new-year's dinner, mother and son separated; with her head a little bent, like a listening bird, she harkened for the sound of his footsteps in the court, and when they were no longer audible, she heaved a sigh, as those who love sweet music do when it is ended.

Richard bounded on with the freedom of a sunbeam over the snow, which had fallen as a shroud on the grave of the old year; even at that early hour it was saddened and trampled; but the youth heeded it not; it is doubtful whether he thought he walked upon snow or upon pavement.

Though his master had advised him to avoid poetry as he would a pestilence, (resolving in his own mind that he should emulate Benjamin Franklin, and become, in due time, one of the first booksellers and printers of the world,) yet he had praised one poem, and sent it, very unwisely, to a periodical; the bookseller thought it would keep his vanity down, if he signed it "By an Errand-Boy." Alas! it made him but the more vain; "the pride that apes humility" is the most dangerous of all prides. For some days afterwards, Martha and his master had reason for discontent; the boy, when his thoughts were in "the shop," was as anxious as ever to please, but it must be confessed he

now and then built castles which over-topped St. Paul's, and rendered him oblivious of his duties. No mean or sordid visions disturbed his mind; he did not dwell on the wealth, or city honours, or bewildering dinners, or pause before large houses, thinking he should like to dwell therein. He might have altogether longed for fame, had not the life of the American Franklin inclined him to utility, and taught him lessons which recalled him from the "dream land," whose threshold he had but just past. He longed to form charities, to build schools, to erect monuments, and then came the hope and prayer that his mother might live to hear him spoken of as "the great," "the good." He treasured up anecdotes of those whose fortunes have grown, as from the grain of mustard seed; but all his utilitarian views, all his benevolent projects, all he thought of or about, was poetized—the divine essence pervaded his nature—all was steeped in the poetry which may not harmonize in rhyme, but yet impregnate every thought and feeling. After one of these fashions ran Richard's thoughts, while he pushed eagerly through the streets, when he was suddenly seized by the arm, and Martha's unmistakable brogue attacked him.

"Passing the doore! is it passing the doore you are, this blessed new-year's-day? and ye'r as good as a *fat* taller than you war when you bothered the cars and the heart out of me to come in; passing the doore! there's gratitude! Not that I think of myself, but your blessed master withlin there, that's made a fair fool of you, and of himself, too, so that you should honour the ground he walks on; for many a fine boy has been led to transportation, at the very least, and may be a great deal worse, through his means (I mean the means he takes to set you up as a walking gentleman.) Passing the doore! without a 'God be with ye,' to the fine ould year that found yer mother in light, and left her dark; or a 'welcome kindly to the new,' that may see you as badly off, before its six months' ould, as yo war in the days of its grandfather."

Richard's spirits were so buoyant that he laughed. "It was stupid of me, Martha, to pass the door—a door I know so well, and love so dearly."

"Love an ould doore dearly," repeated the tormenting Martha; "listen to that, its something else you'll be loving some of these days."

The boy looked at her stolid, unsympathizing features, her hard, stoney, glittering eyes; he had grown used to them, and knew that though her words were often cruel, her acts were

always kind. "Whatever I love," he said, "I shall never cease to feel the deepest gratitude for your kindness."

"You might name the master first."

"Well, master and you are one."

In an instant a storm gathered and burst forth. "Master and I one; take care what you say, or I'll have you before the Lord Mayor himself, for defamation. *One!* we're no such thing; them clouds full of snow are not more free from spot or blemish this very moment than me, Martha Conner—an O'Brian by the mother's side, and one grandmother a born O'Donoghoo. Me! one with a tradesman! I am a servant, free to come, free to go—a servant is no slave, I can cast service off when I like—but stick a trade, with lawyer's indentures on a man's back, and there it is to the day of his death, and will sit on his grave, like a black cat, to the end of time. Me! you're an ungrateful, unchristian boy, to *even* that to me; and I want to know what you mean by it?"

Richard assured her he meant they were one in all kind deeds and thoughts, and that was all.

"Then you should learn English," she said, "you should learn your own language, before you write verses; but that's what none of them poets do, nor never did."

Richard then offered his present; Martha took it graciously, shook it out, looked at it, and smiled.

"I thought you would like green," he said, unfortunately, "because yours is the 'green isle.'"

In an instant the smile vanished. "Did I ever take a pistol to shoot the Queen? (God bless her.) Did I ever change a whole shilling into penny pieces, to break the Duke of Wellington's windows, as my cousin Judy did? Did I ever blow up the parliament house? Did you ever hear me whistle Garyowenen, or 'Orange, lie down?' Haven't you heard me tune up the Protestant boys, of a Sunday morning? Did I ever wear a leaf of a shamrogue of a St. Patrick's day? These questions followed each other with startling rapidity. "Will you answer me?" she continued, having worked herself into what people call "a temper;" "will you answer me, and not stand there, aggravating?"

"I'm sure, Martha," replied the boy, gently, "I never intended to aggravate you, I only thought—"

"That I was a rebel? thank you, young Sirs, that's just what all the English think all the Irish, little knowing the loyalty that beats hard and fast in the heart's blood of the

country; but I think you need not put the mark of a rebel on me with a *green shawl*. I didn't see your dirty meaning at first, I see it now; but I'll keep the shawl, though I am a Queen's woman, and my father was an Orangeman, I'll keep it just to show—"

Not knowing exactly what it would "show," Martha did what was very uncommon—she paused—she was at fault, though but for a moment; the youth caught at the opportunity.

"No, Martha, I bargained with the shop-keeper that if you did not like it, he should exchange it; shall I get you an orange one?"

This kindness made matters worse; nothing irritated Martha so much as proffered kindness. She "rose at it," as critics say the pit of a theatre does at a favourite actor; but this "orange" proposition added insult to injury. Her wrath was a study, though not a pleasant one; her indignation touching the green shawl was assumed. Martha cherished the green too fervently to permit it to be supposed she cared for it. Like many of her country and class, she loved the Queen, while she hated the laws, and reconciled rebellion to her conscience as a royal movement. "Sure it wasn't against the Queen at all they would stand up, but against them murdering ministers, who never let the darlint lady do as she liked, and she so heart-fond of ould Ireland; but to propose an orange shawl to her!"

"Orange!" she hissed forth two or three times, "orange! oh, the curse never fell heavy on my country till now! What did I ever do to you, to make you think I'd go out into the world with an insult to my country lapped about my shoulders? Didn't my father's being an Orangeman make him murder my poor mother, every day of her life, for twenty years? Didn't his being an Orangeman instigate him to fall down and worship that brazen king in Dublin College-green, as if he was a saint? Didn't *orange*, bad luck to it, make him turn me out, the way he did, upon the wide-wide world, because I liked the ways of my mother's people better than his ways. And you! who are you, to ask me to give up my religion, and all I love and care for in the whole world, for a bit of an orange shawl?"

"But indeed, Martha—"

"Will-you-hould-your-tongue? I never can open my mouth when you're to the forth—small wit many words. Well, can't ye *spake*? did you never see me before, that you stand there staring the eyes out of your head for nothing? who do you think likes to be stared at, that way?"

Richard turned to leave the kitchen without

speaking; she flew to the door, and looked it. "You shan't go, you shall *spake*," she exclaimed; "I'm not going to be insulted by you this way."

"Then," said Richard, *his eyes flashing fire*, "if you want to make me speak, I will speak, and you shall listen;" he laid his hands on her shoulders, and pressed her into a chair. Her eyes became fixed, her mouth opened, she was paralyzed with astonishment.

"You shall listen to me, and learn. In England, we do not care for your party-colours; I thought your heart would warm to the green, and I hoped to begin the new-year kindly. If you knew my real name, you would not easily forgive yourself for the way you have sometimes behaved."

Martha sprang to her feet, rushed back, pointing her long, lean arm towards him, and screamed—

"An imposther, an imposther! I know he was an imposther, none but an imposther could do it. I'll tell the masher, the masher shall know it!" and before Richard could prevent her, she rushed into the bookseller's little dingy sanctum, where he was calmly thinking of his messenger, and wondering if the stranger would keep his penny tryste.

It was, as I have said, the first day of the new year. Long before its arrival, the worthy bookseller had pondered, more than booksellers usually do, over Richard's poetry; he would have been well satisfied had it been plain, wholesome prose, or files of figures, problems, translations, anything but poetry; and yet, as he was a seller, not a publisher of books, and some poems sold in these days; he read such volumes as achieved popularity, and enjoyed them after his own fashion. And though he kept on shaking his head over Richard's poems, still he read them also, and turned them over and over, and wondered if sympathy could be enlisted for the young author, and if they could be got out by subscription—there was a great deal in them. "Patronage," the mildew of genius, had converted good farmer's boys and worthy peasants, gifted with small talents, into "popular poets;" wedded their verses to sweet sounds, led them ostentatiously forward as the "lions of a party," made them discontented with their cottage homes, showed them the gates of an inflated paradise, into which they could not enter, and, after a few show days and nights (during which they were treated as stalled oxen, rather than thinking, feeling men) voted them "bores;" and, having fostered their vanity, uprooted their self-respect, robbed them of the dignity of their

peasant nature, cast them back to their homes rified of their simplicity, and tainted with all the bad of the "clique" which had dragged them from obscurity, to be with, though not of, *their own* particular class or coterie. Matthew Whitelock knew nothing of this; he saw in the papers that the "Northamptonshire peasant," or the "Farmer's boy," or the "Ettrick shepherd," had been at some Lady Bluebottle's conversazione; he saw the new volume with an overwhelming list of five shilling patrons, had frequently thought how beautiful Richard's head would look as a frontispiece to his poems—it was such a fine head—and he had more than once commenced a sort of fiddling calculation with his pencil, as to what would be the *trade* cost of a volume (supposing Richard did write a whole volume). It was just a pastime, to ascertain what it would cost, bound and lettered, with gilt edges, and a famous list of subscribers, and then Richard would be sure to be lionized; and he was so well bred, naturally, he would never be awkward, like the shepherd or farmer's boy. Mr. Whitelock was a worthy, honest man—a good man—who hated slavery and Smithfield, and would have given a large donation to the baths and wash-houses, if such things had been thought of then; but it was not given him to understand the inspirations of country life, he had a great idea that people must congregate together, and talk over their poetry to each other to make it good; and Richard never would talk of anything he had written. Mr. Whitelock knew nothing of the true dignity, and silence, and solitude of genius; he fancied country folk must be "dull;" he could not have comprehended the holy happiness of a peasant-poet on the mountain, watching the coming of the stars, as first alone, and then in countless multitudes, they glorified, with their beauty, the blue firmament of heaven; he knew nothing of the excursive soul, winging from star to planet, and pouring its inspirations into the warm and breathing clay, wherein for a season and a time, *God* had commanded it to dwell. He knew nothing of the whispering voices which breathe into the poet's ear from moss and harebell, from the leaping brook, and the mysterious cells of the butterfly and the ant. His cheek had never been brushed by the transparent wing of the wavering bat, nor did the grave moth ever sit upon his hand, as if it had been the sheltering leaf of the early primrose. He had never seen the sun rise, not even from Highgate, how could he tell what it was for the shepherd to see from his mountain throne the earth flooded in glory—while every

insect and every leaf quivered with joy, and the lurk, all confiding and nothing daunted, his perfect love casting out fear, rose to meet the morning, while every other bird chorused his anthem—and he, poor town-bred man! would deem it a distinction for him, who had heard *GOD* in the thunder, and watched him in the whirlwind, yet knew that he would not smite the young lambs, and that the brood of the wild bird should continue in safety—he would consider that man, upon whom the sacred fire descended, and over whose dreams angels watched and wondered, a great, free, spiritual man, God-like, God-gifted, he would, in his own money-working way, think him honoured by an invitation, to be stared at by a sweltering multitude, or by his name being mingled with the time-serving, bought and sold paragraphs of a morning paper!

But the subscription list was, so to say, the coronet of Matthew Whitelock's hopes; yet, with it, to do him justice, came no one feeling of selfishness, it was all for Richard, and Richard's blind mother; and now mark the inconsistency, the worthy man's imagination had elevated Richard—the boy Richard—into a poet, a celebrated *boy-poet*. At all events, he had been invited and fêted, his beautiful head was engraved, the book was open in all the shop windows at the portrait; and with the money realized by the sale of the poems, Richard, forgetful of the glitter and celebrity of his fêted life, forgetful of sweet smiles and bright eyes, forgetful of *his portrait*, was to enter the murky, greasy, inky atmosphere of a printer's office, and become a second Benjamin Franklin—as if Benjamin Franklin had began life as a poet—with the millstone of a subscription list round his neck, to drag him into the mire of dependence.

Still Matthew Whitelock reasoned rather according to his knowledge than according to his ability, for he was a kind man, shrewd in some things, and seemingly simple in others—simple, because his ways and means of observation were limited. It was *his* new-year's-day, also, and he sat in his little parlour, absolutely making out the subscription list for his protégé, wondering if the gentleman would come to his penny "tryste," and also wondering if he should hear as good a sermon that new-year's-day, as he did the last; for he liked to begin the year well, and would not have "missed church" that day upon any consideration. He felt in a contented, happy mood; the world had gone well with him, and he had gone well with the world. Peter, too, looked as fat and as sleek as he had looked five years ago; and Martha, when she wished him "a happy new-year, and

a great many of them," had not marred it with her heretofore observation, of "praise to the holies that you was not found dead in your bed this blessed new-year's morning, as you may be the next, who knows! and we all grow nearer death every year of our lives! Man's but a shadda' or woman either." In fact he was disappointed when Martha disappeared without an unpleasant observation of any kind, but his disappointment was not to continue. He had just counted up two-and-thirty names, when Martha rushed into the room—

"I thought I was right, sir!" she exclaimed, "indeed, I knew I was—an imposther—a regular town-built imposther! a false name, and an orange shawl on the back of a green one, think of that! insulted both ways—and he to say, if I knew who he was—"Ir!" I wonder is it Henry the Eighth, or the Pope of Rome, or the Lord Mayor of the City of London, he wants to be? Well, I'm sure! and here he is, hot foot after me; but I may be insulted! I'm nothing but an Irish woman, such as they put in the newspaper, "No Irish need apply;" orange and green! one on one shoulder, the other on the other; to live to see it, and hear it, and all of a new-year's-day! there's only one comfort—only one—here we are, three, one ould, one middle-aged, one young! and we may never see another!"

"I am so sorry, sir, Martha should misunderstand a little token of kindness I offered

her," said Richard, apologetically, from behind the door. Now those who knew Matthew Whitelock best, never could say that he was given to jesting, but when the words, "she misunderstood a little token of kindness I offered her," were spoken, the quiet bookseller glanced up, and inquired in a voice sufficiently loud not to be mistaken—

"Was it a kiss?"

Martha answered by a scream, and tossing her arms wildly in the air, dived at once into the lower regions, declaring she would not remain in the house.

"A shawl, sir," replied Richard, blushing, "only it was unfortunately a green one, which I chose in compliment to her country, and when she objected to that, I offered to exchange it for an orange one, which seemed to make it worse. I lost my temper, I fear, a bit, which was very wrong, and said, that if she knew who I was, she would be sorry for her words."

The bookseller's face lit up, he knew, as the keeper of a circulating library, the value of a mystery, and that Richard should *be* a mystery was quite beyond his hopes. "And who are you?" inquired Matthew.

The clock broke into a little elick, to notify it was going to strike, which it did, ten times.

May I tell you when I return, sir? it is now something about the time I promised to meet the old gentleman at Covent-garden.

IDYL.

INSCRIBED TO D. O. H.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

● JOHN KEATS.

WE tore along with shriek and yell,
Through barren wastes of mounded sand;
Till, with a sweep, we came at once
Upon the level ocean strand.

Dark blue beneath the summer sky,
The windless waters stretched away,
And here and there the white-sailed ships,
Entranced with long, white shadows lay.

Still as a dream! But, as the breast
Of some sweet sleeper heaves and falls,
One long, bright surge along the beach,
Glittered and died at intervals.

Such was the hour, the scene, I said,
When Zephyr to the Paphian shore,
With Nereid song and sounding shell,
The naked, foam-born Virgin bore!

When, lo! as if the very words
 Had realized the poet's thought,
 My thirsting soul from Nature's breast
 Drank of the loveliness it sought.
 For there, upon the glimmering marge,
 Between the dusky, sea-worn rocks,
 Stood, mother-naked, in the sun,
 A little maid with golden locks.
 Sudden, as if 'twixt shame and fear,
 She turned half round with blushful grace,
 And, with a piteous smile, threw back
 The clustering tresses from her face.
 Then, with a joyous shriek, she tossed
 Her rosy, rounded arms in air,
 While, like a Mermaid's, backward streamed
 The dancing masses of her hair.
 With shout on shout, with bound on bound,
 Aloft she clapt her dimpled hands,
 And, swift as flash of living light,
 Fled gleaming seaward down the sands.
 Her white foot touched the chilly foam—
 One wild, exultant leap she gave,
 Like the winged fish of Indian seas,
 And plunged into the coming wave!
 I saw her glancing form emerge—
 I heard her breathless laughter ring
 One moment! Then once more away
 The steam-fiend rushed on murky wing!
 Away we flew—with pant and yell!
 Far from that still, secluded spot;
 But richer, purer, far that draught
 Of Beauty, ne'er to be forgot!
 —So, let us thank kind heaven, my friend,
 Who, if to us it hath refused
 That talisman, by knave and fool
 Possessed so oft—so oft abused—
 Yet, wielded by the wise and good,
 • That works such blessings in the land—
 Hath given the quick, perceptive eye,
 The thoughtful brain to understand—
 Despite the soul-corroding toil,
 And clangour of this iron age—
 The mysteries of God's finger writ
 On Nature's ever-open page;
 The chainless fancy that can track
 Creation to its fountain-springs,
 And read the lofty meanings hid,
 In what the world calls *common* things;
 The heart to *feel* the beauty shed
 O'er all—through all—from heaven above,
 And, like that heaven, to comprehend
 Creation in one clasp of love.

REMINISCENCES OF A CRUISE ON THE WESTERN COAST OF AFRICA.

DURING the month of November, 183—, I was serving as midshipman on board his Majesty's ten-gun brig, the —, then on her passage from the river Gambia to Sierra Leone; when off the Rio Pongo, the wind became very light, in fact, almost a calm.

His Majesty's brig was never at any time a good sailer; she had originally been built for blockading in the North Sea, during the late war; her draught of water was very light, thus enabling her to cruise near the shore, which, on the western coast of Africa, is a great advantage.

She was commanded by a lieutenant, with a complement of sixty officers and men; the commander, who had long served on the coast of Africa bitterly lamented her dull sailing, for he was well aware of the fast-sailing qualities of the greater part of the slavers; however, he promised us the chance of a capture, with the aid of the boats, should it fall calm off the entrances of the three rivers we were then near;—viz., the Rio Grande, Rio Nunez, and the Rio Pongo, all noted as the resort of slavers.

While in the latitude of the last named river, and just off the shoals to the westward of it, the wind entirely left us, and the sea became like a vast mirror; suddenly the look-out man at the masthead called out, "Sail right ahead." It being my watch, I was ordered up to see what I could make of the strange sail, with a telescope. After a long look, in which most of the officers joined, we came to the conclusion that she was a fore-topsail schooner, with only her upper sails visible above the horizon, evidently becalmed like ourselves; from her position she appeared to have either lately left the Rio Pongo, or was about to enter it. It being one o'clock, and the crew at dinner, nothing was done until their meal was over, when the boats, arms, and provisions were prepared, and the men told off for the cutting-out expedition, should the stranger prove suspicious and the weather remain calm. At last, it struck the officers from the masthead that the schooner appeared to near us; she was standing towards the brig, but as far as the eye could reach, not a ripple appeared on the horizon.

The schooner still neared us, until her hull was visible from the masthead. Various were the conjectures now amongst the officers and men as to what the strange vessel could be;

those who had previously been on the coast, said, it could not be a slaver, for slavers always keep a look-out man at the masthead, and generally see the cruisers as soon as they are seen themselves, and then make the best of their way off.

The schooner still approached fast; at last the look-out man at the masthead called out, that he now could see the hull, and also that the stranger was *sweeping* towards us—this accounted for the rapid approach. All hopes of promotion and prize-money were now at an end; no slaver, the commander said, would thus throw himself in the way of a man-of-war; it must be some vessel in distress.

I had now an excellent view of the stranger from the masthead, with a powerful telescope of the commander's; her snow-white canvas, large sails, and low, black hull, with the rapid movement of the sweeps on the smooth, glass-like surface of the sea, were all distinctly visible. The schooner being now in sight from the deck, and still nearing us, the commander ordered the master to take a boat, and see what was required. The whale-boat, a very fast-pulling one, was accordingly selected; moreover, from being painted white, it would not be noticed so easily as the others which were black. The master left with eight men, well armed, and pulled in the direction of the schooner, now not more than three miles distant, still sweeping towards us, the weather calm as before. Everything on board was ready for hoisting out the pinnace—men all prepared at a moment's notice. The schooner, which could now be plainly seen, was a beautiful vessel, with a very low, black hull, painted with a thin, white streak; her deck appeared crowded with men. The whale-boat rapidly neared her, when suddenly the schooner, about two miles distant, altered her course, and commenced sweeping away in the opposite direction, at the same time firing guns at the whale-boat. From the first manœuvre and wreath of smoke seen on board the schooner, all had been excitement with us; the pinnace was immediately hoisted out, and hastened to the assistance of the whale-boat, the schooner opening her fire on both boats, and sweeping away towards the shoals at the entrance of the Rio Pongo.

It was approaching sunset; there being little or no twilight in the tropics—and as there were indications of a light air from the

westward, which would favour the schooner, without making much impression on our dull-sailing brig, the chances of success were very much against us. In the meantime the chase continued; the boats at first rapidly gaining on the schooner, and the latter firing with greater precision at them.

After sunset, a light air enabled the schooner to get away a little from the boats; but our men pulled away, cheering each other. It soon became quite dark; two men were seriously wounded in the pinnace, the schooner keeping up an incessant fire of great guns and musketry. The brig showed her position by occasionally burning blue lights and firing rockets, and the effect of the firing from the schooner and boats, in the dark, was very singular to those on board the brig. The boats now began to near the schooner, when the bows of the pinnace were pierced by three grape shot, and one of our best men, an old quarter-master, shot through both thighs; the whale-boat now pulled for the larboard side of the schooner, and the pinnace for the starboard, the marines picking off the crew of the schooner, when they became visible by the flashes of their musketry. Both boats now got close to the schooner, the shouts of the captain, urging his crew for a last effort, could be plainly heard; and just as the pinnace got alongside, three more of our men were laid in the bottom of the boat, seriously, but not mortally wounded, and on the whale-boat touching the other side, a marine was shot through the arm; as the men jumped up from the boats, a gun, that was pointed into the pinnace, missed fire, this was the last shot attempted to be fired from the schooner; the resistance of the crew was of short duration, they were soon overpowered, our men being exasperated by the long pull and the sight of their wounded messmates. A Frenchman, who had steered the vessel during the chase, made a most desperate resistance; he had been twice shot before the boats boarded, and was not overpowered until he had shown himself worthy of a better cause; he never left his station until he fell covered with wounds.

Several of the crew jumped overboard, the slaves below made a dreadful noise; one of the crew who had been cut down, fell across the grating of the slave-room, his blood dropping on the slaves below, roused them to madness. The crew were soon driven off the upper deck, many had thrown themselves into the sea, and were drowned, the remainder hid themselves below in the forepart of the vessel, sentries were immediately placed over the hatchways.

The light air having freshened into a breeze from the westward, the schooner, now our prize, was steered towards his Majesty's brig.

The master and one of my messmates were wounded, not seriously, seven of our men badly, and four slightly. The first care was to collect the crew of the slaver, several of whom remained on deck badly wounded; those who were in the forepart refused to come on deck, it was not until one had been wounded with a bayonet that they came up; they seemed a very villainous set of ruffians.

But where was the captain? at last he was found in his berth in the cabin, under two mattresses, entreating for quarter as our men dragged him from his hiding-place; he had urged his crew until our men boarded; it was he who attempted to fire the last gun, which, in the hurry, from the cartridge not being pricked, missed fire, then he had rushed below and hid himself. Had that gun gone off, the pinnace's fate would have soon been decided, for it was pointed right into the boat.

Upon being questioned, the captain, a Portuguese, said, his vessel had left the Rio Pongo the evening before, that he was bound for the island of Boa Vista, one of the Cape Verde Islands, with 180 slaves, which were to be shipped on board a large vessel bound to the Brazils, and after delivering the first cargo, he was to return to the river for another; his crew consisted of fifty-six men besides the officers, they were chiefly Spaniards and Portuguese; upon being asked why he swept his vessel towards us, he said, he thought we were one of the outward-bound English merchant vessels going to Sierra Leone for a cargo of timber, and that he wanted to purchase an anchor and cable; he had no idea we were a man-of-war, until he saw the boat pulling towards him. There is no doubt, from what was afterwards found in the vessel, that he committed piracy as well as slave dealing, whenever chance favoured him, and had he found us a trading vessel, ours would not have been an enviable position.

During the struggle on the schooner's deck, a Spaniard, who had jumped overboard, swam to the pinnace—which, with the whale-boat, was fastened to the schooner's stern, and contained all our wounded men who were unable to get up the vessel's side—his life was spared by the old quarter-master. A painful thing happened at the same time: a seaman, who had never seen a slaver, hearing the dreadful noise below, fired into the woman slave-room, and wounded a poor young woman with an infant at her breast, fortunately not a very

severe wound. At eight o'clock, p.m., the schooner was alongside the brig, three hearty cheers were exchanged; the commander had been very anxious about the boats after the firing ceased, as it was a very dark night, and nothing could be seen of either schooner or boats. The wounded men and the schooner's crew were now brought on board the brig, the boats were hoisted in, and both vessels made sail for Sierra Leone, the schooner with a temporary prize crew on board for the night.

The senior mate, myself, and ten men were ordered to be ready to go on board the schooner at daylight, to navigate her to Sierra Leone; the senior mate was selected from having served on the coast of Africa before, he had also taken two prizes to Sierra Leone from the Bight of Benin. The poor young woman was the first attended to by the doctor; she bore the probing and dressing of her wound without a murmur—everything was done to make her comfortable. The prisoners were all placed on the after part of the quarter-deck, with sentries to guard them, except the wounded, who were all taken below, and attended to with our own men; two of them—the second mate, a Spaniard, and the Frenchman, mentioned before—were so dreadfully wounded, that the doctor had no hopes of their living through the night. I went to my hammock exhausted with the excitement of the day, but sleep was out of the question; beneath my hammock, on a mattress, was stretched the powerful frame of the Frenchman, he must have been upwards of six feet high, and stout in proportion, but was so disfigured as hardly to look like a human being, entreating every one that came near to give him a loaded pistol, or to put an end to his sufferings; everything that could possibly be done to relieve him was tried. I was obliged to go on deck again, for having lately left school in France, every word he uttered was painfully intelligible to me.

At daylight, the schooner was close to on our lee quarter, with hardly any sail set, and then with difficulty keeping her station, although we had all sail set. I thought her the most beautiful vessel I had ever seen, her masts raked very much, and she appeared to cut the water without throwing any ripple from her bows, the hull was very low, and the sides smooth and rounded. I afterwards found that many of the slavers on the coast of Africa were precisely the same style of vessel, chiefly built in America, and differing very little, except in the rig and interior arrangements, from the transatlantic yacht which has lately put so many of ours to the blush. The commander

now came on deck, ordered sail to be shortened, and the brig hove-to; the prize crew were ordered up, a boat was lowered, and the prize-master having received his orders, we left for the schooner. On our arrival, the officers and men who had been in charge during the night, returned to the brig, when the Portuguese captain, the steward, and the cook of the slaver were sent to accompany us; sail was then made, and both vessels in company shaped their courses for Sierra Leone. The captain remained sitting abaft, in sullen silence, the cook cheerfully commenced preparing the slaves' morning meal, and the steward coffee for us; our men were busily employed in cleaning the decks, and removing the traces of the last evening's work.

The schooner on deck was a beautiful vessel, her width was very great near the centre, and gradually tapered away to a very sharp bow, giving her, on looking down from the mast-head on her deck, the form of a wedge; she was armed with a long brass twenty-four-pounder, on a sweep, between the foremast and mainmast; it could be pointed in almost any direction, and was a well-finished piece of ordnance; there was also a twenty-four-pounder carronade, which could be transported from side to side, it was still loaded, and on the charge being drawn, was found to contain, besides grape shot, two bagsful of rusty nails; the cartridge had not been pricked in the hurry, and being made of stouter material than is generally used, the gun missed fire, and saved the pinnace's crew; there was a complete set of small arms, cutlasses, and boarding pikes, all in good order.

The slaves' breakfast being now ready, the iron bars were removed from the hatchways, and they all came on deck; they were counted, and made to sit in circles of ten—the women and girls on the quarter-deck, and the men and boys before the mainmast—there were seventy of the former, and one hundred and ten of the latter, all in a complete state of nudity, except five of the best-looking women, who wore flaming-coloured scarfs round their waists, and from the place they selected on the quarter-deck, appeared to have been favourites of the captain and his officers. In the meantime the boiled rice was placed in tin pans, one in the centre of each circle, none daring to commence eating until the signal was given, which was done when all had been served; they appeared a fine, healthy, and muscular set of slaves, having suffered very little from confinement; they had only been shipped two days, and none of the men were put in irons—

as is the case in most slavers—the captain, probably, thinking that the strength of his crew was sufficient protection; moreover, the slaves were always sent below after their meals, except a few of the most intelligent who were kept to work on deck, and attend to their fellow-captives.

At a later period, I witnessed much misery in captured slavers, from the negroes being sickly, and on the vessels being first taken, the greater part of the men were shackled two and two by the legs, in some instances, a living to a dead man. After the slaves had finished their meal, half were sent below, and the remainder allowed to stop on deck, which was a great boon to the poor creatures, for so closely packed were they on the lower deck, that it must have been awful; there was not room for a full-grown person to sit upright without touching the beams. The prize-master and myself lived as comfortably as could be expected under such circumstances, taking our meals and sleeping on deck, which was far preferable to the close cabin; the captain messed with us, but was not allowed to hold any communication with either his men or the slaves. In looking over the contents of the lockers in the cabin, we found English cheeses, bottled porter, pickles, and various articles that looked very much as if they had lately come out of an English merchant vessel; there was a good stock of champagne, claret, and preserves, the coops on deck were full of poultry, showing that the Portuguese captain and his officers were fond of good living, and to all of which we did ample justice. In one of the lockers was a quantity of loose powder, which was immediately thrown overboard, the steward, a Spaniard, who could speak a little French, told me, that during the chase, the captain kept him and the cook in the cabin filling cartridges; the locker was filled with loose powder from the magazine under the cabin. It is a mercy that, during the scuffle, the cabin was not fired into, otherwise all would have been blown up. In the afternoon, the slaves had another meal, and the half that had been on the lower deck in the morning were allowed to remain on deck, the others being sent below. During our dinner, the children used to come and sit on the deck, at a respectful distance, eagerly watching every mouthful that we took, and when we had finished, the steward would divide the remainder between them, not forgetting some of the ladies. In the evening, the slaves had their last meal, and then were all sent below, as their being on deck at night would

have interfered with the working of the vessel.

The same daily routine was followed with the slaves; my messmate, the prize-master, from his previous knowledge, having managed everything so well that we had very little trouble. Nothing particular transpired until the morning of the fourth day, when we saw the high land of Sierra Leone; having a fine breeze from the westward, we rapidly neared the land; we were ordered to keep astern of the brig, and it was only by almost taking in all sail that we could keep our station. On looking for the schooner's colours, to hoist, we found English, French, Spanish, and American ensigns, besides the Portuguese, which we hoisted, as the captain's papers were of that nation, although he used the other flags when it suited his convenience.

It being the fine season, everything looked cheerful as we approached the anchorage; the red soil here and there covered with masses of large trees, looked very picturesque, and the houses, surrounded by large verandahs, had a pleasing effect. We were soon at anchor off the town, and visited by boats filled with sable washerwomen, dressed in the European style, with gay, many-coloured handkerchiefs tied round their heads, which set off to advantage their black, shining faces and snow-white teeth, all chattering together, soliciting our custom, and offering pine apples, bananas, oranges, guavas, and other choice fruit for sale; one of them, a fat jovial personage, after selling us some fruit, amused us by calling out, "I say, you small white officer, what for you no make de ladies dress: I 'apose dem clothes all packed for de wash." This was a common joke of her's, for she was a liberated African, and had arrived at Sierra Leone, some years before, in the same light-marching order, but by means of a happy disposition and industrious habits, in selling fruit and washing clothes, had secured a competency for herself. Washing here is a profitable trade, as so much white clothing is worn, and the charge, when I was there, was three shillings a dozen. The officers of the Mixed Commission Court now came on board, to examine the documents and the vessel; the Liberated African Department authorities also came to make preparations for the landing of the slaves, which took place after their dinner. They appeared to leave the schooner with regret, many of them kissing our hands as they went over the side into the boats sent for them: they were taken to a large building fitted for their reception by the Liberated African Department, clothing was given to



them, and they were subsequently apprenticed to different trades in the colony.

I went on board the brig to see my messmates and hear the news: the wounded were progressing favourably, they were to be sent to the military hospital that day; I found that the Frenchman had died the morning we went on board the schooner, and the Spanish mate in the afternoon—both were buried at sea. On going to see the old quarter-master—who was a great favourite of mine, from being in the same watch—he told me that they were to be accompanied to the hospital by the commander's black cook, a loquacious West Indian, who not having quite got over the excitement of the capture, had the day before spoiled the commander's dinner, for which he was threatened to be flogged; and, during a violent altercation with the commander's steward, had upset a kettle of boiling water over his legs and feet, which confined him to his hammock.

When the men were carried up to the hospital in cots, through the town, the cook groaned lustily, and showing his woolly head occasionally above the cot, excited all the sympathy of the black population who crowded the streets to see the procession. On arriving at the hospital, and after the men were made comfortable in the wards, he cunningly told the black officials, that the severe scald was occasioned by his gallantry in trying to be the

first to board the schooner; in the hurry, he had jumped into a large tub of boiling rice that had been prepared for the slaves, and left near the gangway; of course, his story was listened to with admiration by his hearers, to the great indignation of his shipmates, who would have made him a good hospital case, had they been able to get hold of him. The schooner was delivered over to the Mixed Commission Court to be condemned as a prize; the captain, his officers, and crew were landed, under a strong guard, and lodged in a jail to await their trial as pirates; the wounded were placed in the hospital attached to the prison. Having completed water and provisions, we sailed for the cruising ground allotted to us by the commodore. On our return to Sierra Leone, some months after, we received the news that the master had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant for his gallant conduct, a gratifying thing for him, as it is very unusual to promote officers from one line to the other; the Portuguese captain, and the two surviving officers, were to be imprisoned in their own country for life, and the remainder of the crew at Sierra Leone, for one year. The schooner was bought by a merchant and sent to England with a cargo, and on her passage out from Liverpool, heavily laden, is supposed to have foundered in the Bay of Biscay during a heavy gale, for she was never heard of again.

SEA-NYMPHS.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Bravely ride the Ocean-Daughters,
When tempests lash the bounding waters;
Their music then is the thunder's crash,
And their midnight torch the lightning flash;
They garland then their reeking locks
With waves that are torn from streaming rocks;
And as he sees them shine through the gloom,
The mariner deems them wreaths of foam,
And breathes a prayer that the next wild wave
May not prove his gallant vessel's grave.

Gracefully ride the Ocean-Daughters,
When moonlight floods the sleeping waters;
Then the lotus that opens at night
Is wreathed in their tresses soft and bright;
The breeze that kisses the swelling sea
Is their low but joyous minstrelsy;
And they snatch at the stars when they see them
glow
In the liquid depths of the tide below;
Or chase the sword-fish in merry glee,
As they dart through the still waves wild and free.

But fairest far are the Ocean-Daughters,
When noontide sleeps on the quivering waters;
They cluster then like breathing flowers
On their watery couch in those dreamy hours;
Whispering soft tales 'mid the listening waves
Of the sea-gods who dwell in their coral caves—
Tales such as earthly maidens tell
Of those whom they love, and who love them
well;

One to the other murmuring low,
What must not be heard in the depths below.

Crowned with pearls, and draped in mist,
Tenderly by the sunbeams kissed,
Just where the rainbow spans the sea,
A triad of these sisters see!
Naught reck they of the cark and care,
Of the toiling earth, or the fitful air;
Dreams of love, and forms of grace,
Fill up for them the realms of space:
And blithely o'er the heaving waters,
Swell out the song of the Ocean-Daughters.

BIRDS IN CAPTIVITY.*

THE GOLDEN ORIOLE.

(Oriolus Galbula.)

THIS is the only species of the genus ever seen in Europe. Arriving towards the end of spring, it visits Italy, Spain, France, and Germany. Individuals have been observed in England; and Mr. Thompson, in his work on the birds of Ireland, mentions the golden oriole to have been seen in the county Wexford, and at Dungarvan, male and female adults. It is imported to this country, for captivity, from America; yet I have never remarked the semblance of migratory impulse in the oriole.

There have been many disputes as to its classification: while the *tarsi* and broad toes approximate it to the rollers, the bill, more decidedly typical, ranks it with the shrikes and flycatchers. Most authorities agree in saying the crow tribe (*coraces*) appropriate it, while, assuredly, its habits and general aspect have alliance with the thrush family; in support of which it has been called "the golden thrush," and I have been credibly informed it is "the blackbird of America." Treating with becoming reverence all scientific disputes, I must truly assert the petted caged oriole to be at least first cousin to the jackdaw, as indicated by its predatory tendencies, and more than kin to the starling in his murderous propensities. His comical ways are his own, and "none can be his parallel."

The "o'er-true tale" of my own "Diavolo" will redeem the general character of a much calumniated and undervalued race. Cultivate his affections, and your reward will be commensurate. So intelligent is he, that I am inclined to believe his not using oral language is owing to neglect in his early days. Our transatlantic visitors never arriving until the autumn, their first winter in confinement is a season of suffering.

"Diavolo" was a bird *comme il y en a peu*! To the exclusive lovers of melody I cannot address myself, for my golden friend reminded me of "the flaxen-headed ploughboy, that whistled o'er the lea;" joyous in his cage, as if perched upon the forest tree; as mischievous and as loving as any biped, whether of the feathered kind, or "the cooking animal," he had all the curious gestures of the star; emancipated from his abode at breakfast-time,

he amused himself by peeping into covered bowls and teapots; during these thievish invasions, he carefully tested the temperature of liquids, by spilling a few drops, and drinking thereof. A favourite amusement was hiding keys; the inconvenient result—when only "echo answered, where!"—induced me to adopt a covered basket, placing it on a bracket. Forthwith, "Diavolo" entered it, and ensconced himself therein, occasionally peeping forth, to see into the state of affairs, and to whistle. My pet delighted in dropping a silver thimble, and keys, into the milk-vessels that were hung in the aviary-cage, about the inhabitants of which he was dangerously curious, plucking at wings carelessly spread out by their owners towards the wires; his especial animosity being directed against a smaller bird of his own colour, another species, the Baltimore oriole.

On my approaching his cage, he uttered the most joyous cries, alighted on my hand, cat hempseed from my lips, yet, to strangers, he showed anger, and every inclination to do battle *à l'outrance*. He went about as he liked, bathed, and dried his black and yellow garment on the fender, turning his back to the fire. "Diavolo's" anger at any shining object was laughable; he showed intense dislike to boots, whereas he liked any other reflection, and had a looking-glass in his residence. A remarkable contraction of the eyes took place when he was excited, and he rolled out his notes rapidly, and with discordance.

I have seen a tame and beautiful oriole, in the possession of Sir Philip Crampton. It is only my genuine love for birds that I can adduce as an apology for an unpermitted mention of a name bearing a more than European reputation, also connected with the most important subjects of zoology. It added to my pleasure, during the interviews with which I was honoured, to see the attachment of this noble-looking bird: he flew to the writing-table for heath, and was perfectly familiar.

The golden oriole is decidedly omnivorous: his cage-treatment should assimilate to that of the soft-billed birds of the thrush and ouzel genera. I fed mine upon German paste and roll-crums, or plain bun and biscuit, upon which boiled milk had been poured. Occasionally, I gave a meal of soaked bread and crushed hempseed. Grated bullock's liver was sometimes added to the German paste preparation; but I found scraped raw beef, or sheep's heart, on

* Continued from page 21.

every occasion, more suitable, the liver producing thirst. Raw meat is essential to this class of birds. Orioles eat hemp and canary-seed: they do not partake of prepared food with avidity, but seem to prefer picking at all provisions in turn. Fruits, especially cherries and oranges, are most welcome, also berries; to the ordinary green food, except grasses and heaths, they are indifferent. I was advised to add fine granite (called freestone) to the sand usually provided. "Diavolo" drank milk constantly, and seldom approached the water-vessel. He bathed with great apparent enjoyment. On one occasion, he opened, with some dexterity and trouble, a meal-worm jar, and devoured the contents—no small quantity. I was called too late to the rescue: he stood in bold defiance, crying loudly, with angry gestures, and a harsh scolding tone, which they adopt when thwarted. The day before my poor bird met with an accidental death, by falling from a window, we had a very angry altercation on the subject of figs! I brought a supply home next day; the draught from an open door caught the heavy cage—it fell—the sufferer was dead from fright before he reached the pavement. One drop of his heart's-blood fell on my hand; I thought *his* heart still beat—it was my own! His loss nearly cured me of keeping pets. He was my *greatest* favourite; and five years have not obliterated the pang of reproach and regret I then suffered.

I heard also of another well-nurtured oriole. He was allowed the range of the lawn, and was recalled by the voice of his mistress, and left the high trees in an avenue, allured home by mealworms. He affected to lie dead on the hand, and performed many tricks. It died suddenly, but was a fine young bird.

I have been induced to advocate the oriole's cause, because he is not sufficiently appreciated. He is reproached for not singing. "It is not given to every one to go to Corinth," is the Greek proverb. To the mere lover of songsters I cannot recommend him; but his joyous whistle is worth much that is called melody. To travestie Alexander's memorable compliment to Diogenes—if I were not a nightingale, I would be an oriole.

All the individuals of this species are not equally diverting: these birds require notice and great kindness, otherwise even their *fa-rouche* propensities lie dormant, and they exist in a state of fat contented ignorance. One imported with mine, lived and died uncultivated; year after year his plumage grew brighter—being orange at first; mine was

bright yellow. Hence I conclude the change of colour to be the result of increasing age.

On inquiry in London, I have been surprised to find the number on sale so few. Liverpool is the mart for American birds, yet the demand is not great for orioles. Their price is at all seasons high, varying from fifty to sixty shillings; and the subject is *incomprise*, therefore the demand is not great.

The Baltimore oriole and the orchard oriole are of this genera: the former is a handsome specimen, often caged, is ornamental and gentle, without any decided characteristics; the latter is called "the bastard." And I here take the opportunity of introducing a correct and excellent observation of an ornithologist, as remarkable for refinement as for fidelity of narrative, that "specific names, to be perfect, ought to express some peculiarity not common to others of the genus, and should be consistent with truth." This word, like that of "goat-sucker," is ridiculous, and calculated to perpetuate the error from which it originated; and, I may add, is, like any other popular error, a gross absurdity.

"The African golden oriole" is a splendid yellow bird; "the small-billed oriole," and "the Cape black-capped oriole," complete the species.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

(*Motucilla Luscinia.*)

"Hark! 'tis the vesper hymn of some sweet bird,
Chanting his evening lay to yon bright star,
The while, the plaintive cadence soothes his mate."

THIS, the sweetest warbler of the feathered tribe, combining in his notes all that is pre-eminent in song, is unrivalled among British birds for the volume, compass, and quality of his voice. A native of the South, the nightingale visits England in April—the period of their arrival will vary by a fortnight in some localities—travelling by night, and appearing singly; the females follow about ten days later. On the eve of being mated, which takes place about a week after the point of destination has been attained, "sweet Philomel" pours forth his song of love and joy.

Nightingales are by no means generally distributed. Individuals settle in the southern counties of England, and as far north as York and Carlisle; are never seen in Cornwall, Wales, Scotland, or Ireland—while, on the Continent, they proceed farther north, even to Sweden and Russia.* Audobon, in one of his

* Dr. Clarke mentions Moscow especially. This intelligent traveller says that nightingales are there heard during the night, making the city resound with the melody of the forest.

charming narratives of birds, makes this observation:—"There exists a singular arrangement of Nature relative to singing birds of all sorts—it is this: I have never met with birds truly migratory—by which I mean birds that visit countries, from which they retire as soon as their young are able to travel—that ever sing in confinement during winter in the countries to which they had migrated to breed, though they sing in the country to which they return to spend the winter." The nightingale bears out this observation, for it does not exhibit its vocal power in confinement until after the spring moult.

Mr. Thompson, in a late work, has enumerated at least twenty-four well-known specimens of birds that summer with us, and winter south of the Mediterranean. The nightingale takes his departure from the middle of September to the end of that month. This bird is heard in the greatest perfection towards the east; and his voice declines in sweetness as it migrates north and west: hence, London amateurs prefer the nightingales of Surrey to those of Middlesex. The Italian birds excel the French, and the latter surpass the English nightingale; whereas Persia and Greece can boast of an undoubted superiority over all other countries. In the East, nightingales are not migratory; but from all parts of Europe they retire to Asia and Africa.

I have, contrary to my usual practice, entered into the peculiarities of a bird in its wild state, and have done so advisedly, as all the facts detailed tend to its efficient management in a state of captivity. The migratory impulses (which have never yet been satisfactorily explained) are especially developed in "the various-voiced bird"—the theme of Hesiod, Virgil, and Pliny, of old—the admired of our own poets, Milton and Shakespeare. The nightingale, if I may so express myself, has more *character* than any other bird. No writer on the subject has succeeded in accounting for its choice of *habitat*; climate has no attraction, food no peculiar charm; attempt to acclimatize him, and he returns no more. The direct agency of God is here obvious: there are impulses given, independent of common causes, and through the aid of a higher intelligence. These impulses ought to point out that emigrants are unfit for domestication; that the cage is more than their prison—it is their mausoleum! The unsupported advocacy of a single reasoner on a subject where there is a traffic in opposition, would prove as useless a piece of labour as the task of Sisyphus. Let us proceed to incarceration. Virgil and other classic poets

have characterized the strains of the "solemn bird" as a *miserable carmen*. Subsequent observations have more justly prized his excellent powers of song—lively, and full of vivacity, and with but a few notes of a melancholy tone, "he all night long his amorous descant sings." Proud and shy, he loves only his own wild airs; his song is Nature's masterpiece; he refuses instruction; certain of perfection, he bears no rivalry.

The management of this class of warblers is altogether a task of difficulty; simply that the food provided is of necessity unnatural, and that their impulses being under restraint, they grieve and suffer. As the time approaches for flight, their trouble, and that of their captors, increases. I heard from an amateur of strict veracity, and an enthusiast in his attachment to songsters, that on one occasion his nightingale rushed night and day through his cage, without taking any food for twelve days. On the thirteenth, he lay still, and apparently dead; his protector moistened the bird's beak, soaked Naples biscuit, and placed it in it crumb by crumb. After a time of watchful anxiety, he gave signs of life, raised his head for a mealworm, and was gradually restored. He lived some years afterwards. Yet, all this suffering, where instinct would fain burst the prison-bars, is but an evidence of man's selfishness.

The only chance for passing over the migratory period, is to have previously treated your bird judiciously, as to food and quietness. It is at roosting time that restlessness is most apparent: if a candle is taken suddenly into the room where the nightingale is, at the migratory seasons, it will cause great disturbance—the poor prisoner bends his neck backwards, beats his head against the cage-top, and looks anxiously upwards. By this and other signs, it is supposed that moonlight is the time chosen for flight. The dispositions of this bird vary much; none bear interruption to their habits, nor disturbance of any kind; yet some are more cheerful than others, liking to be hung in a window. Some like the society of man and their own species; others, sulky, affect the reverse. These tendencies demand indulgence for a subject so delicate.

I do not approve (except for newly-caught birds) of the system of trappings about the cage, to darken it—captivity is enough, "without poking fun at it." A good nightingale, judiciously treated, will not fail to sing, both early and late, but never at night, unless the moon is at its full, the weather and sky serene—indeed, it is most likely they will cease to

sing in confinement an hour or two after sunset. The mode adopted for quieting this bird, when first caged, (and if taken after he has been mated he will surely die,) is to place him—previously tying the tips of his wings—in a cage, the top, sides, and back of which are made of wood; paste over the front a covering of tissue-paper, and feed the bird from a trough, or pan, placed on a level with the sand-drawer; also, the drinking-vessel to be so arranged as not to require to open the cage-door; feed the bird from the bottom, not looking at him, *at the same hour daily*. After the third day, he will go down at once to feed, and the paper may be torn away by degrees, by which time he will have become tame.

With reference to food, I furnish the *formule* found to be most successful, premising that the *best* is far removed from nature; and this observation holds good with regard to all artificial preparations for birds that are not granivorous. Press the yolk of a hard-boiled egg once through an iron sieve, pour on it a few drops of water, sufficient to form a paste, scrape an equal quantity of juicy raw beef, and mix all together; the consistence should not be heavy, or the bird will not feed freely, nor too light, or it will cause weakness. If your bird is not fat, the water may be omitted. In autumn, they fatten much, and should be given mealworms and spiders three times a week; when the swollen appearance declines, keep the bird warm; likewise, if inclined to leanness, give figs, chopped finely, and mixed with the ordinary food, but discontinue them when not needed.

The great difficulty in treating of food arises from the evils of confinement, causing indigestion to this bird especially. Those so fed I have heard sing gloriously, have moulted well, and at this writing have a plumage smooth as marble; one especially shows a bold front, advances towards his kind master, and distinguishes him, gazing at strangers with a shy aspect. It is a scandal to impugn the appearance of the nightingale: his dress is of sober brown; his shape elegant; his gait is proud and graceful; his eyes are full of inquiry and intelligence, not observable to careless persons, but in accordance with the true harmony of nature; his grave aspect protects him; with a bright coat, and throat of the most perfect music—what chance would he have? In confinement, his appearance varies with the care he may enjoy; smoky, close rooms will darken his plumage, and improper food destroy his elastic gait.

There is another kind of food sometimes

adopted—German paste, and parboiled sheep's heart—the latter free from fat. It is my opinion, that the ingredients composing the paste are too rich for a bird so delicate as the present subject. Some birds (branchers, so called from the time they leave their nests until they migrate in autumn) are brought to thrive on this strong food; but it is doubtful if they are long-lived. The first-named food should be given *fresh*, twice a day—in summer, morning and mid-day, or the meat will have become tainted, and injure the feeder. Ants—their eggs—and ants' mould are desirable; mealworms allowed occasionally, principally when, as is frequently the case, their appetites fail, at the migratory season; as an article of daily food, they are hurtful, producing restlessness, and distaste for other food. The greatest cleanliness to be observed in scalding the feeding-vessels and scouring the sand-drawer; and the cages to be so constructed as not to require to disturb them from the wall during the process.

In summer, the drinking vessels should be renewed twice, daily; in winter, every day, and, if possible, the amateur should perform these attentions at a regular hour, noticing his captive all the time, who will become familiar or sulky, according to the modicum of attention proffered; not that the nightingale will permit the familiarities that a seed-eating bird would meet half-way, his dignity would be at fault.

The skin of this bird being porous and very tender, care must be taken with reference to bathing. In winter, he should not be allowed a greater supply of water than the drinking-vessel contains, and at no time should he be allowed to bathe if the temperature be below 70°, and the sun not shining; it is perhaps best on all occasions to take the chill off the water; an ardent desire common to migrants to wash himself will cause this bird to wash, and soak, and shiver, day after day, till he dies; paralysis is a frequent consequence of winter bathing to many of this species.

The nightingale is subject to loss of sight if the room is kept below temperate, a moderate heat is best suited to their constitution; many mistaken opinions have induced the adoption of a high artificial temperature, which has proved fatal. During moult, their digestion is temporarily impaired, give additional ants, ants' eggs, and mealworms, also a spider, and some iron or saffron water; if melancholy, dissolve sugar candy in the drinking vessel, and provide suitable food—this care will cheer and keep him healthy—of insects, these birds eat all but the hairy caterpillar; the young larvae

in the combs of wasps and hornets, is his favorite food.*

Like the black-cap, robin, and thrush species, the nightingale feeds on juicy berries, especially towards the autumnal migratory season. This is but little noted by amateurs; by a trifling degree of trouble they might be preserved in summer, by drying the berries and fruits in the sun that have been previously threaded with a needle; in cold weather, dip them daily in tepid water, when they will swell, recover a portion of their colour, and be taken with avidity by your bird. The coleopterous insects may be also preserved; meal-worms can be purchased, or "raised," by the possessor of soft-billed birds. A clever writer made this pithy observation, that the nightingale, not being an egg-sucker, the provision of an hard-boiled egg is unnatural as staple food.

The scales must be removed once a year from the feet of the nightingale; for gout, use fresh butter; for cramps, hartshorn and oil.

Owing to carelessness in feeding, fibrous matter from meat will sometimes collect round the tongue, causing the appearance of choking, in such case, open the beak very gently with a flat stick, and remove the obstruction.

I have now given the fullest instruction for the treatment of this favourite songster, and conclude by advising no one to keep nightingales who has not sedentary occupations, with spare time and patience.

Abler pens than mine have vainly tried to describe the preparation of the nightingale for the hymn of nature—the soft breathings of love and joy—the strains poured forth amidst

the solemn quiet of evening, and in welcoming in the approaching morn,

"Where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake,
Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song."

Izaak Walton's eulogy runs thus:—"The nightingale breathes such sweet music out of her† little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think that miracles had not ceased. He, that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, 'Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou afforded to bad man such music on earth!'"

Some idea of the superiority of this songster will be afforded, when it is related that the Hon. Daines Barrington, in his table of the comparative merits of birds, with regard to their notes—twenty being the point of perfection—states the nightingale's to be nineteen in mellowness, nineteen in plaintiveness, nineteen in compass, nineteen in duration, and fourteen in sprightliness.

The *Encyclopædia Britannica* pronounces this bird to sing but ten weeks in the year in a wild state, and ten months in captivity; the error is evident, were it confirmed, the voices of birds would arise more from sorrow than from joy; authority and experience demonstrate that he sings from the time he is mated until the period when the young are hatched, his note then changes to a low hoarse note, expressive of anxiety: soon afterwards he departs.

MOSSFOOT, THE DEMON OF THE RED MAN.

[We extract this article from our able contemporary of New York—*The Literary World*. It occurs in the course of a series entitled *Honae Sketches*, and is from the pen of the author of *The Yemassee*. We so rarely meet a fairy tale of the New World, that our readers will, we are sure, thank us for transferring this to our pages.]

"THE car stops! what can be the matter? There is a screw loose somewhere."

* It is a great error to feed nightingales on flies, they disorganize the digestion of this bird; the consequences have been so suddenly fatal as to induce the supposition that the insects had partaken of poison. The sole remedy is to strew the sand-drawer with ant-mould and ants, scatter a little

Sure enough, there was a screw loose; and, our engineer, with his assistants, was soon busy hammering and tinkering at the wheels of the iron horse. The delay threatened to be a serious one; and the passengers were soon to be seen, white and black, tumbling out in all directions. Our party of four followed the general example, and strolled off to a little hillock, freshly strewn with the decaying

German paste on the surface of his food as usual (which he will shun), and continue the ants until he quite recovers.

† It is here observable that our quaint old favourite adopts the feminine gender. The female sings sweetly, but not so powerfully as to attract.

leaves of the forest, where we cast ourselves down, waiting events. The woods were still clothed in a most glorious garniture. The trees immediately about us were scrubby oaks, each of which was caparisoned like a young prince in crimson, waiting to be crowned. In the back-ground rose up a pine thicket, solemnly dark in its uniform depth of green. We mused for awhile, and at length naturally resumed the subjects of previous conversation.

"Woods and forests seem to be proper places to be haunted," was the remark of one of our companions. "But the spirits, or elves, or fairies, change their character according to the degree of civilization in a country. The English fairies were tricky and playful spirits, full of mischievous fun and fancy, but not malignant. The German elves were demons; and the Brownies of Scotland were scarcely less so—quite as rough, certainly, if less frightful and diabolical. The forest and wild are possessed by demons; the woods by fairies. This seems to be the difference."

"Necessarily; and yet, such as are recognised (were rather) by our early back-woodsmen, do not seem to have been particularly hostile or malicious. From all that I have heard, they belong to the Puck and Robin Goodfellow order of spirits, and are never spiteful, unless when neglected or ill-treated. Our Aborigines, it is true, tell us of darker and sterner beings, who occupied with them the forests. Of these they had greater terrors, and generally converted them into deities, whose wrath they deprecated by worship and sacrifices. The wilder kind of elves whom they knew, they adopted into the family, as it were, making them *lares familiares*, and naturally seeming to expect from them a sort of domestic service. These could be mischievous, like those of the English, and they sometimes ran away with the venison, and so charmed the bows and arrows, as to defeat for a time, and until the hunter made atonement for his neglect or his offences, his skill and enterprise. There is undoubtedly a strong family likeness running through the elves and demons of all nations, which shows the secret conviction of the soul, making its superstitions to have been derived, in all regions, from the same universal fountains of imagination and thought. The most curious feature in this history is, that a nation succeeds to the phantoms of the people whom it supersedes, even as the Hebrews and other races; the Romans, for example, occasionally borrowed their gods from their neighbours. Among the early settlers of the American forests, there was a clear belief that, though

they dispossessed the Indians, their *Dii Lares* still remained in frequent cases in the old settlement, town, or hunting range, and were to be seen and felt upon occasion. They seemed to belong to the soil rather than the people; and a change in the tribe or nation, so long as the habits of the people remained the same, worked no change in their auspices. This, I suspect, was the true reason why they lingered behind the race by whom they were first recognised. Their offices and influences were the same, and equally essential, so long as there was no decided alteration in the character and civilization of the human family. Now, during the first thirty years after the English colonization of this region, the greater number of the settlers were a wild, rude, uneducated people, whose acquisitions as well as habits were of a sort to make them particularly accessible to superstitious influences. I need not tell you that, where there is no faith, there are no spectres;—we lose our capacity to perceive the supernatural, in due degree, as common reason opens to us, and satisfies us with the natural. But our early colonists had made few advances, and were nearly as rude, in most respects, as the Indians. They became hunters and graziers, and found themselves under the same influences through which the Indian had been made sensible of the spiritual in his forests. They also became acquainted, through tradition, with the elves and deities of the red man. These revived and strengthened the early superstitions of the European races, from which they sprang; and, in the lone depths of the forest, with the crash of winds among the trees, and the deep sighing of the midnight breeze, spectral images became necessary to supply the solitude with associations. The heart rather encourages such indications under such influences. Poverty and toil, in particular, perpetually crave a supernatural sympathy, as a substitute for that which wealth and society deny. Accordingly, the hermit, hunter, farmer, or grazier, remote from the world, in solemn, silent depths of the forest, becomes singularly susceptible of all the changes of the seasons, of the atmosphere, stars, and suns, and, through these, finds his sensibilities continually awakening to other and more occult influences. It is easy to find elves where we desire them. Our early peasantry had their familiars of the forest, with whom, in some cases, they lived on terms of singular intimacy. Ordinarily, what they knew of them was singularly vague and uncertain. They were conscious of strange noises, night and day, about them in the woods, particularly on the edges of the swamp

and thicket; and sometimes they heard sounds of inscrutable character about the dwelling; occasionally, glimpses were had of strange forms flitting suddenly from sight; and occasionally, at dusk, the clown was startled by the rude outlines of a form—which could not be considered human, but which was too closely akin to it not to command human respect and sympathy—which rose up suddenly beside the path. Pursued, a strangely-distorted stump stood in place of the spectre. On one occasion, a woodman, thus startled and disappointed in this manner, is said to have struck the hatchet into the stump, and to have been terrified at an awful yell of pain and fury which instantly followed the blow. He took to his heels, and when, next day, he returned to the spot, he found no stump at all, but the earth was damp all around it, and the place was quickly covered with mushrooms. The story further relates, that the same woodman, using his axe upon a log, but a short time after, by some strange eccentricity of aim, struck off his left hand—a mishap only to be ascribed to the revengeful elf whom he had so wantonly smitten in the shape of a stump. The people seldom spoke freely in relation to these mysterious beings; they had an opinion that they did not like to be made subjects of conversation or scrutiny. They would show themselves to, and actually serve, the individual to whom they took a liking; haunting a particular household, and doing little offices where they were well treated. It was found, too, that they relished some varieties of human food, vegetable mostly, and were particularly fond of fruits. They ate Indian corn and peas, such as the Indians planted; but were better pleased with sweet potatoes and ground nuts (pindars or ground peas): of these latter they made great havoc, whenever they got a chance. A peck of them has disappeared in a night, nothing but the *hulls* (shells) remaining in proof of their dexterity and appetite. Of course, the house-keeper knew not whom to suspect; but they gave the *quid* for all that they got. They rendered useful service. They accumulated piles of wood for the fireplace when nobody saw; they drew water, and kept the bucket always full; and sometimes, when bear or wolf came about the habitation, they led the dogs out on the hunt at midnight. Bear and deer were said to have been found in the morning, with the hounds gorged, standing over them; the wounds upon the bear resembling those struck by a hatchet. As they were well treated by a family, their intimacy increased, and they have been occasionally known to sleep upon the

threshold, of a night, looking for all the world like the stump of a pine sapling cased in bark, and wrapped up in moss and leaves. Shape they seemed to have none; a crude, unsightly mass, with short bodies, long arms, big heads, red complexions, and small eyes. They could laugh—a sort of yell and chuckle, hoarse, but shrill, and delivered spasmodically. But the glimpses had of them were always so brief as to baffle close observation. With faculties differing from those of the white man, and apparently inferior, (as they seemed in some degree dependent upon his favours,) they had yet a corresponding capacity to do him service, and to render him help in situations where he could do little for himself. The Indians in all the tribes knew this particular sort of household or domestic fairy, and valued his attentions properly. In some of the southern nations, he went by the name of Logoochie. What the word signifies, we have never been able to ascertain."

"A curious history, but nothing is seen of these beings now;—I mean, nobody now professes to assert or credit their existence?"

"Of that I cannot say! We hear nothing now-a-days, at least, and the region has undergone too great a change not to make us apprehend that our Indian elves are tolerated no longer. They have probably followed the tribes; or, if they linger still, are undiscernable in any way by the small faith of those who occupy the country. There are superstitions now, but of a different character. I fancy the revolutionary war put a full extinguisher upon the aboriginal legends. It suspended, by stronger characteristics, those of the fancy and imagination. But, very possibly, up to that period, the *familiars* of the red men continued to exercise their employments, and to maintain a certain reputation. There is a story of the olden time, when the settlements of the English colonists were chiefly confined to the rivers Ashley and Cooper, with a small group, here and there, on the Santee and Savannah, which I heard in my childhood, and which concerns this very neighbourhood, and relates to this very class of Indian goblins. The hero of it was a simple woodman, named Perkins or Larkins, I don't recollect which, but we will call him Larkins. He formed one of a class of whom we every now and then encounter a specimen still surviving—a tame, poor-spirited, good-natured, lazy creature,—who had not the proper energies of manhood, and, having neither the world's goods nor gear, yet never made the slightest effort to secure them. How he lived, people could not well say, but his reputed business

was that of a woodcutter. He was occasionally employed by men of substance in the city, who owned lands along the Cooper and the Ashley, to cut and haul wood for them, either to the city, or to their boats upon the river. They allowed him to occupy a shanty whenever they employed him, upon the estate where he cut his wood. This was either fuel, or timber for shipping; at this occupation, chiefly, did he get his bread; but he was too indolent to make the labour profitable. He saved nothing, and a week or ten days' labour generally exhausted him; when he would lounge about the woods with an old gun, seeking squirrels or partridges, quite as much for sport as food. He was a listless, good-natured dog, with a small rheumatic sort of humour, and went about whistling or singing, when he had not a stiver in his pocket, or a potatoe in the ashes. In this region was he born; here he had lived all his life, and he never thought so greatly of improving his fortune, as at any time to meditate seeking it elsewhere. To roam the woods, to squat down at camp fires with the hunters or the waggoners, sing rude songs, and tell rough stories, and hear them, occasionally making a trip to the city, to lay in his small supplies of tobacco, sugar, coffee, and perhaps one bottle of Jamaica rum, never more at a time, for Larkins was temperate withal; these furnished the chief excitements of his life. Occasionally, he might be found making merry with his fiddle at some of the great plantations along the river, for he could draw a sharp bow, could Larkins, at Christmas, or other seasons of merry-making, when the young people happened to hear of his being in the neighbourhood. Though poor as Job's turkey, Larkins does not seem to have been much troubled with anxiety, and if not a rollocking blade, was at least not a desponding one. He felt assured that he could always make his daily bread, and he had a most religious disregard of what the morrow should bring forth. With slouched hat and homespun garments, he rambled in the woods, or hewed his timber, or fiddled for the young folks, or for himself in his lonely cabin, and gave himself but little concern about the improvement of his condition or his resources. He lived, something as a squatter, for a long period on the estates of a wealthy proprietor on Cooper river, in a spot very nearly parallel to that which we now occupy. His cabin was made of logs, and in one of the loneliest parts of the forest. This, as I said before, was a long while before the revolution, and when the condition of the country was very different from what it is at present. He

was tolerated in his abode, as he was frequently employed by the proprietor of the lands upon which he squatted. Here he fiddled, or whistled, or sung, when the day was over, sitting beside a rousing fire, for which the surrounding woods afforded him fuel in abundance. Here, at length, he had reason to think that he was not wholly companionless. He could detect noises at his door at night, sometimes a hoarse chuckle as of laughter, and particularly when he had finished some of his merry tunes. Occasionally, he was startled to perceive the singular and sudden diminution in his sack of corn, or peas, or potatoes, or ground-nuts, for which he could never account. That he should be robbed was very surprising, for everybody regarded him with kindness. Among the negroes, who were the persons he at first suspected, he was quite a favourite, as well on account of his fiddle as his fun. To protect his property he at length got himself a padlock, for, hitherto, his cabin door had never known the security of bolt or bar. But his lock was broken the first night after it was put on, and Larkins never thought to provide another. His provisions still disappeared, and while he somewhat wondered at the circumstance, he never allowed it to give him much uneasiness. Indeed, whatever might be the extent of the loss, he was soon reconciled to it. He began to have suspicions that the robbery was effected by a trespasser against whom he could obtain no damages, and towards whom he felt no resentments. Larkins was not without his superstitions. He had heard old stories, along the river, about the Indian elf, Logoochie, and, in his solitary life, these stories grew into a faith. The need of a companion soon found him one. As the heart craves, will it pray, and as it prays will it find. He remembered to have wished that Logoochie would come about his cabin, as he was reported to have come about the cabins of the people, who had by no means given the intruder a gentle reception. For his part, he should be glad to welcome the red goblin. Larkins may not have said so much in words, or aloud, but he felt thus, and very soon after he became aware of his losses in grain, potatoes, and ground-nuts; while he grew conscious, at the same time, of corresponding benefits. The game grew plentiful about his wigwam. He could always tumble one or more fox or cat squirrels from his roost-trees. He stumbled over vast flocks of partridges, sometimes five hundred in a gang; and almost every afternoon, he happened upon a fat rabbit leaping along his pathway. This was all very well calculated to reconcile our

woodman to his petty losses; and he unhesitatingly ascribed his good fortune to the weird influence of the Indian demon who was the depredator upon his stores. Even if he sometimes questioned this influence, he was not permitted to question other facts in his experience, which could be ascribed to no other cause. If his stores disappeared during his absence, he found himself supplied by the same mysterious visitor with things which seemed intended to compensate him for them. From this time he never had occasion to supply himself with wood and water. Huge piles of oak and lightwood were always to be found in the corner of his room, and his bucket of water was always full and fresh from the spring. He resigned himself gracefully enough to the wizard influence which thus provided for his comforts, and saw his stores of corn and peas diminish daily, in supplying the demands of two mouths instead of one; the Logoochie was evidently a great feeder. Besides, Larkins now had companionship. He was never lonesome. His violin, as we have said, found a listener nightly without his cabin, and an eldritch, but not disagreeable chuckle of satisfaction, acknowledged the excellence of his reels. As time advanced, Larkins sometimes found himself welcomed, on his return home, by strange creakings of his favourite instrument, which saluted his ears when within fifty or a hundred yards from his home; but he never found the goblin at the instrument, nor was it ever injured by his uncouth performances. Logoochie drew a severe bow, but never a musical one; and the tones from the violin, when in his hands, were uniformly monotonous—a mere sawing to and fro of the bow, as if drawn by exceedingly long and heavy arms. At length the woodman obtained glimpses of the creature. He was now conscious of a strange shape sidling into the wigwam, at the late hours of night; when lying in a state between sleep and waking, he saw the fire about to sink, and when the crimson shadows were growing faint upon the wall, he could see the strange visitor, a mere outline, short, thick, and seemingly wrapped in bark and moss, throw himself down beside the fire, and there lie till morning; stealing away with the first grey streaks of dawn. Larkins felt extremely happy in this sort of companionship. He had a sense of society, associated with a superior sense of safety. He lost nothing. He feared no enemies, and he had no wants. His petty affairs prospered as they had never done before; he worked more regularly, more successfully, and accumulated the means for more

expensive luxuries. He soon found that he needed them. The goblin's wants increased also. Larkins soon found that he began to prey upon his coffee as he had preyed upon his grain; eating the parched berries with avidity, without requiring them to be ground, and dissolved into the purple beverage. It was necessary to check this penchant of Logoochie, and the good-natured woodman, after a good deal of cogitation, concluded that the only way to do this was to teach his companion the proper method of using it; in other words, to make a sufficient supply of the coffee nightly for the use of his eldritch guest, and inform him of his wishes. He did so one night, when, after a long flourish upon his violin, he was apprised, by the chuckling from without, that Logoochie was at his post. He laid down his fiddle, and brought out his calabash of ground coffee. He knew that the goblin was watching all his movements. He poured out a more than double portion of the grain, separating it at first into two parts. This done, he apostrophized the listener, to whom he had long since given the name of 'Old Moosfoot,' on account of his sly and stealthy movements.

"Moosfoot," says he, "old boy, coffee ain't to be eaten like peas or corn; it's to be drunk, jest as you drink water. Now, you see, here's more than enough to make two quarts of the liquor. This heap here would make a leetle under one quart, and, seeing as how that was always enough for me, of a night, I reckon, if I more than double it, the rest will be quite enough for you. Now, you see, I'll put both together, and give it a great b'iling. When it's done, I'll put mine in this mug, and put the bigger mug on the window for you. I'll sweeten it fair, and you must drink just as you see me drink. So, old boy, you'll understand. You mustn't eat any more of the coffee. Taint the nateral way to use it, no how."

A chuckle of approbation from without, followed his speech, by which he understood that the terms of compact were quite agreeable. Sure enough, the coffee was placed, according to arrangement, upon the sill of the open window, and very soon disappeared. Larkins quietly drank his share, never once looking up. But after awhile a good-natured grunt at the window caused him to turn his eyes in that direction, and there he beheld the pitcher. He suffered it to remain awhile, then took it in, without seeing anybody, and, filling his pipe, he proceeded to smoke, aware, from long experience, that the fumes of the tobacco was always grateful to the nostrils of his goblin, though he was never conscious of

any disposition on the part of the latter to "blow a cloud" himself. He puffed for an hour by his fireside, in a condition of great content with the world around him, then played a few tunes upon his violin, and retired for the night to his mattress of "shuck and moss." For a while he lay awake, and, before he slept, he heard his door creak upon its hinges, and distinguished the rude outlines of his companion as he quietly entered, and stretched himself, a mere log, enveloped in bark and moss, in front of the decaying embers. The events of this one evening were of nightly recurrence, with little variation, for months afterwards. Still, Larkins prospered after a moderate fashion; increasing his profits in a small way, and multiplying his own comforts and those of Logoochie. At length he was invited by no less a person than the Landgrave, or Baron, upon whose estate he was a squatter. You know that, in Carolina, under the institutions ascribed to Locke and Shaftesbury, we had a provincial nobility: a Landgrave was one of the highest rank, next to that of Palatine, and by the laws of the province, was required to own at least twenty-four thousand acres of land. The title survived, by courtesy, the abolition of the legal distinction. The Landgrave in question, whose name is no longer remembered, was a North Briton, and a very avaricious and selfish person. He had driven up from the city, on the route to his stately residence on Cooper river, and had taken a somewhat circuitous progress, in order to see Larkins. His purpose was to set him to work as a woodcutter; one of many whom he employed to load a couple of schooners which he kept continually plying between his plantation and the city. He found no difficulty in engaging Larkins, at a very low price, paying him by the cord of wood for his labour. His waggons were to arrive weekly, at the clearing ground, to haul away to the river the wood as it was accumulated. The contract made, the Landgrave disappeared—a stately personage who terribly awed our simple woodman, by his pride and splendour; and, the next day, the labour was begun, in the immediate neighbourhood of Larkins's wigwam. The good fellow hewed all day with tolerable industry, and supposed himself to have cut up, perhaps, a couple of cords. But he did not measure it, and went to bed somewhat more tired than usual. For him, indeed, the day's work had been a hard one. In the night he did not see the goblin appear, as before; though the pot of coffee, placed on the window, had been drunk, and he had heard his chuckle one or twice

without the wigwam. But it seemed to him that he could hear, in the pauses of the night, the sound of an axe in the wood; a notion, however, which he ascribed to his dreams, which might naturally be supposed to run upon the labours of the day. When, however, he went to work next morning, he was struck by the appearance of a greater pile than he had left the evening before. This might be a fancy also, so he congratulated himself on his own efficiency, and went to work with renewed vigour. Next night, he again fancied that he heard his axe, and the next day he was again impressed with the unexpected magnitude of his pile; and so it continued throughout the week. When he proceeded to cord his wood, it far exceeded all his calculations. The waggon was filled, and filled, and still there was much more wood. The Landgrave, who was profiting by the wants of the city, was compelled to send the waggon thrice a week, and, finally, every day. Larkins was making money. The amount paid to him was quite enormous, in his humble imagination. He felt where his gratitude was due. He increased his supplies of coffee and sugar, and doubled his allowance to his serviceable goblin, whose increased chucklings betrayed his increased satisfaction. Our Landgrave, not satisfied with his own gains, was now intent on diminishing those of the woodcutter. He paid him a second visit, in the same state as before; and the simple Larkins was persuaded to a new contract, in which, instead of being paid for the quantity cut—by the cord,—he was paid by the day for his labour. The Landgrave thus withdrew the stimulus to performance as well from Goblin as Woodman. His calculations were not based upon any just knowledge of human nature, or any proper consideration of the motives by which it was influenced. The consequence might have been foreseen. The supplies of wood fell prodigiously. Larkins was conscious, himself, of very far inferior results from his own labours; and he was now struck with the additional fact, that his piles, instead of increasing nightly, as before, now underwent a singular diminution. But his pay must nevertheless continue the same, and so he suffered from no serious annoyance. Not so with our Landgrave. Being really anxious for the wood, his purpose in making the new bargain with Larkins, was, not to lessen the supply, but to lessen the compensation. When he found that the quantity furnished from this quarter was so greatly diminished, he paid the woodman a third visit, in the same state as before, in a fine carriage drawn by four horses, and attended by outriders in a rich livery of

gold and green. He found Larkins languidly at work in the forest. He alighted from his vehicle and approached him. He spoke to him sharply, as having defrauded him of his rightful labour—spoke to him, in short, as, in that day, nobility and wealth were but too apt to speak to poverty and dependence,—as one speaks to a worthless dog, or a lazy horse. In doing so, he leaned against a short stump, seemingly a very old tree, and was suddenly pierced as by a thorn. He started up with a slight cry, and turned to examine the stump, but he found no thorn, and ascribed the hurt to some sliver or splinter of the wood. The stump looked innocent enough. Larkins only smiled, looked affectionately at it, but said nothing. The result of the visit was favourable to our woodcutter. The Landgrave had to resume the old arrangement, paying Larkins by the cord, instead of by his day labour. Then followed the history, as before. The wood accumulated amazingly, beyond all previous experience. The night, to Larkins's eyes, seemed to double fully the showings of the day. His own prowess increased in like proportion; and, wondering at results so infinitely superior to those produced by the toils of any other of his *employés*, our Landgrave proceeded again to visit our woodcutter, as well in the hope to drive some better bargain, as to inquire into the secret of such great performance. As before, he found Larkins in the wood, and busy with the fate of his forest victims. Never did the stately visitor behold such rapid execution. The green heads of the great trees went down thundering in the twinkling of an eye. The havoc was very fearful. Great gaps of an acre were made daily in the thick woods. The measured cords rose like great batteries on every hand. The axe revolved like lightning around the head of the woodcutter, and every stroke seemed to bury itself fatally in the hearts of the most gigantic victims. Larkins seemed to require few pauses, and but little rest. At such periods, however, the Landgrave observed that he drew nigh to a short rugged stump of an ancient tree, that seemed a nondescript, on the top of which lay probably a dozen of the smaller gourds or calabashes, such as the farmers of the country used as drinking vessels. These might contain from two gills to a pint. The Landgrave saw that each of these was stopped with a cork made of the light wood called the *tupelo*. Our woodman emptied one of these at one draught. Then he renewed his toils with wonderful increase of strength. He scarcely seemed to flag after an hour's incessant chopping. He paused only to renew his draught. The Landgrave was

curious. He drew nigh to the stump, took up one of the gourds, and had succeeded in drawing the stopper and testing the liquor—when he suddenly felt a heavy strike on the side of his head, as from one of the calabashes. His eyes flashed fire, and, furious as a wild beast, he lifted his whip, and, with a terrible oath, struck desperately at poor Larkins, to whom he ascribed the blow. But the lash was caught in an ungainly branch of a stunted tree, that had entirely escaped his sight before, and was thus jerked suddenly out of his hand. Bitter were the imprecations which he bestowed upon our wood-cutter, who found it difficult to persuade him that he had not administered the blow. Looking up, the secret seemed to explain itself. A dozen calabashes were hanging by their vines in the branches overhead. That one of them should have descended upon his scone, just at that moment, was something of a coincidence, but nothing more; and the humble assurances, and the submission and very regretful demeanour of our wood-cutter, served to mollify the wrath of the baron. When he became quieted, he remembered the taste of the liquor with which he had been allowed only to wet his throat, and was reminded that it was gratefully pleasant, of a nutty flavour, slightly sweet, and somewhat oleaginous. What could it be? He determined to taste again, and again resorted to the calabashes. This time, however, the result was not so satisfactory; and he dropped the calabash as soon as he had swallowed. The liquor was now of a nauseous bitter. Unfortunately, with the most pleasant recollections of his previous taste, and, resolved not again to be disappointed, he had eagerly gulped an entire mouthful. The result was such a spluttering and spitting, such a coughing, and such contortions, on the part of the nobleman, that Larkins was fain to lay down the axe, and yield himself up entirely to laughter. But he dared not. He was too greatly in awe of the dignitary. What, however, he dared not do, was done with impunity by his double. Such a chuckling ensued throughout the forest, seeming, in a sudden, to arise from every possible quarter, that the Landgrave recoiled in horror.

“What does it mean, Larkins?”

“Ah, Lord! your honour, there's no telling! These are mighty strange woods, I tell you! They're full of sperrits! I hear 'em pretty often, with all sorts of noises.”

The visit of the Landgrave was not much prolonged after this. He paid Larkins a sum of money in gold, and hurriedly took his leave. When he was gone, our woodman gravely ad-

dressed the stump at his left hand, while he indulged in a quiet chuckle also. "Ah! Moss-foot, but 'twas a sound whack you 'gin him, and the proud old Lucifer deserved it. He's no feeling for a poor fellow. I'd like to lick him

myself, but that's impossible, and I'm not sorry you 'gin it to him!" The goblin chuckled in turn; both parties were well satisfied and that night the fiddle of Larkins sounded more lively in the ears of Logoochie than ever.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF HEINRICH HEINE.

(Translated from the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*.")

IN studying attentively the history of Germany from the time of Goethe and Hegel, the most obvious feature which arrests our attention is the feverish agitation manifested on various points by its intellectual and moral life. Goethe and Hegel—the one in the region of art, the other in the order of deep thought—represented, with a kind of majestic power, the course of the German mind during more than half a century. This course, originated by such a man as Lessing, and guided by the most daring minds, in an age of scepticism and innovation, was not accomplished without doing violence to many creeds, without destroying numerous customs, formerly the charm and honour of this country. Goethe's impassible serenity, Hegel's almost familiar tranquillity, concealed these changes in the national genius, and public feeling reassured by the calmness of its leaders appeared also determined to banish all thought of alarm. On their death, a sudden change took place: the generation which they had brought up soon protested impatiently against the cold and circumspect gravity of their fathers; the veil fell, the mists were dispelled, and it was soon discovered that a new Germany had sprung into existence.

What was to be the character of the new Germany? This was a question to which she herself could not give a very definite reply. It was evident to all that she was about to issue from the regions of abstraction, and step into the real world. A transformation of this nature required the aid of years, and could only produce its proper fruits and accomplish its work without destroying the essential traditions of a great people, by gradual and slow development. Yet the most legitimate revolutions are not those which most implicitly obey the dictates of reason. In this transformation, undertaken so hastily, how many were the precious treasures destroyed by ruthless hands! how numerous the venerable *souvenirs* insultingly consigned to oblivion!

Everything that impeded the march of the innovators was numbered among the antiquities of a bygone age, and these edifices of philosophy and art, these temples roared, as saith the Latin poet, by the noble science of sages,

"*Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena,*"

strewed the soil with their ruins. Hence the peculiar aspect of German literature during the last twenty years; hence the singular confusion in which the most opposite inspirations, the great and the mean, the serious and the frivolous, the true and the false, in vain aspire to impracticable harmony. The past illumines the present with its lustre; the loftiest poetry is frequently found united to the most ordinary thoughts; ideal reveries are associated with the most unblushing materiality;—in a word, the most singular and indelible marks of connection subsist between ancient Germany and the Germany of our own day, which so determinately renounces its ancestors. Treasures of olden times, although insultingly dissipated, or employed for ignoble purposes, are continually to be met with; and the atheist is heard speaking the language of the priest. Extraordinary collection of similarities and contrasts! One may reasonably expect to meet with remarkable peculiarities in such a period. If it cannot boast of unity, it will at least be distinguished by variety; in order to describe it, we must not only produce one or other of its poets, but we must instance the restless grief of some, the venomous satire of others, and the laborious efforts of all; we must summon, one by one, numerous characters which bear no resemblance one towards another.

Nevertheless, there is a writer who appears to comprise in his own person the agitation of the last twenty years—in whom all dissimilarities appeared to be combined. He is gifted with the most fertile imagination, with singular talent for poetry and satire, and with a vigor-

ous intellect 'peculiarly' qualified for the position which he occupies. Neither the philosophy nor poetry of the preceding age are unknown to him: he comprehends all the problems of science, he possesses all the treasures of art, and merrily bears the artillery of ancient Germany in the midst of the revolutionary expeditions of an emancipated generation. None but himself could thus smile in the midst of ruins. With infantine cruelty, with sadness mingled with indifference, he appears to delight in raising flowers on the field of death—flowers lovely, yet poisoned! Perfumes of every species there meet, and are united, and it is impossible to inhale them without experiencing at once pleasure and sorrow. Is he sad? Is he joyous? Is it the triumph of the free-thinker that sparkles in his gaiety? Is it the melancholy of the disappointed poet that lies concealed under the mask of irony? Doubt on this point is indeed permissible—or rather, we may affirm, that these two opposite sentiments form in him an union which composes the very originality of his works. It is assuredly the free-thinker who makes the haughty declaration:—"I have never considered poetry as aught but a sacred toy, a means consecrated to a divine end. Whether my songs are praised or blamed, it matters little to me; place a sword on my grave after my decease—yes, a sword! for I have ever been a good soldier in the war of deliverance for the human race." But the poet is no less sincere when he exclaims:—"My poem is the dream of a summer's night; it has no object, like life, like love!" Or, again:—"I am the last songster in the boundless and vernal forests of romance." Unite these two opposite ideas; picture the harmony which these contrasts, when blended, will produce; form a complete being of this valiant free-thinker and this poet enamoured of his fancy, and you will have the representative of the period that succeeded Goethe and Hegel; you will have the author of the *Reisebilder* and the *Book of Songs*, the author of *Atta-Troll* and the *Romancero*—the brilliant, the fanciful, the incomprehensible Heinrich Heine.

We have now an opportunity of appreciating the complete works of Herr Heine. Formerly, amidst the brilliant productions of an inexhaustible imagination, and the various parts acted by the humorist, criticism naturally hesitated in passing an opinion; it could but follow the rapid flight of his imagination, mark the phases of his evolutions, and indicate the connection of the poet's writings with the times in which they were composed, and the influence he designed them to exercise. Hen-

rich Heine has now completed the circle of his poetry, his entire works are before us, and we can, as it were, cause his whole life to pass in review before our eyes. His life has been one continued act of homage to fancy; it will end as it commenced, with the charming gaiety and poetic aspirations of youth. In vain have years succeeded years—in vain has agonising and relentless suffering placed her leaden hands on his winged fancy—imagination has triumphed and soared "to the heights that overlook creation." Behold him on his sick couch; admire his pensive and intelligent countenance, which testifies at once to physical suffering and mental tranquillity! The delicate and interesting features, the faint smile of the lips, the half-closed eyes, bear undeniable marks of impassable calmness, of the triumph of humour over the most cruel sufferings that fall to the lot of man.

The scholastic terms, sensuality and spirituality, appear to be incorrectly applied in connection with him. The soul of his poetry is, strictly, neither ideal enthusiasm, nor love of material beauty, but humour—humour! that literary mysticism peculiar to the north; fanciful garb of intelligence, concealing grief beneath joy, and tenderness beneath jest; delicate irony, establishing itself on the highest pinnacles of thought, and clothing the universe in its all comprehensive soft veil; sporting playfully with heaven and earth, with the real as well as the ideal.

As we found Heinrich Heine five-and-twenty years ago, when writing the satirical pages of the *Reisebilder*—young, fearless, at once joyous and sad—the very same do we now find him, triumphing over grief by poetry, and inditing the brilliant stanzas of the *Romancero*.

Heinrich Heine was born on the banks of the Rhine, in the city of Düsseldorf. The date of his birth has not hitherto been rightly ascertained by his biographers: they almost all assign it to 1800; the real date is 1799. The following lines which he has given to satisfy our curiosity, will furnish not only the definitive solution of a doubtful question, but also additional information respecting the mind of the poet:—

"My health is too delicate at present to permit me to furnish you with notes; I can merely inform you that the date of my birth has not been correctly stated in the biographies you may have seen of me. This inaccuracy, I confess, between ourselves, arises from an error voluntarily committed in my favour, at the time of the Prussian invasion, to withdraw me from the service of his Majesty the King of Prussia. Since that period, all our family

archives have been destroyed in various conflagrations, at Hamburg. On consulting the register of my baptism, I find indicated as the date of my birth, December 12, 1799. The most important part is that I was bred and born on the banks of the Rhine, where, at the age of sixteen, I composed a poem on Napoleon. You will find it in the *Buch der Lieder*, under the title of *Les Deux Grenadiers*. It will show you how ardently I then worshipped the Emperor. My ancestors belonged to the Jewish faith; I was never proud of this origin, neither have I ever boasted of being a Lutheran, although I belong to the evangelical faith as sincerely as the most devout among my enemies at Berlin, who always censure me for want of religion. I was humiliated at being compelled to acknowledge myself a mere human being; for Hegel's philosophy had made me think myself a god. How proud was I of my divinity! What an exalted idea I had of my greatness! That was a glorious period. Alas! it is long since passed, and I cannot think of it without sadness, now that I am miserably stretched on my couch, and my disease is making fearful progress."

This melancholy cheerfulness and innocent playfulness, which even on his death-bed, have not forsaken him, have been from childhood the peculiar characteristics of Heinrich Heine. Add to these a brilliant imagination, which he has ever most implicitly obeyed, and you will have a picture of this charming poet. His irony, whenever he does not do violence to his nature, is not that injurious sarcasm which infects and withers everything; it is a sympathetic irony, if we may be permitted to associate two such words. He collects a thousand different ideas; he yields to opposite sentiments; then he confronts and satirizes them—but how delicate is his satire! or, if it be irritated and bitter, how much of tenderness and compassion for mankind does it conceal! When, in his childhood, he was reading the adventures of *Don Quixote*, he frequently wept from anger at finding the valiant knight's heroism so pitifully rewarded. Forget not this childish anger, and, despite the opinion of the world, despite even the lamentable faults of the author, believe that there is often much *Don Quixotism* in his wildest flights. He also relates, that at the Franciscan convent of Dusseldorf, where he passed his earliest years, he used to gaze with pious awe upon a large wooden figure of Christ, the mournful features of whose countenance filled his heart with anguish. From that time, to the period of the philosophic conferences at Berlin, when he adopted Hegel's opinions, he opened his heart to numerous conflicting influences; and, strange as it may appear, it was precisely this open and generous disposition of his mind that fed his gaiety. What would have been to others a source of serious reflection, became to him the aliment of ceaseless irony. We may ima-

gine what such irony comprises, and how painfully the ideas, emotions, and systems of the most agitated of ages are blended in his joyous satires. He is suffering himself, but humour alleviates his pain. In the midst of the cruelty for which we censure him—in the midst of the temerity which has contributed in so large a measure to alienate him from his country, an attentive observer will always discover in his work evidences of natural tenderness. He possesses sympathies which he seeks in vain to conceal; he comprehends the peculiar genius of every age. Antiquity and the middle ages—Jews, Greeks, Christians—he loves them all, and satirizes them all equally. In the midst of the accents of his ironical voice, listen attentively and you will be surprised by tones of singular sweetness, these are caused by the recollections of childhood recurring to the mind when least anticipated. When he ridicules the ancient customs of his native land, he does it with infantine grace, by repeating the songs of his nurse; and when he ventures to attack, under the name of Hegel's philosophy, the most sacred of all creeds, he will yet remember the crucifix of the Franciscan convent, and the tearful eyes which were so earnestly fixed on him.

On leaving the Franciscan convent of Dusseldorf, where he had been instructed during his childhood, he entered the public school of that town, and a few years after, in 1819, commenced the study of jurisprudence, at the university of Bonn. After remaining two years in that city, he proceeded to Goettingue and thence to Berlin, where, under the tuition of Hegel, he devoted himself especially to philosophical science. When scarcely twenty-two years of age, he was associated with all those men of Berlin who were renowned for literary labours. Hegel, the juriconsult Edward Gans, the talented writer Varnhagen d'Ense and his celebrated wife Rahel, the great philologist Franz Bopp and the poet Chamisso, were the patrons of this young man, who had already distinguished himself by his resolute independence and sparkling humour.

At Berlin, H. Heine also met with a writer well known in Germany, both by his curious dramas and the eccentricity of his life—namely, Grabbe. H. Heine lived in intimate friendship with the unhappy poet, whose wild fancy formed so striking a contrast to the phlegmatic temperament of the inhabitants of Berlin.

Louis Boerne, the talented civilian, like Heine, enjoyed the friendship of the *littérati* of Berlin; but all that he remarked in this choice circle was the operation of the intellectual

powers, the victories of the mind; as to philosophy itself, he was indifferent. Thus, of these two remarkable men, the most serious and most rigid in his principles has ever entertained an aversion to those systems of metaphysics so dear to the German nation; whilst he, on the contrary, who has been censured for the frivolity of his caprices, was once hopelessly buried in the abstruse problems of moral philosophy. Marks of these studies are frequently to be found in his writings—even in the most brilliant and lively. Thus the irony of Heinrich Heine is much more bold and comprehensive than that of Louis Boerne, thus he can sport with the universe, and thus the alarming doctrines of his master have furnished an inexhaustible provision for his imagination. Think not that even all the formulas of Hegel's philosophy had power to chain his fancy; for whilst the master was introducing his pupil to his arcana, the poet forgot not his work. The pupil of Berlin's great philosopher had just published his first verses, those which, under the title of *Junge Leiden*, form the commencement of the *Book of Songs*. Two years later, in 1823, appeared another collection containing two dramas—*Almanzor* and *Rutcliff*—which were acted on the stage and received very unfavourably. A lyric poem, under the title of *Intermezzo*, was inserted between these two dramatic pieces, which, notwithstanding their ill-success, are far from contemptible.

In 1825, appeared the first volume of the *Reisebilder*, (Pictures of Journeys,) which signalized the young poet as the leader in a literary revolution.

The *Buch der Lieder* and the *Reisebilder*, are, both in poetry and prose, the commencement of a new era in German letters. These two works lead the van, and complete each other; they are inseparable. In the *Reisebilder* appeared, for the first time, many of the most beautiful pieces with which the *Buch der Lieder* is enriched; and in the *Buch der Lieder* the author sings the brilliant and humorous poem on which the *Reisebilder* forms so admirable a commentary.

How magnificent a poem is this! What exquisite rhythm! What power of language does it contain! At times it is plaintive as the voice of a suffering child; at others it is sonorous as the clarion of war; and again it resembles a voice from the infernal regions. The book commences with the sorrows of a young heart tried, at the age of twenty years, by the bitterest grief. He loved, and believed himself loved; but she to whose charms he had

surrendered his heart became the bride of another. "Do you know the old song?" asks the poet, "do you know the old song which so many hearts have sung?" Thus he commences; and the old song, the monotonous lament, becomes animated and vigorous in his stanzas, so full of pathos. At a later period, he will avenge himself by satire; at present, he seeks not to conceal his sorrow, and his grief is so sincere, his style so pure, and the imagery he employs so touching and suitable, it is impossible not to be affected.

The following ballads—*Don Ramiro*, *Les Deux Frères*, and *Les Grenadiers*—are earnest of the future greatness of the poet; they are bold sketches made during the intervals of suffering. After these, he again returns to the melancholy subject by which he commenced, and in a series of poems, entitled *Intermezzo*, he continues the description of his grief. This inimitable composition consists of sighs, tears, mournful dreams, and, at times, even of cries realized, if we may so speak. It is truly an extraordinary production—a diamond of the first water—nothing more perfect in the whole range of poetry can be conceived. There is nothing harsh or dissonant in the accuracy of his measures; for accuracy is united with the most touching sweetness, and the most melodious tones. It would be impossible even for the most talented interpreter to clothe these powerful and lovely images in any other idiom: the *Lieder* of Schubert alone can convey the same idea of utter desolation and misery by a few rapid passages. Instead of launching forth into invectives, instead of reproaching her who has broken his heart, he seeks only to tranquillize his grief. He nurses it tenderly, with singular care; he sings to himself; he relates dreams, and summons before his mind's eye countless images of unparalleled loveliness. What mother could invent more soothing language to comfort her newly-born, weeping babe? Yet, under the infantine harmony of this lament, his grief is still perceptible; and the contrast between the words and sentiments is painfully touching. Nevertheless, the beauty of the poem is triumphant; we follow the writer throughout his reverie; we do not refuse the bitterness so poetically veiled; when suddenly we are awakened by the piercing cry:—

"How can'st thou sleep in tranquillity, knowing that I am yet alive! My dormant anger will shortly awake, and I will cast off my fetters.

"Knowest thou the old song of the young man who, after death, comes at midnight to seek his beloved one, and drags her to the bottom of the grave!

"Believe me, oh, beauteous child! oh, wondrously lovely child! I am yet living, and am more powerful than all the dead united."

It is no longer the author of the *Intermezzo* who thus speaks; it is the author of a new series, entitled *Heimkehr* (The Return). The poet, after his journeys, returns to the scenes of his former sufferings; he is still sad, still broken-hearted, but on the present occasion he attempts not to calm his feelings. The universe has lost the beauty whose praises he once sung; broken vows, wounded affections have, by their dull glimmer, revealed to his disenchanted eyes all the miseries of human kind. He plunges himself in the deepest abyss of melancholy and exults in the mournful images then presented to his mind. No order, no law can he discover; but everywhere evil, everywhere impotence or contradiction, everywhere "the irony which God has placed in his universe, and which the great poet of *Don Quixote* has imitated in his."

This series of bitter stanzas forms the centre of the *Buch der Lieder*; it is like a volcanic eruption taking place between the confiding youth of the author and the experience which is on the eve of avenging itself. The union of sadness and anger, of departing serenity and awakening irony, is truly remarkable. The subdued lament of the *Intermezzo* is succeeded by indignant words and gloomy images, united at intervals to humour, although as yet it is but melancholy humour.

In the second part of the *Buch der Lieder*, the poet appears to be employed only in refuting the first; having been deceived himself, he delights in endeavouring to prevent others from believing and trusting. Heavenly joy no longer gladdens his heart, therefore will he sing the calamities of nature, the dark night of the world. How frightful is the inspiration by which he is possessed, when he represents the gods of the heathen world devastating the Christian paradise! Irrational deities, like a horde of Huns, fall upon the guests of the divine city hymned by Dante. The tents of Jehovah are now destroyed; the stars are but dust driven by the wind; the satellites of the god Thor, the deformed dwarfs, and hideous *kobolds* fall upon the holy angels and tear off their silken wings. "My good angel!" exclaims the poet; "alas! I saw my good angel destroyed by a *kobold*, then all was over; heaven and earth formed but one immense ruin, and chaos reappeared." These wild effusions are succeeded by several charming ballads, some of which are little dramatic scenes illumined, as it were, by meridian

brightness, such as *Dona Clara* and *Almanzor*; others are Catholic legends which we might almost believe to have been borrowed from the collection of Wunderhorn, as *Le Pèlerinage de Kevlaar*; others again are magnificent poems inspired by the mountains of the Harz, or by the glorious spectacles of the northern seas. Yet be not deceived, this new inspiration will grow bolder every minute. Whether he is singing the praises of the proud *Dona Clara* whom the son of the rabbi of Salamanca seduced; whether, in the extraordinary ballad of *Almanzor*, he is casting down the thousand columns of the mosque of Cordova, which he represents as indignant at having been converted into a cathedral, and having been so long used for the "odious worship of the Christians;" or whether, at last, enveloped in the mists of the Baltic, he suddenly remembers "the gods of Greece," and taking their cause in hand, being annoyed by their defeat, he defies Jehovah and Christ; his rebel spirit is ever adding new fuel to its vehemence; his imagination is still loosening its fetters with warlike impiety. He does not employ invectives, but makes use of an union of anger and tenderness. Even when he appears to lead all the vanquished systems of religion to the assault of Christianity, when, like the dark companions of the gods of the Edda, he seeks to disperse the tents of the Almighty, some latent sentiment is still in operation tempering the violence of his words. Unexpected changes are sometimes to be found in his writings; thus, in the series entitled *Nordsee* (the north sea) immediately after the poetically wild stanzas of which we have been speaking, he writes those fine verses entitled *Peace*.

"The sun surrounded by clouds was shining in the heavens. The sea was calm, I was seated by the rudder of the bark, lost in thought and in dreams. As I sat there, half awake and half sleeping, I saw Christ, the Saviour of the world, clothed in a white, flowing garment; of colossal stature, he was walking on the sea and land. He extended his hands in the attitude of blessing over earth and ocean, whilst his head reached unto the heavens. Like a heart in his bosom he wore the sun, the red, flaming sun; and this flaming sun poured forth the rays of his grace, his lovely, blessed light, which illumined and renewed the universe.

Sounds of bells, sounds of mirth and festivity, echoed from all parts; soft sounds which, like the swans harnessed with garlands of roses, appeared to lead the vessel gliding on the waves; yes, they joyfully led the bark to the verdant bank, where man dwells in the vast town of noble towers.

"O miraculous peace! How calm was the town! No longer was heard the confused murmur of the busy and tumultuous crowd. In the beautiful streets walked men, clothed in white garments,

and bearing palms in their hands. Whenever two of them met, they regarded each other with looks of sympathetic joy. Influenced by love, and having their hearts filled with tenderness and generosity, they kissed each other on the forehead, then turned their eyes towards the flaming heart of Christ, whose red blood fell upon the earth in rays of reconciliation and grace, and thrice happy, they exclaimed, Blessed be Jesus Christ !”

But it may be asked, is not this majestic and lovely picture merely produced in order to bring out in stronger relief the poem consecrated to the gods of Greece? Although this mode of proceeding is by no means unusual with H. Heine, we cannot think he has employed it in the present instance. Every species of emotion found a place in his heart. Sincere when he wrote *Almanzor* and *The Gods of Greece* he doubtless was, and not less so is he when he sings of the heart of our Saviour enveloping the world in its rays, and reconciling mankind to God. Forget not that his irony possesses a sympathizing character, especially before it became habitual to him, during the period in which it was merely the voice of youthful grief. These noble verses on Peace are like a pause in his delirium; and then the delirium recommences in a loftier strain, and not only the worship of Christians, but all religions, all systems of philosophy, all doctrines fall under the lash of the pitiless satirist, when, in the cave of the *Rathskeller* of Bremen, he shows to us the whole universe staggering from inebriety, and the “great spirit,” by the light of his red face which bears undeniable marks of intemperance, illumining this merry chaos.

It is difficult to describe the impression produced in Germany by this extraordinary composition. Everything was comprised in the *Buch der Lieder*; tenderness and fury, submission and revolt, the sublime and the ludicrous. At first we believed we were listening only to the tender confessions of a young heart, and soon the most sacred things, the topics most revered by mankind, became the plaything of this irritated child. His voice increased in force, his anger rose by degrees, like the waves of the north sea, and irony attained unto formidable proportions. No author since the time of Goethe had displayed so much vigour and beauty in the lyric art. To the childlike sweetness of Novalis and the irresistible power of Goethe, he united the boldness of an age that had broken its last fetters. The connecting link of all these things was the passion of the poet, that agitated, uncontrolled passion, which produced tears or smiles, which either enraptured or irritated. Not a man, from the

dogmatizing philosopher on the rostrum, to the dreamer wandering in the glades of the forest, could remain indifferent to poetry of this nature.

The *Reisebilder* created no less sensation. Here the author abandons the visionary world; it is no longer in the realms of the ideal that he wields his revolutionary sword, but in the very heart of the real world. Germany was, at that time, the victim of a species of languor; the patriotic excitement of 1813, betrayed by the sovereigns who had reaped benefit from it, had given place to the deepest dejection. Everything languished, literature and politics, poetry and prose. The great Goethe still ruled the world of art; but he was no longer the representative of his age. The school of romance, whence issued so many delightful poets, was then doing penance in the cloister; Clement of Brentano had retired into concealment, and the aged Goerres was expiating the temerity of his youth in Munich. Ceremonious gravity, pedantic learning, want of intellect, this was all that Germany could boast at the period of the restoration. A young man issues from Berlin, where he has been living in intimacy with the great men who still remain in Germany; he wanders over hills and valleys, visits the mountains of the Harz, traverses the German countries, and resides for a time in Tuscany; at every step he meets with subjects for meditation, and his thoughts travel far more quickly than the boat or *vetturino* in which he is journeying. They are not confined to Goettingue, Munich, or Florence; the whole human race, the middle ages, the revolution, the present and the past, the present in particular, are included in the satire of the hostile humorist. A race on the summits of the Brocken, an evening passed in conviviality with a party of students, the meeting with some English tourists, a cemetery, a museum, a passing cloud, a newspaper lying on a table in the hotel, the most trivial incident escapes not his irony. In his native land, questions relating to public affairs are always treated seriously and diffusely; but he invests the few words he employs with greater vigour than whole volumes that have been previously written. Woe, to grave Germany, under her doctor's cap and gown! Woe, to the ignorant clergy, the infatuated aristocracy, the abstruse philosophers, when under the lash of his satire.

The remarkable feature in Heine's writings, that which imparts the truly original character to all his works, is the union of infantine delicacy with bold thoughts. He speaks after the manner of the old popular legends, at the very time he is shaking the tree of the know-

ledge of good and evil, and causing innocent Germany to taste the bitter fruit thereof.

The *Reisebilder* owe their existence chiefly to a warm attachment to France, and the most exalted opinion of the grandeurs of the consulate and empire. This sentiment, which dates from a very early period in H. Heine's life, gives evidence of singular liberty of mind. In the midst of the legitimate revolt of the German nation against the Emperor Napoleon, and the attractions thus presented to youth, at the very time when Fichte was summoning his pupils to the war, when the lyre joined hand in hand with the sword, when Ruckert, Arndt, and Schenkendorf, ranged their verses in martial array; when Theodore Koerner died while singing *la Chasse de Lutzen*, the youthful Heine was cherishing the warmest affection to France and its great emperor, and all the allurements of the revolution originated by the universities, had not power for one moment to change his sentiments. From 1813 to 1815 national enthusiasm continued to increase, and when Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo, Germany resounded with shouts of joy. In 1815 also, at the very time of the triumph of the allied armies, the poet, at the age of sixteen only, produced his admirable piece, entitled *Les deux Grenadiers*. Two grenadiers are returning from Russia, they hear the mournful tidings that the "*grande armée*" is defeated, and the emperor taken prisoner. The one is about to proceed on his journey in order to visit his wife and children, the other finds his end approaching, and thus addresses his companion: "If I die, take my body to France; place the cross and the red riband on my breast, lay me with my gun in my hand and my sword by my side; thus I shall wait in the tomb until I hear the roar of the cannon and the pawing of the war-horse. Then, when my emperor passes over my grave, I shall rise in full armour to defend the emperor, the emperor, the emperor!"

Thus sang the young poet of Dusseldorf before Béranger had written *le Vieux Drapeau*, *le Vieux Sergent*, *le Cinq Mai*, and *les Souvenirs du Peuple*. He was, probably, at that time, the only being in Germany who entertained such sentiments; ten years later, when he published the *Reisebilder*, his boldness was not less great. The Teutonic feelings of 1813, so successfully exerted against French influence, were encouraged by authors of every school. The author of the *Reisebilder* attacked this blind patriotism, and these superannuated feelings of hostility. Read *L'histoire du Tambour Legrand*; listen to the brave man instruct-

ing the poet in the barracks of Dusseldorf. He describes the revolution to him merely by playing on the drum: by means of the drum he introduces him to the battles of the consulate, to the triumphs of the empire. How vividly is everything presented to the child's mind by the sound of the drum! He had never clearly understood the taking of the Bastille: the drum is beaten, and he perceives the unanimous rising of France, and the abolition of ancient social abuses. He could not understand the part that Germany had acted with regard to Napoleon; the drum sounds: "*dumm dumm!*" (foolish! foolish!) and every thing is made clear to him. The drum sounds again; the scene is Jena, now it is Austerlitz! Thus the child sees history unfolded by these magic little sticks. He, himself, like the drummer Legrand, sounded the charge in Germany. At the voice of his cheerful drum, the principles of '89 extended to literature, the ghosts of the middle ages took flight, and the emperor, who had before been daily abused by the "national party," was now regarded by the Germans as the precursor of modern times.

The success of the *Reisebilder* was extraordinary. Whilst enthusiasm and anger were criticising the works of the humorist, whilst the literary world was panic-stricken, and great changes were taking place in it, the young poet was travelling in various parts of the continent, as well as in England; between the years 1826 and 1830, he visited Great Britain and Italy, and added some curious chapters to his book, amongst others, *The Baths of Lucca* and *Nights at Florence*. During the intervals of his journeys, he resided at Luneburg, Hamburg, Magdeburg, at which place he became intimate with Charles Immermann, and at Munich, where, with his friend Lindner, he published a newspaper, well known at the period, entitled *Political Annals*. The French revolution of July produced the same impression upon the satirical poet, as on the ardent mind of Louis Boerne; it had charms for both. When Louis Boerne crossed the bridge of Kehl, and entered France, he launched forth into wild effusions which his *Letters* have but too faithfully transmitted to us. He beheld the tricoloured flag on the frontier, and the red banner waving on the German territory. "We will have but one colour," exclaimed he, "red! blood! blood! oh! that I could one day write with blood-red ink!" We quickly perceived the difference between these two warlike spirits. H. Heine is also infected by the fever of the moment, but his sentiments are clothed in poetic images.

It may naturally be expected that this revolutionary delirium will, on more than one occasion, impede the flight of his imagination; but we may feel equally certain that the fetters will be broken. "I am wild," writes he; "daring hopes are rising within me, like a tree bearing golden fruit, whose branches shoot forth in every direction, and reach even to the clouds. Adieu, projects of rest! I know now what I wish to do, what I can do, and what I ought to do. I am the son of the revolution, and I will wear the arms my mother has blessed. Give me some flowers, I want to crown my head for a mortal combat! my lyre, also; give me my lyre, that I may sing a battle-song! I know words that resemble flaming stars, words that would burn castles and illumine cottages. I know words that are like poisoned arrows; they will reach the seventh heaven, and transfix the hypocrites who conceal themselves under the holiest of

holies." How singular a medley of words! This confusion, which is already a characteristic feature of H. Heine's writing, will be found daily to increase. Generous hopes and impious expressions, enthusiasm and blasphemy will be curiously interwoven in all his productions, and the thoughtless will be fascinated. Let us henceforth be mistrustful, and beware lest we be deceived: hitherto the most lively sallies of the poet have borne their corrective within them; now, the artless charm seems to have disappeared, his irony is no longer the sudden flight of a careless idea, sent forth by chance, and returning again to the point from which it started; there is something constrained and premeditated in it; the poet whets it in anger. Let us exercise patience nevertheless, this delirium will last but for a time; when the stormy period is passed, the demagogue will again become a poet, and once more enjoy his former tranquillity of mind.

THE CAPTIVE CHIEFS OF MOUNT LEBANON;*

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

MY MISSION TO EGYPT IN 1841.

(By the Author of "*Reminiscences in Syria*," &c. &c.)

THE PLAGUE SHIP.

"True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air."
SHAKESPEARE.

HAVING arrived at Alexandria, and brought the mountain Chieftains of Lebanon thus far towards their native land, I now considered all further difficulties at an end; in anticipation, therefore, of shortly embarking with my charges, and making a speedy and pleasant voyage to Beyrout, I now quietly "smoked the chibouque of satisfaction on the carpet of repose." It so happened, however, that I had reckoned without my host.

Commodore Napier—whom I informed of the shameful treatment experienced by the captive Sheikhs and Emirs, on their way from Sennaar—had taken precautions to insure them every comfort on their arrival at Alexandria, where they were—through his provident intercession—lodged and fed, in a manner more suitable to their rank and misfortunes than had

previously been the case, during their late residence at Cairo; whilst, through the medium of the same channel, they were liberally supplied with clothes and other requisites, and had even a considerable sum of money placed at their command.

It has been justly remarked, that there is no diplomatist equal to a British man-of-war; and whilst some of these eloquent and persuasive negotiators were at hand, everything had a promising appearance, and the preparations for our departure went on, as the sailors say, "with a will."

One of the *Pasha's* steamers was to be placed at my disposal, and the Commodore having seen, as he imagined, everything made square, departed with his squadron for Marmorice Bay. No sooner, however, was the British "negotiator" out of sight, than all preparation for our departure appeared at once to come to a stand-still. The engines of the Egyptian steamer were suddenly found to be quite out of order, and it was stated it would require several days to effect the requisite repairs. I patiently waited the specified time, when it was next discovered that the vessel had sprung a

* Continued from page 197.

leak; and I discovered, when too late, that French intrigue had been at work to thwart my proposed undertaking, and delay, or endeavour entirely to prevent, my conveying back the mountain Chieftains to their respective homes.

It may be asked: what could possibly have been the object of this unlooked-for interference with the Commodore's design? a design in itself, which—although partly dictated by policy—was, undoubtedly most charitable and humane.

The reason of the opposition I then met with, although perhaps a mystery to the uninitiated, was palpable to all such as happened to be versed in the politics of the East; and its cause may be traced back as far as Bonaparte's expedition to Syria, in 1799.

Napoleon, whose prescient and eagle glance had, from the moment he turned his arms in this direction, embraced at once the Caucasus, the southern frontier of Russia, and even our remotest possessions in the East: that glance had at once fixed the Taurus and the Lebanon to be—the one a natural barrier against the encroachments of the Czar, the other the gateway opening, through Persia, a pathway to the golden regions of Hindostan. Alexander the Great had, with a handful of Macedonians, conquered all the intervening countries, crossed the Indus, and next defeated the most powerful monarch of the East. Why, therefore, should Napoleon Bonaparte, with—as was then supposed—the finest troops in the world, not be able to carry a similar project into effect? The conqueror of Italy pronounced his "Open sesame" before the gates of Acre; but our gallant countryman, Sir Sidney Smith, was there, told him there was no "thoroughfare" that way, and Napoleon was thus unexpectedly checked in his first great stride towards the East.

The successful defence of Acre, and the consequent retreat of the French army, arrested Napoleon's ambitious projects in the East; but the French have, nevertheless, from that period, been unceasing in their endeavours to establish and maintain their influence amongst the mountain tribes of the Lebanon—a design which has been greatly facilitated from the circumstance of the greater part of the population being Christians, and acknowledging the sway of Rome; a circumstance which the pious Bourbon successors of Bonaparte had never failed likewise to turn to good account.

Such was the state of the "Mountain"—as the Lebanon is called *par excellence*—when the conquests of Ibrahim Pasha turned the

eyes of the European powers towards the East, and caused the presence of those powerful French and English fleets, which, during the summer of 1839, were anchored in Busseekah Bay, at the entrance of the Dardanelles.

Meanwhile the victorious Ibrahim continued to advance on the capital of the Turks; the "integrity" of the Ottoman empire was considered to be in danger, and those decisive steps were then taken by the united powers, which led to hostilities against Egypt; in which the French not only declined to take a part, but, for a moment, appeared irresolute whether or no they would side with Mehemet Ali, and desolate the world with all the horrors of a European war. The whole of Syria had, after the capture of Acre by the Egyptians, in 1832, fallen under the sway of Ibrahim Pasha, and his administration of the regions of the Lebanon, had in particular, been cruel and tyrannical in the extreme. The mountain tribes of every sect—Maronites and Druses, Christians and idolaters—were, one and all, most eager to be rid of their oppressors; and when Commodore Napier landed at Djouni Bay, and advanced with an Anglo-Turkish force into their country, the hardy mountaineers eagerly flocked around his standard, and followed him to the heights of Boharsef, where he defeated the Egyptians, drove Ibrahim Pasha from what was considered an impregnable position, obliged him to retreat on Damascus, and thus added tenfold, to the great popularity he had already acquired. The name of the "Komodor-el-Kibir"* was enthusiastically re-echoed amidst the rocks and crags of the Lebanon; and that of England became "exalted" in the "Mountain," to the serious detriment of the previous influence of France, which had hitherto passively contemplated the oppression to which the mountaineers had so long been helplessly exposed.

The events then in occurrence were, of themselves, sufficient to show the precarious nature of our overland communication with India, whilst the channel of that communication was confined to Egypt, and liable at every moment to be occupied by the French. Commodore Napier, spite of the charge of "want of discretion," which has subsequently been laid to his door, was quite "discreet" enough to be fully aware of the importance of taking advantage of this opportunity to supplant French influence in these rocky strongholds—destined, perhaps, to be at some future period the keystone of our power in the East; nor did he leave any expedient untried in order to effect

* The Arabic for "Great."

this object; and so successful was he in his efforts to establish a popular feeling in favour of England, that he was not only adored by both Druses and Maronites, but had, strange to say, likewise managed to turn to account some of those Roman Catholic religious establishments which swarm in the Lebanon, and whose inmates possess great influence over the rude and ignorant mountaineers.*

It were perhaps well, and might perchance be turned to the future advantage of England, if our "discreet" rulers would, in their relations with Syria, adopt some of the precepts of the Commodore, and only bear in mind that the Turkish empire may one of these days be dismembered, Constantinople and the Caucasus in the power of Russia, Egypt occupied by the French—and that Syria, the Lebanon, and the Euphrates may then possibly become the stepping-stones to our possessions in the East.

Be this, however, as it may, such were the reasons—combined with the real interest he felt in behalf of his late gallant companions in arms—which gave rise to my mission to Egypt in quest of the captive mountain Chiefs: hence the cause of French intrigue, and their endeavour to throw every difficulty in my way, in order that England might, if possible, be prevented from having the credit of performing an act which would still further enhance her lately-acquired popularity in the Lebanon; and hence the unexpected prolongation of my stay at Alexandria after the departure of the Commodore.

This delay, sufficiently vexatious in itself, was rendered still more annoying by other concomitant circumstances, peculiar to the locality where I was so provokingly detained.

Hitherto, from my first arrival in Egypt, at the commencement of the year, the climate

had been delightful—in fact, one of the most delicious I had ever experienced in all my numerous wanderings, far and wide; but, as the season advanced, the Simoon, or Desert wind, known there as the "Khamseen," next cast its burning and noxious breath upon Egypt's "palmy land," engendering, and apparently bringing forth from the regions over which it swept, the still more deadly and terrific "Demon of the PLAGUE."

"————— which soon east,
From its hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far, than ever came
From the red desert's sands of flame,
So quick, that every living thing
Of human shape, touched by his wing,
Like plants, where the 'Khamseen' hath past,
At once falls black and withering."

The "Hot Winds" of India, the "Levanter" of Gibraltar, the "Sirocco" at Naples and Malta, are all sufficiently unpleasant, but none of these are to be compared, in their disagreeable and deleterious effects, to the much-dreaded "Khamseen," which periodically sweeps over the land of the Pharaohs, and derives its name from the circumstance of being supposed to last for the period of fifty days.

When the "Khamseen" blows, body and mind appear to be equally prostrated in the dust—or, more correctly speaking in the fine and almost invisible particles of sand—which, wafted from the interminable desert, on the "wings of the Simoon," pervade every object, however carefully secured. Shut doors and windows, close up every crevice you can see, notwithstanding all the precaution you may take, furniture, tables, and flooring, in short, every tangible object, will nevertheless, be completely covered with a fine, impalpable sand, which penetrates into your boxes and wardrobes, and will even find its way into the works of your chronometer or your watch.

This—as may well be imagined—is disagreeable; but the "Khamseen" is a minor evil, and one unthought of, when—as is often the case—it is the forerunner of, and ushers in the mysterious and dreaded visitation of the PLAGUE.

I shall say nothing on the origin and supposed causes of this fearful scourge—suffice it to observe, that on the occasion to which I now allude, its presence was first discovered shortly after my return to Alexandria with the exiled mountain Chiefs; nor shall I ever forget the sensation I experienced of stupefaction, of horror, and of awe, when the fearful tidings were confirmed, announcing that the destroying demon actually soared above us and around,

* Amongst these may be mentioned the Jesuit establishment at Bhekfai, whose superior, l'adro Ryllo, was so successful in stirring up the "Mountain" in our favour, incurring thereby to such a degree the displeasure of France, that Louis Philippe obtained from the court of Rome his deposition as superior of the Jesuits on Mount Lebanon; and he was consequently banished to Malta. Ryllo was by birth a Pole: he had fought gallantly against Russian oppression in his country's cause; and when that cause was lost, he retired in disgust from the world, and became a disciple of Ignatius Loyola. The author of these pages, again, subsequently, met l'adro Ryllo, at the Propaganda in Rome: his spirit was, however, of too ardent a nature to submit to the ordinary routine of a priestly life: he volunteered to carry the precepts of Christianity into the far interior of Africa, where he ended his career, being murdered by the barbarous natives of those distant and unknown regions bordering the "White Nile."

with the knowledge that a miserable death unavoidably awaited those on whom might fall the mysterious shadow of his poisonous wing!

So much are we, in most instances, the children of custom and habit, that this rule will apply even to our relations with that grim visitant called Death, to whom all must—in whatever form he may appear—sooner or later be introduced. The soldier and the sailor will sometimes view respectively, with comparative indifference, his approach, when borne towards them on the field of battle, or in the whirlwind of the storm; the Turk and the Egyptian, accustomed to the periodical appearance of the plague, armed, moreover, with their belief in a predestined fate—a firm reliance on their “*Khismut*”—can witness its approach with much more philosophy and resignation than most Europeans—I speak for myself as one—nor will I attempt to conceal that I heard of the actual presence of this fearful scourge with mingled feelings of horror, fear, and mental depression, which I cannot well describe, and could not then controul.

Nor were the surrounding objects calculated to dissipate the unpleasant sensations, suggested by the announcement of the actual appearance of the plague.

The lower class of the inhabitants of Alexandria are all crowded together in confined, loathsome, and filthy hovels, amongst which the pestilence soon raged with a fearful violence, which no precautionary measures could restrain; and from amidst these Golgothas, accounts of horrors were sometimes wafted, which were far from agreeable to “ears polite,” and ill-calculated to reconcile us (the small European portion of the community) to the unpleasant position in which we were then placed.

I must, in justice to the officials of Alexandria, say, that notwithstanding the passive reliance which all good Muhometans are supposed to place in their “*Nussceb*,” or predestined fate, no precautions were left untried to arrest the destroying evil in its fatal course. The Arab huts I have alluded to, were periodically examined, and cleared of the infected, the dying, and the dead; for it will scarcely be credited, that, to conceal the latter, (in order not to be themselves subject to the stringent rules enacted in such cases,) the survivors would often bury them around, even in their hovels, and under their very beds; whilst from these shallow graves, human remains, in every state of decomposition and decay, would not unfrequently be torn out, and exposed to sight,

by those lean, gaunt, and hungry troops of dogs, which act as scavengers, and infest the streets and purlieus of every eastern city.

I had taken up my residence in a large French hotel, situated in a fine, airy, open square, in the eastern, or European quarter of the town; the windows of the apartment I occupied commanded an unlimited view of the bright blue expanse of the Mediterranean Sea; and here—when the official business of the day was at an end, did I generally seclude myself, in order to escape the unpleasant sights and sounds of death, which, even in this “*Belgravia*” of Alexandria, would occasionally offend the ear and eye. Nor was it possible, with every precaution I could adopt, to exclude unmistakable evidence of the fearful pestilence which raged around; sounds of lamentation and of woe would often, even in this seclusion, obtrude themselves upon the ear, as the “*wil-wah*,” or piercing cries of grief, shrilly uttered by the closely-veiled and phantom-like-looking figures of the female mourners following every successive corpse, but too plainly announced that “*Azrael*,” the grim angel of death, continued still busily to ply his trade!

Anxious in every way to divert my thoughts from such constantly-recurring and painful scenes, I asked mine host, if he had, or could procure me any books, wherewith to while away the dull and dreary hours, I then found to hang so heavily on hand.

My worthy Boniface was not himself a reading man, but, having successfully applied in my behalf to an Italian adventurer, who happened at the time to be his guest, he brought me for perusal a copy of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, which, by a strange coincidence, I opened at the very passage descriptive of the Florence plague. With a morbid feeling, for which it is difficult to assign a cause, I continued to pore over this vividly horrible account, and which appeared to me so applicable to what I then myself beheld, that I may perhaps be forgiven, if I here transcribe a few appropriate passages from this celebrated work.

“In the year 1348, a deadly pestilence—whether brought on by any particular revolution of the celestial bodies, or in consequence of the anger of the Almighty, aroused by the iniquities of men—which had appeared some years previously in the East, and, after causing unheard-of ravages in those parts, had gradually progressed towards the West, and at last showed itself in Florence, that most beautiful and perfect of all the cities of the Italian states.

“In spite of every precaution—such as cleansing the city from all filth and impurity, preventing the admission therein of any diseased person, with many other precautionary measures of health—notwithstanding also the numerous religious pro-

cessions, and humble supplications offered up to the Almighty by revered and holy persons—notwithstanding all this, from the commencement of the spring in the aforesaid year, did this fearful affliction exercise its influence in the most fearful and miraculous way.

"In the East, one of the mortal symptoms of this plague was a rush of blood from the nose of the person who was attacked; but, here, the evidence of the disease first manifested itself by certain swellings, which appeared both in the male and female sex, about the groin, and under the arm-pits, of the persons so attacked.

"These swellings assumed in some the size and shape of a common apple, in others that of an egg; some were larger, and others smaller; and the swellings were generally known by the name of 'gavoccioli.' The disease would next assume the character of black or livid spots, showing themselves sometimes on the arms, thighs, and other parts of the body; in some cases large, and small in number, in others quite the reverse; but always, like the 'gavoccioli,' prognosticating certain death.

"No precautions or medical treatment appeared to be of the least avail, for, whether it be that the nature of the disease admitted of no cure, or that the doctors (of whom, besides regular practitioners, the number had become very great, by many quacks, both men and women, having then undertaken the healing art) were ignorant of what that cure should be, few patients ever recovered; generally speaking, about three days after the above-mentioned signs, falling victims to the disease, without fever or any other accident."

The Florentine author continues most largely to descant on the horrors he then witnessed himself—details which it would be here unpleasant to repeat, but the account of which corresponds most exactly with the appearance and symptoms of the plague at the present day.

One circumstance which he mentions is worthy of remark—namely, the liability to which even animals were exposed of being infected by the deadly contagion which then raged abroad. Boccaccio gives examples, in point, which he states to have himself beheld, and his assertions are corroborated by what other authors have advanced to the same effect; in short, the pestilence which prevailed in Florence in the year 1348 appears—save in being more intense—to vary in no respect from that which I witnessed at Alexandria a very few years ago.

It may well be imagined that my anxiety to quit so unenviable a residence, to bid adieu to the "land of the Pharaohs," and to fulfil without further delay the object of my mission, was not a little increased by the existing state of affairs. I had no idea—if I could possibly avoid it—of becoming a martyr to what I considered far worse than all the united "plagues" which desolated this land of bondage in the "good olden times;" in short, I began to entertain the greatest aversion to take through

this medium my departure from the world—a medium which I considered to be at once quite out of both the regular military and diplomatic line; nor will I attempt to deny, that, whilst thus provokingly delayed in the midst of this city of the dying and the dead, I felt all the time in a most confounded stew. All my most strenuous efforts to accelerate our departure appeared, however, to be of no avail: the steamers—of which the viceroy had two or three—were still reported to be unfit for sea; one was leaky, and the engines of the other had suddenly got out of repair. I had seen Mehemet Ali on the subject, and had had endless audiences with his prime minister, Boghos Bey, whose kind regard for my welfare would not suffer me on any account to expose my valuable life in an unseaworthy craft.

The Pasha listened to my representations with coolness, and replied to them, as I thought, with some little want of civility: Boghos Bey—a plausible, oily, old Armenian, who spoke French like a Parisian, and appeared to follow Macchiavelli's precept, that language was meant only to conceal our thoughts—old Boghos Bey was always affable in the extreme; he granted me daily interviews; sent his carriage to convey me to his residence; always placed me in the seat of honour, on an ottoman, by his side; his sherbet was delicious; his coffee, pure Mocha; from a splendid amber-mouthed chibouque I inhaled the aroma of undeniable "Latakia;"* but, amidst all this hospitality, he ever managed, with some fresh excuse, to delay the period when we should embark;—fill, at last, losing all patience, I plainly told him I would stand no more humbug, and that if a vessel of some sort were not immediately got ready for the conveyance of my party to Beyrout, I would start for Malta, by the steamer, which was to carry thither the expected Indian mail; and thence report the whole transaction to my government, and likewise "tell the Commadore."

Next day I received a communication from "Monsieur le Ministre"—as old Boghos was always styled—stating, that as it was found the repairs required by the steamers would take a considerable time to effect, his Highness the Pasha had placed one of the corvettes of his fleet at my disposal, for the purpose of conveying back the Syrian chieftains to Beyrout; and that this vessel would be ready to depart whenever I might please. As may readily be

* The best tobacco of the Levant comes from Latakia, in the north of Syria.

imagined, I lost no time in getting the whole of my precious charges conveyed on board. Fortunately, they and their attendants had hitherto all escaped contagion from the "prevailing epidemic;" and were, therefore, enabled—as far as we were ourselves concerned—to obtain a clean bill of health, immediately weighed anchor, and soon got out to sea.

The vessel which bore the "Emirs and their fortunes" was a fine corvette, called the *Tanta*, (from the name of a town in the Delta,) carrying 24 guns, with a crew of 146 men; and, as my party consisted altogether of no less than 66, we had consequently upwards of 200 souls on board. The commander, a Circassian, was a sharp fellow in his way, but evidently knew little of his trade, as his first step was to consult me relative to our proposed course of navigation; and in short, he appeared to consider me as *de facto* in command of the ship; in which novel position, my scanty knowledge of nautical affairs was soon put to rather a severe and unpleasant test.

Favoured by the "Khamseen"—which, as it swept over the "world of waters," appeared gradually, as we increased our distance from Egypt's low and sandy shores, to lose its fiery characteristics, and to become a cool and pleasant breeze—we crowded on a press of sail.

The white buildings of Alexandria—the few date-trees scattered along the line of unbroken and level coast—the host of windmills to the westward of the town—Cleopatra's Needle—the tall Pharos—Pompey's Pillar—all classic relics of ancient times—these, and other familiar objects, were fast sinking behind the watery horizon; and under such favourable auspices we had every prospect of a pleasant and a speedy voyage.

Fatigued with the unavoidable exertions I had had to undergo, under a broiling sun, during the earlier part of the day, I had retired below to my cabin, to obtain a little repose, when an unusual noise upon deck, and the sudden and violent heeling over of our craft, plainly announced that something had gone wrong. I made instantly for the companion-ladder, but was nearly knocked down in my ascent, by the skipper, who was rushing down, post-haste, to tell me that we were overtaken by a violent squall, and to receive my directions as to what was to be done.

Fearful that in another minute we should be on our beam-ends, the only thing I could think of was to sing out lustily to "cut everything away." This order was obeyed, and the vessel immediately righted, as the clouds of canvas

she had been carrying, now streamed away to leeward, and fluttered wildly in the gale, which turned out to be only what is called by sailors a "white squall." In less than five minutes it was all over, leaving me, no doubt, in the eyes of our Egyptian crew, the credit of being the most expert of seamen, whose skill had saved the vessel, which now lay, heavily rolling in the trough of a short bubbling sea, quite powerless and becalmed.

Although the corvette was flush-decked, the after-part of her was covered in, and on a platform, slightly raised above the deck, were placed, in oriental fashion, ottomans and cushions, on which, during the fine weather which ensued, it was pleasant to recline. Here, either plying the bubbling calceoun,* or inhaling the aroma of Latakia "tumbec," through the medium of a long cherry-stick pipe, would I sit for hours and hours, surrounded by my mountain friends; and the thought would sometimes occur, what a capital venture it would be, to turn free rover of the seas—to become the "Conrad" of such a tight, well-armed, little craft—had we only been manned by real seamen, instead of a set of lubberly Egyptian Fellahs.

The crew, however, gave me no trouble, but far otherwise was the case with the "passengers" on board: the Sheikhs and Emirs, with their still more refractory attendants; whose propensity to be constantly smoking, both day and night, between the decks, caused constant apprehensions of accidents by fire, and kept me perpetually on the *qui vive*.

Troublesome as I found them all, more or less, in this and other respects, I must, however, make an exception in favour of the old Druse chieftain, Sheikh Hamoud-el-Neked, whom I have before had occasion to allude to.

At the commencement of the voyage, when all his companions in exile were suffering the miseries of sea-sickness (which, by the bye, they bore with aught save heroic fortitude), when, during the squall which I have described, they all evinced most unmistakable symptoms of trepidation and alarm; the old Sheikh alone appeared unmoved and unmovable, both in body and in mind.

On first going on board, he had, pipe in hand, taken up his position on the above-mentioned raised and covered-in divan, as being placed in the aftermost part of the corvette; here, apparently unshaken by either mental or bodily discomforts, he sat quietly smoking

* A small description of hookah, or water-pipe, much used in the Levant.

his "narghil," or calceoun, during the whole period of the voyage; for I do not remember to have seen him leave, for a single instant, his first selected post. An attendant regularly replenished his pipe, brought him his daily meals, and the noble-looking old warrior, with his piercing black eye—if I rightly remember, he had but *one*—and peaked, falcion nose, (the only feature of his countenance visible, between an enormous turban and a profusion of beard, whiskers, and moustache, white as the driven snow,) looked for all the world like one of those large owls, whose solemn, grave, and majestic appearance, often fixes our attention in a "menagerie."

The old Sheikh and myself became great allies, and between the respective puffs of his calceoun, and of my Turkish pipe, would we unreservedly discuss the eastern politics of the day, the causes and the origin of the war, the state of the "Dgebcl," or mountain, (as the Lebanon is usually called,) the former oppression of the Turks, and the still more grinding tyranny of the Egyptians.

Of Ibrahim Pasha, the old warrior could not speak without a curse, and the atrocities he related as having been perpetrated by him, would, if true—nor had I reason to doubt the veracity of the old Sheikh—pass all belief: according to him no enemy ever escaped from his relentless spirit of revenge—no man from his hardened cruelty—no woman from his insatiable lust; and his unrestrained appetites were described as being so depraved, that I cannot here defile my page with an account of them.

Would that all my "charges" had given as little trouble as this venerable old chief! Their inveterate propensity to be constantly smoking in their confined berths, between decks, amidst heaps of baggage—together with the knowledge I had of the careless manner in which the gunpowder on board was secured—caused me continual uneasiness, obliged me to be ever on the alert, and to be repeatedly visiting their "quarters" at all hours, both by night and day.

Whilst thus going my rounds one night, during the middle watch—after having, amongst the attendants of the Emirs, discovered two delinquents and secured their lighted pipes, which were immediately thrown overboard, and confiscated, as an offering to a cooler element than that which they had previously contained—as I was next prying about with a lantern, in search of further prey, a low, plaintive, and indistinct groan suddenly assailed my ear. It proceeded from behind a heap of baggage, around which were sleeping some attendants of the chiefs,

and on peering further into the darkness beyond, I beheld in a corner, stretched on the bare deck, in the midst of a collection of nauseous filth, a poor little negro, apparently in the last agonies of death.

"It was," said a servant of the Emir Hyder, looking up and rubbing his eyes, "only his master's little Ethiopian slave, who had been some time ailing, whom he had believed to be already dead, and whom he meant next morning to throw overboard into the sea." So saying, my informant turned round, and was immediately in the enjoyment of his resumed repose.

Meanwhile I ordered the Egyptian seaman who accompanied me, to take up the poor child, and as its powerless head fell back over his encircling arm, and became exposed to the glare of the lantern, which I had taken from the sailor's hand, by the peculiar "tattooing," or rather ornamental cicatrices, which seared the little fellow's now emaciated cheeks—by his white teeth, filed, as if for cannibal purposes, like the indentations of a saw—by these unmistakable tokens, I recognised the youthful negro slave whom I had noticed in the caravanserai at Cairo, when the Emirs first arrived.

I immediately caused the poor little creature to be carried to my cabin, determined to see what I could do in his behalf.

Under ordinary circumstances—setting aside the dictates of humanity—the death of a negro child might have been considered as an occurrence of little import; but the peculiar position in which we happened to be placed, imparted a frightful degree of significance to such an event.

Although we carried with us a clean bill of health, it was from a locality over which a dreadful disease had been stalking with the most fearful strides; and should *this* happen to be a case of plague, where was the contagion now to stop? Crowded up as we were in an infected vessel—bearing along with us the rankling seeds of death—debarred from all assistance, even from access to any port, might not the plague-stricken vessel in which I then found myself shut up, be—like the fabled phantom-ship of old—condemned to wander on the waste of waters, perhaps long after it had ceased to contain a living soul on board!

On the other hand, even should a case of death occur amongst us from any other than this dreaded cause, we had the horrors of a protracted quarantine next staring us in the face. All these facts flashed at the same moment suddenly and spontaneously across my mind, and never did greater inducement exist to the performance of a charitable and philanthropic act.

The surgeon of the vessel was immediately, by my directions, roused up, and summoned to attend. I communicated to him my fears, that if already a corpse, the little negro had died of "Kouba," or the dreaded plague, but that possibly existence had not yet departed, and in which case there might still be some chance of life.

This worthy disciple of Avicenna, with all the stoical indifference of a true Mussulman, and apparently relying implicitly on his belief in predestination, took up the poor infant, as a butcher would handle a slaughtered lamb, and feeling for the dreaded "gavoccio," pronounced that the boy had certainly not died from the effects of plague, but that apparently severe dysentery, aggravated by neglect, had been the cause of his decease—for that the child was evidently dead.

"But," continued the learned "hakeem," "to prove this to the 'Sanita,' or Board of Health, at Beyrout, the corpse must be kept; and if favoured by the wind, we may yet arrive at our destination before it is decomposed, and thus save our forty-days quarantine."

Notwithstanding the doctor's assurances, I retired to my berth in none of the most pleasant moods of mind, and when sleep at last scaled down my eyelids, "nature's soft nurse," brought with it no repose; for my haunted imagination was then assailed by dreamy visions, more frightful even than those suggested by previous waking fears..

Methought I was in a well-appointed, gallant, English craft, the bright sunshine beamed gladly on the white, expanded sails, and unspotted, polished decks, as we glided smoothly along the clear blue waters of a summer sea: suddenly arose a black, portentous-looking cloud, followed by a fierce, threatening, and scorching blast, which furiously lashed the now dark and crested waters into mountain waves. Staggering, as we were, under a heavy press of sail, our masts were soon carried by the board and we next broached-to, a powerless and disabled wreck. Gathering still nearer, this ominous leaden-coloured cloud appeared, as it approached, to envelope us in its embrace, assuming at the same time the shape of a huge, unearthly vampire, whose wings then fanned with deadly blast the crowded decks, striking down by scores our gallant crew, now scattered about in heaps, consisting of the dying and the dead—whilst those whose swollen and blackening tongues still retained the power of utterance and of speech, vainly shrieked out for water, wherewith to cool the burning torments of the "PLAGUE."

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I next found myself the sole surviving occupant of this erst gallant bark: I placed myself at the helm; a mountain sea soon struck the vessel's side, curled over the quivering bulwarks, and precipitated me to leeward, amongst the now rotting heaps of foul corruption, which lay strewn about the deck. Unable to regain my feet, stunned, helpless, and prostrate, I rolled powerlessly to and fro, amidst these loathsome relics, so thickly scattered o'er the dismantled wreck, then painfully labouring in the deep trough of the surrounding mountain seas: to steady myself by seizing upon some object, I threw out my hands to the right and left; masses of tangled hair and putrid flesh—the only tangible substances I could lay hold of—then filled, and appeared to mock my grasp.

Succeeding horrors—"horrors!—horrors! horrors! more than tongue can tell, or ear can listen to"—at length aroused me from a most disturbed and troubled sleep, with cold, drops of perspiration starting from my clammy brow. The flickering rays of the expiring cabin lamp, swayed to and fro by the rolling motion of the ship, appeared to be struggling with the approaching dawn of day, which now glimmered faintly through the skylight overhead; and both combined to throw a dubious and fitful light on the features of the poor negro child, who, extended on a low ottoman, or settee, slowly rocked with the heavy rolling motion of the ship—which, by the complaining timbers, and from the creaking of bulkheads, masts, and spars, I concluded to be then becalmed; which was indeed the case.

Whilst contemplating this painful sight, I fancied that a low and scarcely audible moan, responded to a slightly perceptible, heaving movement of the poor little Ethiopian's breast. I listened more attentively, it was certainly no illusive sound. I arose and felt the poor child's pulse and heart, but life and motion appeared to be there completely gone. I next placed a small mirror before his lips, and this last test proved my first supposition to be no mistake, that some few but faint remains of life were left; for the hitherto bright surface of the glass became tinged and deadened, though in the smallest possible degree.

Whilst there is life there is hope—I felt an unusual interest in the fate of this poor, abandoned little wretch, cast thus friendless and unprotected, from the far regions of central Africa, upon a wide and unfeeling world.

The ship's doctor had given him up. I resolved now to try what the ship's cook could

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do; recalling may-be to mind, that Mehemet Ali had once—as the reward of genius and science—promoted to the exalted post of his own “chef de cuisine,” the best scholar in the recently established mathematical college at Boulac: hence, reasoning from analogy, I perhaps concluded that a man of science might fill the same responsible situation on board one of the vessels belonging to the fleet of so discriminating a man as the Pasha had thus proved himself to be.

Nor was I mistaken, as appeared by the result of what ensued: for proceeding immediately on deck, I found the lord of the caboose, even at that early hour, at his post. The coppers were already alight, to prepare the matutinal repast of beans and lentils, for the frugal Egyptian crew. I consequently had no difficulty in obtaining from the man of saucepans, a can of boiling water, in which I next infused a little tea, with the slightest dash of good French cognac; both these ingredients forming part of the few private stores I had taken the precaution of bringing with me on board.

With the assistance of my new ally the cook, I poured some of this cordial mixture down my patient's throat, and the experiment was attended with the most instantaneous and successful effects; for the poor little fellow first heaved a deep-drawn sigh, then breathed heavily, and at last languidly opened the lids of his half-closed, and apparently fast-glazing eyes. A repetition at intervals, of the dose, was continued with the same beneficial results; next, my friend Achmet the cook, slaughtered, at my suggestion, one of the small number of fowls constituting part of the live stock we had on board; and this being converted into broth, effected wonders in the recovery of our little patient, who—to make short of a long story—was thus, by the creative genius of the Egyptian cook, enabled in a day or two to make his appearance upon deck.

Ere this, however, took place, I must pause to relate what had previously passed between myself and Emir Hyder, the quondam master of the little negro slave.

The Emir hearing that I had undertaken the doctoring or “cooking” of his “nigger,” had—under the conviction that he could not possibly survive—most generously begged my acceptance of him as a gift. When, however, the little fellow, on his appearance on deck, showed every sign of con-

valescence, and of a speedy return to health, scruples seemed suddenly to beset the conscience of the worthy Chief, on the score of the religious education my new “protégé” was likely to receive at my hands. The Emir—who was a Christian Maronite, and a good Catholic, acknowledging the supremacy of the successor of St. Peter at Rome—told me he understood that although a Christian, I did not exactly profess *his* own particular creed; that on attentively and maturely considering over the case, it had occurred to him that the eternal welfare of the little negro, whom he had rescued from heathenism and perdition, might be compromised, if his spiritual education were left to my care, and that, under these circumstances, he begged I would allow him to recal his gift.

“Oh! Highness,” was my reply, “it is to me a cause of great grief that it should be out of my power to comply with your request: the little Ethiopian was your slave: but by the laws of my country, from the very moment that, in the height of your generosity, your Highness presented him to me, and that I accepted of so munificent a gift—from that instant the boy became free; he is now under the protection of my sovereign, and it would be contrary to our laws, were I to replace him in the state of bondage from whence he has just emerged.”

“I am sure,” continued I, “your Highness would not wish me to incur the displeasure of my most gracious Queen, and the consequent and inevitable disgrace which would ensue from the infringement of our customs and our laws; in such a case, however, your Highness' conscience may be at rest, for on the first opportunity the child shall be baptized—he shall bear the name of ‘Tanta,’ in commemoration of your Highness' generosity on board this vessel—and in order to testify how fully I appreciate your Highness' most liberal act, I beg the acceptance of this little ‘souvenir,’ which I brought with me from Frangistan.”

So saying, I presented the worthy Emir with a brace of pistols, which he required but little pressing to accept, and I heard no more of any objections or religious scruples, as to the spiritual welfare of his former slave.

Little Tanta became my “Chibouquejee,” (pipe-bearer,) and page: we arrived shortly afterwards safely at Beyrout, where I had the satisfaction of restoring the exiled Syrian Chieftains to their families and their mountain homes.



LE GLACIER DES BOIS.

"A wintry waste in dire commotion all."

THOMSON.

WE know of nothing better calculated to impress the mind with the solemn feelings which certain aspects of nature never fail to call forth, or to convince man of his utter inability to stand against her "terrible majesty," when she reigns supreme in desolation, than to place him in the midst of one of those icy valleys, which constitute a portion of the Alpine glaciers. Let his foot be standing wherever it may, upon any part of the green earth, wild, dreary, and trackless as it may be, he can have no such sense of his own individual weakness to escape from its horrors, as when surrounded on all sides by the everlasting snows of these mountainous regions. Their very height above the habitable world seems to shut him out from all communication with his fellows, while the absence of everything that betokens life and vitality produces a sense of want, in addition to that of solitude; and if he happen to find himself in these pathless deserts when the tempest is brooding,

"Sudden and sad, with all its rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms,"

it requires no other element of disquietude to fill up the measure of his fear and evil forebodings, and to lay prostrate his pride and self-sufficiency.

But there is a bright side to the picture, which, as just presented, shows only its dark and appalling features. Every traveller, who has visited the Glacier domains, speaks in most rapturous terms of their magnificence and beauty, when viewed under the influence of a clear, bright morning sun, or at its setting: the level plains of ice reflect its rays like a sea of glass, the spiral and conical shaped masses of frozen snow rise up, like the pinnacles of some vast cathedral with crockets and projecting ornamental work formed by successive driftings and showers, glitter and sparkle in the sun-beams, as if covered with the most dazzling gems; while the tops and the slopes of the mountains catch every tint of glory which the day, in its varied radiance, flings upon them. The dangers and difficulties of an Alpine ascent are amply compensated for by the scenes of beauty it reveals to the traveller. The glaciers of the Arctic regions must surpass those of more southern countries, in extent and sublimity; but their immensity,

and the extreme rigour of the climate, altogether preclude the voyager from obtaining such a view of them as to form a just estimate of their grandeur, and to enjoy it even if he could bring them within the range of his vision.

Saussure, a French writer, has, perhaps, given the best detailed description of the glaciers of the Alps; he says, that if a person could be placed at such a height as to take in at one view the range of mountain scenery extending through Switzerland and Dauphiné, he would see a huge mass of lofty elevations, intersected by numerous valleys, and composed of parallel chains, the highest in the middle, and the others decreasing gradually as they recede. The central and highest chain would appear bristled with craggy rocks, covered, even in summer, with snow and ice, in all those parts that are not absolutely vertical; but on both sides of the chain, he would also discern deep and verdant valleys, well watered and covered with villages. Examining still more in detail, he would remark that the central range is composed of lofty peaks and smaller chains, covered with snow on their tops, but having all their slopes, that are not very much inclined, coated with ice, while the intervals between them form elevated valleys, filled with immense masses of ice, extending down into the deep and inhabited valleys which border on the great chain. M. Saussure seems to recognize two kinds of glaciers, quite distinct from each other, and to which all their varieties may be referred. The first are contained in the valleys more or less deep, and which, though at great elevations, are yet commanded on all sides by mountains still higher; while the second are not contained in the valleys, but are spread out on the slopes of the higher peaks. The distinction which this writer here makes, is not confirmed by the opinions of others, who consider that what he describes as two kinds, arises from the different situation of each, and is dependent upon it.

One of the most singular phenomena which the traveller may chance to see in these regions is the descent of the glaciers, when the warmth of the sun has disengaged them from the sides of the mountains, and they are impelled downwards by their own enormous weight. The natural heat of the earth loosens first the under surface of the masses; and when the sun's rays

have penetrated into the surrounding soil, the edges of the glaciers become thawed, and they rapidly glide down,—frequently rush down—into the valleys beneath, presenting the strange spectacle of a field of ice in close proximity to green pastures and wide acres of waving corn.

The Alpine glaciers are of very considerable extent: from Mount Blanc to the borders of the Tyrol, about four hundred are reckoned, ranging from three miles to fifteen miles in length, and from one to two and a quarter miles in breadth; the ice varies, generally,

from one hundred feet to six hundred in thickness.

How much of wonder and admiration is elicited by such a scene as is presented in the charming little engraving which has suggested these few brief remarks upon "the glaciers." How impressively are the thoughts borne upward to Him who "giveth snow like wool, and scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes: who casteth forth his ice like morsels." And how, almost involuntarily, we are forced to exclaim "Who can stand before His cold?"

A LETTER FROM IRELAND, IN SEPTEMBER, 1852.*

I WAS obliged to break off abruptly, the day after I complained of having no time for thought in Ireland. I was compelled, as you know, by an accident, to relinquish "sight-seeing," and be content to listen, and think, and suffer. As a portion of our route from the house of one friend to the house of another, lay out of the regular line, we posted, and the further south we advanced, the more numerous became the ruined or deserted huts; with acres upon acres of uncultivated land, basking their crops of gigantic weeds beneath a fertilizing sky, passed over even by the rooks, as yielding nothing for their support; telling with mute eloquence, the oft repeated tale, of famine, death—or emigration. The failure of the potato crop this year has struck a panic into those who thought they would bide by the old country a little longer; so the tide of emigration flows more freshly and freely than ever; every living creature who can "rise" the price of a passage, "is determined to leave the old world for the new;" this is, therefore, now a fertile subject for beggary. "Ah, thin sure you won't refuse us the little sixpence, towards the price of the passage to Americkay—give it, and God bless you—sure it's there we'll be out of your way intirely." And I was, in every instance where I conversed with those who were "fitting," most forcibly struck with the feeling expressed by the painter, Barry—"Ireland gave me birth, but she would never have given me bread"—which seemed to have taken possession of every mind; the love of "the sod" is gone—patriotism is starved out; their affection for their kindred is as warm as ever; and the sums of money sent from the new world,

to bring out even aged parents, so that "they may live and not die," is positively astounding. Whatever be the faults of the Irish peasant, selfishness is not among the number; the last thing he thinks of is his own personal comfort or ease; he was the perfection of a sort of busy activity, which prompted him to make great efforts for others, little as he did for himself; and for a sudden burst of enthusiastic devotion to a person or a cause, he had no equal. But all this has changed; the starvation he has either suffered from or witnessed, has taken the spirit out of him; and he is fully impressed with the belief that there never will be any luck for him or his on "Ireland's ground." It was painful to me, to hear the poor speak as they did in a tone of heartlessness or contempt of the land of their birth.

"I have nothing to leave behind," said a young man, "but the bones of my people who died—part of the sickness, part of starvation—and it's not likely I'd go on starving in a country that can't keep its own. My only brother's in Sidney, and it shows what a fine place *that* is, when 'e sent me the price of my passage, and he only *in it* five months."

"Anyway," said another, "we can't be worse where we're going than we've been here; it's not the country, *but food*, we want."

Stern, gaunt starvation had clutched them in its iron grasp, and they panted for escape.

"I had no downright fear of starvation for myself," said a stout farmer, who had thrown up his farm, and with his family looked Irish-comfortable, and were packing for emigration, "but it's not pleasant to feel that you've no real interest in the bit of land, nor no Christian right to the bit of food, and so many hungry eyes on it; and that some plague or

* Continued from page 250.

another rises from the very thing you and your people before you, trusted in—if we are to eat the yellow meal, we may as well eat it where its grown."

Some ten years ago, I saw the departure of an emigrant ship from Cork, and then the regrets were quite as much for the *country*, as for the "friends." I have seen them throw themselves on the ground and kiss it; I have known them gather the grass from off "their people's" graves, and fold it, as a sacred relic, in their bosoms; I have seen the stern man, as well as the young maiden, take the leaves of a tree, or even a handful of the thatch of their cabin, as mementoes of the land they loved; but this was before the visitation of the famine and pestilence. The advantages of emigration were questioned, and doubted, and debated; "there was plenty of land in their own country to emigrate to, if by any amount of law or labour they could make it their own;" they would "try" what could be done in the fur west, and, please God, *return* with a "handful of money to oul'd Ireland, God bless it." They did not go away *then* with a fixed determination never to return, they did not loathe the soil they left; now they fly from that green and beautiful land, as in old times the people fled to their tents from the plague-stricken City of London. The penal laws, the fire and sword, the sucking and pillaging of the old policy, failed to depopulate the country. *Now*, emigration toils for the Saxon. It is no longer Ireland for the Irish, but Ireland for the stranger. Ireland, that is to say, the land—the earth—of that uninhabited country, will improve; when the English and the Scotch settle down upon its hills and valleys, and infuse their gold into its soil, circulate their wealth and intelligence amongst each other, and the emigrants will better themselves by removing to where their industry would yield them subsistence; but Ireland and the Irish are no longer one and the same thing, and to my simplicity, it seems that the policy which has induced and permitted this, to its present extent, is, to say the least of it, doubtful. The emigrants take with them a host of unkindly feelings towards the fatherland, and it is a question how these feelings may be employed in the "hereafter," which these rushing-on-times forces on so rapidly.

Certainly, the emigration movement I have observed since we came here, is so different from what I remember, that I scarcely recognize the people under its influence; the only "travellers" you meet on the high roads, are emigrants; they crowd the quays of Dublin

and Cork and Limerick. The mistress of this beautifully situated hotel, which, when I was last at Killarney, was the residence of one of the old gentry, complained to me bitterly this morning, that she could not get a good female servant, they were all gone to Australia; and when we inquired why, at this late season, the harvests were not gathered in, the reply was, we cannot get hands, they have emigrated! An eye-witness described to me a little scene which he saw at Limerick, bearing out the carelessness of country, which struck me as a new reading of Irish character. A little group of friends and relatives had gathered round a young man and woman, the former was about to leave Ireland, the latter was to receive money from her betrothed, to take her to him in the spring; the girl's mother, a remnant of the old school, was remonstrating with him. "Ah thin sure, can't ye make the money and come to her, and take the place ye'r people had before you, sure its your own country, dear; the Son, darling, and you'll be happy in it, and not take from me the little girl that's the light of my eyes, and the joy of the poor widdy's heart!"

The young man replied to this with a bitter laugh; but a stern, strong man, who had been looking-on silently for some time, laid his hand on the old woman's shoulder, and, turning her, commanded she should "listen to him."

"Hear him," "he's a fine man," "has fine learning," "poor craythur! he's gone through a *dale* of trouble," "whisht now, listen to him," exclaimed the little crowd.

"Whisht all of you," he said, "for you all ought to hear it, and to some of ye I've *tould* it more than once. What's to be got by staying in Ireland? tell me that; if there's nothing to be got by staying in it, what's to be got by returning to it?" True for ye, my poor man, nothing sure enough; its gone the miserablest country under the sun. "Its improving," suggested a voice. "Not for us," he replied, bitterly; "I hear of it, but I don't see it, I don't feel it. Its been promising that same a long time; we never got the *repale* ~~HE~~ promised, who's in his grave long enough now. Hasn't cholera, and fever, and the black blight of the potatoe been with us ever since that time? Havn't they rack-rented and ejected every soul belonging to me, and yet can find no one to roof the walls I left? Aint the heart's blood of the old gentry gone? Wouldn't their sons thank God they knew a trade, and their daughters be glad they had never been born? Isn't the Saxon riding on his iron horses through the country, and laughing, ay *laugh-*

ing at the hills and fields? Doesn't he know they'll all be his, without more murderers than plague and famine clearing the way before him? The back of my hand to you, Ireland, for ever more," and he held his huge hand aloft, the palm turned towards the ship—"the back of my hand to you for ever more—but there's a worse curse than mine over you, the famine and the cholera again and again, until the dead must bury their dead; never look to bring any one back you have any call to," he repeated, and turned away.

"He was a fine man once," said the widow, "but his head's gone, that's it, dear!"

I am sure it would have been impossible for any Irish peasant to have used these words ten years ago; but suppose it possible, he would have been stoned where he stood; and it is not only amongst "the poor and friendless" that this feeling exists; a very respectable servant, in a friend's service, who, with her husband, had accumulated enough to purchase houses which brought them in thirty pounds a-year, told me, that after awhile they thought of going to America.

"But why should *you* go?" I questioned, "you are exceedingly comfortable, all your wants cared for, you are not over-worked, you have good wages, and property to the amount thirty pounds a-year." "But what is to become of our children?" was the reply of this most *un-Irish* Irishwoman, "the country is going every year more and more to the bad, and no one will stay in it that can help themselves out of it. We are in no hurry, but we don't mean to leave our bones in Ireland."

"But you are surely attached to the family with whom you have lived so long?"

"God bless them, I am, and so is my husband, and a good right we have; but they can't save the country, and so, when the children are not as soft (young) as they are now, why I suppose we must leave ill-luck and old Ireland behind us!"

I can understand both the charity and policy of clearing the "unions" of the young and the able-bodied, and shipping them to the colonies, but to suffer the better class of the population to pour away as they are doing, and have done, without an effort being made to induce them to remain, looks as if it was thought desirable the country should be cleared of the aborigines—no matter what they were, or what they might become. In the county Limerick, we saw several cows labouring under an epidemic, which has prevailed in a fearful degree—a sort of foot-rot. At Lord M——'s we went to a field where five were lying

down, quite unable to stand, and fed from the cow-boy's hand. The local veterinary surgeon confessed he did not know what to make of it; it was piteous to see the melancholy expression of these patient animals, laying on the swad, and evidently trying to prevent their poor hoofs touching the ground.

"Another curse on the country, that's what it is, your honour," was the observation.

There seems less of this presentiment of evil to the country, at Killarney, than in other parts of "the south," here the unprecedented crowd of visitors has caused the pulses of the people to beat with something akin to hope—they all say they never had such a season.

The hotels have benefitted largely from this influx of "foreigners," and the lodging houses in the dirty and neglected town of Killarney, must have realized little fortunes, and certainly there is more hope of these "fortunes" being laid out to advantage, than there was ten years ago; the people have imbibed not only a value for money, but some idea that cleanliness is a good speculation. "How could the gentleman take you for a guide, and you *so dirty*," I heard one man say to another. I do not think that I ever heard "dirt" put in that light before, by one of "the people." If "the pledge"—that holy compact between labour and prosperity—has been broken by some, it has been the temporal salvation of others; I can recall the time when boatmen, who now bend to their oars in clean white flannel jackets and smart hats, and look the "picture" of cleanliness and health, were poor, squalid, worn-out drunkards, whom I trembled to trust myself with on the Lake. Time has reversed the order of things; and but for the greeting, which an Irish peasant never forgets recalling to your mind a former meeting, by a sly compliment or a jest—I should not have believed it possible that even temperance could have brought such health and prosperity to the poor boatman.

You remember Spillane, who in your day, was the only "bugler," as Gandsey was the only piper of the lakes—they still maintain their superiority. The echoes of "the gap," and of the "eagle's nest," obey Spillane's bugle with redoubled vigour, to what they bestow on other bugles; and "gay, old Gandsey" has no rival near his throne, though we heard a piper at Glenna, who, were he a younger man, we should say might one day claim his crown and sceptre, but both in humour and pathos, Gandsey is still unrivalled. You will be glad to hear that, in the "dead season," the young Spillanes, who are so exceedingly and deser-

vedly popular as guides and buglers, turn their time to good account, having established a sort of trade of their own with England, in Kerry cows and mountain poneys. "Killarney, by which I mean the town itself, seemed to be more disgusting than ever; I suppose the problem could be explained, of why Lord Kenmore, who does so much to clothe and educate, and beautify certain portions of his property, leaves this doomed town to its original misery and wretchedness. The beggars will not remain in "the union;" during the "season," but they are not permitted to swarm over the country, as they used to do, before there was a "union," or before the hotel regulations, and the consideration of the gentry for the stranger, restricted their wanderings at "their own sweet will," and destroying the effect of the scenery by their rags and impurity.

The town, too, has its schools, and charities, and one or two buildings—the new lunatic asylum especially—which serve only to render it still more hideous by the power of contrast. The railway proprietors are about to build an hotel at the terminus, which *on dit* says, is to contain a hundred bed-rooms, and a *salon* on a magnificent scale, where dinners, on the continental *table d'hôte* plan, are to be served at stated hours; this will be a temptation, because of its accommodation to gentlemen tourists, and it is to be hoped that the regeneration of the town will follow; for some time, the four-wheeled "Bianconi" has taken the place of the old jumping car, which, often as it has been "snubbed," is still a delightful mode of travelling: there are absolute omnibuses attached to some of the hotels—only imagine a genuine London omnibus—and ten times more noisy and fussy than the usual lumbering conveyance—oversetting cubs and elderly gentlemen, all the windows rattling, and with half-a-dozen "conductors" hurrying on to the step! isn't that another Saxon stride in the country? "All for the good of the Irish," you will say. "All for the good of Ireland," I reply, "we shall soon have to seek for a Celt at noon-day with a lantern, unless, indeed, we visit America, or take a peep at Australia." I have seen so entire a change in the aspect of the country, and missed so many persons, rich and poor, and been so astounded by the extent of the emigration, and more than astounded by the little impression it seemed to make upon the gentry, who took it as a thing of course, that everybody was to "go," and that then all kinds of prosperity was to follow, not seeming to comprehend the vastness of the

change and its consequences—that I hardly dare open my eyes upon the Lakes. We arrived late at night in the town, and stopping to make some inquiry, were surrounded by the *touters* from the town hotels. "Sorrah a use in driving to the 'Lake,' or the 'Victoria,' or 'Mucross,' or the 'Toro' itself; it isn't half a bed they have at the hotels, nor won't for a week—better stop here, where there's illigant accommodation for man and beast." "Welcome to Killarney, me lady; if we knew you wur coming, it isn't the rags we'd have on." "Kindly welcome; and God bless you for the sixpence you're going to give me—just sixpence, to help me to go to my poor boys in Americkey, who have sent me *almost* the price of me passage—a pound more 'll do it. Ah! then, may-be the Lord would open yer heart, and you'd give me the pound."

This sort of begging continued amid the accumulating crowd; but there was no sparkle, no flash—the wit is certainly gone out, or away, like the will-o'-the-wisp, to spring up where least expected. But there are signs and tokens of a more industrious spirit than possessed the people some eight or ten years ago, in Killarney, as elsewhere. I must repeat, that *then* it was all positive, decided, helpless, hopeless beggary; *now*, the children try to *sell* you bits of amethyst and Irish diamond "from the mountains;" and the girls importune you with hair chains, and sometimes with inferior specimens of the needlework which is brought to such exquisite perfection in the "schools."*

*The Irish needlework is certainly extraordinary—not only when you consider by whom it is done, but in itself. The *crochet*, made by the poor pupils of the late lamented Lady Deane; the embroidery of Mrs. Sainthill's Cork school; the "Valenciennes" lace, produced at beautiful Woodstock, under the untiring superintendence of Lady Louisa Tighe; and the *guipure*, made at Lady Bath's schools, which were first established under the able superintendence of Tristram Kennedy, Esq., M.P. These schools are all sending workers into the world, able, as they are willing, to earn their bread and radiate their knowledge. We have particularised these "schools," because they have been more immediately under our eyes; but what shall we say of the Belfast schools, of the Limerick schools, of the zealous organization which has set forth working embroidery schools in Connought. And it is not only the *work*, but the habits of industry and cleanliness begotten and cherished by it, that are of priceless value. A friend of mine asked a young girl who was emigrating, what she had to support her when she reached Port Philip? and instead of the "ten-years-ago" answer, "Musha, I don't know," the reply was—"My needle; and I hope, please God, not to be idle on the passage. I was one of the best hands at Mrs. Sainthill's." Here is confidence—born of industry.

When driving to the Gap of Dunloe, we paused to look at the old church of Aghadoe (where, notwithstanding the thousands of bones that have been buried, even within our memory, there are still many bleaching in the sun and wind). Children came to us, with tastefully-arranged bouquets of wild flowers—"heather and harebells." You may say this was *begging*. No; it was *bartering*—they sold their flowers; and this is the germ of a higher feeling than begging or giving—it is a little bit of scrambling industry. And when, after our pass through "the Gap," the embarkation at Lord Brandon's cottage, shooting the old Weir, and thinking the lakes and their mountain encampments far more beautiful than anything we had seen since we were last bewildered by their varied and gorgeous scenery—when, I say, we arrived at the Eagle's Nest, and, after listening to the echoes, as in days long past, and thinking the Eagle's Rock the finest "bit" of close mountain scenery on the lake, we were greeted by the "strawberry girls" from the shore, with their arbutus berries, and mountain dew, there, again, were symptoms of improvement; they were not the ragged, half-dressed girls of our first acquaintance with the lake. No—we heard that "the most of them" died in the hard years of fever and famine, and some were gone to America (oh, that everlasting America!); but neut-handed lasses were plying their fingers busily at hair chains, while the elders "knit;" and if one or two of the *ancien régime* remained amongst them, they were so "improved," that we could not have recognized them. Yes; there are many signs and tokens of an improvement, which will be perfected in other lands. Those who have been labouring at "the schools," both literary and industrial, have been educating an intelligent race of people for the New World, who are gone in the first strength of youthhood, to seek what landlordism and intrigue, social and religious, and an utterly faulty system—false, too, as it was faulty, for

centuries—forbade them achieving in their once-loved country.

I am thinking apart from the North. Oh! there is no fear of the North! that will go on weaving, and bleaching, and building—thinking, and watching, and acting—prospering in all things. But though the North is in Ireland, it is not Irish: look at the faces of the people; you might, with no great stretch of imagination, fancy yourself in the High-street of Edinburgh. Look at their manners: short, and blunt, and business-like—a people of great earnestness, and truth, and activity—sparing but little time to the graces, though much to the kindliness of life.

Did the Educator, when he pleased to educate the peasant—to withdraw him from the depths of ignorance and superstition—imagine that the educated would be content to live on like the brutes that perish, and *derote his children to the like destiny?*

When the legislature planted "national schools" in the valleys, and on the hills, and in the noisome villages, why did they not provide some "tenant-right," or prepare some industrial system, in which the young, up-springing people might exercise their new-found strength?

In the old ignorant days, these peasants knew nothing of the world's resources, or the world's wealth; their mental serfdom was heavier than their physical slavery; and I am convinced that, had not the Educator been busied with them—had not a great fermenting power stirred up their minds—they would have died on, and died off, in the old way. Now, they have made their past the teacher of their future; they have looked upon maps, and seen the extent of the world—new and old—and cried out—the whole country—in one great human cry, "Why should we stay here, and perish?" True; and why have they been suffered to come to this?

A. M. HALL.

THE LAST OF THE MAGICIANS.

(By the Author of the "Battle Cross," &c.)

In early summer, when the leaves were in all their delicious freshness, Laurentius, after the toils of the day, quitted the city of Haerlem, and wandered forth into the neighbouring fields. As he sauntered on, the sounds of the distant populace grew fainter on his ears, and the beauty of nature beneath the setting sun awakened a train of thoughts connected with the passing glories of the scene before him, and the instability and changes that seem combined with the very nature of all that is fair and beautiful.

There came over him saddening reflections, recalling the languor of his own little Lotchen, and he thought how gradually her smile, like the light of a twilight sky, grew fainter and fainter. Much he feared all would be dark soon—dark to him; that his child herself would be a shadow; her voice but a fairy song, an echo fleeting farther off in his memory, till it mingled, and was lost for ever, in the murmurs of the infinite Past.

He had striven to minister to her comforts and amusements, yet toys, and even flowers, were neglected now, or yielded but a momentary pleasure; and so the gloom deepened upon him—upon all; for this was not his only grief; ever, as the child drooped more and more, there came anguish over the countenance of another, whom he loved dearer than life itself.

Laurentius had begun to instruct his Lotchen in the rudiments of reading. She had learned with avidity, at least in days of health and vigour, and even that morning, reminding him of some manuscript which he had shown her, with its illuminations and large initial letters; she had besought him to design for her some of its words, that she might keep them by her, and look at them, and learn them—when she was well again.

In his walk, he heard a bird singing in a wood close by: it was a merry strain, but it made him sadder, if possible, for it reminded him of a time, not long ago, on that very spot, when, with a fair companion on his arm, he momentarily led her aside, and pointed out to her in living letters her own gentle name, carved on the bark of a young tree.

Now, thinking also to gratify his child, stepping out of the path, he engraved some letters on the rind of a beech-tree.

He would have carved her name too—"Lotchen"—but his hand slipped at the second letter, so he made it another word. Then, cutting a square of bark from the tree, he folded it in a piece of paper, and returned home.

Pleased was the little girl when she heard her father's step, and she stretched out her hand to take his present. But, even as he told her of the carved letters, her eyes became dim, and she said she was "a-weary;" and then, as she saw her mother turn away, and her father look strangely at her, she put out her hand feebly for the letters, and, placing them beneath her pillow, said, "she would look at them by-and-bye:" and no doubt she did so, for she had become during her illness an angel in truth and gentleness; but it must have been in heaven that she read them, for she died that night!

Laurentius bowed down with grief; but, after a time, he arose, and went to his usual occupation; and, one day, casting his eyes upon the cover in which he had wrapped the beech-rind, he perceived that the cut edges of the letters had stained the outlines of a word upon the paper. That word was "Light"—the talisman that led to a mighty discovery—the "Open sesame" of an infinite store-room of Thought and of Intelligence.

Thus ran the tale—for it is an old one, and in telling it we have indulged in a few particulars—*thus* was printing invented.

But not to Haerlem only, but to Mentz and to Strasburg has been assigned the honour of this discovery. Very earnest at one time was the controversy, and each locality had certain pretensions to enforce.

Laurentius, sometimes called "Coster," from his office in the cathedral at Haerlem, has the prior claim. From the rude hints he had now obtained, he perfected a sort of press, or rather wooden stamp, on which he cut his letters. He impressed one side of his sheets only, pasting the unlettered surfaces together, to render their appearance more sightly. The earliest of his essays was long considered to be a work entitled, *Speculum Nostræ Salutis*, subsequently, however, a book was discovered, supposed to be the first specimen of printing. It was an *Hiorarium*, impressed on parchment, of eight pages only, containing the Alphabet,

the Lord's Prayer, the Apostle's Creed, and three other prayers. It was the rudest thing in the world—such as the first specimen in a new discovery might indicate—as primitive almost as the first steam-engine. It had no numbers to the leaves—no distinctive marks or points; the lines were uneven, and of various lengths; nay, the very shape of the pages differed, some being rhomboidal, some square, some angular. This might be about A.D. 1430.

Previous to this era, wood engraving, a sister art, had been invented. In connection with it, a curious circumstance has lately come to light. The earliest supposed specimen, bearing date A.D. 1423, was a representation of St. Christopher, carrying the infant Jesus. However, about seven years since, an ancient print was discovered at Malines, on the lid of an old chest, of a religious subject, dated A.D. 1118. It was purchased for twenty pounds, by the conservator of the Royal Library, in Brussels, and is a far more curious and better-finished specimen than that of St. Christopher, which is, we believe, in the possession of Earl Spencer.

Playing cards are said to be of an earlier date—first painted, they were supposed to be printed, towards the end of the fourteenth century. Hence sprang the engraving of the images of saints on wood.

Haerlem was not long permitted to boast the undisputed possession of so valuable an art as printing. The invention, in spite of all attempts to conceal its nature, was pirated. It is generally supposed that a workman of Laurentius fled to Strasburg. At all events, Geinsfleisch, alleged to be the elder brother of Guttenberg, set up a printing machine, in connection with the latter, in this town. This undertaking, however, appears to have been fruitless nay, utterly failed for there is no proof of any book being printed at Strasburg till after A.D. 1462, the date of the general dispersion of the printers.

Guttenberg shortly afterwards made his appearance at Mentz. This city was undoubtedly the scene of that improvement in the art which amounted to a second invention, and ended it with a vitality which may be said to have rendered it immortal. It was the application of moveable metal types, instead of the old, fixed wooden ones—an improvement still further enhanced by the use of cast, instead of cut letters; and here for the first time appears on the scene John Fust, or Faust.

Faust, or Faustus, is a name memorable alike in truth or fable. Marlow and Goethe, in undying verse, have immortalized their hero;

but the Faust of history is no less famous, and stands forth, in connection with the superstition and fears of an age that saw in his perfection of a wonderful art, something ominous of an alliance with the Enemy of Mankind.

With John Guttenberg did Faust, an eminent and enterprising citizen of Mentz, associate himself as partner in the first printing press; while his own energies and pecuniary resources, combined with the skill and practical knowledge of his coadjutor, soon gave that significance to the discovery that immediately rendered it famous throughout the world.

Wonderful as was the power of Thought, it might be said to have now acquired an omnipresent and all-pervading vitality. Hitherto, the discoveries of science, and the experience of the profoundest minds, were but indented upon sand, which every deluge of barbarism was certain to efface; now, a security was given to man—a sort of ark—which should securely float down the tide of Time to the remotest ages; not only preserving within it all that was most precious in intellectual acquisition, but containing a talisman which should stay, or at least divide, the stormiest waters, so that the good and the true should henceforth pass dry-shod and unharmed among them!

John Faust, citizen of Mentz, having amassed considerable wealth, by commercial pursuits, became stimulated by a nobler ambition than that of mere acquisition, and was desirous of devoting his fortune and his energies to some system which, though it might benefit him in a pecuniary view, should also conduce to the intellectual and physical advantages of his fellow-men. Long, however, did he muse in his search for an efficient mode of carrying his project into effect.

One evening, as the shades of twilight were descending, and he sat alone, deeply absorbed in thought, upon looking up, he beheld a tall, dark form before him. There was an ominous light in the eyes, and a wild intelligence on the dusky brow of the stranger, but on his sunken cheeks were Care, and unrequited Toil, and Famine.

With scarcely a word of apology for his intrusion; with some muttered exclamation, "that he had at length found the man he had long been in quest of," Guttenberg—for he it was—unfolded a small packet, and spread upon the table some pieces of metal. Faust looked, rather than asked, for an explanation. The stranger placed the dies in a kind of stamp, painted the surfaces of the letters—for such they were, with a dark fluid, produced a piece of vellum, and impressed upon it a

short sentence. He repeated the operation several times, on each occasion comparing the results. He then displayed a printed page—nay, several printed pages—identical in form, words, and points, such as no scribe could imitate or repeat—such as only could be perfected by some new and wonderful art, or by magic. When Faust had sufficiently admired the production, he exclaimed, "That such a beautiful invention must bring its own reward, and that its authors must speedily become independent of the wealthy and of the great." The stranger made no reply. He took a small lamp from his vest, of a construction that seemed to combine the excellencies of all the latest improvements; he touched the wick with a match, it lighted up, streaming through the apartment, now darkened by the shades of evening, then instantly went out.

"It wants oil—it has none," said Faust.

"Behold the lamp!" replied Guttenberg, again spreading the metal types before Faust. "It wants oil—will you supply it?"

"I will."

That night the bargain was struck—the compact signed—the *Lamp was Lighted!*

That lamp had the power of infinite multiplication. From a little star, it became to the world a sun; it pierced through the thickest clouds of moral and mental darkness; it was soon reflected by other lamps, of more or less intensity, throughout all the cities of the civilized world.

For some years Faust and Guttenberg laboured together. Though not the inventors, they stamped this art with a utility that rendered it universal. It was in many senses a fearful innovation; it swept away whole centuries of conventional rights and monopolies. Soon, however, it directed itself to mightier and to loftier objects.

These were the magicians! and at one time it appeared they would have experienced the fate of all supposed confederates with the powers of darkness.

Our Faust did not shut himself up with Wagner, to discourse of "dry philosophy;" nor roam the world at large with Mephistopheles, to indulge in luxury, or share the witches' banquet; but he had leagued himself with the unknown, mysterious Guttenberg, and that was nearly as bad. He wielded a power which shook the conventional world to its foundations.

When the first productions of the two printers came out, we are told they created a vast sensation. Men could not sufficiently admire and wonder at the new art; the most

accurate scribes, and the best judges of chirography, were astonished at the exact similitude of each copy of an impression; they had no idea of the means—at least, the greater portion of them—by which this identity of character was produced, for the operations of the printing press were guarded and watched over with jealous and mysterious solicitude.

If Faust eschewed magic, we cannot deny but that he loved mystery. Thus, in a most splendid edition of *Tully's Offices*, which issued from his establishment, he declared, in an appendix, "That the book was not executed by means of ink, nor a quill, nor a brazen pen, but by a wonderfully beautiful art!"

Books, and editions of books, were now published from the press at Mentz, comprising hundreds of volumes, identical in every respect—nay, even to the slightest error, or smallest typographical mark. Gradually, the admiration of the public yielded to a sort of superstitious wonder; then, to fear—to hate. Many, too, were personally interested in denouncing the new art. Fanaticism and ignorance set earnestly to work; the passions of an uneducated populace were speedily aroused; neither witches nor wizards had ceased to be believed in, nor persecuted; and there was in the legends of the people many a wild tale of supernatural agency.

It had been the custom of the scribes to illuminate and embellish some of the ancient manuscripts. Faust, to enhance the value of his impressions, had in some degree followed their example; he had introduced coloured inks; in many of his books the red hue predominated.

This was conclusive; little further proof was required by his enemies; for *here* was displayed the very signs by which he had contracted his compact with the Evil One. The populace of Mentz rose in tumult. In vain he addressed the municipality; his house was invaded, his presses were destroyed, his business suspended—nay, it is even said he was obliged for a time to shelter himself in concealment from the fury of the rioters.

But Truth prevailed again; the violence of the populace subsided as quickly as it had risen, and the printing press resumed with increased vigour its operations. But Faust and Guttenberg had quarrelled; they were no longer to be associates. The man of genius and the man of enterprise separated; each betook himself to his own path; the mighty secret was divulged, and the press, the deadliest enemy of monopoly, whether scientific or political, became patent to all mankind.

Faust, in union with other partners, issued many works from his establishment. There is a love story, too, connected with this art, with his daughter, the gentle Christina; but we will not tell it *now*, lest we be accused of romancing.

Faust lived to witness many of the mighty effects of the science which he had so materially promoted. He was undoubtedly a man of energy—a master spirit in his time—one of, if not the last of, the magicians; for the night clouds were breaking up, and the mighty revelations of new truths, as they rose, shone with the clear light of stars, and startled not, with the same fears and superstitions as they did of old!

Last year, during the course of a summer's day, we ascended the Rhine from Bonn to Mentz. Deeply impressed with the scenery around us, the associations connected with the rent walls and gleaming fortresses on either hand—with Drachenfels, and Liebenstein, and Rolandseck, and all the memories of that Past, which their ruins or their strength arrayed before us; warmed, too, by the exclamations of surprise and of delight which escaped the lips of those who, like ourselves, for the first time contemplated this strange region, as it were, of castellated romance.—We, nevertheless, were pilgrims to another shrine, one which, if it offered less of the wonderful to the imagination, was of far deeper significance in the destinies of man. That shrine was the old house at Mentz, where Faust and Gutenberg set up the printing press.

It is preserved, perhaps, too well; there are certain signs of renovation about it, which we could have dispensed with. Nevertheless, much yet survives—the strange old gables, the solid masonry, the curious style of building, for architecture we could hardly call it—to connect it with the mysterious agents who once inhabited it. It should be religiously kept from innovation.

The house—"Zun Jungen"—is likewise shown. It was tenanted by Peter Schoeffer, who supplied Gutenberg's place in Faust's establishment, and married his only daughter, the fair Christina.

On the evening of our arrival at Mentz, we crossed the Grand Square. Through the dim and almost, lampless obscurity, we saw a colossal statue rise before us; we had consulted no guide-book, and it was too dark to form any accurate judgment; however, we deemed it some conqueror—some hero in those physical wars whose fame men so delight to celebrate.

We visited the spot at an early hour the next morning; we saw at a distance, from the style, the attitude, the designs on the compartments of the pedestal,* that it was no mere physical hero; we read the inscription with a flush of triumph—

"*Joannes Gutenberg—Primus Typographus.*" *

Not Mentz, nor any other city, could have claimed a prouder distinction.

At Frankfort, in its principal square, we saw the bronze statue of Goethe, the pedestal of the figure being illustrated with reliefs of the most touching episodes in his works.

Over the Grande Place, at Antwerp, presides the noble figure of Rubens; but, *there*, every spot connected with art, or literature, or religion—the Gallery, the Museum, the Cathedral, the Churches—is consecrated to *his* fame.

When shall England, in the centres of her mighty cities, cease only to worship war, or rank, or power?—putting these things ever before the eyes of her population as the highest examples of emulation and of national pride; passing over with a disdainful neglect the conquerors in the intellectual world—the mighty magicians of thought, of poetry, and of art!

* On one side of the pedestal of Gutenberg's statue is this inscription:—

*Johannem Gensfleisch de Gutenberg,
Patrocinium Moguntinum,
Ære per totane Europæe collatare Posuerunt Cives,
MCCCXXXVII.*

The reverse has these verses:—

*Artem que Græci, latini que Latinos,
Germani solers extudit ingenium,
Nunc quidquid sapiunt, sapiunt que recentes,
Non sibi sed populus, omnibus id sapiunt.*

The other sides exhibit, in relief, Gutenberg reading his first proof to Faust, and a representation of the working of the printing press.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

Our excellent friend, ROBERT CHAMBERS—one of "The Brothers Twain"—who were the means of diffusing so much knowledge by their pure and excellent "Cheap Literature," before cheap literature became the fashion, has finished his publication of a life—*Another Life!*—of ROBERT BURNS. It has been a labour of love, and yet Mr. Chambers, aided by industry and perseverance which have never been surpassed, has added little of value or interest to the poet's biography, although he has so arranged and completed it as to render it the standard life of the great Scottish poet; history, with its strong lights and heavy shadows, remains the same. There are those who talk of the "warnings" such biographies give to men of genius: we never knew an instance where the fate of one poet deterred another from pursuing exactly the same course. Experience must be bought; all the great teachers fail in bequeathing it to their descendants. Did Jamie Hogg take warning by the fate of Robert Burns? We do not for a moment mean to compare their genius—only their positions and their fates. Poets can be no more taught prudence than pedants can be taught poetry. This may be unphilosophic, but it is true, though it is hardly *à propos* of these volumes. Robert Chambers, however, rescues the memory of Robert Burns from much connected with it that was intensely painful. He proves that he was neither steeped in the worldly degradation of poverty, nor the besotting habits of intoxication, which overshadowed his memory; neither were his family of a low grade in their native world. We remember well the BURNS' FESTIVAL; never can we think of the Scotch as a "cold-hearted people," after witnessing the enthusiasm of the meeting that hailed the return of the poet's sons to their native land—sons who had won for themselves a position in society, which was elevated by the knowledge that, though the Earl of Panmure (to his honour be it spoken) settled a pension of £50 a year on the poet's widow, her son James, in one year and a half after the deed of gift, "relieved his mother from the necessity of being beholden to a stranger's generosity." When the excitement and fever of this very remarkable gathering had subsided, and we had visited the cottage in which the poet breathed his first breath, and the monument, so exquisitely preserved, which "repentant Scotland" gave to his memory, we were invited by one of the poet's sons, whom we had known in London, to pass an evening in the cottage of Mrs. Begg, the poet's sister. She was a slight, venerable-looking woman—of a mild, rather than an intelligent face—and with that calm, self-possessed manner, which prevents even the humbler Scotch from appearing embarrassed in any society. We were presented to the old lady in duo form, to her two daughters, and her son. The daughters, especially one of them, were quick and intelligent, and did the "honours" of hospitality with genuine kindness, and without the least levelling of affection. There were also the poet's three sons—two of them officers of rank in the Queen's service—and they sat at the cottage board, and enjoyed the meeting with their aunt and cousins earnestly and happily. One of the brothers sang two of his father's songs with a taste and feeling

never to be forgotten; and, as a memento of this meeting, inscribed their names in our "album,"—which we have cherished much and long. They stand thus:—

Robert Burns,
W. N. Burns,
J. G. Burns,
Isabella Begg,
Agnes Begg,
Isabella Begg,
Robert Burns Begg.

Ayr, 8th of August, 1844.

Mrs. Begg was, perhaps, the most interesting of the little party. The sons spoke of their father with a veneration which the remarkable scene of the past day might well have increased; but she spoke of her brother—the playmate of her childhood—with affection, blended, we thought, with something like astonishment that the world should make such a wonder about his "bit sangs." We remained at Ayr a day longer than we had intended, that we might pass an evening with the family of Robert Burns; and we feel, after the lapse of eight years, that we enjoy this fresh and earnest biography all the more for having done pilgrimage to his shrine, and passed a few hours in the society of a family who hardly dared hope to be assembled together again on this side of the grave. We wish that all biographers would study the arrangement of these volumes. The plan is admirable. The letters and poems are given chronologically; and the life, as a connecting narrative. No living writer could have performed the task so well. It is by far the most perfect and the most valuable work that has yet been given to the world by Mr. R. Chambers.

MR. JUSTICE TALFOURD has written a memoir to accompany a posthumous tale by Mr. WILLIAM FREDERICK DEACON. To many, this will be a new name in literature—destined to become famous only when the ear is deaf to the voice of the charmer. We knew Mr. Deacon for some years, as the sub-editor of the *Sun* newspaper; he led a life of hard and earnest, but useful labour, from which he derived small income and no fame. His work, from day to day, in the close and confined atmosphere of the Strand, must have undermined his health. We have rarely seen any one who gave us more completely, or more painfully, the idea of the pale earnest student, the oil of whose lamp was wasting gradually, but surely down to death. He died early, but little known, although much respected by his small circle of friends; and it has been a good work, worthy of the estimable gentleman who has undertaken it, to preserve his memory green, by explaining something of the debt the world owes him. We allude to this case, however, chiefly to lay stress upon a plain, although seldom considered, truth—that many of the most practically useful of our public writers are not known, even by name, to the thousands or tens of thousands whose opinions they daily sway, or it may be, control. Take up any newspaper, and the chances are, you will find in it at least one article equal to the best of those that have given an author fame; now-a-days, the very humblest of our London journals contains matter better by far than

the boasted "Classic" of the past century. Who will hesitate to say, that at least once a day, he will find in the *Times* newspaper articles as full of vigour, point, and eloquence—as pure examples of the "well of English"—as the volumes of Junius can supply, which startled our fathers into wonder approaching to idolatry! Yet not one out of one hundred of the readers of this journal knows, or cares to know, the name of the person who makes his political creed, and gives him mind as well as tongue. It is to be regretted that we must wait until "death, a necessary end," makes us aware of our obligation.

The Photographic Album—As the first fruits of the liberation of the art of photography from the restrictions which the patent laws have so long imposed upon it, we have the above publication, issued by Mr. BOGUE, of Fleet-street. We stated in our last that Mr. FOX TALBOT had resigned his claims as patentee in the calotype, and some other processes of his invention, to the public, still reserving his claim upon the production of portraits by those processes. Mr. ROGER FENTON has immediately availed himself of this, and executed the series now published. The pictures are obtained in the first place on waxed paper, prepared according to the directions of M. LE GRAY. From the original, any number of copies, such as are published, can be obtained. We admire the spirit of the producer and the publisher; at the same time, we cannot but think that some of the views given are of too common and insignificant a character. "The Old Barn," and "The Well Walk," for examples, have no peculiar pictorial merit to recommend them; and, as every photograph involves no small amount of trouble, it appears unfortunate that, in a publication of this kind, the views selected should not have been of spots rendered sacred by the memories clinging to them. The French have done this better than we have: the tombs of Nubian kings—the relics of Egyptian temples—fragments of ancient art—and the sites of heroic or sacred deeds, have been selected by their photographers; and the result of a speculation in photographic views of this character has been most satisfactory. We have no desire to discourage either Mr. Bogue or Mr. Fenton in their spirited undertaking, but we cannot avoid thinking it will prove to their advantage to select for the photographic artists historical scenes and shrines, telling the tales of the earnest devotion of our forefathers. These, or such as these, every one would desire to possess. "Time's effacing fingers" are passing over some hundreds of buildings which we would wish to preserve; photography might be made the means of securing in all truthfulness their present states, and of thus handing down to future historians a history such as no pen could write.

"Another child's book!" Yes; and one of the best, the *very best*, we have seen for years. *Louis' School Days* professes to be a story for boys; but it is in every way worthy of a prominent place wherever there are young people. The characters are well drawn—the incidents arise out of circumstances which seem to be inevitable—and the moral and religious lessons which pervade the whole, are so admirably given, that they never seem to teach. A spirit of truth and Christian honour hallows the little volume; we are almost ashamed to confess

that we know not who E. J. MAY is, though *Louis' School Days* has arrived at the distinction of a second edition. If such a book did not find a grateful home in every mother's heart, we should fear that the "women of England" were not worthy of the jewels of which *Cornelia* was so proud.

Messrs. W. and R. CHAMBERS, of Edinburgh, to whom every part of the world, where the English language prevails, owes a large debt of gratitude, announce a new work; it cannot fail to be good and valuable; we may readily take upon trust any production of theirs, inasmuch as there is no one of their many publications against which objections have ever been urged. The announcement contains a singular fact: the title of the work is to be *Chambers' Repository of Instructive and Amusing Tracts*. It is to be precisely similar in form, price, and literary character, to that *Miscellany of Tracts* formerly issued by them, and which, as they inform the public, although it reached a sale of 80,000 a number, they were obliged to discontinue, "because it proved more remunerative to the State, through the channel of the paper duties, than to the Editors, with whom lay the risk and labour." Why then commence once more a similar enterprise? Messrs. Chambers are consequently obliged to explain that they only are enabled to commence a similar work by a very small reduction in the manufacturer's charges for paper, and in some other expenses." We see it asserted in a contemporary (*the Critic*) that there was originally "a slight miscalculation on the part of Messrs. Chambers." This, however, is an error on the part of the *Critic*; various circumstances have combined to enable Messrs. Chambers to issue their publication at the price stated, and yet to clear a profit, where two or three years ago no profit could have been. Let it be remembered, that upon each number issued, a very small fraction of a farthing only would be required "to pay;" but that fraction multiplied 80,000 times, may yield a sufficient recompense to justify the undertaking. We earnestly hope that, ere long, a removal of the tax on paper will supply a salutary aid to such wholesale enterers for the public as Messrs. Chambers; for we very strongly suspect that the competition among paper-makers has brought their prices, and consequently profits, so low, as to leave them little more than a nominal advantage upon the issue of the 80,000 sheets.

The Cloud with the Silver Lining, is a pretty little story, by the author of *A Trap to catch a Sunbeam*, and the immortal brochure of *Old Joliffe*. This tale is constructed on the same plan as these two favourites, and breathes the same spirit of fragrant cheerfulness. The idea is by no means a new one, Milton says—

"Did a sable cloud
Turn forth its silver lining on the night,"

and Mrs. S. C. HALL adopted the idea from an old Irish proverb, in her novel of *Marian*, whose nurse, Katty Mackane, talks a great deal about there being "a silver lining to every cloud." Mrs. MacKinlay also, wrote a song, which we remember to have heard Catherine Hayes sing, *There's light behind a Cloud*, and we have now on our table a poem, by COLONEL BLACKER, with the same refrain, and the last test of the popularity of this favourite sentence, was seeing a box of adhesive wafers from

Mr. Dolby, stamped with "Katty's saying," as a motto; it is one of those simple and exquisite truths, which cannot be too frequently illustrated, which extracts sweets from bitter, and light from darkness. The author of *The Cloud with the Silver Lining* understands this happy art, and her tales are always welcome, coming as they do, to cheer our firesides—

"Like the sweet bird, we can both remember,
Who left us when summer shone round,
But when chilled by bleak December,
Upon our threshold a welcome still found."

Some time ago, the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge published a book by a lady of the name of KING, (whether Mrs. or Miss, we know not,) but it was called *The Mother's Help*, and a very "helping" book it is; we have just received another carefully written volume, with a rather unpronounceable title, *Catechetical Readings on the Pentateuch*, but it is valuable "help" to parents and teachers, in the school-room and out of it. The catechetical form is certainly peculiarly useful in recalling the attention and arousing the reasoning faculties of young persons, where the one might be apt to wander, and the other supinely to acquiesce; but it does not woo the young student to study, appealing rather to reason than to feeling; it is too like the manual of a teacher: thus the book is really what its title professes it to be, an excellent Bible class-book; but we should like to see the matter put into a more readable form, convinced that it would be the means of making it more generally useful, as it shows knowledge of its subject, and breathes pure Christian doctrine in every line.

Pilgrimages to English Shrines. The second series of this work, from the pen of Mrs. S. G. HILL, is announced for publication during the present month. It consists of pilgrimages to the graves of Izaak Walton, William Penn, Lady Rachel Russell, and Sir Richard Lovelace: to the monument of Wren, the garden of Sir Thomas More, the dwelling of Edmund Burke, to Flaxman's monument, and to the time-honoured vicinage of Chertsey. The volume will derive much of its interest, however, from the visits it records to the houses of some of the writer's personal friends. Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Hoffman, Jane Porter, and Grace Aguilar. The work is dedicated to the writer's friend, Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind). It is very satisfactorily illustrated, by Mr. F. W. Fairholt, who has, moreover, added largely to the value of the volume by the many useful historical and explanatory "notes," which accompany the letter-press.

BOHN'S SCIENTIFIC LIBRARY.—*The Bridgewater Treatises* have been, until the present time, in a great measure unknown to a very large proportion of a reading public, in consequence of the cost of the volumes forming the series; and when it is remembered that, as science and its laws have become "familiar as household words," the immense debt of gratitude due to the spirited exertions of the publisher of the *Scientific Library* will be understood and appreciated. It may not be generally known from what cause arose the writing of the *Bridgewater Treatises*, penned by some of the leading spirits of the day. The Right Hon. and Rev.

Francis Henry, Earl of Bridgewater, by his last will and testament, directed certain trustees to invest in the public funds the sum of £8,000; this sum, with the accruing dividends thereon, to be held at the disposal of the President (for the time being) of the Royal Society of London, to be paid to the person or persons nominated by him. The testator further directing, that the persons so selected should write, print, and publish one thousand copies of a work "On the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as manifested in the creation; illustrating each work by all reasonable arguments—as, for instance, the variety and formation of God's creatures in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; in the construction of the hand of man, and an infinite variety of other arguments; also by discoveries, ancient and modern, in arts, sciences, and the whole extent of literature." The profits from the sale of the works so published to be paid to the authors of the works. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London were requested, by the late President of the Royal Society, Davies Gilbert, Esq., to afford their assistance in determining on the best mode of carrying into effect the intentions of the testator. Acting upon the advice of their lordships, and with the concurrence of a nobleman connected with the deceased, Mr. Gilbert appointed the following eight gentlemen to write separate treatises on the different branches of the subject, as herewith stated:

"On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as Manifested in the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man." By the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D.D.

"On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Physical Condition of Man." By John Kidd, M.D., F.R.S.

"Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology." By the Rev. W. Whewell, M.A., F.R.S.

"The Hand, its Mechanics and Vital Endowments, as Evincing Design." By Sir C. Bell, K.H., F.R.S.

"On Animal and Vegetable Physiology." By Peter Mark Roget, M.D.

"On Geology and Mineralogy." By the Rev. W. Buckland, D.D., F.R.S.

"On the History, Habits, and Instincts of Animals." By the Rev. W. Kirby, M.A., F.R.S.

"On Chemistry, Meteorology, and the Function of Digestion, considered with reference to Natural Theology." By W. Prout, M.D., F.R.S.

Of the above subjects, the two volumes before us contain "The Adaptation of External Nature to the Physical Condition of Man," and "Astronomy and General Physics." The re-issue of these celebrated treatises in so cheap a form, with every attractive combination of good type and paper, is a boon for which to be thankful, affording opportunities and advantages seldom realised.

Two parts of *Grimm's Household Stories*, illustrated by WERNER, are before us. At a period when the enjoyments and the pleasures of children are subjects of just consideration, it is of immense importance that the literature devoted to their service should be free from serious objection. When this is the case, it would be unjust to quarrel with the fact, that fairy tales are only amusing, and not improving: it is an uncontroverted opinion, that much injury has been done to the tastes and inclinations of young persons, through their

having had "strong food" too early forced upon them; expecting pleasure, they found but grave disquisitions, ill-digested, badly understood. The consequence is obvious—a dislike to seek a resource in reading. The fairy feast has many charms, and little beating hearts will look with pleasure on the "Golden Bird," and "Jorinde and Joringel." "The Almond-tree" will be asked for again and again—"Do tell me once more about the little bird that sung—"

"My mother killed me,
My father grieved for me,
My sister, little Marline,
Wept under the almond-tree;
Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

The illustrations and the letter press of *Grimm's Stories* are worthy of high praise. This edition is published by ANDREY and Co., Old Bond-street. "The Soaring Lark" forms the third part of the series, and will cause to little folk equal delight with the preceding portions.

The Charm.—Children! "these are happy days," when magazines are written for your use; boys and girls are offered, as the motto points out,

"The smiles of nature, and the charms of art."

Tales, poetry, narratives, and illustrations abound in the five parts already issued by ANDREY and Co. Let each little reader tell his playmates of the woodcuts, and of the knowledge of historical facts and anecdotes he acquired, while apparently seeking out a *charm*.

Home Days; or, The Scrap Book.—This little book, published in Exeter, by HOLMES, is less regular in its construction than is common to others dedicated to young persons; the variation from a beaten track will, at first, cause perplexity, which a little attention to the details will remove. A family party, with individual traits, intermixed with some charming passages, the offsprings of a poetical temperament, and some pleasing tales, constitute the *matériel* of the *Juvenile Scrap-Book*.

Nut and Dhuon in Mounslund. By the same publishers.—"Nut" and "Dhuon" are two fine dogs, and "Tee," "To," and little "Tum" are three lovely young hines; and of their voracious history this pretty book speaketh. The adventures of the former will cause us to exclaim, with "Tommy," the cat, "Very glad to see you back again." Both these little books are very neatly "got up," and do much credit to the taste of a provincial publisher.

Ersted's Soul in Nature is a work which has attracted a considerable amount of attention in Denmark and in Germany. It is a series of essays and lectures, directed to carrying out one main idea—the existence of a spiritual beauty in all the works of nature. This work has lately been published by Mr. BONN, the translation having been made by the Misses HORNEM. English readers will now have an opportunity of judging of the merits of the book. To Ersted we owe all the advantages which we derive from the electrical telegraph, he having first discovered the temporary magnetism given to a bar of iron while an electric current is circulating around it. This

publication has a peculiar value at the present time, as counteracting the mere material philosophy of our age. The tendency of many of our scientific thinkers appears to be to refer every function to material agencies; here we have the great Danish philosopher beautifully showing us that behind the veil of external nature there is hidden a spiritual nature—the *soul in nature*—to which we owe all the pleasures derivable from the phenomena of life and the development of beauty.

We have heard with feelings of sincere pleasure that £120 have been collected towards the erection of a monument to the memory of THOMAS HOOD—one of the purest poets, and worthiest men of our century—the Duke of Devonshire has given £25 towards this object. Compelled "to be funny," from an idea which the hydra-headed "public" took up for a time, that he could be nothing else; it was only during the poet's struggles against death that his pathetic, or playful poetry, began to be justly appreciated, and warmed the world into enthusiasm. It is curious to read, just now, of the thousands collected, here and there and everywhere, to erect monuments to the great "CAPTAIN OF THE AGE," who, we declare earnestly and truly, deserves all honour and all homage—but the "crumbs which fall from the rich man's table," would serve to show the world, if properly gathered up, that we also honour those whose lyrics were turned to elevate and embellish life—to hymn freedom—and show us the path where glory waits us. Let us hope that we shall yet lay fitting offerings on the graves of Thomas Moore and Thomas Hood.

GOLD.—It is curious to observe how rapidly books are multiplying on this subject. We have, first, the *Lectures* which were delivered at the request of the Society of Arts, by the professors of the Government School of Mines; then we have a *Manual*, by Mr. J. A. PHILLIPS, published by GRIFFIN and Co.; *The Chemistry of Gold*, by Dr. SCOFFERN; *The Australian Gold-field*, by Mr. LEPPEL, of the Polytechnic. All these have their several orders of merit, and will be found more or less useful to the gold-seeker.

WE are not in the habit of noticing music, but a rare little *moreau* of HANDEL's has been brought to light in Ireland: it is called *Forest Music*. The first movement, in common time, is in his own unmistakable style—a bright *réveille*, as if for hunters going out in the morning. In the second movement, which is in 6-8 time, there is a singular blending of the character of Irish music with the peculiar style of Handel. "It would seem," says Mr. Townsend, "as if, by interweaving the national music of Ireland with his own, he meant to pay a graceful compliment to the country where he was receiving a very cordial welcome." It is well arranged for the piano-forte, by Dr. SMITH, without any attempt to spoil it by the innovations of modern musical display. Messrs. ROBINSON have also published, for a charitable purpose, a pretty song, by Mr. STEWART BLACKER, wedded to music by a fair composer, who has done justice to the melodious words.

THE LUCKY PENNY.*

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

CHAP. VII.

"NED," who, be it remembered, had received one of the "trysting" pennies from the old gentleman, on the first of January that commenced our tale, was shuffling his way to the appointed corner, among the market baskets and decayed vegetables which always crowd about Covent-garden; it was the new-year's-day, and Ned had improved astonishingly in rags and laziness since that day twelve months.

"Still on the *batther*, chicken," said an old Irish woman to him; "but where's your come-a-rade?"

"You know"—was the curt reply.

"Ay! IN JAIL! where you ought to be your own self, you *spalpeen*, if right was right; why couldn't you take pattern by the other—he's a credit to look at, and no ways proud—he helped me up with a basket last week, and that in the public street—and you! You've looked at me slaving at this for ever so long, and never offered me a hand."

"Its too bad," grumbled the boy, without heeding her hint; "here am I, a poor lad, poorer than I was last year; and there's he, grow'd stout and tall, and with an air!—I hate them getting up ways! 'Crabs' and 'Jim Crows' ain't what they was—I'm too big for them—or standing on my head either. If mother know'd I'd have grown out o' that, she'd have given me more gin than she did, to keep me little!"

"God help you!" said the poor woman—whose withered, wrinkled face beamed with good nature—"God help you, and such as you—who are cast, not born, into the world. And sure this is the first of the blessed new-year, and may-be the Lord would look down upon you, and put some light or sense into you—it's too much trouble I have of my own, to be bothered with other peoples. And yet, it's the troubles of the world that bother me most, so it is! God help me, and every poor sinner, this blessed new-year's-day!"

"I wonder," muttered the boy, while the brisk, little woman, her load on her head, trotted off, "I wonder what makes the days be blessed to little Molly—she's always talking of blessed days—she is"—and he lounged on, so degraded as to be hardly ashamed of

his rags, or conscious of his having descended lower and lower in the scale of humanity—"them that promise me pennies for holding their horses," he continued, "I never sees them again; but the old gentleman promised me nothin', so I suppose he'll come back." He lounged to the corner, close to the basket shop, and stared in at the window, but soon turned away in disgust; there was nothing available *there*; but a sharp, keen, sleet was descending—cutting and cold. The boy slunk away, and took shelter under the portico of St. Paul's, just as the brothers Oldham came up Tavistock-street: Mr. Francis looking purpled, pinched, and frozen; his double-breasted coat buttoned up to his throat; his narrow shoulders shrugged to his ears; his long withered hands encased in warm rough gloves; his step, still firm and rapid; he carried an umbrella open; nothing could suggest a more perfect picture of sour discontent, of a man at odds with the world—as much from bitterness as eccentricity—than did his face, and figure, and general bearing; not the pinching misery of want and hunger, but the still poorer misery a man entails upon himself; the working of a powerful but self-harrowed mind, soured rather by wilfulness than circumstances. Mr. Francis seemed gathered together against the world; he was condensed into a human icicle. John walked beside him, the hail beating and melting against his jovial, ruddy face; and he met it, with jovial good humour—he might be said to welcome the hail as an old friend, so earnestly was his face upturned to meet it; his strong muscular figure was enveloped in a sort of roquelaure, lined with a still more foreign-looking fur, or it might be feathers; for men (and women too) come home with such strange "tiring" from the far east, that it is quite impossible for an untraveller citizen of London to define their dresses or draperies; one thing was certain, he carried a *pink silk* umbrella in his hand, which he sometimes whirled round like the sails of a windmill; at others, thrust out before him, as a sort of pioneer. When he passed a woman, young or old, rich or poor, he made instant and immediate way; but he walked in general in that free and easy manner, as if the street and "the houses," right and left, were his own, and he was attached to them all: he looked even

* Concluded from page 273.

at the bricks and mortar with loving eyes—dogs peered up into his face and wagged their tails—children gazed into his eyes and smiled.

Mr. Frank was sullen and out of humour, and he was particularly so, because his brother—despite the weather, the hail, rain, and wind—persisted in being so happy. He did not quite believe in his happiness, and every now and then he glanced at him in a sideway, uncomfortable manner. If Mr. John saw it, he did not heed it. The sleet was so sharp and bitter, that the street was almost deserted; it glittered in round shining globules upon the pavement, one running a race with the other, and hopping fiercely against the shop windows—old women said the new-year was coming in like a lion, and would go out like a lamb.

"Brother!" said Mr. John, still more to his brother's disgust, "I can't tell you how this sleet revives me! I have not felt anything half so invigorating for twenty years! it puts me in mind of a hail storm once on Snow-hill, when we were little starvelings!—Ah! I meet it differently now, thank God!" he added, reverently, wrapping his warm cloak more closely round him, "thank God for that, and all other mercies!"

"I can't think," muttered his brother, calling to mind his try-ste, "how I could have been such a fool, or in such a humour—one of my speculations in human nature, fond of delving and diving—but having promised, I must come—never broke my word in my life! that's something to say—never! Ah! here's one of the boys! but no—it can't be!" We need not say that it was Mr. Francis Oldham who had invested the sum of threepence in an experiment on the three boys, with whom we also at the same time made acquaintance. Richard Dolland knew Mr. Francis at once; but his quick eye rested for more than a moment upon his brother, even while he took off his hat to Mr. Francis. Richard never appeared to so much advantage as at that moment; his features had grown in beauty and intelligence—his fair, white brow gleamed beneath the rich masses of his folded hair, and his uplooking eyes were filled with the triumph of success.

"Put on your hat," exclaimed Mr. John—"Stay!" said Mr. Francis, with his usual suspicion—"What brought you here?"

"You gave me a penny, sir, this day twelve months, for holding your horse; you may remember there were three boys, you gave each of us a penny—and—"

"Ay—ay!—but where are the other two?"

"I have not seen either of them to-day, sir."

"That's not true," said Mr. Francis, rudely, while he backed into the basket shop for shelter, "you boys always herd together—herd together."

"And is that all you have got to say to him?" inquired Mr. John. Mr. Francis shook the sleet from his coat, and, while doing so, Ned, having crept up to the door, shivering in his rags, made a sort of harlequin pirouette—a half-starved approximation to hilarity. "Here am I!" he exclaimed, while Richard stood back to make room for him.

"Hunt in couples, eh!" said Mr. Francis, his eye gleaming and glittering from one to the other, while the sight of the rags and wretchedness seemed to do him good.

"Hunt in couples," repeated Mr. John, in a tone of voice conveying dissent, "Hunt in couples!" Richard had been changing from red to pale. It was a singular group.

"Well, and what did you do with your penny?" inquired Mr. Francis, addressing Ned.

"Why, ye'r honor, I made more of it?"

"Good," said Mr. Francis, "but how?"

"I had a run of luck, and turned it into four brownies, and would have traded it, only mother spent it all in lush, and beat me afterwards; he knows the sort *she* is," he added, "it's all along of *his* having a tidy mother, he's such a swell."

"So you have a good mother, have you?" inquired Mr. John of Richard.

"Thank God, I have, sir!"

Richard's warmth and confidence returned under the influence of Mr. John's genial smile—"and the penny the gentleman gave me was 'the lucky penny' of my life!"

"It had a hole in it?" interrupted Ned (pointing with his thumb), "he always got the luck."

Mr. Francis chuckled; the evident rascality and starvation of Ned, seasoned by his quaint, coarse humour, had attracted him; the boy upheld his theory as to the wretchedness of humanity—it was pleasant to find all as vile as he argued they must be; it was pleasant to know that, though the penny multiplied, the canker was at the root, and it did not prosper.

"But tell me, how was it?" said Mr. John, whose sympathies went with Richard. Before the youth could reply, Mr. John espied a somewhat discontented expression in the eyes of the good-natured shop woman.

"Ah!" he said, smiling at her, "so many damp strangers: has your mother a dog?"

"No, sir."

"A cat?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then here's a house for the cat, and a basket for your mother." Having thus gained the good graces of the shopwoman, who was not very clear as to the sanity of either of the old gentlemen, yet offered a chair to Mr. John, as seemingly the most sane of the two, she withdrew to the communicating door of the second shop, keeping her attention fixed on "Ned," and wondering how any one could notice such a "rubbish!"

"Now, my lad, what of your '*lucky penny*'?" inquired Mr. John, of Richard.

"I had long desired to read the life of Benjamin Franklin, sir—and I went to a bookseller's where I had seen it, and offered the penny for the privilege. He wanted an errand boy, and took me into his service!"

"Without a character?"

"No, sir," replied Richard; and he drew himself up a little—"I was never without that."

"Oh! oh! proud I see!—good—and why did you want to read the life of Benjamin Franklin?"

"Because, sir, long ago, when my poor father was alive, he used to set me copies—sentences composed by Benjamin Franklin—and I wanted to read the life of a man who was so wise and so useful, and who did so much for himself as well as for mankind."

"Good! and were you quite satisfied with the book?"

"There is a great deal in it I should like to do, and much I should like to be. My mother objected to some things; but she would have me to read only one book—the Bible, sir."

"And you?"

"Oh, sir, I should like to read all the books in the world."

"Ah! youngster, did you ever read *men*?"

The boy looked down; and, after a moment or two, said, "It is perhaps pleasanter to read books."

"Complimentary! you try, then."

"I do, sir; every face is a book—is it not, sir?"

"Ah! well, I suppose so—the young are the pleasures of hope—now I, what should I be?"

"The pleasures of memory, sir, I should think, you look so happy."

Mr. Francis had dismissed his "boy," and was watching the progress of the acquaintance between his brother and Richard.

"A flatterer!" said he.

"Oh, sir, truth is not flattery: I only thought so."

"You said you were an errand boy," observed Mr. Francis, advancing.

"Yes, sir, at first, quite; but my master is very kind to me, very; he lends me books, and of late I sometimes sit with him and read to him, and *might* do so every evening if I liked; but my mother, sir, she is quite a young woman, but she is blind."

Mr. John spoke to Mr. Francis apart; while they did so, Richard went to the door, and looked out into the sleet which was thickening into snow. "And why did you make the appointment with the boys, if you did not mean to help the deserving?" said Mr. John. "I am delighted with this lad: the penny, brother, can be made as lucky to *you* as it has been to *him*, if you only take advantage of it; his voice has a strain of music in it which recalls—"

"Nothing!" interrupted Mr. Francis, "what should it recall? You are still given to seeing visions and dreaming dreams. Now, boy," he added sharply, "where does your master live?"

Richard told him. "And your name?"

"My father changed his name some time before his death; but I am called Richard Dolland!"

"And what was your father's real name?" inquired Mr. John.

"What have we to do with that?" said Mr. Francis.

"I have," replied Mr. John; "I do not like changed names."

"Ah! if he had one I dare say he had forty," said Mr. Francis, with a bitter sneer.

"No, sir," answered the lad, while an indignant flush overspread his face. "No, sir, he changed his name because of the cruelty of his father; his real name was Richard Oldham."

Francis Oldham sprang at the lad's throat, as a tiger would spring upon a fawn.

"It is false!" he screamed, "It is false!—false!—false!—he left no child; and if he did?" His grasp relaxed, he fixed his strong eyes upon the panting boy, who returned his gaze with more indignation than terror—there was something, to the looker-on, positively fearful in the expression of both; one so blighting, so cruel; the other so defying; the very look which youth should never wear to age.

"Come!" said the old man to his brother, in a deep, hoarse voice, so deep that it seemed a voice from the grave, hard and untrembling as from a tongue of stone. "Come, come! I say, why do you look at him? there might be twenty Richard Oldhams. Come, John, brother—if you touch him, or hold any communion with him, I will never grasp your hand in mine. Never, do you hear; I will never, *never* give

my thoughts back for yours; never rest (if there *are* spirits) in a grave near yours: touch him not, brother; brother, if you touch him I will curse you both! Do not speak to me," he added passionately, not the frail flickering passion of an old man, feeble even in its violence, but with deep, concentrated, ungovernable rage; his eyes flashing, his thin lips quivering, his long, blue fingers impotent in strength, grappling the air convulsively—"do not speak to me, but follow me, idiot though I have been, what had I to do with new readings of human nature—follow me, brother!"

Mr. John saw that the present was no time to combat his brother's will; and so, without another word, he followed him out of the shop, much to the relief of the basket-seller, who told Richard he would have a good action against that awful old gentleman, who was the biggest Turk she had ever seen; beginning the new-year after that fashion, and at his age too, when every additional day was an especial mercy.

"There he goes, tearing down the street?" she continued, "the wind has carried off his hat, but he does not heed it; the hail mingles with his grey hair, and streams over his shoulders; yet he feels nothing but his own passion: his strong, hearty brother can hardly keep pace with him. I judge he hasn't the same devil within to urge him on. Why don't you follow, and find out who they are? it may be worth your while."

Richard did not tarry either to hear or answer the question; he had disappeared through the other door. "Well, I declare," continued the woman, "this is as strange a new-year's prank as ever I saw played; and as I live, the boy hasn't taken the baskets!"

Heedless of the knobby snow, and the pitiless wind which drifted it against his bare head, Mr. Francis rushed on. The few passengers who sheltered beneath their umbrellas, or bent half blindly to the blast, felt something pass them on the pavement so rapidly that visions of accidents or death troubled their minds; others stepped from beneath the shelter of door-ways, or hooded lanes, and thought the old man just escaped from a lunatic asylum, and that his keeper was following. More than one policeman asked Mr. John if he wanted help; but he waved them back, and they looked half perplexed and half offended at their assistance being thus declined. Mr. Francis's knock made the old door shudder again; though the servant did not know that her master inflicted this loudness on the quiet

of Harley-street, his little dog was aware of his presence, and flew to meet him; but his savage mood permitted of no tenderness, no sympathy, even from his dog. He kicked it madly from his path; the little creature howled piteously; but the moment after it limped to the door, which was banged and bolted against all the world, stretched out its half broken limb, and with that look of patient agony which a dog's face so well expresses, resolved to watch and wait for the returning love, which was all the heaven it ever knew or hoped for.

Mr. John could hear his brother pacing up and down the room, and when his step came near the door the dog's ears moved, and it uttered its little whine of recognition and entreaty. "How much love," thought Mr. John, "we cast to the winds and waves, which if garnered and nurtured, if even received and suffered to enter into the recesses where it would be content to dwell and fructify, would multiply the sweetest and tenderest blessings of existence around our hearths and homes. The sympathy we give to the small demands of others returns four-fold into our own bosoms." And then, again and again, he murmured—"Her grandchild, her grandchild—such an unaccountable sympathy drawing me towards him!" He tried to read; the letters escaped from their position, and resolved themselves into silhouettes and outlines of the face and figure of the youth he had seen—he looked up at the ceiling—out of the window—shadows, and visions, and memories were all about him. The present and palpable world was the dream—the shadows, the reality. He repeated over and over again to himself the youth's address, as if it could by any possibility be forgotten; his eagerness to go to his master could scarcely be restrained, and yet he must wait—he must not go ALONE. How his long life in the Indian world seemed but a day, an hour, so forcibly did the time previous to his leaving England return to him; how he recalled it, and reviewed it, and what strong claims did nature assert within his bosom to enable him to remember, during those feverish hours, that Francis was his brother, born of his own mother—that mother whose image, beautified by the lapse of years, was so often present in his dreams—and how mysterious it was that Richard mingled with his thoughts, few as they were, of the future. The boy had suddenly given him a new interest in life. His thankful, righteous spirit was more than once lifted up in gratitude to God, not because of any certain good, but of the promise which he felt

had been given him since the morning, that his old age would not be childless. "Childless!" had it ever been so?—never! He had taken to his bosom, during his long life, orphans and deserted little ones, children who would at all events have morally perished but for the strong hand which gathered them into a home, and the warm heart which opened to receive them; fed, and clothed, and educated, he had placed out many such in the world. He had a perpetuity of children, and children's children, whose prayers daily and nightly rose to the throne of the Almighty for his good; no wonder that his ways prospered, that his sleep was sweet, and his blithe old heart happy. Some who did not profit by their blessing, he tried either to hope for or forget; the wild and the wayward, he suffered for a time to be scourged by their own whips, and the whips of the world; and when satisfied that their chastisement had been sufficient, he made a way for them to escape. He had engraved on brass, over the door of the school he had founded and endowed, a motto which should be engraved on every Christian heart—

"While there is life there is hope!"

He had even scoffed at the idea of "natural affection," instance the love borne to him by, and the love he bore to many of, these adopted children, as a love which could not be surpassed; but the lad Richard tugged so strongly at his heart, that he might have doubted his favourite theory, though he would have answered, "kindred has nought to do with it, but Richard's father was *my* child!" Oh, deep and priceless love! bearing the toiler company through the rugged years of a rugged life; living after the life which gave it life has perished; a memory, yet strengthening the strong manly heart, to conquer in the battle with the world; a fragrance shedding perfume all along that world's thorny ways; a presence in the toilsome day and silent night—an active, earnest influence rising from a little mound of daisy-covered earth—a faith strengthening the faith by which eternal happiness is gained. Oh, matchless love! the joy and theme of angels, when purged of earthly passion, it lives,

"Bright as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

• Blessed are they whose hearts by thy power become altars! Even so it was with Mr. John Oldham; and those who observed his refinement and his benevolence, little wot of how it came, and wondered how it was that he did not marry, that his own children might

inherit the wealth he lavished (so always prate the thoughtless) upon those who were not kith nor kin to him.

At last his brother's door was opened, and the little dog permitted to enter, which it did with a joyous bark, looping up its poor leg the while, but not heeding its suffering, in delight at the murmured words which crept into its little palpitating heart; and he *was* sorry—Mr. Francis was both sorry and ashamed that he had injured the faithful brute, who had imbibed from him whatever of ill-temper disfigured its canine nature. In a short time the dinner was served, and Mr. Francis, self-conquered, met his brother with a firm step. Two hectic spots, as if dashed on by a fire-brand, burned beneath his eyes; they were the only vestiges of his recent emotion. "I bade two of our old friends to meet you," he said, "but they were engaged." Mr. John made no reply—he could not speak—his brother helped him and himself; nor did Mr. Francis seem to observe that John's plate was removed untouched. The brothers had changed natures. Mr. Francis was terribly gay and grim—it was the flashing, fearful attempt at mirth of an evil spirit—the death's head crowned with a upas branch. When John spoke at all it was in monosyllables, dropped by accident; once he attempted to caress the little, limping dog, but the creature would have bitten him. Mr. Francis laughed. There was something terribly desolate, worse a hundred times than lonely, in this new-year's feast—for in Mr. Francis's frugal housekeeping it was a feast. The cloth was removed, wine and dessert were placed upon the table; the servant vanished.

"I did not forget even your monkey, brother John," said Mr. Francis, "here are some nuts for him; but let us drink to this happy new-year, brother—happy new-year—ah! ah! Come, happy new-year."

John sprang to his feet, and pushed back the wine; "as I am a living man," he exclaimed, "I will neither break bread, nor taste wine, until we—mind, brother, I said *we*—it is my duty as well as yours—before we render justice! Food would suffocate me, wine would poison me, until this is done. I followed your footsteps; waited till your feelings subsided; acted like a child, instead of a man, at your command. But now I call upon you—put that wine from your lips—put down the wine, brother Francis—let us out through the night; find the lad's master, and if it be that his character is clear, let us render justice; let us receive him as a new-year's gift from God!"

"Perjury!" said Francis, "I swore no child of my child should ever touch coin of mine."

"He *has* touched it: the 'Lucky Penny' was given by you to him; but away with so poor a subterfuge. Shall man swear to the author of all evil to do evil, and may not God set the compact aside, and teach him to repent, and do well? We are commanded not to do evil that good may come of it; how much stronger is the command not to let evil become the parent of evil."

"There is somewhere," replied Francis, with scorn and calmness, "mention made of a deaf adder, that will not hear the voice of the charmer."

"Ay, because he *is* deaf, but *you* are not so; nay, you shall not purry me. Look at it as you will, I see that a fearful wrong has been done; nay, more than one, a succession of wrongs—leaving you, the inflictor, a greater sufferer than those upon whom you inflicted punishment. I know it is the time and the hour to see to this; if, indeed, the lad would accept retribution from your hands."

"If—if—he would accept retribution from my hands," repeated Mr. Francis, bitterly, "if!—if!—you know he has been taught (should he be the boy) to curse his grandfather; and yet were I to advance a step—were I to advance hand or foot towards him—were I to look upon him as I would upon a thing I loathe (he knowing who I was, and what I have), the young serpent would coil, and cringe, and smile, and flatter, and hulk, and fawn;—the old man's gold—see if he would not plunge his soul into perdition to grasp it—do I not know the world?—do I not know the mammon worship of old and young?"

"Test him, try him," rejoined Mr. John: "brother, that is all I ask, try if he be the thing you say—if he be, I will absolve you;" Mr. Francis rose from his seat, "I will do more, I will not consider him our kin."

Mr. Francis rang the bell. "My coat, and hat, and stick."

"It rains, and blows, and snows, from all points of the compass, sir," said the astonished servant; "shall I call a coach?"

"No! now, brother John"—he cast a look of such exultation towards him—such a look as Satan cast at our first parents when they departed from Eden. Going down the steps, Mr. Francis turned round, and laid his hand upon Mr. John's arm—"if he accepts, you do not give him any claim on me!"

"No," was the curt reply. They proceeded silently, those two old men, battering on against the blast, trembling both—the one

secure in his belief of the predominance of that cringing evil which would lick the dust for gold; the other hoping in the good, and confiding with most unworldly wisdom in the independence of a young boy, whose loving and beloved mother was blind and helpless, and who, with high aspirations, had suffered from the bleakest poverty.

An empty coach hailed them—they entered. Mr. John heard through the blast, and amid the rattling of the once courtly carriage, the low, chuckling laugh of his brother—he enjoyed the infiction he suffered because of its anticipated fruitage. They drew up at the bookseller's door, and knocked. By degrees the light vanished from the area window, and ascended the stairs, standing still in the hall; again they knocked, and Martha slowly undid the door to the length of the chain, and poking her face out, asked what they wanted.

"Woman! undo the door," commanded Mr. Francis—it needed no second word—the chain fell, and Martha, shading her candle from the wind and rain with her hand, stood open-mouthed gazing at the old man.

"Ask, ask," he repeated, to Mr. John.

Mr. John did so: "Was this Matthew Whitelock's?"

"People generally, even when they come by daylight, say *Mr. Matthew*," was the reply to him, though her gaze was rivetted on Mr. Francis: "but he was not at home, he was gone out—gone to Richard Dolland's; why shouldn't he, if he liked it, go to his messenger—Dick Dolland's, who had grown into Richard, and might into Mr. Richard, who could tell?" She gave the widow's address, and away lumbered the carriage, stopping at the entrance to the little court. The two old men prepared to cross the threshold of the widow's lodging; they saw from the shadows, as they passed the window, that there were three in the little room. Mr. Francis knocked, Richard opened the door, and turning suddenly round, exclaimed, as people do at the sudden fulfilment of a dream—"They are here!"

CHAP. VIII.

THE widow was seated in her usual corner; her Bible lay in her lap, for though she had ceased to be able to read its word, it was her inexpressible comfort; it strengthened her feebleness, nay, it restored her sight—it was her friend, her faith, her love, her devotion—the fountain of living waters, the rock of ages; her fingers knew all her favourite chapters, and could trace them verse by verse—never

did she sit down that her Bible was not in her lap; never did she lie down, that it did not companion her pillow. Matthew Whitelock sat at the table, upon which he had placed the rough-looking book in which he had made calculations as to the probable success of Richard's poems. Oh! fallacious HOPE, that could cause a bookseller to miscalculate, and believe in the profits of poetry! yet it is a positive fact, that Matthew Whitelock was telling off, bit by bit, the expected "trade profits." The widow's early bloom and beauty was, of course, gone; there was no trace of that remaining; but there was something so sweet, and calm, and patient, in the expression of her face; so lovely, in the hot-house delicacy of her complexion; so fragile and helpless in the transparency of her hands, which, since the brothers' entrance, trembled upon her Bible; something so appealing, not to man, but to God, in those upturned eyes, that John felt as if the presence of an angel filled that small room. Francis looked and wondered, and mentally cursed all beauty, but he could not speak. Mr. John briefly explained to Mr. Whitelock why they had sought him, and how much they desired to know if Richard's tale was true. Gradually during the brief and (to Mr. John) most satisfactory conversation, the widow rose from her seat, and passing one arm round Richard, drew him towards her. As word after word of praise passed from the bookseller's lips, the mother became more and more erect. "I have only learned this evening," said the worthy man, "that, for reasons rather to be felt than understood, his mother bore the name her husband chose, and the lad seems to think that one of you gentlemen knows more about his family than they themselves have been able to ascertain."

"No, sir," said the widow, "not able to ascertain—because we never inquired; never, since my poor husband's death, did we wish to know aught about the cruel parent who abandoned him on his death-bed. Sir, I offered to leave my husband—I knew it would have killed me—if that could have tempted his father to forgive him—forgive him the crime of marrying me. No: we have starved since, and laboured until those eyes wept and worked themselves into darkness, but we never, in our bitterest days of want or weakness, desired to hear the name of Mr. Francis Oldham."

Mr. John feared to look at his brother, nor did he see the door partially open, or the strong profile of the bookseller's Irish servant resting against its frame.

"And yet," said Mr. Francis, "I believe I am the grandfather of that boy, whose father's perverse will displaced him from my heart."

Richard felt his mother press heavily against him; it seemed as if she felt, by strong instinct, her husband's spirit rising within her son. "Keep still," she whispered, "keep still; hear him to the end! it may be he repents; we must forgive him if he repents." The boy was swelling into a giant.

"I will now acknowledge him, take him from his low associates, and place him properly in the world," continued Mr. Francis.

"Don't think of me, Richard, don't, dear," again whispered the mother, "perhaps he repents."

The lad pressed closely to her. "I have no low associates, sir," he said, "and having work, I am already well placed in the world."

A pang shot through Mr. Francis; could it be that he was wrong, that the boy would not accept the golden bribe he offered? He now became more anxious to succeed. "But I am rich, boy, very rich; instead of carrying parcels, you shall ride your own horse, you shall go to college, and become (if you are clever, as this good man says,) celebrated; think of it, this narrow room, these poor clothes will pass away; you have a rich grandfather who can't live long—you have but to obey him—to love him."

"Love him!" repeated Richard, and the torrent of his feelings broke forth. "Love him! sir, I could not love you, I could not for an hundred times your wealth; obey you, I could not—you, sir, you, who might have saved my father's life and would not; whose unforgiving neglect has sealed my mother's eyes in blindness—love *you*! Can I not now recall my father's wasted form—and the words of patience under affliction, and of praise to God, the breathings of memory mingled together, and how he spoke of his mother, and the cruelties *she* received at your hands—love *you*!"

"The lad," interposed the bookseller, "has a highly poetic temperament, and no knowledge whatever of the world, as you may observe, sir; you have taken him unawares—he will see his advantage soon; he cannot help seeing it."

"I see," said Richard, "the advantage *you* gave me: I feel *that*, and am grateful for it. I see how I can work my way. I do not fear for myself or for my mother, now."

"You are excited; do you not know that your grandfather has a right to your duty and obedience; do you not see the hand of God

in bringing you together?" said Mr. White-lock.

"I see!" replied Richard, "my dying father, my starving mother—I see her now—I remember what I was myself."

"But also remember the hand which gave you the '*lucky penny*,'" interrupted the bookseller.

Richard covered his face.

"Battery and brutality," muttered Matty to herself, "I thought I knew the old tyrant through the hoary shroud of age; and good right I have. Didn't I nurse his wife through her dying; and to think of our Richard being her grandchild—no wonder my heart went to him so tenderly—oh the deceitfulness, murdering, and dreadfulness of the world; day and night, day and night—God help us all! we are all bad together!"

"Were my father's father poor," said Richard, after a long pause, "were he poor and I rich, I would help him: *he* should not starve, nor work himself to blindness; but I will never put my neck into a yoke I cannot carry. I could *not* love him—I could *not* obey him. His help would be to me a millstone. I will not even bear his name."

"Speak to him," said the bookseller, addressing the widow. "If all be real that I have heard, he is thrusting fortune from him."

The widow drew herself up, grasping her Bible more firmly than ever.

"Let it be," she said, "according to the texts—*HE* loved. When great trouble came upon *HIM*, particularly in his latter days, when his hours were numbered, and he would still try to teach the child; then, when in most need of comfort, he would open his Bible, asking God, according to his want, for a text of patience, or faith, or hope, or charity, and it would come; just where he opened, there would be the balm and the teaching. And, according to the words God calls to my memory, let the lad decide." She paused as if waiting, and then quoted, in a low tone,

"It saith—'the chief thing for life is water, bread, and clothing, and a house to cover shame.' Thank God, we have all these in an humble way. And it says again, 'Better is the life of a poor man in a mean cottage, than delicate fare in another man's house;' and it saith, 'understanding is a well-spring of life.' My child *has* understanding, and his father thought it for good, and it was sanctified by hope, and the hope hath been fulfilled." She paused, and shook her head mournfully; "they will not come to me, as they used to *HIM*. I am not worthy as *HE* was; and I told *HIS* father

I was not worthy, and that if he would forgive him, and nurture him, I would give him back his son!"—again she paused.

"This is cruel," said Mr. John; "it is too much for her; see how she trembles!"

"Mother! blessed, mother!" exclaimed Richard, clasping her in his arms, "my own dear, darling mother!"

"And what," she said, "did Jesus in the Temple? did he not overthrow the tables of the money-changers? You are right, my child—you do not want his wealth, let him go forth; his presence troubles me, I have the right text now, my child—it is for *YOU*—"

"And thou shalt eat of the labour of thy hands. Oh, well is thee, and happy shalt thou be!"

"Happy shalt thou be, my child," she repeated, exultingly, "his wealth has not made him happy; there is no *HOPE* in his voice; and if he came to make the offer, it was because of the unquietness of his own spirit; he has said naught of the sorrow, naught of the repentance, that would sanctify the gift. Oh, poor, old gentleman, how I do pity him; his cruelty killed the sweetest lady that ever loved a tyrant, and that was one desolation; and then, when his son loved me, that was another! I do pity the poor old gentleman whom even we desire to depart."

The bookseller was pulling at Mr. John's arm—"He has such talent, sir, poetic talent," he whispered, "a wonderful lad, sir; I saw it from the first, sir; he is proud and wilful. Ask the gentleman to give him time; you know it is sheer madness—quite the spirit of a gentleman." This eloquence was lost on Mr. John, whose feelings had been, and were, too strong for words; he had altogether lost sight of the actual motive why his brother had accompanied him there. He took the widow's hand—"You mistake—you both mistake," he said, gently, "we came here to render justice, and I—I ought to have long since inquired concerning my nephew."

"Then," said the widow, "you are Mr. John, ah! my poor husband always said, *you ought to have been his father!*"

A fearful groan burst from the lips of Mr. Francis, the straightforward and simple avowal stuck like a spear into his heart: the widow heard the groan.

"The poor gentleman is ill," she said, adding, with her usual simplicity, "Richard, though we will not have his money, nor his help, we must pay him respect; he has nothing to love him—nothing—no one—in the wide, wide world."

Hardened and cynical, avaricious, cold, and calculating, as Mr. Francis had been for years, labouring to stifle all human emotion, that scene was more than he could bear; a victim of the contending and stormy passions which for years had rendered him the terror of his household, and a mystery to the world; disappointed by an independence which, while he could not comprehend, he was forced to reverence; he was so suddenly struck by the widow's observation to his brother that, as the room felt whirling round, he grasped the door, falling literally into the arms of the woman, who had watched with deep devotion, the fading away of his gentle wife. Matty was silenced by both the terror of that moment, and the memory of the past. She flung off his cravat—loosened his throat and chest; and while he lay in a fearfully prolonged state of insensibility, they saw, resting upon the shrivelled skin that barely shrouded the bones and muscles of his frame, *the miniature of his wife*.

No one but Matty knew why, when his eyes rested upon that picture, poor Mr. John sunk upon his knees, close by his brother's side, or why tears—large tears—streamed through his fingers. That night Mr. Francis was carried home to his cold and stately house, a stricken man; a sluggish attack of paralysis had seized upon him, not fiercely, but fatally, withdrawing motion and feeling gradually, bit by bit, from the worn-out frame, but leaving the brain, after a time, clear and active, although the heavy tongue could not give words to his thoughts or his desires; when, after that fearful interview, consciousness fully returned, it was evident, that this stubborn spirit rose in rebellion against the MERCY, which had borne so long with his caprices and his misdeeds—his angry looks and stammering words were ever rushing against those who ministered to his wants—sleepless and restless, he wearied even Mr. John by his thankless and turbulent spirit—he *would* get up, and when his feet refused to do their office, curse in broken accents, the poor limbs that could neither move nor support his frail weight. Gradually his speech returned, and long did Mr. John, with the patient, loving kindness of the tenderest woman, minister to his wants. How he prayed for *that* brother, how daily and hourly, he wearied heaven with prayers, how he entreated that grace might be given even at the eleventh hour; that he might but call upon that name, in spirit and in truth, of which *only* cometh salvation; how, sometimes in the night watches, sometimes in the grey morning light,

he fancied that a murmured petition—an entreaty for peace, and pardon, trembled on those adamant lips. Oh, how his old heart beat with joy and thankfulness, when Mr. Francis asked him, to finish the Lord's prayer; he knew, he said, as far as the petition for daily bread, and was "*curious*" (so his pride masked his desire), to hear the remainder; how fervently it was repeated, though in a trembling voice—earnest and trembling—is recorded in heaven—hope twinkled like a star, flickering and wavering at first—obscured by clouds, but still ascending in the firmament. It was not often that John slept upon his watch, but one particular night, he was awakened from the slumber, which in age is frequently as light as in childhood—"Brother, brother;" it was Mr. Francis; he asked him to pray for him, and wondered if the boy and his mother would come to his bed side.

Many weeks had passed, and Mr. John knew that Richard continued earnestly at his work, more brave because of his independence, and, perhaps, a thought more erect in his carriage, but steady and firm; thinking sometimes of what he might have been, but resolved to BE, by his own exertions; it was well to see that though the poet's dream was strong upon him—though he was in the toils, he worked manfully in his vocation; his blind, patient mother, pondering now and then, if the old gentleman lived, but turning from his proffered gifts, into the poor, but happy haven, where hope was growing into certainty.

Mr. John did but wait; he lingered in the trust that his brother might be permitted to perform his duty; and thus it was, mother and son stood beside his bed, and then the hard bitter man, grown feeble as a little child—tears welling from that stern heart, gushing from those blood-shot eyes—asked for the pardon he had refused to grant; the blind woman, standing still beside him, until her limbs refused to do their office, and she sank upon her knees, bound to pray for him "who had despitely used her," which she did weepingly, and with the earnestness of a Christian. After that, the old man could not bear that Richard should be away from his bed-side; in this new love, he seemed to have forgotten altogether Mr. John, he would follow Richard's movements with his eyes, listen to his reading until the coming shadows of the GREAT CHANGE dulled his senses—and mutter, "The Lucky Penny, The Lucky Penny!" The lad's voice soothed him—the lad's hand smoothed his pillow—the lad's step fell like a feather on the floor, and yet, as the

old man's face whitened, and assumed, strange to say, even a peaceful expression, that of the youth became anxious and distressed. Mr. Francis lingered long on the threshold of the grave, and yet to his brother all seemed soon over; but his was that happy nature which renews its youth by sympathy with the young.

Matthew Whitelock flourished greatly in a new shop, and had the satisfaction, after the lapse of a few years, of publishing (*not* by subscription) a beautifully illustrated volume of poems, by an Oxford graduate, who might have played a distinguished part in fashion-

able society, but for a home-keeping and somewhat distant manner—loving the companionship of a very jovial old uncle better than the society of Freshmen or Fellows—and watching the footsteps of a blind mother with the tenderness and affection of a girl.

It may seem no less strange than true, but Richard Oldham always believed he would have preferred the fortune he might have achieved for himself, to that which he inherited; though in a glass case in his library, containing many coins of rare value, is deposited an old copy of the *Life of Benjamin Franklin*, and a common penny piece—the “Lucky Penny.”

BIRDS IN CAPTIVITY.*

THE PAINTED BUNTING.

(*Emberiza Ciris.*)

THE characteristics of the bunting family do not vary materially from the grosbeaks (*loxias*) and the finches (*fringilla*); the buntings are gregarious, with a strong bill, the sides of the mandibles bending inwards, having in the upper one a knob (or tooth) for the purpose of bruising food.

The painted bunting is one of the most pleasing of cage birds; its form, loving habits, and gentle sweet song, combine to make it an especial favourite. I have been the possessor of several, and found all equally docile, fond of leaving their cages for the breakfast-table, and eating and bathing close by me, in the most familiar way. I had some trouble in enticing them back to captivity, and a chase ensued; they run along the ground like mice, and skim noiselessly from place to place. With their own species they are as quarrelsome as our own robins, but quite gentle with other birds. In the pairing season they have, during the night, a loud but melodious cry, or call-note, beyond which they do not betray the migratory impulses. Their resentments and love of practical jokes are admitted by every one who gives room for their exhibition. In one instance, in my large cage, I had found it necessary to divide two of these birds, their quarrel being *à l'outrance*, the stronger being condemned to solitary confinement, he constantly watched the approach of his opponent to the seed drawer, and through the bars at-

tacked an unfortunate bunch of newly-grown feathers on the head of his enemy; this freak he repaid with interest, the *lex talionis* was suggestive of a shower bath. The Rev. Gilbert White, in his charming work on the *Natural History of Selborne*, gives the following passage, illustrative of this peculiarity:—“I have a nonpareil which often sits demurely upon a perch behind the other birds, and from thence makes excursions to pull their tails, poising itself upon the wing, like a kestrel, underneath another bird, while it pulls its tail, and almost drags it from the perch, regaining its own post before the other can steady itself or look round. It is very fond of molesting, in this manner, a beautiful red-bird, which had lost a foot before it reached this country, and to whom the joke is on this account particularly inconvenient; and I have been amused at observing, when the nonpareil went down afterwards to feed, the red-bird look down upon it with an aspect that spoke, as plain as words could tell, ‘you are the fellow who dared to pull my tail.’” It is singular that these birds, like the genus *sylvia* (warblers), are very troublesome to each other, in plucking out feathers from their companions, and swallowing the small ones. The nonpareil being a foreign bird, it is not possible to ascertain if the analogy holds good throughout, the *sylvia* division not showing this mischievous propensity, except when reared from the nest.

The painted bunting—better known as the “nonpareil,” and also called the “pope”—suffers greatly during the season of moult; he therefore requires warmth, an unequal tem-

* Continued from page 284.

perature causing much irregularity and deficiency of plumage—the supervention of cold weather stopping its progress. It requires four years to bring to perfection the varied colours of this beautiful and gentle little creature, and the assistance afforded to nature will depend upon a warm room at the moulting season, a sunny aspect (without draughts of air) in summer, and suitable food. The healthiest and the highest coloured nonpareil I ever saw, was one the property of an invalid lady; I attribute its beauty to an increased temperature, and the fact that it was fed all day upon bread and milk, and towards evening the seed vessel was returned to the cage, and left with the bird until morning; fed on seed *only*, the brilliant colouring could not have been found. The nonpareil is not one of those birds directly subject to mutation of colour (which in every case may be attributed to climate or artificial heat, and to the quality of food), but he approaches near to it, for elderberries and soft pears cause a deeper red upon his breast, while the seed-eater, exposed to variable degrees of cold, will only attain to the yellow colour, and probably have a bald head. It is possible that the absence of the sun's rays has much to do with colour. The Rev. W. Herbert says that he once saw an English white water lily blow of a pale rose-colour, after a week of unusual heat in July; besides, a feather that has three colours will have three distinct glands, a vessel attached to each gland for conveying the colouring matter to the feather—may not weakness lessen the vitality necessary to the supply?

The proper food is millet, canary, chicory, and lettuce seeds, with poppy-seed and figs occasionally; the soft food already prescribed, such as milk, bread and milk, and meat; of green food, lettuce, chickweed and cress, and occasionally mealworms; a spider when ailing, and flies *ad libitum*. I do not, under other circumstances than an invalid's chamber, advise the adoption of the alternate meals, for an obvious cause; there the bird was under surveillance, and the food not allowed to sour, or fall short.

I found these birds subject to diarrhoea and wasting fever; the former I cured in a manner which will be found in a future chapter, on the diseases of birds; when the malady proceeded to the second stage, I failed, and the sufferings of several days' duration ended in death. I advise that all remedies be accompanied by great quiet to the bird.

The silence of M. Boestien and other writers on the subject of the habits of this most interesting of the buntings would surprise

any one who had been so fortunate as to make one familiar, the *emberiza ciris* being decidedly one of our best foreign cage birds.

It is a native of Mexico, Guiana, and Lower Canada, a few specimens to be seen in North Carolina, more numerous in South Carolina, and still more abundant in Georgia. It is described by Wilson—"As one of the little summer birds of Louisiana, with gay dress and docile manners; arriving there from the south in the middle of April, and building in May, making its nest in orange trees, and only perfecting its plumage in four years; its favourite food is flies, which it greedily devours, even on the passage; as a captive, it watches for some friendly hand to offer them; they are extremely susceptible of cold."

THE SONG THRUSH.

(*Turdus Musicus.*)

"'Tis thine, as through the copses rude
Some passive wanderer sighs along,
To soothe him with a cheerful song,
And tell of hope and fortitude."

I NEED not tell my readers that this is a delightful cage bird, and in consequence of the facility of its capture, is a common bird with persons who are content with the chance of its turning out well; nevertheless, there are few native birds so uncertain. In the first place, it is difficult to distinguish the female (and she sings the first year), unless to those accustomed to observe trifling distinctive marks, one of which is that the breast of the hen bird is not so yellow as in the males; also it is considered that the spring and autumnal brood differ in quality of song in cities. The adult bird is captured in preference to nestlings—of the former many die from hunger, refusing to feed—others remain sulky, while some become so tame as to sing on the hand; consistently with this variety of temperament will be found an equal diversity of song. A good bird is worth, in London, from one pound sterling to fifty shillings, while another may not be valued at a few pence.

The best food for thrushes and their allies is German paste, and of bread crumbs, sweet bun, or French roll crumbs, one-third, with occasionally a little raw beef—it creates blood, and gives health and song. They also like bread and butter, a spider, when ill, and mealworms occasionally. Some persons use beanmeal and potato; it is unobjectionable as a variety, but I have not found it very advantageous to make much alteration in the food of this order: indeed, *they will not allow of it*. "Fig-dust," moistened with water into a stiff

paste, to which add an equal quantity of bruised hemp-seed, is the most wholesome food for young thrushes and blackbirds, tending to cleanliness and brilliant plumage. Thrushes like grated cheese, but I quite object, *through recent experience*, to the scalded bread and hemp-seed, recommended by Mr. Sweet and the Rev. Mr. Herbert.

I have seen this class eat fresh lettuce, and it is good for them, also fruit of all kinds. I need not repeat these directions, under the head of blackbirds, and others of the same species, for the food should be alike.

Thrushes and blackbirds are usually given snails in their cages, which they break by hitting them against a stone provided for the purpose. They get on, however, where some amateurs object to *slow torture*, without them, but I think the birds are in better health if given ants' mould; sand and fresh water required. I have stated my objection to mealworms as a *dietary supply*—some writers advise barley-meal and milk; I have not found milk to answer given constantly. The thrush loves bathing; in England he frequents wet meadows, especially in the winter season—in Scotland he shows himself as a hardy mountaineer. He is not migratory, except in France, but with us they have their seasons for being gregarious. Their tenderness for their young, even for the nestlings of other birds is quite remarkable. The thrush, in a wild state, breeds early in spring, frequently the nests of this species are constructed in March, and has from two to three broods in the year—this is the case with most birds that continue in song till after midsummer. It is one of our earliest songsters, beginning its sweet notes in January, when all nature is waiting the approach of spring; it continues its song until August, and resumes it in autumn.

Like all the soft-billed species, the thrush does not breed in confinement—the period of its song is about the same duration in captivity as in the wild state. Many have been taught to whistle, but the natural notes of a good thrush are to be preferred.

The thrush and blackbird species are generally hardy, and will live in a cage with *varied food* from seven to ten years. The diseases to which they are most subject are constipation and consumption, to be treated as directed for nightingales and others of the soft-billed kind; for cramps, to which they are subject, apply oil, with a *small preparation of hartshorn* to the legs, and lay the bird gently on flannel, which should, for the time being, cover the sand-drawer and perches, and keep

the sufferer warm, clean, and dry. This disease is frequently fatal to warblers, any degree of cold or damp affecting the digestion of birds necessarily fed artificially. The nostrils of thrushes and blackbirds frequently become clogged; instead of adopting the cruel and uncertain operation of "passing a feather through them," use vinegar and water outwardly. In all cases of illness to this genera, increase, (or rather provide, if not previously allowed), the use of insects, giving the present subject a spider occasionally, wood-lice, earwigs, flies, and mealworms.

There is one trait observable in all the thrush genus—they are jealous birds, and they exhibit this failing by preserving a total silence in the company of a rival. It is a remarkable fact that perhaps the better songster will choose to show his indignation by not uttering a single note for months—may be for life—whereas, when separated, perhaps given away in disgust, he has "come out" to astonish his little world.

A friend of mine, who is compassionate and abounding in kindness, rescued, by the means of a small bribe, a nest of thrushes from a diminutive Nero; this lady lost her rest, and, with care brought on her callow nestlings; in course of time, to the surprise of every one, one of the birds had the perfect song of the Virginia nightingale or red-bird, an inmate of the room; the peculiar "roll" of the American grosbeak was imitated so well, that, when not looking at the birds, the owner of the voice could not be distinguished. The other nestlings never sung, and moulted so badly that a proposal was made to clothe the naked in flannel jackets. It is this tendency to imitating sounds that makes it necessary to take thrushes by a process called by bird-fanciers bat-folding, and not from the nest. These birds batted at night, and I believe all thrushes would do so if afforded the opportunity.

There is no qualification required in a pet bird that a thrush has not—he is friendly, docile, easily pleased, saucy, and hardy—according to the kind treatment he receives he will repay. His voice when at the height of the season is best mellowed by distance, it then steals softly on the ear, and is truly delightful; placed outside a window (provided the top and sides of his cage are protected from harsh winds or draughts of air) it will be found more agreeable than when he is the inmate of a room.

The effect, in one instance I am about to record, of thoughtful care and of its reward, will interest all lovers of birds. I have the anecdote

from the possessor of "Tom Thrush," and have been introduced to the hero of my "o'er true tale," who looks down so contentedly from his gilded apartment, as if he would fain say, "Hero I am a happy pensioner!" One day this favoured bird had been allowed as usual to leave his cage for a bath; after he had washed himself in the very effective manner natural to his species, he flew into the fire—the rest I give in the words of his fond mistress. "When I returned to the room I did not know what had occurred, and called him as usual; he did not come, and when I found him, he looked to me as if wet; on taking him up, his feathers crumbled in my hands—I was so distressed! I found, however, upon examination, that although his feathers were *fizzled* off, that only his feet were burnt; we were removing here (a distance of twenty miles from London), and were to leave on the day following this accident. I put my poor toasted bird in a cage, covered the perches and sand-drawer with oiled cambric, took him on my lap in the carriage, and brought him here; *he sung during a part of the journey*. I renewed the oiled cambric as it dried, he lost the front toe of each foot, and the first joint of two others, but he continues well and saucy." This bird is now eight years old, feeds well, and sings well, even in this present month, illustrating the fact of the pleasure to be derived from the exercise of feeling and kindly care, directed towards our poor defenceless prisoners. I do not remember to have heard, during my long experience of the feathered tribe, a more beautiful instance of thoughtful and tender treatment than poor "Tom" received. It is supposed that animals in a domestic state are longer lived than those in a wild. Man's "threescore years and ten" are prolonged by constitutional strength, and by the cares, the loves, the charities of human nature.

I conclude with the indulgence of quoting a passage from Mac Gillivray laudatory of the "throatsle":—"There may be wilder, louder, and more marvellous songs, and the mocking-bird may be singing the requiem of the Red Indian of the Ohio, or charming the heart of his ruthless oppressor, the white man of many inventions; but to me, it is all sufficient, for it enters into the soul, melts the heart into tenderness, diffuses a holy calm, and connects the peace of earth with the transcendent happiness of heaven."

THE BLACKBIRD.

(*Turdus Merula.*)

Of all our thrushes this ought to be the favourite in confinement; its docility, loveliness,

and aptitude, are all desirable qualities, its natural note is good, but more fitted to a large space than in a room, and it can be taught like a bullfinch, and with more certain results.

The treatment to be the same as for the thrush; it only sings six months in the year; in a wild state they frequent marshy meadows, and have, like the thrush, the water-call. It is supposed that, in Britain, blackbirds stay with us all the year round; they sing on the wing, also (it is asserted, but I do not know it to be so) at night; they breed in March. The blackbird is unfit for the aviary, being as pugnacious as the starling, destroying not only small birds, but, without hesitation, he will attack poultry. I have been told of a determined fight with a duck, which was assailed by his enemy under the disadvantage of perching on his back. This organ of "destructiveness" would not be suspected by an ordinary observer, so graceful and gentle are his movements in a cage, so loving is his eye directed towards his master.

Their fondness for baked pears may be turned to amusing account. In my family, a blackbird was taken from Dublin to London, and in remembrance of his nativity was called "Paddy." Like the Mungo o celebrity, Paddy "was here and there and everywhere;" he had all the vivacity and *savoir faire* justly attributed to Irishmen, and I fear I must add pugnacity also; one day he observed from his cage (for he was a favoured inmate of the dining-room) a dish that roused his epicureanism; he alighted in the midst of his coveted feast, and devoured to his heart's content—who could resist so decided a compliment to the *providore*? The supply was frequently repeated by his kind mistress, till Paddy's favourite *plat* became an understood attention on the part of the *chef*; to try the bird, the cage door was sometimes closed, and then his anger and his cries procured him liberty, when, without hesitation, he darted onwards to the feast. It was said, that "Paddy" held London birds to be inferior to him in fun and frolic; poor bird, he paid the penalty of having been fed on hempseed and soaked bread. Over the manner of his death, and his previous long and painful illness, I must drop a veil.

THE MIGRATORY RED-BREASTED THRUSH.

OR ROBIN.

(*Turdus Migratorius.*)

This beautiful bird is, as are all the transatlantic thrushes, migratory, but more especially restless, roving from one region to another

during fall and winter. The great American ornithologist, Wilson, writes of this species as "well known;" in Europe it is a scarce bird, even through importation, and not indigenous to Britain. I must, therefore, treat of it according to its habitat. It is called in America the robin, and is treated with all the veneration paid with us to the red-breast; he is one of the earliest songsters, pairs in April, and sings with earnestness, and is welcomed as forming the prelude to the general spring concert. Hearn says that the migratory thrush or robin is also called at Hudson's Bay "the red-bird"—"the American field-fare;" that of "red-bird," must be an error, that name being invariably given to the Virginia nightingale.

It has been asserted that this bird cannot brook the confinement of the cage. Wilson contradicts the supposition, adding, that except the mocking-bird, there is none more frequently domesticated. I have one of them, it is docile, tame, sings melodiously, but with the interrupted note of the thrush tribe, and is especially unwilling to leave his abode. The only difficulty I found, was to discover the most suitable food; he had become, before he came into my hands, thin and relaxed, on bread and milk, meal, and the ordinary treatment. I succeeded in strengthening him by the following diet: German paste and bread crumbs, with raw scraped beef, which I varied by the dry food made of German paste, bread crumbs, and grated bullock's liver; I intend, when in better condition, to try "fig-dust" and crushed hemp; at present he feeds best on the first-named treatment. I found meal-worms put him off his food, and gave him ants and their mould, which he greatly relished. I observed he sought eagerly for the ants in the mould; a spider often made him lively when drooping; he eats grapes, cherries, salad, and chickweed, berries, and all insects offered him. I found it advisable, about once a week, or when I saw him too still, or look "shaky," to vary his food by a day's supply of bread and milk prepared as directed, the choice of which preparation must depend upon observation, and at other times, scalded hemp and bread. This bird has to be carefully kept from cold during moult, when he suffers much, but is long lived, if attended to with any degree of attention; he sings very little when not in the open air, or his cage at an open window, and his best notes are to be heard morning and night; he bathes daily, and requires a roomy cage high and long, as he is easily startled and breaks his feathers. I have not tested his temper, but consider

among small birds he would be destructive, from his answering the Virginian nightingale's note, when in separate windows, but trying to attack him when he alights on the cage. His breast, in confinement, takes a darker hue than in a wild state. The migratory thrush partakes more of the blackbird than of the song-thrush, the latter is a more gentle bird. At Mr. Nolan's, in Dublin, I have seen it among small birds in an aviary cage, and more singular, at a season when most birds are restless and quarrelsome, at the breeding time: one of the birds was laying, but the eggs were not fertile. While on this subject, I wish to mention a statement of Mr. Forster's, for the truth of which I cannot vouch, that the migratory thrush or American robin, at Moose Fort, builds, lays, and hatches, in fourteen days; but that at Hudson's Bay, four degrees north, they take twenty-six days!

In the depth of winter their plumage is in the best order, and they are subject to changes of colour on the breast, according to food and locality.

THE RED-BREAST.

(*Motacilla Rubecula*.)

"To hearts that fancy fairy things,
In plaintive prelude sweetly sings
The requiem of the dying year."

THE robin, sacred to the household gods, is known to and loved by all, from the infant who hears in his nursery of "the babes in the wood," to the aged being who associates with his sweet note and lively greeting, "the old familiar friend," who now—

"Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats, then brisk alights
On the warm hearth, then hopping o'er th' floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askew,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is,
Till more familiar grown the table crumbs
Attract his tender feet."

No bird has given rise to more frequent arguments on the subject of migration;* but it is generally allowed that this bird, unsocial with his kind, seeks in the season of scarcity for man (from whom, the enemy of his order, his confidence has purchased an immunity in his favour—the veriest murderer of "small deer")

* Buffon is of opinion the robin migrates singly. Many remain with us all the winter, principally males; but in Sweden and Germany they are considered to be migrants. MacGillivray and Montagu incline to the side of migration to a partial extent. Robins are, above all others, the least gregarious.

would blush to say *he* had killed cock robin); and without leaving us, he lays in summer his tax on nature. No red-breast out of Great Britain is familiar with man.

I do not like to see these birds caged, nor do I think they thrive in confinement after the pairing time sets in, and it is therefore advisable to give them their liberty in the spring season; when their plumage looks ruffled you may be certain they will no longer repay your care; but if the place where they are emancipated affords shelter, they will, in gratitude, sing their song of liberty close by your window. To return to plain prose, their food should be varied—scraped meat, egg, and moistened bread is the best; German paste and crumbs also agree. It is customary to give grated liver added to the latter, but I prefer boiled veal grated, it is used as a substitute for mealworms in some cases; ants' mould pleases them on the sand-drawer; a totally dry diet will give robins paralysis. In sickness, and they show it by drooping rapidly, and looking anxious, give mealworms in castor oil; the objection to them as food is the dislike which insectivorous birds take afterwards to artificial preparations, and producing a craving for them; they bathe daily, and take the water so plentifully as to look black. I have never seen them eat green food or fruit.

So much has been written on the pugnacity of robins, that I am unwilling to add an additional stone to the cairn of its misdemeanours. That the subject is an old one, is proven by an old Latin proverb, signifying that "one bush does not hold two robins"—"*num arbutum non alit duos erithacos.*" *Erithacos*, that

prettiest of generic names marked by the most scientific of writers! no, we would take thee in thy peaceful mood, associate you with the earliest recollections of happy childhood, and invest you with piety and love, and hail you as that sweet bird

"——— who, by some name or other,
All men who know thee call thee brother."

In this spirit, I transfer to these pages an idea truly beautiful. It is the legend of the robin. "It was on the day when the Lord Jesus felt his pain upon the bitter cross of wood, that a small and tender bird, which had hovered awhile around, drew nigh, about the seventh hour, and nestled upon a wreath of Syrian thorns. And when the gentle creature of the air beheld those cruel spikes, the thirty and three which pierced that bleeding brow, she was moved with grief, and compassion, and the piety of birds; and she sought to turn aside, if but one of those thorns, with her fluttering wings and lifted feet! It was in vain! She did but rend her own soft breast, until blood flowed over her feathers from the wound! Then said a voice from among the angels, 'Thou hast done well, sweet daughter of the boughs! Yea, and I bring thee tidings of reward. Henceforth, from this very hour, and because of this deed of thine, it shall be that in many a land thy race and kind shall bear upon their bosoms the hue and banner of thy faithful blood; and the children of every house shall yearn with a natural love towards the birds of the ruddy breast, and shall greet their presence in its season with a voice of thanksgiving!'"

THE INTERCEPTED LETTER.

WERE we skilled in the art and mystery of novel-writing, or of inditing an amusing story, here is a subject that might tempt us to lead our readers into a labyrinth of plots as intricate as the web of Penelope, and as changing in their operations upon the characters mixed up with them, as the lights and shadows that play upon the landscape in an April day. It is true that, a letter "intercepted" in the way we find it in Mr. Wood's picture, suggests but one idea of its contents, for the often quoted line of our great dramatist,

"The course of true love never did run smooth,"
seems truthfully exemplified in the two figures

composing the work; in the downcast look of the charming girl, the story of whose heart undoubtedly is laid bare in those unfolded pages; and in the earnest, affectionate look of her mother. But then, who wrote the letter—and how came it to be written—and how happened it to fall into the old lady's hands—and what did it actually say—and who is the young creature who has had the imprudence to fall in love, and the misfortune to have the secret thus prematurely discovered? These, and many other questions we should be compelled to answer, if we once made an attempt to unravel the mysteries of this "Intercepted Letter." One thing, however, we may affirm,

and it is forced upon us by the gentle, loving expression of the matron's countenance, that it was no idle curiosity that induced her to break that seal, but a mother's solicitude for the peace and happiness of her child. That there is a probability of these being compromised by what the epistle reveals seems not unlikely; or it may be the daughter is, after all, only receiving a just, but kindly reproof, for having kept back her secret from one who has a parent's right to know it, and a parent's heart gently to admonish, if unworthy, and to rejoice with, if deserving of sympathy. But a truce to fancy, and now for a few words about the class of art to which the subject belongs.

As a general rule, it must be admitted we English are not a poetical people, or in other words, that the physical constitution of our minds sympathises little with the purely ideal. Now it seems singular that this absence of, or rather disregard for, imaginative feeling, should exist in a country that produced Shakespeare and Milton, with a host of lesser luminaries, whose individual and united powers have transcended those of any single state, ancient or modern, in the whole world. But this does not alter the fact, which might be easily proved by inquiry among a miscellaneous company of some twenty men of ordinary education, how many have read the entire plays of Shakespeare, and the *Paradise Lost* of Milton; we might safely affirm that not one in five would acknowledge to have done so. It may, however, be argued, that this is only a negative proof of our indifference to ideal composition, for it is possible to love the poetry of nature, yet not the poet's description of it; we may wander in an imaginary world of our own, but care not for one another creates for us. Here, again, we hold to our former position, by asserting that the appreciation and love of beauty depend upon the effect it has upon us apart from the accidental circumstance of production.

But to turn from books to pictures; what is the class of art most popular with us? We speak not of landscape, for all delight in that with more or less intensity, but of that class which comes under the denomination of history, public or domestic. Religious art, in its ordinary acceptation, is little esteemed

among us; we have not been educated to a love of it, nor had it brought before us so prominently as to influence our feelings and judgment; while the legendary Christian art, that yet forms no unimportant part of sacred worship in other countries, has never found a habitation in Protestant Britain. Historical painting, on a grand and comprehensive scale, finds abundance of admirers, but few patrons, and is consequently but little practised: had we more public galleries, our deficiencies in this branch of art would probably be better supplied; but so long as public aid is withheld from it, we must submit to the reproach that foreigners are pleased to cast at us—of being a nation indifferent to high art. Benjamin West found a patron in George III., and painted some excellent pictures, though not of the highest order; Hayden persevered in it and perished; Hilton also clung to it with the enthusiasm of a great mind, though he left most of his works unsold behind him; and Barry could scarcely earn a decent maintenance for himself, though he was a man of unquestionable genius; so, indeed, were the others, but, excepting West, they acquired a reputation and little else. It is, however, only right to express an opinion, that the historical painter is now in a fairer way of being recognised and appreciated than he was a quarter of a century since, though there is yet but little encouragement for him to launch out boldly on its wide arena.

It is the ordinary incidents of life which, as pictures, commend themselves most favourably to the English people: crowds gather round a "Dame's School," by Webster; the "Selection of a Wedding Gown," by Mulready; and a "Court Yard," full of dogs and horses, by Landseer, who glance only at a more elevated class of pictures, from the pencils of Eastlake, Cope, and Herbert. They can enter into the spirit and reality of what they know to be nature in its common aspects; but they cannot feel when the artist comes out from the usual haunts of the world, and would carry others with him into a nobler and more elevated region. We must have more of what the French term *le spirituel* in our mental composition, ere we shake off our attachment to the *actuel*.

THE MARRYING MAN.*

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

(By the Author of "Frank Fairleigh," &c. &c.)

CHAPTER III.

MY extreme surprise, or, I may almost say, my consternation, on hearing the announcement with which the former chapter concluded, was so evident that I was naturally obliged to enter into an explanation, which was almost as painful to my feelings to make, as it must have been to those of my auditor to receive. For some time he could not bring himself to believe that I was not mistaken; but each fresh question served only to render the identity of Burrell with that of his English son-in-law more certain. Age, height, appearance, manner, all coincided; the time at which he had quitted England, the name of the London agent, (a person with whom I knew *my* Burrell to have some business connexion,) even a peculiar ring which he was in the habit of wearing, all tallied—the fact was indisputable. Charley Burrell, rescued, not a fortnight since, from the Turkish bowstring—Charley Burrell, the run-away husband of little Mary, daughter of the Crown Inn, at Portsmouth, had been and gone and committed bigamy, by espousing the lovely and accomplished Zoe! The discovery was a most unpleasant one. My poor friend, the merchant, was in a frightful state of mind, nor was I in a much more comfortable one; and I mentally cursed my evil fortune, which had first brought me in contact with so great a scoundrel as Burrell, and then forced upon me the ungrateful task of appearing as his accuser.

It was above an hour before my host became sufficiently composed for me to venture to leave him. When at length I did so, it was with a promise that I would revisit him before the ship sailed, and afford him any further counsel and assistance which it might be in my power to offer him. And so I took my departure, leaving the poor old man to explain to his daughter her uncomfortable position of widow-bewitched-hood, as best he might.

The following day, I again called on him, bringing Captain Flexmore with me, to relate his own version of the bowstring story, and so confirm what I could not but feel must have appeared a somewhat incredible narration.

If any hope had lingered in the mind of the unfortunate father-in-law, my production of a slip of paper, containing a song which Charley had written out for me, must have effectually destroyed it. He even remembered to have heard his rascally son-in-law (as he not untruly termed him) sing the identical song. And so, having done our best (which in this case was about equivalent to doing nothing) to console him, we left him, breathing vengeance against the scoundrel who had thus cruelly deceived him, and wronged his unfortunate daughter.

At that time, Captain Flexmore and I fully intended, the moment we reached England, to follow up the affair vigorously, find out Master Charley, and in some way bring him to account for his misdeeds, even if we should be reduced to the unpleasant resource of horsewhipping him, with the almost certainty of getting shot by him afterwards, as a reward for our chivalry. But the

"Best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-glee,"

and this one proved no exception to the rule. The *Atalanta* was ordered to the West Indies, where she remained a year. Towards the end of that period, by the exertions of my friends, I obtained an appointment in Calcutta, so infinitely more lucrative than a first lieutenant's pay, that for an empty-pocketed Harrington to refuse it, would have been an act of folly too great even for me to commit. Accordingly, I did not hesitate to accept it, although to do so involved my proceeding thither direct, without a chance of revisiting my native land for more years than were at all agreeable to contemplate. But I could not afford to be sentimental, so I went, and thus my good intentions in regard to Charley Burrell assisted to repair the pavement of a certain place reported to be warmer even than Calcutta. Why Captain Flexmore did not execute those which he had formed I cannot say, except that, perhaps, as he was never able either to make up his mind, or to adhere to his decision when arrived at, for ten consecutive minutes, without my assistance, the same cause which prevented my astonishing Charley Burrell may have influenced him also.

Although the Harringtons are too poor to

* Concluded from page 264.

indulge in sentiment and such like luxuries, the prohibition does not unfortunately extend to liver complaints, and a residence of five years in Calcutta sent me back to England the proprietor of (what the rubric designates) "a notoriously evil liver." Slightly revived by the voyage, I patiently awaited in London the decision of the faculty, whether I was "to be, or not to be," a confirmed invalid for the rest of my days.

On an unkind morning, in the severe month of May, about which poets have written more lies than on any other subject—though that is a bold assertion—I was taking a constitutional down the sunny side of Piccadilly, buttoned up in a great coat, and inwardly anathematizing the east wind, when who should I meet, and almost run against, but my *ci-devant* commander, the Honourable Captain Flexmore. Although it must have been nearly six years since we had met, I recognised him immediately. He was considerably changed; the delicate, puppyish young exquisite having improved into a stout, manly, bronze-visaged sailor; but the expression of irresolution, which was the distinguishing characteristic of his features, was the same as ever, and by it I knew him instantly. Broiling for five years under a tropical sun, with liver complaint consequences, had, however, altered my outward man to a degree which rendered my identity much more doubtful; and it was not until I pronounced his name, that my old associate recognised me.

"Why, Harrington! bless my soul; to think of meeting you just at this minute. Gad, I wish I'd happened to run against you half an hour sooner! Well, to be sure, what an extraordinary thing; how dreadfully thin and yellow you look. Well, this really is the most singular—'pon my honour!"

"Singular, that after I have been broiling for five years in *a*, if not *the*, black-hole in Calcutta, I should come home done brown, or, more properly, yellow, and should appear rather a concentrated essence of Tom Harrington, than the veritable Thomas you knew on board the old *Atalanta*? Really, considering the circumstances, the great fact that 'the Tom of other days has faded,' strikes me as melancholy, rather than singular."

"No, by Jove, it wasn't that—you certainly have got somewhat of a mummyish cut about you—the mulligatawny beginning to show through a little, as it does with all you old Indians; but that's not what has—" Here, whilst I was shivering, he stopped to wipe his brow; then added: "Gad, it's quite upset me."

Of course, I again asked to what he referred; but so thoroughly confused, astonished, and, as he termed it, "upset" did he appear, that it was not until several minutes had elapsed, during the whole of which time he continued to apostrophize, in broken ejaculations, some mysterious abstraction, which never attained to the substantial dignity of a nominative case, that he was able to give me the following account:—

"You must know that I've only been ashore a week, after a cruise of a year and a half; and this morning finding, on inspection, that my shore-going toggery was in a sadly dilapidated condition, I paid a visit to my tailor, who hangs out in Hanover-street. Having given my orders to the sapient *schneider*, I was making my way back to the club, when, at the door of St. George's, Hanover-square, I encountered a long array of carriages, containing the *dramatis personee* of a fashionable wedding. As I happened to have an idle half-hour on my hands, which I did not know very well how to dispose of, I thought I'd just stroll in and see the victims turned off. One might pick up some hints how to behave when one's own fate might arrive. So, watching my opportunity, I slipped in unnoticed, and esconcing myself in a pew with high curtains around it, arranged a peep-hole through which, myself invisible, I might observe the proceedings. As the company assembled, it was easy to see they were all tremendous swells—splendidly dressed women, and thorough-bred looking men. I soon contrived to get a look at the bride's features: she was quite a girl, scarcely above eighteen or nineteen apparently, but a sweet, graceful, interesting creature, that any man might have been proud to call his own. The bridegroom was a tall, gentlemanly-looking fellow, but, from the position in which he stood, I could not manage to obtain a glimpse of his features. Well, the ceremony began, and progressed rapidly, till the time when the bridegroom has to repeat some of the responses. As he did so, his voice sounded so familiar to my ear, that I felt certain I had heard it before, and was cudgelling my brains to remember where, when suddenly he turned his face towards me. Imagine my astonishment, when at the first glance I recognised Charles Burrell, the man we saved from strangulation (which he richly deserved), when we were stationed, in the old *Atalanta*, off the mouth of the Dardanelles."

"Impossible!" exclaimed I, aghast; "why, to my certain knowledge, he has already two wives living."

"He has three by this time, then," was the reply; "for, as sure as I stand here, I saw him married this morning to a lovely young female, at St. George's, Hanover-square."

"Well, but man, if you are sure it was Burrell, why did you not interfere to prevent the ceremony from being completed?" asked I.

"Why, I did think of doing so, answered Flexmore, hesitatingly; "but you see its a ticklish thing interfering with other people's affairs. I should have been called upon to prove that he *was* Charles Burrell, and, if so, that he *had* two wives living; and I did not know you were in England, or else, I believe, I really should have jumped up, and stopped the proceedings. I'd have done it directly, if I had but been sure I was all right; for my heart bled for that poor young creature. However, while I was thinking about it, the parson went on, and before I had arrived at any decision they were spliced hard and fast; and Master Charley marched the young lady out of church, and popped her into a splendid travelling-carriage, drawn by four of Newman's greys, and with a lady's maid and a gentleman's gentleman ready packed in the rumble. So I expect they're on their way to the Continent by this time."

"What an unparalleled scoundrel!" was my indignant exclamation, as Flexmore concluded his recital; "but are you quite certain of the man's identity?"

"He looked a good deal more like his former self than you do like the Tom Harrington who floored three pirates with as many sabre strokes, in that little affair off Cuba," was the reply; "but Charley Burrell is a fellow not easily to be mistaken—he's a deuced deal too good-looking for that. He was by long odds the handsomest man there to-day, though there were several very spiccy, not to say interesting, specimens of male humanity. Besides," he continued, "if you remember, one of the bullets that went through his hat, in that night escape, shaved a bit of the bark off his forehead. Well, I examined him closely this morning, to be sure that I was not making a fool of myself; and there, though he had brushed his hair well forward to hide it, I discovered the scar, plainly and unmistakably."

Flexmore walked home with me, the strange occurrence he had witnessed furnishing us with an inexhaustible topic for conversation. One point which considerably perplexed us was, whether it was incumbent on us to take any, and, if so, what steps in the matter. Here, to our certain knowledge, had this scoundrel married three wives, all of whom were still

breathing this vital air, (Mary I had accidentally met at Portsmouth, on landing from India, and the fair and forsaken Zoo was, as a letter from a friend of mine travelling in Greece informed me, residing in her father's house, looking prettier than ever, and not apparently too disconsolate to flirt with any eligible individual who might come in her way). How many more victims to his handsome face and insinuating manners might be languishing after him in other quarters of the globe, it was impossible to say—he might, for aught we knew to the contrary, possess as many wives as Solomon. The question was, were we called upon to interfere, and, by exposing his rascality, at all events prevent his adding to his catalogue of treacheries for the time to come. I thought we were; Flexmore, on the other hand, considered it was no business of ours, and that Mary and her father were the proper people to check his career.

On reaching my lodgings, we parted, agreeing to meet next day, and come to a final decision on the subject. But the meeting was destined never to take place, for, at the time appointed, I was above 200 miles from London, having received a summons to attend the death-bed of a near and dear relative.

A chain of events, which would possess no interest for the reader, prevented so much as my recollecting the existence of Charles Burrell for many months; nor was it until my return from Madeira, about two years from the time of my meeting Flexmore, whither I had been sent for my health's sake, that I again heard of him.

Landing at Portsmouth, I, as usual, put up at the Crown Inn; but time had not neglected its office of destroyer-general here, more than elsewhere. My worthy host was gathered to his forefathers, and an intelligent young fellow (young no longer), whom I remembered as waiter, reigned in his stead. As he brought me a bottle of old port wine, when I had dined, I detained him, to inquire after Mary. At her father's death, having inherited a considerable sum of money, she had left Portsmouth, and was residing in the neighbourhood of London.

"And her good-for-nothing husband?" inquired I.

"Was here two hours ago, Mr. Harrington; he could hardly have been out of the street before you arrived," was the answer.

"I'm very glad I did not encounter him," returned I; "for the meeting would not have been a pleasant one for either of us."

"Oh, he would not have cared: he takes

things very easily sir," continued the innkeeper. "He certainly has the the devil's own impudence: he marched in here, with his head up in the air, this morning, and ordered dinner, and a bottle of the old Burgundy, as coolly as if he didn't know that I'd heard of his goings-on for the last fifteen years."

"How did he look?" inquired I; "in pretty good condition?"

My companion shook his head. "He's going down hill," he replied, "a going down hill fast. He was dressed like a swell, as usual; but his coat was almost threadbare, and his hat had been brushed till there was more felt than nap left. The life he's led begins to tell upon him; he looks worn and haggard—more of the blackguard, and less of the gentleman; his head is a regular bush of black hair and whiskers. He is precious hard-up, too," he continued, sinking his voice. "When he'd finished his dinner, he sent for me—Here, landlord, take this note, pay yourself, and bring me the change." The note was for £50. Knowing my customer, I looked at it as I shouldn't at any other man's money, and soon made up my mind that it was a flash note, not worth a sixpence; so I handed it back to him. 'I tell you what it is, Mr. Burrell,' said I, 'we're old acquaintances, and it don't become you to give me a thing like that. Now, listen

to me: I know more about you than you're aware of; pay me for the dinner you've eaten, in honest money, and then take yourself off as soon as you can; for I swear to you, if you're found in this town to-morrow morning, I'll give you into custody, as sure as you're a living man, and you best know how that will suit you.'

"How did he like that?" inquired I.

"Well, he didn't seem particularly to relish it," replied the innkeeper; "he turned first red, then pale, forked out a guinea, and, when I had given him the change, pulled his hat over his brows, and left the house without another word. One of the helpers tells me he saw him leave Portsmouth by the next coach."

"And a good thing, too," was my answer; "the town is well rid of such a scoundrel."

To which assertion mine host responded by a secular equivalent for "Amen;" and so the conversation ended.

Reader, from that moment up to the present time, I have neither seen nor heard tidings of Charles Burrell; but as this history of *The Marrying Man* is a fact, not a fiction; as I am certainly alive, and have no reason to suppose Burrell otherwise, if I ever encounter him again, upon the honour of a gentleman, the readers of "SHARPE" shall hear of it.

ITALY AND HER FOREMOST MEN.*

WE have seen the disgraceful and tyrannical mode of prison administration in the Eternal City, and the Papal States in general, under their priestly governors, and we are glad to turn from so painful a subject of consideration; but, before we quit it, we must be allowed to express our abhorrence of the extreme severity—nay, the unjustifiable cruelty—of most of the sentences passed upon the unfortunate subjects of Pio Nono, by his clerical agents, in the form of lengthened incarceration, inhuman bastinadoes, condemnation to the galleys, and even to death; often for offences of so trivial a nature, that a slight fine, or short imprisonment, would be deemed ample expiation for them by any tribunal that had no other object in view than the upholding of the law, and the just and reasonable punishment of the transgressor of it, in a

degree not exceeding the nature of the transgression. We will not load our pages with the number of revolting instances we might give in illustration of our remarks: one or two will suffice to vindicate us in them, and to excite the sympathy of our readers.

In the spring of last year, many of the inhabitants of the Lombard-Venetian kingdom, justly incensed against the despotism of Austrian sway, resolved to show their indignation, by renouncing their favourite enjoyment of smoking, or using tobacco in any form whatever; in order that their sentiments might be made manifest in the diminution of that part of the revenue which is derived from the monopoly, by government, of the sale of "the fragrant weed." So rapidly did this self-denial spread throughout the Lombard States, and thence to Tuscany and the Roman States, that, at Bologna alone, there was soon found a deficit of six thousand dollars on the average

* Continued from page 240.

sale of tobacco; in consequence of which, the Austrian marshal, Count Nobile, published a notice, wherein he stated that some persons in the provinces occupied by the imperial troops, had dared to offer violence to peaceable citizens, by hindering them from using tobacco; but he, being resolved not to tolerate this *infraction of personal liberty*! was resolved to suppress it by every means in his power; and, accordingly, he subjected to *corporal punishment*, and afterwards to trial by court-martial, all such persons as should be accused of having used argument or intimidation towards those who were inclined to follow their wonted habit of inhaling the article in question.

Many respectable inhabitants of Bologna were actually bastinadoed, and thrown into prison, after this proclamation, on the information of hired spies, or malicious enemies. Nevertheless, the manifestation of political opinion went forth, wider and wider; it was taken up by Romagna, and La Marca, and finally by the capital itself, exceedingly to the annoyance of Prince Torlonia, who, being the farmer of the monopoly of tobacco, quickly found a diminution in his revenue from it, proportionate to the reduction in the consumption, which was soon less by two-thirds than the usual quantity.

At first, the government sought to revive the fashion, by liberally supplying with cigars not only the soldiers, but also the police and the spies, in short, the very dregs of the population; but in this they rather overshot their mark, as many of the moderates, and even of the ultra *oscuranti*, threw away their own cigars in consequence, in order not to be mixed up with such a disreputable throng; till, at last, scarcely a cigar was to be seen in the streets or *cafés*, save in the mouths of the classes we have mentioned, or of some stray foreigners.

More and more irritated, the government had recourse to more and more stringent measures. Informers were multiplied, and many an unjust imprisonment took place in consequence. One day, Pietro Ereoli, a young man of respectable connections, and blameless character, was dining socially, at a *trattoria*, with a friend, who, at the conclusion of the repast, proceeded, as in days of old, to light his cigar. Ereoli remonstrated with him, playfully, as it appeared to the landlord—certainly without any attempt to constrain him—and the young man laid it aside; but the dissuasive words had been caught up, the relinquishment of the cigar observed, by one of the base spies, who at once embitter and corrupt Italian society, and

Ereoli was arrested on the spot, and dragged to prison; but was so brutally beaten over the head, on the way, by the *sbirri*, that it was thought he could not survive, and extreme unction was administered to him in his cell. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to be tried, he was so, by the tribunal of the *Sacra Consulta*, and sentenced, by the five reverend prelates who compose it, after they had solemnly, as the form of their proceeding requires and specifies, “invoked the most holy name of God,” to *twenty years of the galleys*!—the same term as was awarded to a wretch, a short time before, who had murdered his wife in the very arms of her father.

The master of the *trattoria* in vain gave his honest testimony, that no force was used by Ereoli towards his companion, and no arguments beyond those of rillery: he only brought upon himself an action for perjury, by the government *procureur-general*, with the threat of the *galleys for life*, and the unfortunate Ereoli died of despair, in the dungeons of Narni, in the flower of his age, shortly after his removal thither.

Many instances not less tragical we might adduce; but, even where these did not occur, the barbarous injustice of the sentences for venial transgressions, and frequently upon accusations not proved, are not less odious. Four young Romans were condemned to twenty years' imprisonment, for burning Bengal lights, on the anniversary of the proclamation of the republic at the Capitol; and it was made a great favour that the punishment was commuted into perpetual banishment. A poor wheelwright, who had purchased from some person of his own rank in life, a few iron tires, which had been taken off Cardinal Barberini's carriage during the republic, waited upon his Eminence, on his return to Rome, in order to restore the tires, leaving it to the cardinal's generosity to repay or not, as he pleased, the sum paid for them. The cardinal, in return for this respectful submission, immediately denounced the unfortunate wheelwright to the police, by whom he was dragged to prison, where he will languish until his final sentence may be pronounced.

Dr. Pio, an army surgeon, an elderly man, delicate in constitution, was sentenced to thirty months' imprisonment, for the crime of sleeping in the Pamphili Palace, in the Piazza Navona, the residence of Cardinal Brignole, on a mattress, in the ante-chamber appropriated to the domestics, after the battle of the 30th of April; his regiment bivouacking in the piazza, and he himself being desirous, on account of

the state of his health, to avoid passing the night in the open air. He was sent to prison by a man of the name of Neri, of notoriously profligate character, a priest in his Eminence's train, and who was well known for the malignity and falsehood of his accusations of any of the liberal party whose ruin he might hope to effect.

The suborning of evidence, indeed, and the utter worthlessness, and known depravity of persons whose testimony is often received in matters touching the life or death of the parties accused, though it would have been rejected at once in any case of doubt in a pecuniary transaction, even though only a few *baiocchi* might be concerned, is one of the most dreadful evils that any one who has ever advocated the cause of liberty has to contend with in the Papal States. At Fabriano, towards the close of the last year, three young men, of good family in that city—one a student in medicine, the other two in the law—were beheaded, on the oath of a reprobate wretch, who swore that, during the revolution, they had hired him to assassinate a priest and his brother. He stated that, when he fell in with his intended victims, he fired, but, purposely, in the air. It was, however, proved, that he had only one pistol and one bullet; therefore how he intended to "kill two birds with one stone," it would have been difficult for him to explain to the satisfaction of an English jury. Nevertheless, on the single, unsupported assertion of a villain like this, the young men were publicly executed, to the heart-rending grief of their parents, and the horror and indignation of their fellow-citizens; whilst their real murderer, the pretended conscience-stricken bravo, walked the streets of Fabriano arm-in-arm with his friend the priest, exulting in the success of their infernal plot to get rid of three young men of principles opposite to their own.

How many instances, alas! would the last three years' annals of Rome furnish us with of similar victims sacrificed by falsehood and despotism; whilst, on the other hand, almost as many might be adduced of the most misplaced lenity and unjust connivance, with respect to parties who, whatever other enormities they might have been guilty of, had avoided the imprudence of questioning the authority of Holy Mother Church, particularly as far as her power of pardoning other sins might be concerned. Of this we will give only one example, which shall be of a somewhat lighter nature, in order to relieve the darker feelings with which the instance of unjust condemnation to death we have cited above must be contemplated.

Shortly after the restoration of the clerical

régime, a profound and painful sensation was produced in the learned and archaeological world, by the discovery that the Vatican had been plundered of a great number of gold coins, many of them of the utmost rarity, and unappreciable value; and also of gems, *scarabei*, and other articles of *vertu*, to an enormous amount. Of course the guilt of the transaction was immediately laid to the charge of the republican authorities; but, fortunately for the vindication of their honour, and for the cause of truth, the real delinquent was discovered, by a judicial inquiry, the result of which could not be hushed up, to be a certain Signor Diamilla, a devoted slave to the *Neri* party, and a favoured *protégé* of Cardinal Lambruschini, to whose influence he owed the official and confidential situation he held as under-keeper in the library of the Vatican. Among the few benefits which Popes have conferred upon society at large, must always be reckoned as one of the chiefest, if not the chief, the treasures in learning and the arts, accumulated, by their taste and generosity, beneath that one vast roof which shelters so many wonders of the world, for the benefit of the world at large. Just and laudable is the pride with which each Pope that ascends the apostolic chair contemplates the exertions made by his predecessors towards the increasing the wealth of this unrivalled collection; and noble the ambition which prompts him to equal, if not to excel them. Hence, a crime against the Vatican is felt by the pontiff as a crime against his own person; and Diamilla, fully convicted of one of so deep and disgraceful a dye, was condemned, notwithstanding the protection of the purple, to twenty years of the galleys—a punishment incurred, as we have already shown, for the most trifling offences, by those who had no such protection to boast.

Diamilla, however, was not disheartened at the prospect before him, for his father is chief *bussolante*, or usher, at the Papal court, and expressed his belief that, as his son was not accused of any political or religious offence, every other might be got over, with time and proper influence.

Meanwhile, Monsignor Laureani, the head librarian, and a man of acknowledged merit, died of grief for the loss the Vatican had sustained; that grief heightened by the charge of negligence brought against him, and of which, perhaps, he could not entirely acquit himself, in not having kept a more vigilant look-out upon his assistants. The father's confidence proved his knowledge of those with whom he had to deal. Diamilla, probably acting from parental instruction, devoted himself, from the

first day of his imprisonment in the castle of St. Angelo, to such measures as might restore him to the favour he had so justly forfeited: and he succeeded. He began by turning spy upon his fellow-prisoners, eliciting their sentiments, and reporting their conversations. He then proceeded to eulogise the Papacy, in certain articles which he contrived to get inserted in the government journals. Need anything more be said? He was pardoned, set at liberty, provided with a passport to Paris, and not only had his arrears of salary, amounting to four hundred scudi, paid up to him, but was also *presented* with six hundred more, in order to enable him to *travel with comfort*. At that very time, the poor postilions, and others who lived upon their individual earnings, could not get from the government the arrears due to them.

The police, and custom-house officers, sympathizing, no doubt, in the compassionate feelings thus evincing in the highest quarters towards the delinquent, were likewise seized with such feelings of delicacy, as to forbear any scrutinizing search into his baggage, which might have interfered with his carrying off with him, as he did, the great remaining portion of his plunder; which success, however, ultimately brought upon him the very punishment he had before evaded; for, being imprudent, and, we may add, impudent enough, on his arrival in Paris, to offer some very rare *scarabei* to the director of the National Museum, for sale, he very naturally mentioned the occurrence to the Papal nuncio, who as naturally coupled it in his own mind with the disappearance of said *scarabei* from the Vatican; and, he and the director laying their conclusions together, they finally resolved to hand the curiosity-seller over to the care of the police, by whom he was transferred to the "durnee vile" he so justly deserved, and to his continuance in which we could very easily reconcile ourselves.

We must be allowed yet another word as to the hardships under which the subjects of his Holiness labour. The administration of the interior is entirely in the hands of Savelli, of whose eminent disqualifications we have already made honourable mention, and weighs so heavily upon the citizens as to destroy entirely all freedom of action—nay, too often, all freedom of thought! A Papal subject cannot travel from one part of the States to another without a passport, and numerous signatures. Should his affairs call him abroad, he is obliged to obtain the consent of his wife, that of the curate of the parish, who grants it or not, according as the applicant may have

been punctual, or otherwise, in presenting himself at the confessional, at Easter; and that of the president, or magistrate of the parish, who requires him to bring a certificate from two citizens, stating that he conducted himself properly during the past revolution. Then comes the prefect of police, then the minister of the interior, then the secretary of state, all to be supplicated, propitiated, and often bribed, before an honest man finds himself at liberty to go where his business may require him. It may be easily imagined what endless annoyance and hindrance all these obstacles create to the industry and commerce of the country. Frequently a passport is refused on the most trifling and unjust pretences. One of the most respectable tradesmen in Rome, as well known to the English visitors and residents there as to his own townsmen, but whose name we will not mention, for fear of exposing him to further persecution, has just now, after having made all the arrangements for his journey, been refused a passport to this country, on a matter connected with his business, and which would have been very desirable to the public, because it was suddenly recollected that he had had copies of the Diodati Bible in his possession, during that brief period when men, under the liberty of the republic, were allowed to inquire into sacred things, and form their own opinions, according to the dictates of their conscience. Perhaps, however, it was better for this person that his passport should have been at once openly refused, than treacherously granted, as has frequently been the case, in order to withhold permission to return. Nor is it only with respect to liberty to go from one place to another, that the Roman subject is fettered: the most laudable pursuits, the most innocent recreations, are equally liable to arbitrary and inconsistent control. No scientific meetings are allowed to take place without leave from government; no social ones can be held without exposing the parties that constitute them to suspicion and *espionage*. It is unlawful to bear arms, even for self-defence; to go out shooting; to receive newspapers, save those that are the tools of government; to do anything, in short, without so many previous forms to go through, and permissions to obtain, that the laws and their executors are equally detested and execrated.

The restored government has sedulously given out that it has supplied the place of central liberty by extended municipal privileges; but with that government, where

"All is false and hollow,"

its assertions will no more stand the test of inquiry, than its actions will that of scrutiny. The municipalities of Italy, of Central Italy more especially, have always been very powerful, as springing, more or less, from comparatively free and liberal elections. The strength and life of these *communes*, as they might be termed, bearing in themselves a strong family likeness to the infant republic of Switzerland, in some degree counteracted the horrible yoke of the clerical administration, with its hundred and eighty officers, valets, and servants enrolled, under one title or another, in the personal service and waiting upon the person of the representative of St. Peter; and its *thousand* officers annexed to the *Datary*, or office where the titles of the ecclesiastical benefits are conferred; to say nothing of the violet and sable population, the ecclesiastical multitude immediately below the pontifical and sacred college, gradually descending from the head, the prelacy, and the *monsignori*, to the humblest depths of the sacristy; swarming like an ant-hill, and everywhere revealing the same passions of ambition, avarice, corruption, and cunning; whether under the purple or the serge, the tiara or the cowl; the aube or the surplice, the episcopal *chape* or the coarser *sottana*, the scarlet hat or the black hood.

In fact, before 1796, the Roman States were simply *communes*, united, under the Roman Pontificate, which, on some occasions, held treaties with them, and on others, as at Bologna, acknowledged common sovereignty with the municipality. After that time the French revolution, by its system of centralization, aimed a mortal blow at these beneficent institutions. It is, however, only just to acknowledge that Cardinal Gonsalvi, in 1816, whilst adhering to the French arrangements, still kept alive a certain degree of vitality in the municipalities, and an organization of things sufficiently creditable to his administration, considering the times in which he was called upon to exercise it. But under the destructive reign of Gregory XVI. everything deteriorated, among the rest, the liberties and independence of the municipalities, which have been entirely crushed under the restored government, the first step of which was to dissolve the Municipal Councils elected during the republic, though many of the members of them were of principles strictly conservative. Instead of recalling the councils previously existing under Gregory XVI., the central power named municipal commissions, composed solely of its own creatures; and if any among them

happened to be attacked with such "compunctious visitings" as might impel them to breathe, however *sotto voce*, an accent of disapprobation of the proceedings of the clerical government, they were expelled as arbitrarily as they had been appointed. It is thus that the devotion of the municipalities (subject, by the bye, as they are to military occupations and martial law, with the additional advantages of hired spies, and a brutal police, paid by government officials) has been vaunted of throughout Europe, as a decided proof of the attachment of the Italian people to the restoration of the clerical *régime*, or in other words, to absolute despotism.

In 1850 a new law was passed, without date, which even the French allowed to be less liberal than any preceding one, by which law the government assumed to itself the right of naming all the authorities; thus, of course, excluding every man of talent and integrity who had been elected, by the voice of his fellow-citizens, deputy to the Parliament of Pio Nono; even those who were called by himself to the Consulta, but who are now considered as ineligible, from being suspected as advocates of reform. Instead of this faithful representation of their sentiments, the municipalities at this moment see themselves crippled in action, gagged in speech, suffocated even in thought—as far as the open expression of it may be concerned—the slaves of a government they despise and distrust, and to whom they only feel they belong by the burdens its debts inflict upon them, and the disgrace of seeing themselves represented by its tools.

These remarks naturally lead us to the consideration of the financial state of Rome at the present moment. Money is well denominated "the sinews of war," but it is no less the sinews of peace, if judiciously regarded and applied—of worldly comfort, benevolence, refinement, and, in fact, of every social good. Hence the real prosperity of all countries, that prosperity in which the people have their proportionate share, according to the fitness of their claim and enjoyment, is to be ascertained by the state of its finances, and by that state alone it can be known whether the machinery of a government works well internally, and produces honest and profitable results.

It is not to be expected that, in a country like the Papal States, where everything else exhibits the features of mismanagement and ruin, that the finances alone should be in a healthy and flourishing condition. The government of the kingdom of Italy, left to the

Papal administration a surplus of upwards of a million of scudi (£200,000), which continued, even under the increased expenses introduced by Cardinal Gonsalvi. It was in the time of Leo XII. that the deficiency began. It increased, together with the national debt, under Pius VIII., and so much more under the reign, so fruitful of evils, of Gregory XVI., that the national debt was nearly doubled. In the beginning of the reign of Pio Nono, the deficit, amounting to one million of scudi, upon a revenue of little more than nine millions, was supplied by treasury bills, for which the church property was mortgaged, and measures for reforming and regulating the finances were beginning to be taken into consideration by the parliament; but they were suspended by the rapidly-increasing political troubles; and, under the republic, the debt increased by nearly four millions of scudi, reckoning, according to the reduction subsequently made in the value of the paper; nor can this be wondered at, when we consider the vast expenses necessarily incurred in that short but eventful period, not only for the maintenance of defensive warfare, but also for other objects closely connected with internal order and improvement, and the amelioration of the condition of the people. One item of public expense during the republic—an item never alluded to by those who sit in judgment upon the proceedings of that time—consisted in regularly paying the Pope, during his luxurious retreat at Gaeta, whence he returned to St. Peter's chair in an amiable state of bloom and obesity, his salary of fifty thousand scudi per month; the sum fixed by the statute of his Holiness himself, as requisite for the maintenance of the sovereign, his court, cardinals, congregations, and nuncios. His Holiness did not forget in his flight to take away with him all the gold he could lay his hands upon; and the cardinals and princes who followed in his train, not only copied his example in that respect, but actually left their servants to be supported out of the public money; whilst his Holiness, with all his expenses at Gaeta defrayed out of the purse of the King of Naples, a present of a million of scudi from that monarch and the Queen of Spain, and the entire funds of the propaganda, the dateria, and the briefs, at his disposal, actually allowed a begging perambulation in Paris—overwhelmed with distressed workmen and artisans—and in Ireland, struggling with famine, as if he himself had positively before him the prospect of coming to want bread.

To supply the deficit left by the decreased

value of the paper money, the restored government has increased the debt to nearly nine millions of scudi; leaving, moreover, three millions of paper money still in circulation—thus it has swallowed up seven millions of scudi, without filling up the deficit, besides arbitrarily imposing a contribution of one million, and levying new taxes to the amount of another—and this in the present distressed state of Rome, too; where, at this moment, seven hundred respectable families are in utter destitution; those who formerly maintained them in comfort, now languishing in prison, and they themselves not tasting meat more than once a week!

We are aware that, perhaps throughout all Europe, there is not a country that can honestly say its finances are perfectly in order, but in none, should we imagine, is to be found the disorder, corruption, and robbery daily carried on at Rome. The prelates are not responsible for their administration, and the treasurers have never yet been called upon for their accounts, neither have any estimates been made. How, indeed, can any satisfactory ones be drawn up in a country where the sovereign can authorize any outlay whatever, without further reason than a "most holy" rescript, *exaudientia sanctissimi*! In former days, when the church was rich, she occasionally assisted the State, but the contrary is now the case; and Papal subjects, cramped and restrained as they are by their arbitrary government, in all their endeavours to get a living for themselves, are obliged, much to their distress and discontent, to supply the court expenses of the Catholic Church, for the spiritual advantage and welfare of the world at large. Perhaps, in looking at the total of the Papal budget, the taxation might appear, to a cursory observer, not very heavy, as compared with that of other countries; but it must be borne in mind that, in other countries, many public expenses are paid by their respective governments, which, in the Papal States, the provinces and municipalities are compelled to pay; so that taking this and the poverty of the country into consideration, we may safely affirm that at this moment the Roman States are taxed, in proportion to their means, more than twice as much as any other country. We might fill many pages with accounts of the frauds, peculations, embezzlements, and falsehoods of the Roman finance, in which all sorts of contracts and monopolies are allowed, and all branches of government to have an interest in them, either direct, or in the form of bribes, for the allowing of them

—but the subject is distasteful to us. A clever writer has observed that the commerce of the ancient Romans was to rob other nations; that of the modern, is to rob one another. Leaving them to the exercise of the vices fostered in them by their bad governors and bad tutors—the priests—we will direct our attention to the actual state of education in Italy, and to the hopes that may be entertained of seeing the Italian character, under the purifying influence of true religion, and the strengthening support of enlightened liberty, shine forth in all the brilliancy of the qualities with which it is so eminently gifted by nature, who has not been less beneficent to the sons of Italy than to her soil. Great as are the actual deficiencies of public education in Italy, and erroneous as are various points of the plan on which it is founded, we are yet inclined to think that its deficiencies and defects are greatly exaggerated by foreigners in general, and more particularly by the English. The incorrect ideas entertained by other nations of the ignorance of the lower classes, and the imperfect education of the higher ones, throughout Italy, are to be lamented as being contrary to truth, and very prejudicial, as forming a powerful weapon in the hands of the enemies of progress in that country. To hold up an entire people as ignorant, prejudiced, priest-ridden, superstitious, and benighted, is at once to proclaim them incapable and unworthy of liberal institutions. But the real fact is, that there are in Italy two antagonistic classes of causes, which bear in opposite senses upon the state of general education. In one of these classes is to be found priestcraft, despotism, and national habits; in the other, the fine organization and quick perception of the people; their fond remembrance of the former glories and greatness of their country, both in arts and arms; their intercourse with other nations, and particularly the vivifying influence of the French, to whose eighteen years' residence in the country, when its destinies were swayed by Napoleon, much of its release from spiritual bondage, and its aspirations after an enlightened field of action, may be justly considered to be owing.

That priestly influence, when improperly exercised, including, as it does, the most absolute dominion over the mind, is one of the deadliest foes to the progress of general know-

ledge, cannot be denied; still the power of this influence must not be exaggerated, nor has it always been wielded unworthily. As long as the priests thought they had nothing to fear from the diffusion of letters and science, so far from wishing to obstruct it, they were its most active and useful promoters. It is only since the days of Luther, and more especially since the epoch of the irreligious philosophy of the last century, that they have become afraid of the advances of civilization, and the extension of the privilege of men, as rational and accountable beings, to form and maintain their own opinions. And even now, it is only with the higher grades of education that they are waging war openly or secretly; elementary institutions, which, after all are the most important, on account of the universality of their application, they have not yet had the courage, perhaps not the desire, to oppose; so far from it, indeed, that a great proportion, perhaps one half, of their members are actually engaged in teaching the lower classes. Now, although even elementary instruction, given principally by Catholic priests, cannot be considered the best of all, yet it would be absurd and most unfair to deny, that it is not much better than no instruction whatever; scarcely the most bigoted sectarianism would maintain the contrary. The powers to whose divided sway it has been Italy's unhappy lot to be parcelled out, though they did not perform, with respect to general education, any more than with respect to many other things, what their duty and the interests of those submitted to their sway required, still they could not be said absolutely to neglect this important branch of government; on the contrary, they not only kept up the ancient institutions devoted to educational purposes, but even founded, or, to speak more correctly, did not oppose the foundation, under the name and sanction of their authority, of new universities, lyceums, and elementary schools. Our next remarks will, we trust, throw such light upon the objects and bearing of these institutions, and also upon domestic and female education in Italy, as may enable our readers to form their own opinion as to the causes that have made the Italians what they are, and what, under more enlightened guidance, and loftier principles of action, it may be justly hoped they will become.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A GERMAN SINGER OF THE LAST CENTURY

WHILE listening to the magic strains of the Swedish nightingale, we could but reflect that she and those dowered with the like gifts in the same high degree, must frequently mourn over their evanescence. The warrior's laurel and the poet's bay are immortal; while the wreaths which fall at the feet of a far-famed singer scarcely perish sooner than her renown. The faded beauty can point out to her friends, and bequeath to her grandchildren her fair, fresh charms on the "undying canvas;" but what echo remains of voices which have thrilled the hearts of half the world? Surely it is a clarity to consecrate one poor half-hour to the memory of a German singer, whose name, now utterly forgotten, was, at the close of the last century, familiar as a household word to the lips of all the beauty and fashion of Christendom; while, in private life, her virtues, her unselfishness, and sweetness of disposition, bore a strong resemblance to our favourite Jenny Lind, who was, however, born under a more fortunate star, and we rejoice to think that the gentle heart of Madame Goldschmidt will never be wrung as was that of the no less gifted, but less happy, Madame Mara.

In 1749, that year so signalized by the birth of Goethe, Elizabeth Schmähling, the wife of a poor music teacher, in Cassel, died in childbirth, leaving her husband a sickly infant, the child of his old age. Contrary to all expectations, the little creature struggled through its early infancy, almost to the disappointment of her remaining parent, whose paternal feelings were deadened by poverty, and the reflection that this little worthless life had been purchased by that of his beloved companion. As her father was too poor to command attendance of any kind, the neglected child passed the long hours of his absence in perfect solitude, locked in an almost unfurnished apartment, and her poor little feet fastened to a great chair. One evening, just after she had completed her fourth year, as Schmähling was returning, weary and heavy of heart, to his humble abode, his step was arrested on the stairs by the sound of a scale in music, distinctly and perfectly played, proceeding from the prison-room of his little ailing daughter!

He listened again. Yes! he was not mistaken—he had the key of the door—no one could be there but the sickly child, whose ex-

istence he had felt to be so sore a burden. A new happiness, that of a father's pride and joy, visited the desolate heart of the poor old man, and entering softly, he found that the little Elizabeth had managed to reach an old violin, whence she drew the sounds which had so unexpectedly greeted her father's ears.

Now began a new life for these two human beings—a life of happy companionship. It would have been a fine study for a painter to watch the young musician, still almost an infant, propped up on her high chair; her features, to which even the common beauty of childhood had been denied, lighted up with the spirit of harmony, as the violin obeyed the little trembling fingers, and sent forth its sweetest sounds; close by, on the only other seat the room could boast, sat the now happy father, urging on and encouraging the little one: at a very difficult passage producing from his capacious pocket a rosy-cheeked apple, a rare dainty for Elizabeth, with which her exertions were to be rewarded.

After a short time, under the high patronage of the child's godfather, a rich tailor, and the sacristan, Schmähling and his daughter gave little concerts at the houses of their neighbours, an employment at once pleasant and profitable. They were enabled to make two additions to their household—a servant and a large dog—both accompanied them on their musical expeditions. The little procession always delighted Elizabeth; as her weak limbs would not support her weight, she was carried by her father; then came the maid-servant, carrying the violin, and lastly, the dog, who was entrusted with a little basket filled with violin strings, &c. Sometimes their auditors required ballads, or country songs, and then the servant joined her rustic voice; but this always displeased the old man, who was nevertheless compelled to obey the wishes of his audience.

Gradually, however, Elizabeth's fame spread among the richer citizens, the houses of the wealthy tradesmen were opened to the child-musician, and at length a rich merchant, who was going to the great fair at Frankfort, offered to convey Schmähling and his daughter there. The poor child, then hardly eight years old, could scarcely bear the jolting of the carrier's waggon in which she travelled, but

she rested her aching head on her father's shoulder, and although her limbs were nearly frozen with the cold, he kept her hands warm, by placing them under his coat, upon his heart. But her cold and weariness were forgotten completely when her father, at length, showed Elizabeth the city of Frankfort—then full of the life and bustle of the great fair—and told her that there she would play before the rich and great, and earn not only money, but fame.

Schmähling and his daughter lived for two years at Frankfort, succeeding so well as to be in comfortable circumstances, while every day seemed to develop the wonderful powers of the child; her health, too, improved, and she could walk, though with difficulty. The old man, whom poverty had bound for so many years to Cassel, loved a wandering life, and went from Frankfort to Vienna, where his success prompted him to take what was then an arduous journey, and the little German child appeared in London in 1760. But here she was not well received; her extreme plainness, the awkwardness of her movements, and the frightful grimaces she made while playing, gave a most unfavourable impression. The disappointed father prepared to leave England as quickly as possible, but one of the first singers of the day had made an important discovery, that nature had given Elizabeth a most magnificent voice. She urged Schmähling no longer to waste the powers of the child on violin playing, but to return to Germany with all speed, and place her under the care of the best masters, and this counsel, backed as it was by funds for the purpose, was followed.

The old Capellmeister, at Leipsic, Father Hiller as he was always called, heard Elizabeth Schmähling sing, and, struck with her wonderful but ill-cultivated powers, adopted the young singer rather as his daughter than his pupil.* Hiller was one of the first musicians of his age, and eminently qualified to fulfil the charge he had undertaken. Elizabeth now entered with heart and soul upon her musical education, which proceeded as an education seldom does; the master unwearied in his teaching, the scholar never satisfied with learning.

* The portrait of Father Hiller is given at full length in his pupil's life, and it is a somewhat grotesque picture. A real old German face, full of kindness and wrinkles, a red cap drawn down over his ears, and a large pair of spectacles in pinch-beak frames, on which almost every student in Leipsic, including Goethe himself, had written an epigram.

He told her that she had not the beauty nor grace so necessary for the theatre, but that her education must prepare her for the envied post of private singer to the king.

Hiller had the satisfaction of watching his pupil's dawning fame. The first token of princely favour she received was a summons from the director of the royal private theatre, at Dresden; for the Electress Dowager, Marie Antonie had heard of the rising star, and wished to judge of her merits herself. *Hassse's* fine opera of "*Semiramis*" was chosen, and the principal part assigned to Elizabeth.

Father Hiller was almost in an agony of fear. "My child!" he exclaimed, "it will never do; you cannot—you must not be a queen; every one will laugh at us both."

Elizabeth herself gives a full account of the affair. She says:—"I suffered patiently all that they liked to do with me. They painted my face red and white, and put a great patch on my chin. As this operation was being performed, in came the director, who, I saw, could hardly help laughing at my appearance. He said, he was commissioned to conduct me to her Highness, who wished to see me before I went upon the stage. I hastily threw my purple mantle round me, and followed the director through some dark passages, to a little cabinet hung with crimson velvet. Here stood the electress, and behind her some young ladies, who looked anxiously at me, as I stood in my splendour, like a doll under a Christmas tree. I held my sceptre behind me, to hide my red, coarse arms. 'What have you there at your back?' asked the royal lady. At this question, I produced my sceptre, and in doing so, unfortunately hit the director a violent blow on the nose, which made it bleed. 'You must not carry your sceptre so,' said her Serene Highness, with an involuntary smile; 'it should always be held before you; but I would advise you to lay it down—a queen does not always carry her sceptre.' After this little lecture, I had permission to leave, which, you may be sure, I did very speedily. As soon as I reached the stage, the instruments struck up, and I had to commence my recitative immediately; so that, fortunately for me, I could think of nothing but the music. I forgot my false hair, my crown, my purple mantle, and crimson velvet train, that I was Queen *Semiramis*, and only remembered that I was a singer."

A few months after this adventure, Frederick the Great was told of the young German singer, and commanded that she should be brought before him. She was conducted into

that famous little concert-room, at Sans-Souci, where Frederick was lying, in ill-health, and out of humour, on a sofa. He asked her, roughly, "They tell me you can sing; is it true?"

"If it please your Majesty, I can try."

"Very well then, sing."

When Elizabeth had finished the piece assigned her, the king, without any token either of satisfaction or displeasure, took up a music-sheet, containing a very difficult bravura of Graun, which he knew she could never have seen. "Sing this, if you can," again commanded the imperious monarch. The young singer obeyed, and then withdrew, the king only remarking, "Yes, you can sing." But this interview decided Elizabeth's fate. A proposal was made to her to become the king's private singer, with an annuity of three thousand dollars secured to her for life.

In 1772, Elizabeth's evil fate brought her into contact with one of the most fascinating and most unprincipled men of his time—Mara, the violoncellist to Prince Henry of Prussia. In vain did her friends warn her; in vain were anonymous letters sent from every part to expose the true character of her pretended lover; she listened only to the protestations of her handsome *fiancé*. On her twenty-fourth birthday, Elizabeth laid a petition for the royal assent to her marriage before Frederick. The answer, which she found written in pencil upon the margin, was more characteristic than courteous; it was—"You are a fool, and must be more reasonable. You shall not make that fellow your husband." After repeated entreaties, and the delay of half a year, Frederick was brought to give a most unwilling permission. The marriage was solemnized, and now, in the midst of her success and honour, began the secret sorrows and shame of the unhappy Elizabeth Mara.

She soon discovered how fatal a step she had taken; her husband lavished her earnings on the lowest, both of his sex and her own; he was almost always in a disgraceful state of intoxication; and, not content with keeping every neglect on his patient wife, he openly reproached her with her want of beauty.

Now, too, she began to experience that her position at court was only a gilded slavery; for the king, who hated the worthless husband, made the innocent wife feel his anger. A request she made, to be allowed, on account of her health, to visit the Bohemian baths, was refused; and on the edge of a petition her husband compelled her to present for leave to accompany him on a tour, she found written in

pencil by the king:—"Let him go, but you shall remain."

Mara was furious against the king, and behaved most brutally to his wife, who persuaded him in vain to keep a prudent silence; he complained loudly of Frederick's tyranny, and even wrote ridiculous pamphlets upon his wrongs.

This was, perhaps, the most miserable period of Madame Mara's unhappy married life. The king showed his displeasure openly against her, and she shared the odium with which her husband was universally regarded; anxiety, grief, and distress, threw her into a dangerous fever. Just at this juncture, the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, a great admirer, almost a worshipper, of the "Colossus of the century," as he styled Frederick, arrived at Berlin. Among the festivities arranged for the occasion was a great opera, by Tomelli, in which Madame Mara was to sing the principal part. On the morning of the day on which it was to be performed, it was announced that Mara was very ill. The king sent her a message, to the effect that she could be well if she pleased, and it was his pleasure that she should be. She returned a respectful answer, saying, that she was really very ill. All Berlin was in commotion, and eagerly watched the result of a battle between Frederick the Great and his first singer. No other entertainment was arranged for the evening; the king commanded the preparations to be completed. Evening approached; the director, in despair, hastily donned his court dress, and repaired to the king, to whom he represented that he had seen Mara; that she was really ill, and could not be induced to leave her bed. Frederick, who either really thought, or affected to believe, the indisposition feigned, merely said, "Do not disturb yourself, she will be present;" and, half an hour afterwards, one of the royal carriages, accompanied by eight dragoons, stopped before Madame Mara's door, and the officer announced to the terrified servants, that he had orders to bring their sick mistress by force to the theatre. We will detail the story in Madame Mara's own words to Goethe. She says:—

"I rose from my sick-bed, and dressed, with the soldiers standing at the door of my apartment. Ill as I was, only thoughts of the direct revenge filled my soul. As I placed the dagger of *Armida* in my girdle, I wished with all my heart that I could slay my pitiless tyrant with it. 'Yes,' I said to myself, as the heavy diadem was pressed on my poor aching head, 'yes, I will obey the tyrant; I will sing, but in such accents as he has never heard before; he shall

listen to the terrible reproaches I dare not utter in words.' In this mood I went to the opera: the common people showed their sympathy, when they saw my guard of dragoons, my face wet with tears, and wan with sickness. Some even rushed forward to rescue me, but they were driven back by the soldiers. The officer had orders to accompany me to the side-scene, and stand there until I was called upon the stage to sing my part. I felt sick unto death as I stood waiting, and my physician, who accompanied me, has since said, that he feared the worst. I looked on the stage once, as the ballet-dancers swept past; it seemed to me as if they were dancing on my grave. Now, I had to appear; I sang the *bravours* in a weak, trembling voice; but I felt very much vexed that I could only sing so feebly, for ambition awoke in me. When, in the second act, I had to sing the "*Mi serame*," I poured out the whole sorrow and oppression of my heart. I glanced at the king, and my looks and tones said, 'Tyrant I am here to obey your will, but you shall listen only to the voice of my agony.' As the last piteous tones died on my lips, I looked round; all was still as death. Not a sound escaped the audience; they seemed as if they were witnessing some execution. I saw my power, even in my weakness; this gave me strength; I felt my illness yield for the time to the power of melody within me. Vanity, too, came to my assistance: she whispered that it would be an eternal disgrace if I allowed the grand duke, who had heard of my fame in a foreign land, to suppose that I was not equal to my renown. Then came that magnificent duet, in which I had to address *Rinaldo*, '*Dove corri, O Rinaldo?*' and then I raised my voice, but did not put forth all my power, until I had to sing those burning words, '*Vivi felice? Indegno, perfido, traditore!*' My audience seemed overpowered; the grand duke leaned over his box, and testified his delight in the most evident manner. For some moments after I had finished, there was a breathless silence, and then came the full thunder of applause. I was sent for to appear again, and receive the plaudits; but no sooner had I got behind the scenes, than I fell into a fainting fit. I was carried home, and for many days my life was despaired of."

Such was Madame Mara's account of this singular act of despotism—one worthy of Nero himself. "The Colossus of the age" certainly behaved like a petty tyrant to his principal singer. In vain she pleaded ill-health, and begged to be allowed to resign her honourable post; the answer was always the same—"You

are to remain here." At length, urged by her husband, and heart-sick of her slavery, she attempted to fly with him; but the fugitives were discovered, and brought back as state prisoners.

Frederick, who desired nothing more than praise from the French press, had been rather mortified at the view taken by the Parisian journals of his barbarous violation of Mara's sick-room; they expressed, in the strongest terms, the deepest indignation at his conduct, and the most heartfelt pity for the sufferer. The voice of public opinion, added to a secret consciousness that he had gone too far, determined the king to inflict no punishment on Madame Mara herself; but he indemnified himself for this forbearance, by making her husband feel the whole weight of his anger. The luxurious, pampered, royal musician was forthwith ordered to repair to Kustrin, in the capacity of drummer to a fusilier regiment! Forgetful of her many wrongs, the faithful wife wished to throw herself at the king's feet, and beg that the sentence might be revoked. He would not see her; and sent her a large portfolio of music, with the following note:—"Study these, and forget your good-for-nothing husband: that is the best thing you can do."

The unhappy drummer wrote the most piteous letters to his wife; touching her heart by complaints of absence from her, which he professed to find unspeakably bitter; and vowing that he had never felt his love for her till now, that absence taught him how dear she was. Poor Mara, unaccustomed to words of affection, and willing to be deceived, made the most urgent efforts to obtain his recall, and succeeded at last, when all appeals to Frederick's generosity, honour, and clemency had failed, by an appeal of a different nature, which was far more likely to weigh with the parsimonious monarch. She offered to purchase her husband's freedom with the resignation of half her annual salary; and the great hero of the eighteenth century, was nothing loth to comply on these terms.

This sacrifice, for so unworthy an object, was the wonder and admiration of Berlin. It happened that the first time Mara appeared afterwards was in a little opera, called "*The Galley Slave*." The audience applied a scene, in which the singer, unbinding the chains of the galley slave, was addressed by him in these words:—"Amo tendre et généreuse, tu brisas mes fers," to their favourite herself. In spite of the royal prohibition, garlands, bouquets, and even costly jewellery, fell at her feet, as

these words were pronounced. One of the fairest trophies of her public life was a fine engraving of this scene, from a sketch taken on the spot, by Chodowiecki. Madame Mara preserved it carefully, and loved to contemplate the picture even to her dying day.

At length, in 1779, after having resided at the Prussian court, as first singer, for nearly ten years, Elizabeth Mara obtained her most welcome dismissal. "Now," she wrote to her friends, "the imprisoned bird is let loose, and can fly everywhere." She went to Vienna, where an incident occurred, of which she always spoke as the most gratifying and exciting she had ever known. We will give the full particulars of an example of the power of harmony, only equalled by the story in Holy Writ, of that sweet singer of Israel, who charmed by his melody the gloomy demon from his royal master.

Count S——, a powerful Hungarian noble, had lost, under the most distressing circumstances, his only child, a beautiful girl, who was on the eve of marriage. Although two years had elapsed since this bereavement, the unhappy father remained in the most melancholy condition. From the hour when he had looked his last on the dead body of his child, he had remained in the same room, shedding no tears, and uttering no complaints, but in a speechless melancholy and despair. The most celebrated physicians had been consulted, and every means which could be thought of used, to awaken Count S—— from his lethargy of grief; but all was in vain; and his medical attendants at length despaired of his recovery. Most fortunately, a member of the sufferer's family had heard Mara sing, and entertained a firm belief, that if any sound on earth could reach the heart which was already buried in his daughter's grave; that voice, which seemed more like that of an angel than a human being, would have power. The other relatives, though hoping little from the experiment, yielded to the solicitations of this sanguine friend, and every arrangement was made to give full effect to the singer. An ante-room, opening into that where the count sat, was prepared. The choir for an oratorio was placed in a concealed gallery; Mara alone stood in the foreground, yet in such a position that she could not be seen in the next room, which was hung with black, and a faint shadowy twilight only

admitted, excepting a few golden rays from a small lamp, which burned in a niche before a beautiful Madonna. Suddenly, upon the solitude and silence of that sick-room, there broke a wonderful harmony. Elizabeth had chosen Handel's "Messiah," and took her place, deeply moved with the singular circumstances under which she was to exert her talents. At first, the music and that heavenly voice all seemed to be unheeded; but, by degrees, the desolate parent raised himself on his couch, and glanced with earnest longing towards the spot whence those soul-moving sounds proceeded. At length, when Mara sang those words—"Look and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow," she appeared inspired by the sympathy she felt; and the relatives of the count, who listened with beating hearts, could not restrain their tears. Nor did these alone bear witness to the singer's power: heavy sighs escaped the sufferer—large tears stood in those eyes which the very extremity of grief itself had long forbidden to weep. Crossing the room with feeble steps, he prostrated himself before the image of that Heavenly One, who "bore all our griefs;" and when the full choir joined in the hallelujah chorus, his voice of praise and thanksgiving mingled with those strains. The recovery was not only complete, but lasting, and was at the time the marvel of Germany.

In 1784, she again visited England, where she had not been since, as an ugly sickly child, she was despised for her excessive plainness. Now, however, full justice was done her, and she was welcomed as the queen of song. George III. and his graceless son were at least agreed in their admiration of Mara's voice. During her stay in England, those bonds which she had, twelve years before so eagerly embraced, and found such galling fetters, were broken, and she separated from her worthless husband, pensioning him off so amply as to satisfy the selfish debauchee.

After this separation, her days were calm, if not happy. She retired early from public life, and settled at Reval, where, on her eighty-third birthday, she received a copy of verses from Goethe, who, on the same day sixty years before, had, as a student at Leipzig, sung her praises as Mademoiselle Schmähling.

Madame Mara died at Reval, on the 20th of January, 1833, having nearly completed her eighty-fifth year.

THE EMIGRATION CRY.

EMIGRATION is not exactly a social evil, but it is the consequence of one, and that a great one—viz., our inability to keep our people at home. It is a medicine that may do a great deal of good, and which, at the same time, must be administered with as much caution as any drug which poisons by gradually debilitating. Our people are our life's blood, and yet we appear to be dangerously easy on the subject of losing them.

Does one son ever depart from the bosom of his family without leaving tears, hopes, and misgivings behind him? Does not even the marriage of a daughter inspire a thousand anxieties, not only as to *her* future welfare, but as to whether there is any remaining who will so well supply her place? Are not the people of England her sons and daughters?

Serious are the facts which these simple questions bring to light. What is the almost universal cry of the sons and daughters of England? Emigration. What is the advice that England gives to her distressed children? Emigrate. How does England apologise for her neglect of health, light, air, and wholesome food for body and soul? Let them emigrate, and they will fare better. What is England's recompense to the forlorn sister of her own shame, Ireland? Emigrate, again. That one word rings on the platforms of public assemblies, echoes through the walls of literary institutions, stares one in the face in colossal placards, thrusts itself into one's hand in the form of tailors' outfitting advertisements. It is the consolation of the idle, the refuge of the unhappy and industrious, the watchword alike of the agitator and the philanthropist. It takes away the father and the children—often, alas! *from* the children; it is a haven of refuge for the dissolute son, flying from the silent reproaches and outspoken tenderness of his too indulgent sire; it is our scapegoat for everything that vice, folly, or public mismanagement has brought upon us—an Albatra for rogues of our own creation—a Slough of Despond, into which England may cast a little too much.

But no one is alarmed. Hundreds of thousands leave our shores, and Ireland is quietly approaching a state of depopulation, which will leave the priests and the pigs in calm and undisputed possession of the "ould country." Still, it is not violent enough to frighten us.

It does not touch our pockets *at present*; although, when we are driven to import labourers from the northern countries, we shall, perhaps, find that we might as well have kept a few at home, and that England's prosperity is as vitally connected with the well-being and home-association of her labouring classes, as the heart is with the life of the body.

No; we are not panic-stricken. We cannot perceive, and therefore cannot be frightened at a gradually increasing evil. If it could only take place all at once! What splendid efforts, what bursts of eloquence, what acute reasonings would be spent in accounting for the evil; one-tenth of all which might have prevented it!

Suppose, for the sake of illustration, the districts adjacent to the somewhat extensive parish of St. Pancras, were to awake one morning, and find the streets in a universal state of confusion, horror, and unpaid landlords running about in a state of frenzy? What can have happened? "Gone to California,"—"Off to Australia,"—is in everybody's mouth. Would the whole eight pages of the *Times*, with its supplement included, hold half the alarm of the people, or contain one-tenth of the remedies proposed by government, now that the evil was over?

But people don't make such violent moves; they decamp quietly and gradually. They don't empty St. Pancras; St. Pancras only sends its proportion. So does St. George's, so does St. Ann's, and so do all the parishes throughout the kingdom. They don't bleed the arm till it aches, nor the shoulder till the head drops listless; they quietly puncture the body all over, and draw little drops from all quarters, combining continual excitement with gradual depletion.

Such is, briefly to speak, the appearance of affairs at the present day. We are not an English people, for we may be all gone to-morrow. We have no right to say where we live, for our address may be changed for Port Philip, or Kangaroo Island, in the space of three months.

We are all in movement. Those who have not already started are grumbling at having to remain at home; but even at home the excitement is not wanting. Between neglect of work, in order to hunt up the means of leaving, railing at home-employers, magnifying the liberality of wages abroad, and contrasting

the unpleasantness of a police system in England with the more enlarged license of a Lynch law in California, the mind of an intelligent working-man need not remain stagnant.

There is a certain secret charm which unfortunately enlists our sympathies with certain matters—to wit, our knowing nothing about them. Of the utter uselessness of knowledge in ripening or expanding the *imaginative* faculties we have long been convinced, and, had we needed any further evidence on the subject, the present rage for emigration would have been proof paramount.

There are a number of married people, who, if asked their reasons for entering the matrimonial state, would be at an utter loss to give any other reason than that they were single. In like manner, too, many who emigrate do so, because they have hitherto staid at home; they have lived in England, but have suddenly discovered that they cannot live there any longer.

If the reader has known half-a-dozen families in middle life, he has probably known one in which there was a wayward, never-do-well, never-take-to-anything boy, whom no entreaties, no anxiety of parents or friends could ever persuade to stick to his books. They have known that boy grow up, and, as manhood began to come upon him, and as he found himself unfit for anything, they have heard him talk about "going to sea." They have remonstrated. All the precarious uncertainty of the profession, its dangers, its slender chances of reward or remuneration, its utter incompatibility with a settled state of life and prospects, have been described with all the warmth and clearness that parental tenderness, experience, and understanding can develope. But our young gentleman has made up his mind; the sea is the grand solution of the riddle of what is to become of him; he is tired of a home for which he has rendered himself unfit; and, without calculating whether he is a whit better calculated for the "life on the ocean wave," he either runs heroically away from home, and vagabondizes in the lowest capacity, or, if his friends have means or interest, gets a position one or two steps higher. The sea is the haven of hope for the idle and the dissolute; there is something heroically independent in the idea of being no longer bored with the advice or anxiety of those around one; it is an idle life, but replete with the excitement of a storm or shipwreck, or with the milder enjoyments of chewing tobacco and talking ribaldry. God forbid that we should seek to depreciate the character of the British tar, or that we should

deny our hearty sympathy with his rough simplicity and open-heartedness; but take the motives which send half the boys to sea—those, at least, who have enjoyed some opportunities of education—and a love of idleness, or a taste for a spurious kind of adventure, will be found the main motive that led to their choice of life.

Emigration is open to the same evil. Discontent with one's present circumstances, and an ill-feeling towards employers, are fomented in all directions by exaggerated, or, at all events, highly-coloured descriptions of the El Dorados of the New World. To jump at fortune at a single spring is constantly the aim of the idle and profligate; to find a royal road to wealth is a temptation hung before the greedy eyes of those who have neither energy nor will to work steadily onward. In a word, the story of Dick Whittington's good fortune is eagerly read and appreciated by thousands who have not one spark of Dick Whittington's honesty and perseverance. Thousands yearly start out in search of the gold-paved streets, without troubling themselves as to whether they possess a single qualification to deserve success.

It would be madness to attempt to deny the advantages with which emigration is fraught; and Quixotism itself would scarcely venture upon attempting to prove that many have not found means of support or comfort, if not of wealth and independency, in the New World, which they might have looked for at home in vain. But the old saying—"exceptio probat regulam"—must not be urged too far. Many who have done well in our colonies might have done fairly at home, had their dispositions been sufficiently energetic to meet the competition around them. Much of the enterprise displayed at the "diggings," and elsewhere, is rather due to the exciting stimulus of novelty than to the healthy and temperate industry, which alone can make its way in England. There is—although it may seem a paradox to say so—a certain kind of lazy industry—a spirit to work under strong excitement, and to perform prodigies of labour, and brave almost incredible adventures, but which, if required to be exercised in the quiet, ordinary course of things, is dull and inefficient. It is true, that the stronger the motive the greater the exertions made to achieve its purpose; but motives may be very different in their character, though nearly equal in their influence for the time. Both the speculatist and the plodding trader have the same motives—sustenance for the time, and future independence; both may be equally urgent in the pursuit of those

objects, and both ultimately successful. But the difference consists in the comparative insecurity of the speculatist. His motives are all stretched into one effort; the whole system of his finances is changed by one exciting cause; and even success may produce so great a reaction, that, in despair at the absence of something to do, the newly-made fortune is put to the same stretch as its humbler predecessor, and our speculator, perhaps, finds himself a ruined man.

Violent and exciting motives always form the basis of a popular cry. Whether the object be to string up an *employé* of the German government to a lamp-post, to tear up the pews of a Roman Catholic chapel, or to make a fortune in a hurry, there is seldom much substantial consideration given to the matter beforehand. Again, the principle of imitation is so natural to the English, that a man follows his neighbour as readily to Australia or Van Diemen's Land, as one publisher pirates an American publication, because half a dozen others have done the same. If we talk to a dozen persons who have emigration in view, we shall find that, between discontent, (more or less reasonable,) imitation of their neighbours, and excitement fed by the press, we have arrived at pretty nearly the sum total of their motives. A few there are, indeed, who have really calculated their fitness for the undertaking, and who have measured their chances of success by a right estimate of their capital. When I speak of capital, I would be understood to mean all that a man possesses capable of being turned to account in a new settlement, whether it be money, the strength of his arm, or the tact and readiness of his mind.

This brings us to the most important question—viz., who are fit to emigrate? A late writer* on the subject, whose information appears generally accurate, and whose judgment on the emigration question is more moderate and reasonable than that of many of his contemporaries, observes that emigration is calculated to benefit three classes—"1st, the really poor; 2ndly, the struggling middle classes, whose small capital dwindles away year by year, till they fall into the ranks of the first-named class; 3rdly, the apparently rich, but in reality poor, portion of the aristocratic class, who, at home, are struggling with the thankless difficulty of maintaining station and appearance, in defiance of the want of means, which their struggles only serve to render the

more apparent, displaying shabby in place of real gentility."

With regard to the first of these three classes, it is quite evident that the really poor are the most proper subjects for emigration, and that they have fewer ties to bind them to the mother country, and more attractions to entice them to a foreign land, than either of the others. But these are just the people who, by emigration, show our social weakness. Their wants are smallest, and our inability to supply them does little credit, in the eyes of the world, to our assumption of prosperity. Are we not, by our neglect of our poor, and by the consequent stimulus we are giving to emigration, daily robbing ourselves of thousands who might have worked for our own prosperity? Has not this penny-wise system of drafting away our working classes a gradual tendency to produce a dangerous increase in foreign competition, against which we shall have to oppose weakened means of production, if not to struggle against a ruinous demand for higher wages at home? If we cannot compete with our own colonies—if our resources are so overworked, that we cannot afford to tempt our labourer to stay at home by an honest and fair appreciation of his toil, and a just attention to his comforts—there is some screw loose in our social economy, some latent disease which may consume us by degrees, but which gives no vivid indication of its devouring progress. Every employer who enables his clerks to spend one hour in the reading-room which would have been spent in the wearisome and unprofitably avaricious toil, after dark, in Oxford-street—every landholder who makes his cottages more air-tight, and his pastures better drained—every master who bestows one more thought than he did upon the well being and happiness of those he employs—does something towards keeping England's children true to her, and at home. Would that the like disposition may increase!

England will never know the value of her poor, till she has lost too many of them; nor will she appreciate the danger of the loss of those who, although occupying a higher position, as far as education is concerned, are almost equally helpless, and to whom emigration consequently presents no small temptations.

I have myself witnessed some almost pathetic instances of perseverance in obtaining the means of emigrating; and, on such occasions, a painful feeling has arisen, on reflecting that such determination should not have met with better encouragement at home. I will mention one case. I lately knew a medical assistant,

* *The Gold Colonies of Australia*, by G. Butler Esq. London: G. Routledge and Co.



who, after writing treatises for homœopathic practitioners—of which, both as to the authorship and the profits, he might have said with Virgil—

"Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores."

was at length driven to the resolution to emigrate. But where were the means to come from? Toil, night and day, and that literary toil, besides the ordinary duties of a shop—a dinner seldom consisting of aught but a plain biscuit or penny loaf, and a like diet to wife and children—and a few contributions from those whose claims on the literary world were perhaps likely to derive benefit from his absence; such was the course of preparation through which this emigrative zealot toiled. Such a man, although by profession belonging to the middle class, and moreover a gentleman by birth, fairly comes under the head of the "extreme poor." And such a man was likely to succeed. His indomitable energy had been so well tried by a continual and steadfast motive, that his powers of appliance would be tenfold those of the mere day-labourer. Education had not refined his nature sufficiently to incapacitate it for drudgery; stern habits of economy—we might say asceticism amounting almost to deprivation of common necessaries—had prepared him to undergo the fatigues and privations of the most uninviting settlement; while a matured knowledge of the world, derived from a daily experience of its unkindest influences, had made him fit to grapple with all the dishonest and selfish schemes incidental to a race of adventurers. Such a man was almost certain of success. Indeed, there were many traits in his character which rendered him unfit for the quiet regularity of English society. Avowedly a free-thinker, his disposition was unfortunately better suited to the licence of a yet but half-formed society than to the quiet conservatism of home. Perhaps the best advice to restless spirits of this description—who are not born heirs to a seat in parliament—is, "Emigrate."

But the success of thousands who emigrate is highly questionable. We are too negligent of our poor at home to render them very fit to make their way abroad. Indeed, with the education, or rather the want of it, bestowed upon so many of our lower classes, it may be doubted whether the kindness of many followers of Mrs. Chisholm's example is not likely to prove at once inefficient in its purpose, and baleful to the country at large.

It is too popular a mistake to suppose that a total incapability to do anything in this

country is a fair excuse, if not a reason, for going elsewhere. Boys who have been allowed to spend their time in "turning wheels" by the side of omnibuses, and who have earned precarious halfpence thereby—boys, whose experience of nature and art has been confined to catching snakes in the Hampstead field-ditches, or drawing mackerel on the pavement—such characters, we maintain, are not likely to benefit by emigration. The fact is, we want a home education to qualify youths for our colonies. To expatriate youths, merely because we have made them vagabonds by our neglect, and then feel dissatisfied with our own work, is only to place our El-Dorado on the footing of a mild penal settlement. As far as the getting rid of them goes, we may be the gainers, only don't let us, in the name of common sense, connect philanthropy with emigration.

There is another class of persons who are equally unfit for Australia, viz., those whose time has been devoted to the acquisition, and whose skill lies in the practice, of those arts which conduce to the refinement of life, rather than to the relief of its immediate wants. Australia is, perhaps, a little less infantine in its condition than California; still, it is even now in a state nearer to nature than to civilization. No doubt, an artist or two may pick up something by remitting their sketches to a weekly paper; a daguerreotypist may set up his glass house, and strike off people's countenances, at a price which the most sanguine denizen of the Strand, or King William-street, would sigh after in vain. But there cannot be enough employ for many persons of such professions. An artist who has not talent enough to earn a living in this country, would equally fail in the colonies of the New World. As to the American States—although art has there made but few steps towards perfection—there is still a plausible amount of talent, sufficient, at all events, to make them discontented with inferiority, when it has not a native stamp to render it tolerable. It has well been observed, in another recent pamphlet,* that even "the artisan who goes to America with the expectation of being employed in his own trade, should be a first-rate workman," that "a good skilled artisan is valuable here as well as in America," and that, "before he leaves the old country, he will do well to consider his trade, for if it be a failing one here on this side of the Atlantic, it may be utterly useless on the other."

* Chambers' *Emigrant's Manual to British America and the United States of America*, p. 131.

If this be the case with trades, it must hold doubly good with professions, especially in a country so recent and so imperfect in its social condition as the present centre of attraction—the district surrounding the “diggings.”

But, it will be said, artists do not go out with the view of following their own profession, but of embarking in every-day life occupation. A case of this description came under our notice a few years' since; an artist, who had acquired a competency in this country by the exercise of his own profession, went to America in quest of a fortune by farming, and lost every farthing.

It is a common mistake for individuals, when unsuccessful in one profession, to express their certainty that they would have made fortunes, had they only been brought up to something else. That much real talent is lost, many aspirations of real genius stifled, by the want of proper, or the application of unsuitable, culture, we are the last to think of denying; but that failure in one thing is a guarantee for the probability of success in another, is oftentimes paradoxical. There are a certain class of employments, any one of which may be compatible with one and the same disposition, but it is not always easy to perceive which are those employments. To a man of great physical energy, for instance, farming, sheep-squatting, or even gold-digging, may be almost natural employments, and yet not prevent his being a good artist or a finished dancer; but few people would urge the fitness, *vice versa*. If a man, besides being a good artist, possesses a calculating mind, his speculative capacities may turn to account in a new settlement; if he be a good horseman—a rare thing with those following so sedentary a pursuit as painting—he may rival a Bushman in rallying his stray flocks and herds. If his constitution be little impaired by the consequences of long-sitting, exerting the eyes by night-work, rare or irregular exercise, he may hope to struggle with the difficulties of even a *sub-divo* bed-chamber, and may become as hardy as the hardest “navvy” that ever procured a public passport to the land of Fortunatus. But these advantages are possessed by few. Only fancy an Oxford dignitary, divested of cap and gown, without a single undergraduate to do him homage, and his nerves unruffled even by the complacent dullness of an hebdomadal board, plunged suddenly into this atmosphere. Would his double-first be thought anything of, and would even his irreproachable orthodoxy find many hearers? Great mental qualifications, and great accomplishments of a re-

finéd character, are of little use in an early, and therefore mainly physical state of society. The “rough” and the “ready” are the only standard, where things are reckoned, not for what they are in themselves, but for what is the demand for them. Jewellers, if they had the skill of a Cellini, would be little wanted in a place where gold in a raw state was the main attraction; and we don't whether, if Messrs. Hunt and Roskell contemplated transplanting their vast treasures to Australia, they would not first convert it into corrugated iron warehouses, spades, and clasp knives, of elaborate ingenuity and forbidding appearance.

Too many persons fall into this mistake of supposing that they have only to change their clime, and that they will be welcomed like the apocryphal humanizers of Peru. Not long since, one of those unfortunate beings who are just sufficiently poets to make them too lazy for any practical calling in life, left England for Australia. Poor man, he had lived respectably and comfortably in England, but he left in solemn disgust of his non-appreciation. Ago had fast set in upon him, yet he, who, with thought enough to write sensible prose on sensible subjects, had lived, and might have lived, honoured and respected, must start off in quest of—we don't know what. If he sought for gold, his bodily frame was far against his chances of success. If he thought that Australia would weave the chaplets of the united muses to grace his arrival, his mind was indeed “in a frenzy rolling.”

But poets are not the only educated people whose discontent and imprudences, rather than their sober desires of bettering themselves, transport to the lands of gold and Lynch-law. Shocking it is to see the son of a man high in the church—capable, both by attainments and influence, of making that son heir to his emoluments and honours—making Australia or America the asylum from his creditors, the place of refuge from the consequences of his mispent university life. Could we find a few university men returning with honourable independence, and, with the hard-earned results of industry, redeeming the consequences, and wiping out the taint of their past career of folly—we would hail Australia as the Alsatia of ricketty Oxonians and Cantabs, and would certainly recommend rustication to the diggings as a salutary university punishment. But such a delicate sense of error, such a refined and genuine desire to amend it, is not learned in a place where quick aggrandizement is the main object. Nor are the industrial habits of such young gentlemen

trained in a school likely to succeed in the colonies. A small quantity of Greek, and a larger proportion of pale ale and cigars, relieved by the occasional excitement of breaking a dog-cart to pieces against the post, as you enter Abingdon, or an inglorious ducking near Itfley lock; such a course of education may give substantial reasons for escaping to Australia, but will not suggest many resources for getting a livelihood when you have got there.

But there is a more serious social evil connected with what may be called the emigration mania, which affects us more closely, and which bids fair to work serious mischief in our social condition—I mean the diminution of motives for wholesome and persevering exertions at home. Many as are the unhappy results which render emigration necessary, we must still be sensible that the colonies are too frequently looked upon as a *pis aller* for those who have little determination to labour at home, and that a morbid enterprise will often arouse those who have no spirit to seek for employment. It will be said that this is an advantage, and, morally speaking, it doubtless is so; but its influence upon England, in a social light, must be baleful. We have known parents remove a boy from school because he did not “get on.” Another school was tried, and another; and when the boy grew up into a stupid, perverse, and ignorant man, people began to think that the boy, and not the school, was really in fault, and that steady discipline, enforced in his first place of training, might have done more for his intellectual attainments and character than had resulted from a lenient indulgence of his discontent. Many who leave this country, leave it under very similar circumstances. They are at issue with England, and have not the wisdom to perceive that the quarrel is of their own making. It never occurs to them that they have been standing still while the rest of the world has been walking onwards; that they have been waiting for employment and profit to come to them, instead of seeking both with all their might. High rents are complained of, but many who complain, also forget that they are but benefitting by the advantages of situation which high rents ensure, and which ought to bring commensurate returns. “Out of work,” is the painful cry of many, and a true and sad complaint; yet many of those who suffer, lack the energy to seek for employ, or the judgment to direct their research to the proper direction. The mother-country stands charged with all the errors, deficiencies, and mismanagement which the listlessness or un-

adaptable dispositions of individuals can accumulate.

To hear some people talk of emigration, one would suppose that unfitness and incompetency were the grand qualifications for a candidate for Australia, and, till late years, for America likewise. Indifferent actors, for example, have made money in the United States; and now we have small histrionics, who were perhaps two ranks above the supernumeraries in a London theatre, taking farewell benefits, “previous to their departure for the United States.” In like manner, a tailor, who never made a suit of clothes capable of fitting a human being—a radical barber, who lived upon vestry meetings and the *Sunday Times*—a whiskerless City clerk, deep upon the Derby to the extent of his last month’s salary—or a schoolmaster, guiltless of learning and honesty—all look to Australia, or the United States, as the golden haven in which their invaluable career is to find its recompence. Men—especially idle men—are too fond of reasoning in this style. “So and so is a mere fool;” “so and so couldn’t turn out a piece of work as I can,” and yet “so and so is better off in Australia;” “so and so has made a fortune.” Instead of a moral stimulus to well-directed exertion, the emigration system becomes a substitute for it; “the state of the country,” “the times,” “the season,” or any other form of excuse, form the apology for want of success; and a shoal of persons, who have learnt nothing in the Old World, start out for the New, to trade with their experience.

This is no exaggerated picture—nay, it is perhaps the more readily recognised, as we find the same false reasoning, and the same love of change, without fair consideration of circumstances, prevailing even in minor matters. Discontent with one’s present position is, undoubtedly, the first step to amendment; but it must be supported by some better and more powerful feelings, if it is to work any good, and ameliorate the condition of the discontented.

As our object is to describe the mistakes made by persons in supposing themselves fit subjects for emigration, who are really the last people in the world who should entertain any such notions, we have no small pleasure in bringing forward the following remarkable instances, from the pen of the well-known emigrant, Mr. Samuel Sidney,* whose work on the Australian colonies is the most complete that has yet come into our hands.

* *The Three Colonies of Australia, their pastures, copper mines, and gold-fields.* 8vo. Ingram, Cooke, and Co., 227, Strand.

"Emigration," says this clever-author, "except to half-starved paupers, is not a luxury, as some ignorantly suspect, but a severe remedy which may be adopted, not without due consideration, for certain severe afflictions It is a gross deception to represent to an intending emigrant that there is some other country more pleasant to live in than his own. The soil, the sun, the fruit, the flowers, the corn, whether it be of Norway or Naples, are good enough for a native, if he can get enough of them; but if he cannot, if he finds himself slipping down the hill of fortune, or struggling against some intolerable personal or local association, it is ridiculous for him to be over-much in making a transplantation—he must be content with a balance of advantages. The climate of Southern New Zealand is brilliant and exhilarating, peaches are cheap and delicious in Australia; but sensible people do not emigrate to enjoy light skies or eat ice-cold peaches. When we dwell upon the genial climate, the fruitful soil, the rich crops, the countless cattle, the mineral wealth, in gold, copper, and precious stones of Australia, we cite them not to induce men to emigrate who have snug estates, or incomes from the five per cents., or promising openings in professions or trades, but to show what compensations may be expected for the want of convenient shops, morning papers, good roads, gas and water companies, agreeable society, and all the luxuries created in Europe by centuries of progressive civilization. A bush-hut is not to be compared to the Euston Hotel; but to enter the latter, a man must have a well-filled purse, while the former is generally open to gentle or simple, with thanks for coming and gossiping the latest news. A man who has fasted and ridden hard for twelve hours, enjoys the plainest dinner; a tramp over deep, heath-covered moors, on a hot August day, gives an amazing relish to a cup of cold water; and so a hard landlord, a grinding creditor, a chancery suit, a bankrupt executor, a false sweetheart, or any other real calamity, prepares the colonist for passing through the ordeal, mental or physical, which must be endured before he can be contentedly and successfully rooted in a colonial soil."

After some very just and good-natured remarks of a similar character, Mr. Sidney observes, that the chances for "gentlefolks" benefiting by emigration are very small, and that with regard to popular notions of colonial cheapness, "people may be as foolish, as extravagant, and as miserable in Sidney, Melbourne, and Adelaide, as in Paris, Bath, or Cheltenham." He also justly animadvertes upon the paltry conduct of persons of a better class, who, having been sent out to the colonies by private subscription, have spent the greater part of the money in extravagant outfits, have refused to mess and associate with their fellow-passengers, and made enemies of colonists who might have befriended them advantageously. At the same time, we cannot but be impressed with the amusing, lively, and yet painful account which he gives of the impoverished condition of our middle classes, or fail to see

that, could this class of English lay aside a few of their aristocratic predilections, the colonies might present a most profitable field for their exertions and advancement to opulence.

But, with equal justice, he views the other side of the question. "It is right," he continues, "to warn young gentlemen of education and refined tastes, large or moderate fortunes, from being induced to settle in any colony by the romantic reasoning of the crimps of systematic colonization, who conjure up a phantasmagoria of Greek colonies and sacred fires, 'model farms,' 'churches,' 'schools,' 'cheap labour,' 'respectable tenants,' 'parks,' 'manors,' 'vast estates secured for a mere trifle,' and take advantage of the excitement to sell their dupes lots of wild land, unseen and inaccessible, at the antipodes."

And are such visionary attractions wanting in this country? are there no Mr. Seadders? and are Martin Chuzzlewits grown only in America? Let us consider one of the really serious evils that have arisen out of the emigration excitement—I mean the Emigration Gambling Societies.

"Now ready, the first number of the Who'd Stay at Home? Journal, price one penny, with the chance of winning

A FREE PASSAGE TO AUSTRALIA!"

Such is one style of advertising a new journal, the emigration chances depending upon the number of pence swindled out of the pockets of the same worthies who oscillate between betting shops and the petty sessions.

Sometimes the gambling style takes the equally philanthropic embodiment of a society.

"EMIGRATION !!!"

"Who of the hard-working and ill-paid labourers of England, would not, by subscribing to this grand undertaking, procure, either for himself or his distressed neighbour, a free passage and outfit, value

TWENTY-ONE POUNDS,

by joining the great emigration lottery; tickets to be had within,

FOR ONE SHILLING."

Be it remembered, our emigration betting-office (we cannot separate the two ideas) must have its proper staff of officers and hangers-on, and must go through the trifling ceremonies of paying rent and taxes; nor are newspapers, however philanthropic, in the habit of advertising for nothing; and even yellow "posters" come to something. Then there is the interest (say some twenty or thirty per cent.) to the party who advances the money necessary to start the concern; there are the odd guineas to chartist lecturers,

and the rent and gas-light of the Puddleton or Bunbury lecture-room, and there are the incidental deficits arising from the sudden departure of proprietors or officials. At the same time, it is not fair to lay the blame of these impositions upon emigration itself. The better a principle is, the more likely it is to be abused, and the more serious will be the consequences of such abuse. If people have a taste for betting, bet they will; and whether Lord Threadneedle bets upon the relative speed of two blackbeetles, while the Right Hon. Fred. Chiffinch looks on with admiring eyes, and the delight of an imagination satisfactorily employed; or two dustmen exchange money and bad language over Claverhouse or California, the same mischief is equally at work. But it is a proof that a popular mania is abroad, when it is thought a fit and competent subject for gambling. Nothing proves the looseness of a screw in the healthy composition of society, more than the prevalence of a belief in the magical powers of chance, and the morbid passion for a short road to wealth. It is all very well to say that the end sanctifies the means, and that these emigrative gambling societies, (even supposing they ever pay any premiums except to money-lenders and the proprietors,) may give a chance to a deserving man to obtain the means of emigration, while, if he loses, the loss is not such as can occasion him any distress. Both postulates are wrong. Your enterprising better (and it is to such that any lottery society must look for profit) will scarcely content himself with a shilling's worth of emigration, but will lose as much as he can come by honestly—perhaps a little more. On the other hand, the winner will find himself as badly off. For instance, will any *respectable* emigrant ships, in which there is a reason to expect decency and safety during a voyage, be likely to associate themselves in such an undertaking.

Nor are such the only allurements which may turn sober heads wild with speculation, and lead unfit people to fall, popularly speaking, out of the frying-pan into the fire. Some of our own clergy, without knowing more on the subject than might be suggested by the somewhat natural desire to rid their rich, overpaid, and ill-administered livings from pauperism—which they might have largely prevented have talked and written plenty of highly-spiced rodomontade on the beauties and advantages of a colonial life. Politicians have purchased cheap popularity by the same clever use of a popular subject; every publisher has thought himself bound to produce a book tell-

ing people how to get away from England; popular musicians have turned emigration into a subject for an entertainment; and, sooth to say, so totally has the position of England and her welfare been forgotten in the question, that the wonder is how we have any inhabitants left. To say the truth, the press has acted, generally speaking, with more honesty than any other of the advocates of emigration; and among the mass of publications on the subject which have partly suggested the present article, few are wholly one-sided; few fail to point out that there are important limits to be borne in mind, and that the prevailing indiscriminate-ness with which the people emigrate is a serious social evil, not only to themselves, but as regards the well-being of the colonies, and the conservation of the principle to its fitting purpose. As Mr. Sydney observes, with regard to emigration, there is no better motto than Sam Slick's—"First be sure you're right—then go ahead."

I cannot help, in the words of the same writer, giving the following spirited summary of "colonial failures, who return to England to abuse the colony, the colonists, and everything connected with colonization."

"Fast men; younger sons of noble families, for whom no permanent place can be found in army, navy or public offices; elder sons of wealthy manufacturers, ashamed of their fathers; men expelled from the universities, billiard-playing barristers, sporting surgeons—in a word, a per centage of the best-dressed frequenters of night-houses in the London season, who are sent out by their friends as a last resource, in hopes of getting rid of them, with capitals varying from £100 to £3,000. These stars of fashion renew, in Australian cities, the dissipations of London and Paris, and either die of *delaureum tremens*, or return home beggared. Some never quit the hotel they honour on landing until they have spent their last shilling; others purchase large sheep establishments, and leave everything to hired servants, while they run a short race of extravagance with the colonial plutocracy—the men of four thousand a-year."

Did our limits permit, we could fill out these details with examples quite equalling those we have already instanced. But, before we have done with Mr. Sidney's book, we must make a few extracts highly illustrative of the self-reliance which is the great qualification indispensable to getting on in the colonies.

We have already noticed the vagabond class of street boys, and have pointed out the little probability of their achieving a respectable success in a foreign land. Mr. Sidney gives a more favourable view of their emigrative capabilities. While we still adhere to the opinions we have expressed, we feel that, as a matter of correct judgment, founded on physical con-

parison, the following passage merits our best attention :—

"Let any one notice, in walking through the streets of London, the ragged urchins, from seven to nine years old, who are to be found congregated on door-steps, in charge of babies almost as large as themselves, and hanging about corner-posts, ready for anything. Talk to one of these Flibbertigibbets, and you will find that, although, perhaps, he can neither read nor write—(more shame to our country that it should be so!)—he can thread his way through the crowded streets without the slightest of fear for himself or his living burden. He knows when to run, when to stand still, and make cab or dray wait for him; he is well acquainted with the price current of provisions, from baked potatoes to red herrings; he is not to be done out of a single nut less than the twarf of the day for his penny; he is ready, at the shortest notice, to convey a message, to the most distant part of the metropolis, understands an answer, and can give as graphic a description of the sender as any Australian black fellow. When rewarded with an unaccustomed half-crown, he knows where to invest it to the greatest advantage in some article of second-hand clothing; he has a sharp eye for bits of brass, iron, or other gutter waste and stray; he is always game to take his own part with any fellow of his inches, has a slang answer ready for a 'Peeler,' and does not mind a cut behind when he wants a ride—in a word, he has the perfect use of his natural faculties.

"Compare this self-educated young vagabond with your own nice, clean, quiet little gentleman, who can read, repeat pretty poems by rote, and write a letter in round hand to his rich uncle. He runs to his nurse, if the old clothesman looks at him; bel-lows, if he finds himself round a corner, out of sight for two minutes of his little brothers and sisters; and, as to the value of money, only knows that six-pence will buy something sweet.

"The one is an infant, the other is a little man; the one is only fit for a nursery, the other is worth his salt in a colony. Seven years later, your nice little gentleman will require to be clothed and fed, and taken care of."

Leaving our "off-to-Australia" reader to digest these remarks, and many other equally good ones, in Mr. Sidney's book, I will offer a few observations on another matter of no less importance than what has been already brought forward—viz., how far emigration is likely to prejudice our own condition at home.

Were I to bring forward Rome, dying of over-emigration and colonization—Corinth, sending out a rival that was to play the part of a classic Jonathan to the mother country—I should be accused of pedantry, and told, in the language of a contemporary, that "the classics can teach us nothing." Without elaborately refuting a position which, probably, originated in an unwillingness or incapacity to learn "how to be taught," I will merely observe that the political and social history of the world is, at all times, essentially identical, although it may, and does, differ in the details

and circumstances. Emigration has ruined countries before now, and its corrosive powers are no ways blunted. To be sure, it is not actively baleful—it has none of the cut-and-thrust development of an acute fever. Quite the contrary; it only exhausts a country by degrees, and its pleasing excitement keeps up a hectic that makes consumption itself interesting.

We are not alarmists; indeed, we are utterly sceptical at the possibility of a "crisis," a "revolution," a "great change," or any other of the mighty movements, which dim the imagination of our friend Herr von Kirchwasser, who has been thirteen times in prison, and has made Austria too hot to hold him, simply by writing something which would, in this country, have been refused in a threepenny Sunday newspaper. We feel quite comfortable even about "the French," and shall be equally fearless beneath the roof of the new Crystal Palace. But, while we have no dread of England being driven to seek for inhabitants through the excess of emigration, we cannot be blind to the obvious tendency of this excess to check exertion at home, to bring us hereafter into ruinous competition with our own colonies, and to destroy that nationality which, while it has undoubtedly led us into many bigoted and mistaken proceedings, has also been the only feeling that has held England together, and made her the centre around which the whole world of art and commerce has revolved.

Emigration is not so great a mischief as the necessity for emigration. The fact that we cannot find employment for our own inhabitants is an implied confession of social bankruptcy—an acknowledgment that we either lack the means, or the will, or both, of making our own people useful to us. Why not emigrate to Ireland? The passage is cheap—so cheap, that a man might raise the means to go thither without resorting to philanthropy or gambling. The climate, soil, scenery—everything that can fill a guide-book—all is fine; but it is too near home. And, again, Ireland is a sore that we cannot contemplate with satisfaction. It has committed a sin that never can be pardoned—viz., it has been treated worse by us, and has borne our ill-treatment better, in proportion, than any other place under the sun. If we are to treat Ireland as a conquered country, let us place it on the footing, at least, of some of the savage localities we have subdued to our use; let us elevate its inhabitants to the belief in some other food than potatoes, in some other chemistry than the concoction of illicit "poth'een;" and, if

possible, let us learn the fact that a "bog oak" bracelet, or set of studs, is not the highest attainment of which Irish artisans are capable. Make Ireland what Ireland can be made, and we shall know where to send plenty of our surplus population.

Nor is this the only way in which the necessity for unlimited emigration may be prevented. Every social improvement—every attempt to make air and light common property—every struggle against dirt and ignorance—makes us richer in our means of retaining

population, and ought to make us more anxious to employ than to expatriate.

We cannot prevent people leaving England, unless we give them a reason to stay. There are, doubtless, many, whose absence is more conducive to our advantage than their presence—whose "room is better than their company;" but there are also many thousand stout, honest hearts daily leaving us, whom England can as ill spare as estimate. If there is not room in England for such, we would say "Make room."

IN THE NIGHT-TIME.

I think of thee alway :—it is
The only happiness I crave,
The only solace, now, I have.

Thou—thou would'st smile at such small bliss,
For what is joy enough for me,
Would be but a poor fate for thee.

I pray it may be ever so :—
That such content as is my all,
Thy blythe heart may reject as small :—

And that *thy* soul may never know
A soul's blank dreariness, when—hope gone—
It lives in memory alone,

As mine doth now. O pityingly
Look on me, Heaven ! subdue this pain,
And make my weak heart strong again !

Ah ! I was happy once—e'en I ;
Sometimes I think 'twas in my dreams,
That blessed time so shadowy seems.

We were companions—darling friends—
I have a pride in that, at least ;
Then thou did'st love me all the best.

The love of a true heart ne'er ends,
And thine is true, most true ; and so
That thou still lovest me, I know.

With this, why am I not content ?
O, jealous heart, why wilt thou crave,
And yearn for that thou can'st not have !

Alas ! *my* all of love was spent
And lavished on thee—only thee :—
Thou giv'st a wave—and tak'st a sea !

Thou travellest thy separate way,
And 'tis a smooth one—if my prayers
Have power to spare thee pains and cares.

I can do naught for thee but pray.—
O bitterness ! if woe should come,
How impotent is love 'gainst doom !

I, who for thee all things would strive,
May then behold thee in despair,
Without the right thy grief to share :

I, who for thee would pray to live,
As once I humbly prayed to die,
Must stand in helpless silence by ;

And, while a tempest rends my heart,
I must be calm, and guard my eyes,
Lest that wild heart to them uprise.

'Tis hard to have in thee no part,
Who once used all my own to be,
Who now art all—on earth—to me.

On Earth ! ah ! Father—Helper—Friend !
To *Thee* my bruised heart I turn,
Thou wilt give peace for which I yearn.

I know my sorrow shall not end ;
The anguish of crushed love is strong ;
Ah me ! and life is long—so long !

But thy deep peace doth on me fall,
The frenzy of my love is gone—
The holy love remains alone.

There comes a solemn calm o'er all,
The storm is hushed within my breast—
Beneath the quiet stars I rest !

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF HEINRICH HEINE.*

(Translated from the "Revue des Deux Mondes.")

In May, 1831, Heinrich Heine went to reside in Paris, and from that period he has not changed his abode. We must remember the political agitation which followed the revolution of 1830, in order to comprehend the part that H. Heine performed at that period. Whilst Jacobinism was agitating in secret numberless wild schemes were openly formed and executed. The secret societies organised in France and Germany did not absorb the whole of the attention of the restless demagogues; revolution was everywhere to be found, in Utopias, in systems, in plans of new religions and in so-called philosophy. There is a mysterious communication between nations. At the very time when France knew but little of what was taking place beyond the Rhine, the sensualism which, under the name of "the young Hegelian School," was defacing and destroying the fruits of the learning of half-a-century in Germany, appeared also in France, and gave birth to "*Saint-Simonisme*." H. Heinrich Heine has frequently been accused of having, as he expressed it, donned the Saint-Simonian cassock; but he chooses rather to ridicule all systems than to adopt any. The accusation, nevertheless, appears to be not unfounded. When H. Heine proclaimed the rehabilitation of the flesh, when he ventured to exclaim that Christianity was the "morbid period of the human race," when he contrasted his religion of pleasure and joy with "the melancholy religion that withers the flowers of life and peoples the world with spectres," it might well be imagined that there was much resemblance to the disciples of Saint Simon in the author of the *Reisbilder*, and their costume was naturally assigned to him also. The *Memoirs of M. de Schnabelewopski* belong to this period of H. Heine's life: for the sake of morals, as well as of poetry, it is our duty unhesitatingly to condemn this cynic production. It will one day be difficult to believe that so brilliant and talented an author could have written anything so coarse. To those who examine the work attentively, the cause of it is but too evident; having once become engaged in political disturbances, he was led on by degrees to the wildest revolutionary proceedings in the regions of philosophy and morality.

Attribute not to other causes the contradictions in his work on "France." This equivocal situation is the secret of all his faults. During the first two years after the revolution of July, H. Heine narrated, in the *Augsburg Gazette*, the events that were taking place in Paris, and the contests of the various factions. Although favourable to a free and rational government, and opposed to the violence and follies of democracy, he appears still imbued with a spirit of revolution. Vainly does he call himself a supporter of monarchy, his language is that of a demagogue. If he has a few words of sympathy for Louis Philippe and Casimir Périer, in a few pages after he will be found as the champion of the populace. It is difficult to ascertain from his writings what he admires and what he disapproves. Praise and blame are treacherous in these satirical pages, everything bears a suspicious aspect; be on your guard, the praise is ironical, the censure borders on enthusiasm. It is true, we must not seek from a humorist a faithful narration of events or calm judgment upon political proceedings. Yet it appears but too plainly in these writings that irony is the studied artifice of an author wanting courage to acknowledge his real sentiments. Notwithstanding this, we find many remarkably sound opinions, many singularly excellent portraits, and many descriptions of the world in which the history of these tumultuous times is faithfully recorded. Republicans, Buonapartists, legitimists, and those in favour of the *juste milieu*, are all portrayed with their theories and passions. The great idol of H. Heine, the Emperor, stands in the centre of the picture, *in medio mihi Cæsar erit*; but it is the emperor as transformed in the hearts of the people and the imagination of the poet—the almost mystic emperor whose portrait hangs on the wall of the peasant's cottage, by the side of the crucifix—the Saint-Simonian emperor, adds H. Heine, jestingly.

Thus runs the book, full of sense and folly, full of reticence and fearlessness, ill-concealing the embarrassment of the civilian under the irony of the humorist, declaiming against hypocrites when flaring to attack the demagogues; alternately liberal, Saint-Simonian, *juste-milieu*, and always extremely entertaining; and had the author but retained throughout his accustomed freedom of mind,

* Concluded from page 238.

it would have been worthy of preservation as an instructive work.

H. Heine is more at home in the purely literary world, when furnishing France with the history and progress of German poetry and philosophy. This is the theatre in which he can well perform the part of a revolutionary leader, which he so much covets. Among his prose writings, two volumes on "Germany," undoubtedly controvertible in many points, may be mentioned as one of his best works. The author of the *Reisebilder* here reappears; he is no longer journeying from Munich to Genoa, he is not visiting either the baths of Tuscany or the summits of the Brocken: the voyage in which he is now engaged is through the flowery gardens of the imagination, through the forests and the brambles of science. If the philosophic opinions of this work are reprehensible, how many charming details are there to be found, capable of rectifying the false doctrines inculcated by the system! The poet, the artist, the ingenious critic, has interspersed in these pages many remarks that illumine with sudden light numerous literary monuments hitherto but little known. Whenever H. Heine remains true to his nature, he is full of sympathy, even under the garb of satire, and his writings profit by this kindly feeling. When he espouses any particular party and becomes imbued with the spirit thereof, his sight grows indistinct, his irony frozen, and his mind, although deeming itself unfettered by the slightest chain, becomes only the slave of a narrow philosophy. Once again it is the artist, and not the theorist, we must seek in these pages. What then is the intention of the theorist? Let us glance rapidly at this subject, that we may not be obliged to return to it again. At the period Madame de Staël visited Germany, scepticism and other causes had exhausted the sources of inspiration in France, and her chief object in travelling in the native land of Schiller, was the search after those ideal creeds for which many then began to thirst. Hence the generous enthusiasm that animates her book, hence also the inaccuracy of her criticism; dazzled by the mysticism of the north, she has not appreciated its bold revolutionary deeds. H. Heine wished to write the counterpart of Madame de Staël's book, hence it is that his work bears the same title, that of *Germany*. Now, if we are to believe H. Heine, the intellectual agitation in Germany, from the time of Lessing and Kant, has been one continued and deadly combat with deism. This combat he describes forcibly, we might almost

imagine that he was conducting it in person; he ranges his army in battle array, gives the signal, and marches the Titans against heaven, Kant, Fichte and Hegel, those master spirits whose every thought is a triumph, whose every tenet suffices to overthrow a world. Around these, before and behind, are grouped a multitude of writers, theologians and poets, novelists and literati. If one of the combatants stands still, like Schelling, he loads him with reproach. If a timid and poetic band of dreamers, such as Tieck, Novalis, Brentano and Arnim attempt to lead the fiery nation back to the tame poetry of the middle ages, he falls upon them and disperses them, like the "Kobolds" in the *Buch der Lieder*, who rushed upon the angels of paradise. At length, when the philosophic contest is ended, he predicts the consequences of it with a species of wild ecstasy.

"Christianity has in a certain degree calmed the brutal, martial spirit of the Germans, but it has been unable to destroy it; and when the Cross, that powerful talisman which now enchains it, shall be broken, then will the ferocity of the ancient combatants again break forth with the frantic spirit of the *berserkers*, which the poets of the north celebrate even at the present day. At that time—and the time will come—shall the divine warriors rise from their fabulous tombs, and remove the dust of this world from their eyes; Thor shall rise with his gigantic hammer and destroy the gothic cathedrals. When you hear the noise and tumult, be on your guard. Beloved French neighbours, interfere not with what we are doing at home; lest you suffer for it. Beware of fanning the flame; beware of extinguishing it; you may easily burn your fingers. Laugh not at these counsels, although they come from a dreamer; laugh not at the poet, who anticipates in the real world the same revolution that has already been effected in the domain of the mind. Thought precedes action as lightning precedes thunder. The thunder of Germany is truly German in its character; it moves slowly, but it will come; and when you hear a peal such as the world has never before heard, know that German thunder has accomplished its mission. At the sound thereof, eagles shall fall down lifeless from the sky; lions, even in the most remote deserts of Africa, shall hang down their tails and steal away to their dens. A scene will then take place in Germany, in comparison with which the French revolution shall be but as an innocent pastime. . . ."

Thus speaks the author, when unfettered by any restraint, and irritated by anger. If, in painting the philosophic labours of Germany in such singular colours, he had intended to portray the errors of those who prepared the way for atheists, we could easily have comprehended the cause of his exaggeration; but, on the contrary, assigning quite unexpected interpretations to the great efforts of metaphysics,

he compares Kant to the sanguinary dictators of '93, and proclaims the gospel of pantheism. His theory of the intellectual history of the German people is therefore false in every way; it should be consulted only as furnishing information (but too true, alas!) on the mystic and sensual fever of a portion of the present century. When the author has passed this period, the style of his writing is entirely changed; kindly feeling and amiable grace appear in every part, and sympathy restores his independence. How touchingly does he describe the errors of Fichte's youth! With what emotion does he narrate the life of Lessing! How well does he explain the origin of romance, and exhibit in illustration of the subject the old popular legends, so full of deep feeling! We have found the poet again—we forget the philosopher. Sometimes, in a few rapid words, he produces a noble figure and exhibits it to us in a true and forcible light. Thus, in speaking of M. Jacob Grimm, he exclaims:—"His erudition is gigantic as a mountain, and his mind as pure and fresh as the stream that issues therefrom." Concerning Goethe, Herder, Oken, M. Varnhagen d'Ense—concerning the very men whom he has most censured, Arnim, Novalis and Brentano, he writes a few beautiful, though brief passages. Do not these generous portraits make us forget many of the caricatures? We forget the impious expressions, when we see the inconsistency of that which his heart dictates with what his pen has formerly written. The same author who, in speaking of the metaphysical works of Kant, exclaims, with triumphant irony—"Do not you hear the bell sounding? Kneel down, they are taking the sacrament to a dying God,"—remarks, in another place, but two pages afterwards—"It is sufficient for me to hear any one disputing the existence of God, to awaken iniquitude in my mind; I feel then an indefinable oppression, such as I once experienced in London, when, during a visit to New Bedlam, I found myself alone, abandoned by my guide, in the midst of a band of madmen. To doubt in God is to doubt in life itself; it is not less than death." We shall soon see the mask fall from the man who appeared anxious to disperse, like unfortunate phantoms, the most sacred dogmas of his fathers, and soon he will give utterance to those words which will completely disarm us:—"No, no; truly, it is vain that I attempt to deny it, old Germany is still at the bottom of my heart."

It was impossible that H. Heine could have attacked so many favourite tenets, given the death-blow to so many systems, and mercilessly

introduced so many books and proper names into his sarcastic pages, without bitterly irritating the German people. They had not yet pardoned Louis Boerne for his ridicule; but they had excused him, on account of the nobleness and generosity of his soul. On the contrary, the ever-varying and mirthful irony of the author of the *Reisebilder* disconcerted the grave and serious Germans, and maintained their prejudices. For some years there was a fierce outcry against this renegade. Regarded by M. Menzel as an emissary of the modern Babylon, cursed by the rigid adherents of the Teutonic school as a representative of Parisian depravity, he was not less suspiciously eyed by the democrats, who accused him of treason. In addition to this, he had to endure official persecution.

A humorist ought certainly to be superior to emotions of anger; yet H. Heine had not hitherto attained that desirable elevation, and it is to his irritation, heightened by attacks of various kinds, that his book on Louis Boerne must be attributed. The author of the *Lettres sur Paris* was just dead; he was the civilian of the liberal party—the "firm Jacobin character" who was ever placed in contradistinction to H. Heine. H. Heine writes a description of him, caricaturing his great and noble qualities. The book is witty, bold, and vigorous; but is it as terrible as H. Heine intended it to be? No, in truth; and no one suffered from it except the author himself. Let us forget this unworthy act of retaliation, and return to poetry.

"My poem has no object, like life, like love! Seek not to find any aim in it. *Atta-Troll* is not a type of German nationality; he does not meddle with the questions of the day." Thus commences the charming story of *Atta-Troll*, in which the poet appears to be imbued with the best feelings of his youth. Gaiety and poetry, irony and imagination, these unite in diapason harmony; it is the work of a German artist. Let us not place implicit confidence in his word when he promises a poem entirely the production of his fancy—the dream of a summer's night—a romantic vision in the realms of Puck and Titania. Satire will be sure to find a place in it, but will not, however, be permitted to deface its beauty. It is a morning in May; the perfumes of the meadows and forests are wafted on vernal breezes; everything is in motion; everything has a voice; and whilst you are wandering in unfrequented paths, countless birds, concealed in the branches, are warbling satirical songs. But there are other sounds besides those of

birds; from the caves of the rocks, from the ravines of the Pyrenees, resound the growlings of bears and the noise of their conspiracy against the human race. There are, as it were, secret clubs in the subterranean dens of the mountains. Listen to these menaces, these cries of vengeance, these incendiary schemes! It is the voice of Atta-Troll instructing his untamed family. Atta-Troll is a bear who formerly used to dance in the laughing valleys of the Pyrenees, under the balconies of Cauterets and Bagnères de Bigorre; he used to dance for the amusement of the idle and think of the time when, roaming free on the mountains, he deemed himself monarch of the world. One day he breaks his chain, and runs away. What happens to him in his retreat until the day he is killed by the son of the sorceress Uraka, we must inquire of H. Heine. The visions in the ravine of spirits, the cavalcade of spectres, and the apparition of the beautiful Herodias, form a scene full of grace and passion. This somnambulism, for which the author has so frequently censured the school of romance, he here treats seriously, and finds unexpected inspiration. The moon casts her spells around the valley of Roncvaux. Countless images of the chivalric ages arise, and appear galloping and singing on the enchanted mountains. "Hullo! huzza!" it is the last meeting of the shades—the last *fiête* of the poetry of Brentano and Fouqué. In the midst of these flights of his fancy, satire does not forget its task; literary, political satire, both are at work. On the one hand, we have the poet Freiligrath with his bears, his jackals, his negro kings, and all the menagerie of the desert; on the other, the democracy of Germany, with its deafening shouts. Is then this bear, who, after having broken his chain, busily inculcates his revolutionary theories at the bottom of his den, intended to represent a certain portion of Germany? Hush! the author says not so much as that; the rest is veiled, and we find a species of melancholy in the midst of the most brilliant *allegros*.

It is certain that H. Heine beholds with regret the disappearance, on the approach of the democrats, of that poetry which delighted his youth. He feels the charm of the poetry which he formerly satirized, now that the demagogues have declared war against the ideal, and are endeavouring to make imagination the handmaiden of politics.

One of H. Heine's characteristics is his predilection for Germany, even at the time when he appears to be renouncing it with anger. He lives in France; he desires the favour of

the French, and, in order to obtain it, he sometimes does violence to his nature. Despite this, he is still a German, and it is towards Germany his eyes are turned. German politics, German literature, the parties, schools, newspapers and "thirty-six states of his beloved native land"—these are his theatre, and these furnish the inexhaustible fund of his irony and gaiety.

Atta-Troll appeared in 1840, at the time political poetry was beginning to create a sensation. A new band had appeared in the field, urging instant reform in the realms of fancy. The author of the *Buch der Lieder* had already effected a revolution in these territories; but, whatever was the mode of his attacks, whether violent or sarcastic, the ideal always appeared in them. Nothing of the kind was to be found among the reformers: the ideal was proscribed, reverie was abandoned to children; poetry must henceforth be the voice of revolution, the clarion of the approaching battles. Nothing was now to be seen but extracts in verse from the newspapers on political questions, pamphlets arranged in rhyme, appeals to the people, petitions to the King of Prussia, hymns to the future unity of the German nation. Nothing could have appeared more seasonably than the irony of *Atta-Troll*. It proved unavailing, however, in stemming the torrent; and from 1840 to 1845 the clamours of the democratic poets became each day more deafening. H. Hoffmann of Fallersleben, in the domain of light literature, and H. Herwegh, in that of the serious, appeared to have become the supreme governors of the German muse. It was at this period that the "new poems" of H. Heine appeared.

The book opens with a collection of stanzas of inimitable purity and beauty. Under the title of *Neuer Frühling* (New Spring), the author furnishes a continuation of those elegiac poems—*Junge Leiden*, *Intermezzo*, and *Heimkehr*—which grace the *Buch der Lieder*. Then follow many brilliant and imaginative pieces; some too much imbued with Parisian levity, others full of vigour and beauty. At length, after this singular overture, in which tones of every description are blended, commences the political and poetical symphony entitled *Germany; a Winter's Tale*. *Germany* is the counterpart of *Atta-Troll*. *Atta-Troll* is the production of an Ariosto of the north, who is ever seeking to disguise the boldness of his thought under the elegant veil of figure; *Germany* possesses neither figures nor veils, it is a work in which the daring spirit of the author shows itself undisguised. *Atta-Troll*

sparkles with all the lustre of the south; *Germany* transports us to the mists of the north. The first is "the dream of a summer's night," the second is a "winter's tale;" the antithesis is perfect.

H. Heine is about to make a tour of some weeks' duration in his native land, and on the road from the frontiers of France to Hamburg, although the distance is short, he finds abundant food for his raillery. The Prussian custom-house, the cathedral of Cologne, the old Rhine, celebrated in the lofty tones of Becker, and so eagerly claimed by M. Alfred de Musset; the hotels of Minden, the principality of Buckeburg, the forest of Tentoburg and the statue of Arminius, Mount Kyffhauser, and the cave of Frederic Barbarossa, and, lastly, Hamburg itself—these are the varied objects that fall under the lash of his satire. The book closes with remonstrances to the King of Prussia, the lofty tones of which remind us of the invectives of Dante.

But *Germany* is not the work of a mere turbulent and satirical revolutionist: H. Heine includes everything, not excepting even himself, in his ridicule. The very democrats, with whom he appears to be in league, he covers with sarcasm. The liberals share the same fate as the bigoted; the national party is as ill-treated as King Frederic-William I. The author possesses the talent of comprising even past ages in his caricatures of the present day: in proof of this talent, how ably has he ridiculed the whole of Germany in the cave of Barbarossa—under the oaks of Arminius! He is ever the incorrigible humorist who delights in irritating his peaceable country in every possible manner; who pretends, by his satire, to raise himself above all beliefs; who amuses himself by baffling criticism; and who, in caricaturing the democrats, has still the power of replying with comic indignation to their attacks: "Thou liest, Brutus; thou liest, Cassius; thou liest, also, Ashmus!"

Was not his irony too long continued? Did it not resemble a part arranged beforehand, and intended henceforth to form portion of his character? That deep feeling which we have instanced as appearing even in the midst of impious expressions and writings, has it been preserved intact? Has not the author destroyed many of the lovely gifts with which nature had endowed him? These were the questions being asked by the public, when it was heard that H. Heine, who for more than three years had been stretched on his sick-bed, struck with paralysis and almost deprived of sight, had just completed a new volume of

poems, and was about to take leave of the public.

How deep were the emotions this simple announcement created! Despite the prejudices entertained by so many against him, the author of the *Buch der Lieder* has always been a favourite poet in his native land. Whether from Berlin, Frankfort, Vienna or Munich, none of his fellow-poets ever went to Paris without knocking at the door of the dying poet, and inquiring affectionately concerning his welfare. All agreed in testifying to the victorious serenity with which he witnessed the approach of death; all admired his mental courage; and all were astonished at the firmness of soul of which they had hitherto doubted.

Endless were the conjectures started at this time concerning the dying man. What is become of the imagination of the satirist? was the inquiry. What lesson have years taught him? What has death told him, while seated even at his bedside? Is it true that he has denied the Hegelian tenets? that he has turned to God? that he believes in a future state? The Bible has converted him, we are assured by some; Moses is now his idol; he has again embraced the Jewish doctrines he so frequently satirized. Thus were opinions divided; some experiencing anxiety, others hope, and all expressing curiosity. The dying poet once more deceived the expectations of the public. As we found him in the ardour of youth, so does he now appear, while under the eye of his dead guest. The author of the *Romanero* is still the Heinrich Heine of old, the writer of the *Reisebilder* and *Buch der Lieder*; the irony is still that of former happy days, only it is more poignant; death is frequently introduced, and the grave is mournfully derided. If a few new tones are occasionally heard like a stifled lament, it will require an attentive ear to catch the meaning of them, in the midst of the peal of mirthful sounds.

The preface to the *Romanero* is one of those humorous medleys of which the author has been rather lavish. The poet takes leave of his readers and publicly makes his profession of faith in philosophy and religion. His regret in bidding farewell to the public is undoubtedly sincere; but, in addition to this, there is another circumstance which occasions his sorrow: the comedy is over, the curtain falls, and the theatre is about to close its doors; what will become of the puppets who performed their parts so cleverly under his direction? What will become of this and that one? It is well known that H. Heine is not scrupulous in introducing proper names. Poor

puppets! he is anxious, at least, before parting from them, to repair the injury he has done. He therefore retracts numerous accusations he has formerly advanced, and makes peace with his enemies in the most serious manner possible. Having satisfactorily arranged these affairs, it is meet that he should be reconciled to God.

"Yes, I have made my peace with the creature, and I have also made it with the Creator—and that to the scandal of my friends the philosophers, who have bitterly reproached me for relapsing into the old superstitions: thus do they designate my return to God. All the friends of atheism have passed the anathema upon me, and there are many of the upholders of scepticism who would willingly inflict torture to wring from me the confession of my heresy. Fortunately for me, the only instruments of torture they can employ are their writings. Without torture, however, I shall confess everything. Yes, I have returned to God, like the prodigal son, after having long fed the swine with the Hegelians. Is it misery that has driven me to this? No, it is a less pitiful motive. I have traversed the forests and mountains of logic; on my road, I encountered the god of the pantheists, but I could not worship him. He is but a chimerical being, interwoven in the fabric of the universe; in matter only is he great—in that he is imprisoned, and there he remains, staring at us, destitute of power and reason. The existence of a will presupposes a person, and for the manifestation of this will ample space must be furnished. If, then, we seek a god capable of rendering us aid—and that is the principal thing—we must admit a personal god, a being superior to the universe, and endowed with the holy attributes of goodness, wisdom, and infinite justice. Then the immortality of the soul is granted us over and above, like the bone which the butcher, when satisfied with his customers, throws gratis into their baskets. These bones are called in French kitchens *la réjouissance*, and they make excellent soup which revives and strengthens the poor invalid. Every sensible man will believe that I never refuse a *réjouissance* of this description, but, on the contrary, that I always think of it with pleasure."

The most serious ideas may be expressed by comic figures, and this it is that constitutes humour. Nevertheless, we are tempted to ask whether H. Heine's theology is indeed serious, when, in a few pages, we come to so droll a description of the employments reserved for man in another world. All the vulgar objections to the dogma of a higher existence are here personified and caricatured. He who wrote such pages was not quite cured of pantheism; his heart aspires to a God in whom his mind has not power to believe, and this impotence, as usual, he avenges by irony. His poetry alone remains as fresh and brilliant as at first. He is thinking of the magician Merlin, the British poet, whose death was so delightful and peaceful. Merlin died under the great oaks of his native soil, while innumerable birds warbled above

his head; Heine himself is far distant from the trees and the sun; he is dying amidst the confusion of Paris. Let poetry, at least, approach with its magic illusions! Let the whole world, from Asia to America—let all religions and all ages—let countless images, both mournful and joyous, come at his call, and surround the bed of the dying poet!

Such is, in truth, the character of the *Romancero*. The first part contains, under the title of *Tales*, a series of romances, ballads and poems, borrowed from all ages and glittering with the most varied colours; kings of Egypt, emperors of Siam, abbots, nuns, barons of the middle ages, sovereigns of modern times, revolutionists, savages from the New World, heterogeneous forms of every description are assembled in this brilliant gallery. After having thus followed his imagination through the various ages of history; after having passed in array these numerous figures—some comic, others tragic—intended by him to represent the confused movement of the human race, H. Heine will now speak in his own name. The second book of the *Romancero* is entitled *Lamentations*. These lamentations begin merrily enough with some clever literary satires; but immediately succeeding them is a delightful description of his life as an invalid, in a series of poems bearing the title of *Lazare*. These are a collection of dreams, reveries, curious reminiscences and epigrams, which he discharges in various directions, to pay off old reckonings; then we meet with unexpected bursts of emotion, or gloomy caricatures of the pale guest who is knocking at his door. He watches himself placed in the bier, and with poignant mirth describes the visit that a beloved friend will pay to his grave the following year. He speaks to her from the bottom of his sepulchre, brings his railery into action, and professes to doubt the sincerity of her grief. What! even after death will the incredulity of the humorist continue its task? But let us turn to the following page, and this melancholy impression will be dispelled. We find here some noble stanzas, in which the poet, with tears, supplicates the angels of heaven to take his place in the house of mourning, and to be the ever-watchful guardians of her whom he has just been addressing in irony.

In examining these productions, which contain so remarkable an union of joy and sorrow, our eager desire is to obtain some information respecting the religious emotions of the author. The last book of the *Romancero* is composed of "Hebrew Melodies;" and it appears to us that this final poem ought to contain H. Heine's

real sentiments. Listen to these melodies: they are like dormant recollections awakening, like sentiments long since destroyed reviving in the mind. In the first poem of this series—*The Princess Sabbath*—he speaks of the old Jews he has so frequently ridiculed, with a species of embarrassment that betrays respectful affection. The finest and most poetical composition in the book, according to our ideas, is that dedicated to the great Jewish poet of the middle ages, Jehuda ben Halevy. Let us devote a few moments to the examination of it. The poet is thinking of Jehuda ben Halevy; the stanzas of the old rabbi are echoing in his ears; they are from the song of Prince Israel and Princess Sabbath. He sees before him the stern figures of some of the ancient Jews; he beholds the shadows with their long, white beards, and recognises Jehuda ben Halevy.

"Let my tongue cleave to my palate, and let my right hand be withered, if ever I forget thee, O Jerusalem!

"These words are echoing in my mind unceasingly to-day; I fancy I hear voices, the voices of men singing hymns.

"Occasionally, also, I have visions of beards—of the long beards of shades. . . . Spectres of my dreams, which of you is Jehuda ben Halevy?

"But they are departing rapidly—they have vanished; the rude appeal of the living has terrified the phantoms. Nevertheless, I recognised him.

"I recognised him by his pale forehead bearing the impress of noble thoughts, by the mild fixedness of his look (how attentively and anxiously did he gaze upon me!).

"But, in particular, I recognised him by the mysterious smile of his beautiful lips, so harmoniously united, like his own notes. None but poets have such lips."

He then narrates the childhood of the poet with tenderness and delight, mingled with a little innocent railery. How carefully and piously was Jehuda educated! How well did he sing the old text of the Bible to the sacred airs appointed for it! He lived in the Talmud as in a boundless world, and in the Talmud he grew up. No poet, since the world began, was endowed with richer gifts. God had taken pleasure in moulding his noble, yet pliant soul; and when he saw it, being satisfied with his work, he "kissed the beautiful soul, and the lovely sound of this embrace echoes in every one of the poet's stanzas." Jehuda ben Halevy was inspired with a most deeply-rooted love and veneration for Jerusalem; his heart bled when he read the narratives of those who had seen the temple in ruins, and the holy country of the prophets polluted; he loved the land in which so many great and miraculous events had taken place, he loved it ardently, passionately; he loved

it as the troubadour Geoffrey Rudel loved the Countess Melisand of Tripoli. Geoffrey had seen Melisand only in his dreams, he embarked, and on reaching the shores of Tripoli, expired in the presence of his mistress. Jehuda ben Halevy also set out for Jerusalem, and, like Geoffrey Rudel, he expired in the arms of his beloved one. This is the story that H. Heine relates with a singular union of irony and deep sentiment. We may designate the poem of *Jehuda ben Halevy* as one of the best productions of the author of the *Romancero*. The enthusiasm of his hero introduces us to the mysteries of Jewish poetry, and the author furnishes us with a portrait of himself, in which the conflicting sentiments that dispute the empire of his soul and the lovely images that are ever present to his mind are admirably depicted. Jewish or Nazarene, and Greek literature are, he has often remarked, the two great divisions of history; Homer and the Bible comprise, in his estimation, all the philosophy of the world. He is not now speaking in jest; the Greek and Jewish world are disputing the first rank in his esteem. Formerly, the poetry of the Grecians accorded best with the ardour of youth, and led him a willing captive to the charms of her war-chariots and martial music; now that youth is past and the world itself is disappearing, it is time for grave thoughts, and Jehuda ben Halevy has succeeded Homer.

The following poem, that which closes the volume, is the most Voltarian scene that the sceptic demon of his mind ever produced. It is a solemn controversy between a monk and a rabbi, in the presence of a Spanish Court of the middle ages. How deeply is it to be regretted that, even to his last day, the poet continues to envelope the feelings of his soul in the impenetrable veil of irony.

Irony! it is right we should confess it—after studying the life of an author who placed all the treasures of his imagination at the disposal of this indiscreet muse—irony cannot form the last chapter in the life of a poet and thoughtful man. We can readily understand the mournful and satirical look with which he gazed on the world, when the generous hopes that filled his youthful heart were annihilated by the cold realities of life; it was the revenge of deluded enthusiasm. We can comprehend it when we think of the agitated, feverish age in which he wrote, especially if we remember also that his native land had nothing to offer to him but pictures of ruin and of conflicting systems, and a state of literary anarchy succeeding the majestic reign of the masters.

The satire of the humourist seems almost permissible in a land so waste and desolated. H. Heine is the first poet his country has beheld since the death of Goethe, and he may be called the personification of the state of literature during the last few years: let this be his excuse. Now, however, that his eyes are closed on this perishing world whose miseries and contradictions have so much excited his ridicule, another world is opening before the eye of his mind. In that world there will be an end of misery, of torturing incongruities, of harrassing deceptions; all problems will be solved, all discord will be banished. Irony may be the faithful mirror of the things of this life, but in those regions which are now being disclosed to his view, there is room only for admiration and reverence. He has been seeking peace and calmness in raillery, but we know that it has not furnished the happiness he sought. Real tranquillity is only to be obtained by a firm belief in those noble truths he has affected to despise. Yet it is in vain for him to attempt to deceive us, in vain to attempt to deceive himself. The ceaseless evolutions of the humorist will not alter our opinions; whether to the last he delights in baffling the critic, or whether he acknowledges his real sentiments, it signifies little to us; we are convinced that he is gradually yielding to the natural impulses of his generous and noble soul, and that in the end the better, the religious feelings of his nature, will be completely triumphant.

One thing alone is wanting in the writings of H. Heine, that is order, rule, harmony—the indispensable concomitant of beauty. There are countless gems of pathos, candour, and, we may even add, of Christian tenderness, scattered throughout his various productions; we have been endeavouring to collect them. The task of the critic will, however, be vain, if you, oh, poet! do not lend your aid. You alone have the power of affixing the seal to it, and of concluding your life in a manner worthy of yourself. It is said that you are writing your "memoirs;" you are summoning before your

tribunal all the men with whom you have been associated, and all the literary and moral changes with which your history has been connected, during the first half of the nineteenth century. What a noble opportunity is thus afforded for the expression of the new sentiments which now fill your mind! What food for reflection—for information of every description! Follow the counsels of your inner monitor; shew us, with severe impartiality, the doubts, the failings, the lofty aspirations, and the complete development of your mind. By such a picture great truths will be taught, and the harmony to which your genius aspires, will be the merited crown of your work. Is there not, in every season of life, a vein from which poetry can extract gold? Death to those who witness its approach brings many a lesson. Will not you clothe these lessons in verse and sublime images for the benefit of your fellow-men? Link together the various religious sentiments which lie concealed beneath your sarcasm; present to us the scattered fragments we have collected, in a perfect form and free from alloy. You have been the representative of the disturbed and revolutionary state of Germany: how well would it be were you also the type of its return to real peace and joy!

It is narrated that Dante, towards the close of his life, when wearied by its agitation and conflicts, was wont to walk in the cemetery, and when asked what he sought in that mournful spot, replied: "Peace! peace!" We need not remind you, oh, poet! who is the author of peace; you have yourself celebrated him, when, through the mists of the North Sea, you had so dazzling a vision of Jesus Christ: "Clothed in a white flowing garment, of colossal stature, he was walking on the sea and land. He extended his hands in the attitude of blessing over the earth and ocean, whilst his head reached unto the heavens. Like a heart in his bosom he wore the sun, the red flaming sun, and this flaming sun poured forth the rays of his grace, his lovely, blessed light, which illumined and renewed the universe."

AN ORIENTAL FETE-CHAMPETRE.

WHO that has ever travelled through a rich and luxurious country, but has at one time or another alighted upon some locality which seems never to have been destined to be trodden by the foot of man, certainly never intended for his habitation? whose peculiar beauty seems to have marked it out as a temple in which nature is to be worshipped, or rather the God of nature, through his works; for the thing created, ought not, in man's estimation, to receive the honours belonging exclusively to the hand of Him who made it. And the very fact, that such spots as these owe nothing to the ingenuity of man, are neither arranged nor planted by him, but grow up spontaneously, as if to be enjoyed without labour and cost, should not be without its proper influence. How pathetically Milton laments the absence of that organ which deprived him of such gratification as the natural world reveals to us, and of the instruction it offers:—

"Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with an universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

If the "light of the body is the eye," it is scarcely less the light of the mind, irradiating its darkness by the glorious shinings of the visible world, and imparting to it an intelligence which no one of our other faculties can give. But, unhappily, we are too often compelled to admit the want of a right appreciation of the beautiful as a teacher of wisdom; we close our hearts, if not our understandings, against its lessons. "The eyes of rich and poor, of educated and unlearned," said an eloquent Irish nobleman, Lord Dufferin, the other day, when addressing the patrons and pupils of the Belfast School of Design, "are too often shut up to the majesty and loveliness of nature; and we go forth upon our way, and pass along the beautiful earth, and hear the rushing winds careering in triumph over its bosom, and see the golden clouds heaped up in domes and towers, and girded at the far horizon with flaming walls, like the distant ramparts of lost Paradise; but our faces are bent upon the ground, and we perceive not the

glory and the good of these things and we hurry to the marts of men and are very eager in our affairs; and we return to our homes weary and unsatisfied, little reeking of the beautiful pictures nature has been painting for us, to win our love from this world, to remind us of the better world to come, and to speak to us the goodness of the great Being who, for the enjoyment of men, has hung the silent dome of heaven with lighted worlds, and called forth the lily on the face of the earth, more lovely in her purity than Solomon in all his glory, and the array and pomp of kings."

It is a singular fact, one scarcely to be accounted for, but it cannot have escaped the observation of some, that we are not unfrequently more impressed by a picture than by the reality; the shadow has greater power over us than the substance. The only solution we can offer of this seeming inexplicable question is, that in a natural landscape, for instance, the eye wanders over a large space of scenery without being able to take in at one view all the beauties it contains; while in a picture, the artist concentrates these beauties into such a compass that the vision embraces them all; added to which, he brings all his imaginative faculties to render the beautiful still more lovely; he clothes it with his own bright verdure, and throws his sunshine and his shadow where each will best contribute to his purpose. Is the world of art, therefore, more fitted for man's admiration than the world of nature? By no means: but the art is to be admired which can so set before us the material creation as to fill the mind with pleasure, and raise it, even by a single step, to a nearer approach towards Him who framed it; and the genius of the painter is to be envied which enables its possessor thus to become the minister of good.

All pictures that are really worthy of the name must, in a degree, exercise such an influence; but there are some especially calculated so to do, such as this oriental scene which Mr. Warren has painted. This artist, who is a distinguished water-colour painter, has passed much time in the east, in Syria and Arabia; most of his pictures are taken from the scenery of those countries, or illustrate the manners and customs of their inhabitants. He has alighted here upon a charmingly picturesque spot, which instantly recalled to our minds a



passage in Milton's description of the third day's creation:—

"Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept

The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Embattled in her field, and the humble shrub,
And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
Their blossoms; with high woods the hills were
crown'd,

With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side;
With borders long the rivers; that earth now
Seemed like to Heaven, a spot where Gods might
dwell

Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades."

Wherever this view was sketched, and it is doubtless from nature, it seems just the spot to attract the thoughtful by its glorious magnificence, and the pleasure-seeker by the templa-

tion it offers to luxuriant indolence; the artist has filled it with groups of the latter class. At the base of the distant mountains is a stately edifice, from which, it may be presumed, the party has sailed down the stream in a richly ornamented vessel, moored by the bank just beyond the tall group of trees; to the left of these the slaves and menials are amusing themselves with the dance. In the foreground are the chiefs of the party variously engaged, and having for their companions peacocks and other birds of gorgeous plumage, whose brilliancy adds so materially to the splendour of an eastern landscape. The revellers in Watteau's *fêtes-champêtres* were surrounded with more of the treasures of art and of the beauty which man has created, but the theatre in which Mr. Warren has placed his, is of nature's own laying out and adornment.

THE CAPTIVE CHIEFS OF MOUNT LEBANON;*

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

MY MISSION TO EGYPT IN 1841.

(By the Author of "*Reminiscences in Syria*," &c. &c.)

THE RETURN OF THE LEBANON CHIEFS, AND MY RECEPTION IN THE MOUNTAIN.

"Now upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon."

Moore's *Lallah Rookh*.

WE had safely reached the termination of our voyage; the corvette lay snugly at her moorings off Beyrout, in the magnificent Bay of St. George; the "Sanita," or Board of Health, had duly paid us their accustomed visit, and, considering all things, let us off very cheaply with a few days' quarantine, including the period of our voyage: an indulgence usually granted to all such vessels of war, us, during their passage, have not experienced any casualty on board.

So rapidly and unaccountably, after our arrival, was intelligence spread abroad of the *Tuntu* having brought back the exiled mountain chiefs, that scarcely had the boat containing the "Sanita" touched the strand, when crowds of people might be seen assembling on the mole, while boats shoved off in every direction from the shore, and hastily

pulled towards the corvette, on approaching which, the numerous passengers they contained gave way to the wildest manifestations of unbridled joy: shouting, singing, and discharging their pistols and firelocks into the air; many of which, being loaded with ball, seriously imperilled the safety of those whom they so clamorously welcomed back to their native land.

In this manner boat loads of visitors rapidly succeeded each other; and, as the day advanced, the scene acquired additional interest, from the circumstance of many of the personal friends and relatives of the exiles having by this time arrived from the mountains, in order to greet, with all the hyperbole of Eastern enthusiasm, the return of those whom they had long, since given up as lost to themselves and to the world—as buried alive in the far-distant mines of Sennaar—or whose bones might ere then have been bleaching under the intolerable heat of a central African sun.

Fruit, wine, and flowers, fresh meat and vegetables, dresses of honour, and changes of apparel—in short, everything which the most tender solicitude could suggest—were eagerly handed up the vessel's side, and the "guardian," who had been left by the "Sanita," ex-

* Concluded from page 366.

perienced no small difficulty in repelling the host of new comers, who threatened to board the vessel, take her by storm, and thus, on their return ashore—to use a quarantine expression—"compromise," or place in quarantine, the whole country for miles around.

So importunate and so numerous at last became these noisy visitors, that the poor guardian, in despair, suggested that the chiefs should be removed to the Lazaret; a proposal to which the Sheikhs and Emirs themselves most gladly gave their assent; for they appeared scarcely to consider themselves as really and safely returned from their distant and involuntary exile, until they should actually have set foot upon their native land.

As I could at the time perceive no objection to this arrangement, I suffered it to take place; but, being well aware of the discomforts of an Eastern Lazaret, I determined, for my own part, to remain on board during the whole period specified for our quarantine, a decision which I had, however, reason afterwards to regret; for French intrigue, constantly on the alert, appeared to have dogged our footsteps from Alexandria, and my absence was taken advantage of, for the propagation of a report that it was through the influence and agency of France, that the exiled mountain chiefs had been sent back to their native land; and I was afterwards informed, that some of the officials attached to the French Consulate at Beyrout had even received the Emirs when they disembarked, accompanied them to the Lazaret, and were not chary in arrogating to their own government a credit which it nowise deserved.

Among the many congratulatory visits paid to the corvette, I must not omit that of my faithful old brother campaigner and dragoman, Giorgio Habbib Giammal, whom I had left in charge of my horses and baggage, when at the conclusion of the war, I had so hastily quitted Jaffa for Alexandria, with important despatches from the Commodore.

Giorgio had safely brought back to Beyrout all the property, goods, and chattels, entrusted to his care; the worthy fellow was in one of the first shore boats which pulled up alongside of the corvette, and while congratulating me heartily on my return, he acquainted me that my old quarters had been made ready to receive me at his house, where the family anxiously hoped to welcome me as soon as I should get out of quarantine.

Giorgio's family circle consisted of his mother, a handsome widow of between thirty and forty years of age, and of two remark-

ably pretty sisters: the eldest called Nasarah, which may be translated Victoria; whilst the younger one—a merry, dark-eyed young damsel, still in her teens—rejoiced in the scriptural appellation of Sarah, a name common amongst the Christian, as well as Jewish maidens in the East. By a fortunate concurrence of circumstances I had, on first landing in Syria the year before, been admitted the welcome inmate of this hospitable abode, where I passed most agreeably what would have otherwise been, no doubt, a very tedious winter residence of many weeks at Beyrout. However, as Giorgio's relatives professed, like himself, the Christian faith, and belonged to the Greek Syrian Church, the ladies of the family did not deem it incumbent to maintain with respect to me, that seclusion and reserve which custom would have entailed upon them, had they received under their roof a guest of the Mahommedan belief.

I had been first presented to Giorgio by his own brother-in-law, Assaad-el-Kyat: a talented young Syrian, who had spent many years in England, and had, I believe, been educated at one of our universities, and with so favourable an introduction, I at once made my *début* on the familiar footing of an acknowledged friend—the ladies threw aside that distant reserve, usually shown by Christian females towards strangers, in the East; they soon appeared to consider me as one of their own domestic circle; I conformed to their customs, picked up a little of the language, and, in short, soon found myself perfectly at home.

Some previous knowledge of oriental languages greatly facilitated my colloquial intercourse with the family; and Giorgio being a good Italian scholar, became my dragoman or interpreter, and conjointly with the ladies, took every pains in instructing me in Arabic; but I must candidly confess I took far more pleasure, and found I made much greater progress in conversing with the latter, than I did whilst poring over some old Arabic manuscript with Giorgio, who, a gay, "larking" young fellow, was, sooth to say, far better pleased to strut about the Bazaar, or to be riding my Arab horses, than to play the part of an old moollah, in teaching me my "alif," "bé"—a task he therefore gladly handed over to his mother and sisters, when he found I was nowise opposed to such a plan.

" 'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,
When both the teacher and the taught are young,
As was the case at least where I have been."

The teachers on this occasion were young, pretty, amiable, and most persevering in their attempts at instruction; nor was their pupil then too old duly to appreciate such kindness, or such an agreeable method of acquiring a smattering of Arabic—that most difficult of all the known languages in the world. By degrees, the friends and neighbours of the family likewise became familiarised with the Frankish stranger, would often of an evening assemble, in friendly *réunion*, at Giorgio's house; when the song, the joke, or the recital of some wondrous Eastern tale, would merrily go their round; and under these circumstances, it will not be deemed matter of surprise, that time should, during the period when I was thus engaged, have passed most rapidly and pleasantly away; that, after a prolonged absence, I should on returning to Beyrout, feel anxious once more to behold my hospitable friends; or that the intervening time, which I was doomed to pass in quarantine, should have appeared intolerably long.

And yet, during this period of incarceration, there wanted not subjects to interest the most unobservant, in that beautiful bay of St. George, where the corvette lay slumbering at anchor, as on an unbroken sheet of transparent glass.

The last time I had before witnessed St. George's Bay, was in the depth of winter, during a terrific storm—the sea was then rolling in, mountains high, towards the shore—an English three-decker, the *Princess Charlotte*, was pitching and straining on her cables, in such a fearful way as to render it matter of doubt if she could possibly weather out the gale, which increased to a regular hurricane, as we were at last driven by its violence, from the position we had taken upon the beach, after being completely saturated by clouds of flying spray, carried by the wintry blast even along the mountain's side. All nature was convulsed, and appeared to labour under the most fearful throes: such was the scene on which, some few months before, I had turned my back—but how altered was the prospect which we now beheld!

Spring, a genial Eastern spring, now spread a glorious mantle of brightest green o'er the gardens and orchards of the surrounding plain, where the prickly cactus, and the graceful date tree—unmistakable types of a tropical vegetation—mingled with tall, waving, sugar-cane-like reeds, were united by the twining tendrils of the vine, to the fig-tree, the mulberry, the blossoming almond, the gaily flowering peach, or other productions of a more temperate—of quite an Italian clime—which, as they gra-

dually receded up the sides of the mountains, commingling with pear, apple, and walnut-trees, till they, in their turn, were lost amidst masses of dark northern pines, standing out in bold relief against the hoary summits of El Sinnecn, that highest range of the mighty Lebanon,

“ Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
Shrouded in eternal sleet;
While summer, on a bed of flowers,
Lies gently smiling at her feet.”

Then the immediate vicinity of the bay itself, what memorials rife with interest did it not perpetually recall!

There—full in view—stood the far-famed chapel of Saint George, which gives its nomenclature to the encircling gulf; and where, if tradition deserveth any faith, our tutelary saint is said to have vanquished his terrific dragon foe. Following further on the devious windings of the shore, as it bites into the mountain's base, the eye can distinctly mark a narrow causeway, scooped out of the overhanging cliff: the path by which the great Sesostris once led to further conquests his victorious hosts; leaving as memorials, by the way, huge sculptured figures, carved out of the living rock, and discernible with a good telescope, even from the distance where our vessel lay.* History tells us, of Roman legions having frequently trodden this very path, more recently traversed by conquering British tars, where in 1840, a landing was effected by Sir C. Napier, previous to the capture of Beyrout; but the Commodore's position at Djouni is now hidden from our view by yonder bluff projecting mass of rock, behind whose dark shadow flows the mystic Lycus: “called sometimes,” quoth old Maundrell, “the river Canis, and by the Turks, at this day, Nahr-el-Khelb,” or River of the Dog.†

From such objects of interest, turn we now towards the south; and here again shall we behold fresh tokens of British valour, commingled with numerous monuments—although

* Maundrell mentions these sculptural figures, and Herodotus (Euterpe, CVI.) says that “Sesostris erected pillars in the places which he conquered,” some of which the “Father of History” says he himself beheld in Syria. The author of these pages took a sketch of one of these gigantic figures, which has the appearance of being of either Egyptian or Assyrian origin.

† Maundrell says: “It derives its name from an idol in the form of a dog, or wolf, which is said to have pronounced oracles at the place.” The religion of the Druses, of which so little is yet known, is supposed to have some relation with the worship of the dog, as well as with that of the calf, both probably of Egyptian derivation.

prostrate—of ancient classic art, together with with more recent mementos of a barbarous feudal age. Yonder solidly constructed edifices commemorate the rude though chivalrous times of the enthusiastic Crusaders, when our gallant countrymen, headed by a Richard or an Edward, fought under the banners of the Cross. Those massive, though now crumbling castles, shot-riddled and shaken to their very base, bear witness to the terrific power of British broadsides, which blew St. Jean d'Acre into the clouds. Yonder mole, projecting from the town of Beyrout, into the bay, on which may be seen ever sauntering such motley groups, is formed of pedestals and pilasters, of broken shafts and capitals, the former classic supports of palaces or temples adorning the favourite Berytus—the “Julia Felix,” of Augustus; or they may perchance be even the far, far more ancient relics of the idol, “Baal-Berith,” from whence Beyrout is said to have derived its actual name. Thus, do we tread on the memory of the past! Thus, do successive generations ever crowd upon and trample the ashes of those who have gone before!

Our tedious quarantine came at last to a close; the time for moralizing was also past, as, once more restored to freedom, I early on the day of my liberation landed near the Lazaret, shortly after the Sheikhs and Emirs had likewise been set free; hastening forward, I overtook my former charges, as they were being escorted in triumph by some Frenchmen, who had been awaiting their release.

This confirmed what I had heard of the French having taken to themselves the credit of their return—an impression I took every means in my power to dispel; nor do I believe that the chiefs themselves were for a single instant duped by these false reports; for, on joining the party increased to an immense number by their friends, relatives, and followers, who had fallen in with the procession—I was received with expressions of the warmest and most enthusiastic gratitude; one and all inviting me to visit them at their mountain homes, where, they assured me, I should be considered, not as a stranger, but as one of themselves.

“My son, my deliverer,” said Hamoud-el-Neked, the venerable old Druse, as he pressed me to his breast; “come thou speedily to Dhair-el-Kamar, that my family and my people may prove that gratitude is not unknown to the Druse, and that thou mayest relate the same, to our protector and saviour. the “Komodor el Kibir.”

As he uttered these words, the old warrior vaulted on his fiery steed; for a second, stood erect in his stirrups, then pressing their sharp edges against the glossy flanks of his noble charger, and uttering a loud cry of joy and exultation, he dashed off with his gallant retinue towards the “Palace of the Moon.”*

The rest of the chiefs, all equally anxious to rejoin their families, followed the example of old Hammoud-el-Neked; and after earnestly pressing me to visit them as soon as possible—amidst deafening cries of triumph, discharges of pistols and muskets, prancing of horses, flourishing of sabres, and brandishing of spears, they severally dispersed, and galloped towards their respective homes; leaving my friend Giorgio to conduct Tanta my little Ethiopian page, and myself, towards his hospitable abode, where I was received with all the warmth and cordiality of an old and valued friend—even Saade, the negro slave girl, displaying, in a broad grin of satisfaction, the pleasure she felt at my return.

By the time I had received the congratulations, and partaken of the ample repast provided for me by my kind and hospitable hosts, it was too late to think of proceeding that day to Hamanah, the residence of the Emir Beschir Cassim, the grand prince of Mount Lebanon, to whom I deemed it incumbent to offer my homage, and report as soon as possible in person, my return with his noble exiled subjects; more especially after what I had heard and seen of those intrigues and false reports which had recently been set on foot and of the unwarrantable means by which French influence was attempted to be re-established in the Lebanon, by their agents at Beyrout.

Hamanah being however situated on an elevated portion of the mountain, fully at a distance of six hours—and that over a most steep and rugged path—from the town of Beyrout, I deemed it best to despatch a messenger to the Emir Beschir (who, by the way, was an old acquaintance and fellow-campaigner, and to whom I had already written on arriving at Beyrout), announcing the release of the chiefs and myself from quarantine, and the intention of paying my respects to his Highness on the following day. Pursuant to this plan, I started next morning—accompanied by my dragoman—at early dawn. Giorgio had evidently, during my absence,

* The literal translation of Dhair-el-Kamar, the principal residence of the Druses, situated in the Lebanon, a few miles to the S. E. of Beyrout.

done every justice to the horses which had been entrusted to his care. I found my favourite old flea-bitten Arab charger (a present from the commodore) in high condition, full of mettle and fire, and most eager for a gallop, in which I failed not to indulge him to his heart's content, as soon as—having issued from the deep, sandy, hollow ways, overhung with cactus and waving canes, which intersect in every direction the mulberry orchards and gardens surrounding the town—we had emerged on that level, pine-covered plain beyond, which is called the wood of Fakr-el-Din, from having, it is said, been planted by the celebrated Druse chieftain of that name, whose palace is still the principal ornament of Beyrout.

A broad sandy tract traverses this thinly-planted forest of gigantic trees; it was here that we gave our gallant steeds their head, and they carried us rapidly to the foot of that lower range of the Lebanon, whose sides are, in this part, under full cultivation of the mulberry and the vine.

As we continued to ascend, the ruggedness of the steep mountain paths obliged us soon to slacken our previous headlong course; our panting steeds now toiled more soberly up the rocky way, and, as we approached a little hamlet overlooking the well watered and fertile valley of Sharoer, I was surprised to behold an approaching cavalcade, headed by the Emir Mahmoud, one of the quondam captive chiefs, who having heard of my intended visit to the Grand Prince, had taken this opportunity to welcome me to the "Djebel,"* at the head of his numerous relatives, and of all such of his clan as he could hastily collect.

Setting at naught the steep and rugged nature of the path, the Emir—mounted on a noble desert steed, and magnificently arrayed in crimson cloth and gold—bounded forward with his brilliant cavalcade, at the very top of their horses' utmost speed, discharging, as they approached, their firelocks and pistols in the air; the mountaineers on foot, following meanwhile as they could, but likewise blazing away with all their might.

I had reined in my horse, to witness so unusual and so unexpected a sight; when, advancing at full gallop, the Emir and his friends suddenly pulled up within a yard of where I stood, and instantly sprung from their saddles to the ground.

* The "Mountain," as the Lebanon is always "par excellence" called by its inhabitants.

I likewise dismounted, was warmly embraced, by my former shipmate, and had in a similar manner to run the gauntlet of half a score of rough, well-bearded faces, appertaining to as many stalwart mountaineers, immediate relatives of the Emir Mahmoud, who appeared eager to outdo each other in expressions of delight, welcomed me with all the high-flown compliments of the East, and thanked me in the warmest terms for having brought back to them their relative and chief, who insisted on my then visiting his residence, situated only a few hundred yards off the road.

Once more in the saddle, volley in rapid succession followed volley, as we clattered up the mountain path. The terrace-roofs of the little hamlet we now approached, were crowded with the families of the mountaineers, whose daughters, wives, and sisters showered blessings and flowers down upon me as I passed. On returning their kind greetings, I beheld many a handsome though sun-burnt face, no longer shrouded by the envious veil, now freely floating from the "Tontura,"† on the fresh morning breeze. The ruddy and cheerful countenances of these peasant girls, beaming with all the glow of spirits and of health, were marked by the peculiar characteristic of female beauty of this region of alternate sun and cloud, where the full melting eye of deepest blue is oft shadowed by a fringe of long lashes, black as jet; and the warm stream of life of this southern clime flows beneath a skin not less fair—though from exposure far more bronzed—than that of Spain's mantilla'd daughters, whose tresses are not darker than the raven locks of these light-hearted and merry mountain maids!

On entering a sort of walled-in court, surrounding the residence of the Emir Mahmoud, he proceeded further to enact the part of the hospitable host, by again welcoming me to his abode, and—what I considered a far greater compliment—the inmates of his harem approached likewise to do the same.

Although amongst the Christian Maronites of Mount Lebanon the women are not secluded, as is customary with the Druses, or those professing the Mahomedan belief; and although the female peasantry of the mountains generally participate in the labours of the field, still, those of a higher order are seldom be-

† The "Tontura" is a strange ornament, a sort of silver horn, worn by the married women of the Lebanon, upon their heads, and possessed of many mystic attributes, in which they are said to place great faith.

held by strangers, and I therefore took it as a compliment that exception should have been made in my own peculiar case.

"But," observed the Emir, "Komodor El-Sghier ('little commodore,' as I was often called in contradistinction to the 'Governor,' who was universally known as 'Komodor-el-Kibir' or the 'Great,') *you* are no stranger; we all consider you now as one of ourselves, one of our own family, and our wives and daughters also look upon you as such."

These assurances—and I believe them to have been sincere—were corroborated by such pretty speeches from such pretty and rosy lips, that, albeit not by nature very bashful, I felt somewhat at a loss how to reply, more particularly as my stock of Arabic "Tickle," or complimentary phrases, at no time very plentiful, appeared now to be completely worn out.

I, however, announced, with becoming modesty, that, in bringing back the mountain chiefs, I was only a humble instrument in executing those promises previously made by the Commodore: promises, the fulfilment of which, had received the full sanction of our most gracious Queen, who would, I felt convinced, ever regard the inhabitants of the Lebanon as her friends, and ever have their interest at heart.

I had, with the assistance of Giorgio, got thus far in my harangue, when, to my great satisfaction, a tray, laden with refreshments, was brought in, deposited on a small ebony stand richly inlaid with mother-of-pearl, around which we all seated ourselves in oriental fashion, on carpets spread upon the floor.

The brimming bowl now rapidly went round, well charged with luscious mountain wine, and there is no saying how long these revels might have been prolonged, had there only been leisure to indulge in all those friendly sentiments which appeared to predominate in every breast. We had, however, before us a long and tedious march; I urged the necessity of our departure; and a pipe of purest Latakia, inhaled through a green rose-wood tube, brought our "déjeuner" to a close.

Amidst a profusion of blessings and "Mah Salemehs" (peace be with thee), from the gentler portion of our hospitable hosts, I remounted my horse, and was accompanied for several miles of that rugged mountain path, by the kind-hearted Emir and his friends, who saw me fairly into the valley of Hamanah ere they took their final leave.

The return of the chieftains from Alexandria, had spread like wildfire amongst the hills, as had likewise apparently the report of my visit

to the Grand Prince; for groups of peasants, with offerings of fruits and milk, beset me frequently on the way; and as we traversed some of the little hamlets in the upper regions, their families, as before, blessed me as I passed, and cast down flowers at my feet.

The town, or rather village of Hamanah, situated in the very heart of Mount Lebanon, at the head of a deep valley, or more properly speaking, of a frightful yawning ravine, called the "Wad-é-Nahar-é-Kibir," is approached by a narrow pathway, winding for several miles along the foot of the high and precipitous crags, forming here the base of the "Djebel Kneissi," which on the right-hand side rises perpendicularly as a wall, to the height of several hundred feet. On the left, at the foot of a nearly equally precipitous, though in some parts thickly wooded ledge, madly foams the roaring torrent of the Nahr-é-Beyrout, which, rising amidst the eternal snows of the Sinneen, precipitates itself through the valley of Hamanah in its rapid course to St. George's Bay.

As we continued gradually to ascend, all signs of habitation, and even of animal life, seemed to disappear: nothing met our eye save bare, barren, and frowning rocks, over which occasionally bounded some of those long-eared mountain goats peculiar to this part of the world. One solitary eagle we also saw, which—sweeping majestically over the cliffs above our heads—soared high across the valley which intervened, and was soon lost amidst the cloud-capped heights beyond.

A bend of the ravine brought us suddenly in sight of Hamanah, and of a numerous band of well-armed and well-mounted cavaliers, who, on being aware of our approach, advanced to our encounter, with the same display of "fantasias," and a similar expenditure of gunpowder, such as I have already had occasion to describe.

This body—the "élite" of the mountain horse—was commanded by the Emir Abdallah, a younger brother of the Grand Prince, whose acquaintance I had formed before. Cordially greeting me as an old friend, we hastened onwards together to the residence of the Grand Prince, who was expecting my arrival, and whose reception was likewise warm and friendly in the extreme.

The Emir Beschir Cassim—at that time the Grand Prince of Lebanon—was a nephew of the old Emir Beschir, who had, through a life of iniquity, extended to upwards of four-score years, so long tyrannized over the Mountain, had—from the period of the siege of Acre, by the French, and even previously—been

the instigator and perpetrator of such numerous crimes and dark intrigues, and had been, since the expulsion of Ibrahim Pasha, sent, with his family, to live in exile, at Lavalette; whilst his nephew, Cassim, at that time upwards of seventy years of age, was placed—it is said, very injudiciously—to govern the Lebanon in his stead.

The Emir Beschir Cassim was a harmless, good old man, but not possessed of that decision of character and determination of purpose requisite to rule those turbulent mountain races during such stirring and troublous times. His reign was consequently short; he was, a few months after the occurrences here described, replaced by a Turkish Pasha,* and sent to end his days either at Broussa or Stamboul.

At the period to which I refer—viz., in 1841—the Emir Beschir Cassim was the recognised paramount Chief of all the Lebanon mountain tribes, whose unruly turbulence he was, however, never able to control; and the very appearance of the good old Prince betrayed that kindness and easy good-nature, unfitting him for a post which could only be maintained by the sterner qualifications of a far more active, determined, and energetic mind.

The Prince was a great ally of the Commodore: we had also during some portion of the Syrian war, been fellow-campaigners in the field; and he received me with all the kindness of a parent, and the warmth of a valued friend. The old Prince, after embracing me according to the fashion of the "Djebel," called me affectionately his child and his son, and expressed the high sense of what—he said—his people and himself must, and would ever feel, for all that the gallant Commodore had done in their behalf; acknowledgments in which I likewise came in for a share far greater than I deserved.

I explained to his Highness all the difficulties I had encountered, both at Cairo and Alexandria, in executing the mission with which I had been charged—difficulties which I unhesitatingly attributed to what I considered their true cause—viz., French diplomacy and intrigue; nor did I fail to expatiate on the circumstance, when at my recent landing at Beyrout, the same means had been employed, in order to arrogate solely to

the interference of France, the merit of liberating the captive mountain chiefs.

The old Prince listened attentively to my tale; then, touching me on the shoulder, as he puffed forth a volley of smoke from his chibouque—"Mâ-be seil," "never mind," said he, "never mind; the Mountain and myself well know what we owe to England, and to that son of valour, and star of bravery: the gallant Komodor. You, also, my son, have played right well your part; and the recollection of all this will be everlastingly engraved upon our hearts. Let us now provide for your immediate wants, for hunger you undoubtedly must feel, after so long a ride. We will then go and see some of those old acquaintances whom you met before, at Kabalies, and lastly at Jaffa, when I took leave of you, on your departure for that mission which you have, through many difficulties, so successfully fulfilled."

So saying, the Prince—Haroun-el-Reschid-like—thrice clapped his hands; at which signal, numerous attendants, bearing trays covered with savoury kababs and rich pilafs—with leben and knafeh—with an endless variety of soups and of sweets—instantly appeared upon the scene. Of all these good things did I partake with an appetite sharpened by the keen mountain air; and at the conclusion of the feast, we adjourned to a spacious level piece of ground, where some hundreds of the Prince's cavalry—part of the force which had accompanied him during the late campaign—were drawn up in martial array.

A "field-day" next ensued, which though probably very different from a similar performance on Hounslow-leath, possessed nevertheless, peculiar merits of its own; and when concluded, was followed by the national exercise of the djereed, or casting of the spear.

Want of space precludes me, however, from here detailing the particulars of that martial game, in which these warlike mountaineers so much excel—from detailing the full extent of hospitality I experienced in every part of the Lebanon which I visited on that occasion—and for the same cogent reason, I must now abruptly conclude this account of the "return of the Mountain Chiefs," by informing my patient, and—I hope—indulgent reader, that, shortly after the events above described, I received an order to rejoin my regiment at Gibraltar; and with most unfeigned regret did I bid adieu to Mount Lebanon,—to the sunny land of Syria,—and to all the kind friends I had been so fortunate as to make whilst there.

* Another instance of that bad faith of the Porte towards the inhabitants of the Lebanon, which must, sooner or later, bring its rule over the "Mountain" to an inevitable close. As these lines are going to the press, the account of another insurrection of the Druses has just come from the Levant.

PHOEBE FORTESCUE'S ACCOUNT OF THE DUKE'S FUNERAL.

Communicated by the Author of "Mary Powell," &c.

MADAM,—My mistress told me that as I waited well, and was in nice new mourning, I might help to attend on the company who had bought tickets for the seats at the front windows of our first floor, to witness the mournful, majestic spectacle which took place yesterday. I will not waste my time, which is limited, in mentioning the trouble and confusion which previously took place, in clearing away stock and household furniture, for the reception of spectators, nor the noise and untidiness occasioned by the carpenters putting up the seats, on which people were to be ranged as close as flower-pots on the shelves of a nursery-man's green-house, nor the inconvenience and hindrance to trade, because these were incidental to the occasion. Some of us sat up all night on Wednesday, for the frontage was very much exposed, by reason of the first-floor sashes being taken out. I had, however, three hours' sound sleep in bed, for my mistress said I must be fresh, as I had a long day's work before me; and then I got up, and we all had a hearty breakfast at three o'clock in the morning, and then we began to cut sandwiches. For my master, having been handsomely paid for the tickets, was resolved to do the whole thing genteelly, and charge nothing for a liberal supply of white and red wine, and ham and beef sandwiches. And Thomas and I were continually to proffer them to the company, and make ourselves generally useful, till the procession came in sight, when we had liberty to peep at it any way we could.

Well, I looked out of window before I bandolined my hair, to see what the weather was; and finding it did not rain, I could not help returning thanks for the same, though briefly, in my prayers; considering how many persons' health might depend on it, not only in the way of pleasure and curiosity, but of absolute duty—many of them the best and greatest in the land—and many others, very obscure, but of great importance to their own humble circles and households.

I could not help noting how curious it was to see every house, at that early hour, full of lights, and of people in full activity. Sure, London was never before so universally awake and astir so early! and as for cabs, they seemed to have been plying all night. Strong barriers were erected on each side of Ludgate-

hill, between the road and foot pavement, to prevent the crowd from encroaching on the procession; and men were busily spreading sand along the paving-stones of the road, all along the line.

Some of our company arrived as early as five o'clock, and were stowed away above and below, for what with persons who paid, and friends who did not, we received about two hundred. Some of the workmen, who had put up the seats, were mightily obliged to my master for allowing them the privilege of sitting astride on the top of the roof; and of four very genteel young men, friends of our shopmen, one availed himself of a little sloping penthouse, scarce the width of a man's body, just at the top of the shop front, in such a perilous position, that it turned me quite sick to look at him; another, whose head was not quite so steady, preferred lying all along, on his chest, with his face just peeping over the edge, like a stuffed crocodile at the British Museum; while two others sat one on each side our lath and plaster royal arms, one with his arm round the neck of the lion, the other round the unicorn, supporting the supporters as one may say; and, as the whole affair was but gimcrack (being never intended for such an use), there was great likelihood that supporters and supporters would share one common fate, and tumble down like Jack and Gill, that went up-hill, to fetch a pail of water.

As day began to dawn, people began to collect on the pavement, till at length they were as tight packed as figs in a drum; without seeming to consider or care for the many hours they must stand, pinioned in their places with nothing to look at except their neighbours. An old general, who was one of our first floor guests, began to speculate upon how many thousands would assemble, and he observed, that the only man who knew how to organize vast numbers of human beings was the man whose loss we were deploring, and that he had always had a dread of the assemblage of a vast, undisciplined mob in the streets of London. And perhaps, he added, this presence of evil would have its reasonableness verified this very day. However, this old gentleman evidently belonged to the Croaker family; and, as it would be neither kind nor polite to mention his real name, I will supply

it by that of General Croaker; and, if there is any real gentleman of that name, I hope he won't take the liberty amiss, for I am not aware that there is such a person.

Carriages now began to set people down as fast as they could; for the time was at hand when they would not be admitted through the barriers. Our company had now all assembled; they were all of the genteel class, though some were a good deal higher than others; but they were all very accommodating and harmonious. One or two brought books, but there was not much reading; and a gentleman observed that people might sometimes be much more sensibly employed, in noticing, and reflecting on passing objects, than in perusing a book that might be read when there was nothing interesting to see. However, at this time, I must say, that except the crowd, and a few soldiers keeping the ground, there was little or nothing to see, except a poor little, terrified dog, running up and down the road, which was hooted after, and laughed at from Temple Bar to Ludgate-street. The general's daughter, a very pretty young lady, with large hazel eyes, called her papa's attention to what she called "the *susurra* of the multitude," which I suppose was the rumour or hum that was constantly to be heard, like the wind sighing through a forest or innumerable bees among lime-blossoms. This was prettier to hear, and more solemnizing, than peals of silly laughter at a poor little dog running along from one end of a street to the other. The penny-postman had much ado to deliver his letters, being obliged to pass them over the heads of the crowd.

At length, soldiers began to form in close file down each barrier, so as completely to line the road; but without molesting the bystanders. All this while, minute guns were firing, and the little bell of St. Paul's tolling, though scarce to be heard, by reason of the *susurra* the young lady mentioned. And now came a solemn pause; for the crowd became aware, though we did not, of a rumour from afar, and every tongue was hushed, all mirth, all fatigue forgotten. Our company became absorbed in expectation; and, as they needed no more attendance, I availed myself of a very good loophole of observation. After a little while, we heard the faint wail of distant solemn music; it came nearer and nearer, and at length paused right before our house, and after playing awhile, proceeded slowly to the cathedral, mournfully dying off. The general's daughter, who seemed a tender-spirited young lady, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and I heard her

tell her papa that the music was Beethoven's Funeral March. Then came the horse soldiers, in companies of 600; oh, how gallant, how brave a show! The general knew them all; and I heard him tell them over—the Life Guards, some in scarlet, some in blue; the Rifles, in dark green; the splendid Scots' Greys, on their grey chargers; the Royal Marines; the Hussars, in green and gold, with faces that would look terrible to their enemies; the light, lithesome Lancers, so young, so comely! I thought of Asahel, the younger brother of King David's commander-in-chief, that was light of foot as a roe.

I may own to you, sir, that being timid and ignorant, I have had some secret troubles of late about the French; hearing that the great Duke himself, who knew them best, distrusted them; but I must say that these *samples*, as it were, of the troops our country can turn out, reassured me greatly; for every man of them looked equal to the overthrow of a dozen foreigners, of what nation soever; and I think this peaceful display of warlike power very well-timed, when so many young men are wanted for volunteers; and that, even in his coffin, the Duke is thus still doing us good.

But now came a hollow sound, it is utterly impossible for words—my words—to describe; and up came the *heavy artillery*, each gun-carriage drawn by six coal-black horses, in harness almost as fine as spun silk, in comparison of the heavy weight it drew after it. What guns! what death! Then, the *light artillery*; four horses. Two artillerymen seated on each gun-carriage.

Music wailing, again—"The Dead March in Saul." And then the infantry; tramp, tramp, very slowly; eyes cast down, sadness on their faces, *muskets reversed*, and trailing behind them in slings. Ah, how mournful!

Kettle-drums, all craped, rolling evermore a hollow, muffled sound. The old Waterloo heroes, poor old Chelsea pensioners, as much as was left of them; white-haired, shattered, weary old men, with the *medal* glittering on their breasts, just to remind us silently how much we owed them for every blessing we enjoy.

Then the English standard, carried by a lieutenant-colonel, supported by two captains on horseback. There was just air enough stirring to make it unfurl, and droop again—just enough sunshine to light it up, without making the scene too gay: for even Nature seemed to sympathize.

Sad, sighing music again. Then, a long array of mourning carriages, containing depu-

tations from the many public bodies to whom the Duke belonged, all of whom had reason to lament their loss. The Guidon; another banner. Chaplains, and many officials whom I cannot particularize. The East India Company's representatives. The Wellesley banner. Great officers of state; lords and dignitaries. We saw Mr. Disraeli well, for there was a halt just as he passed our house. The Speaker, in his state-coach. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, in their state-coaches.

And, now, all the grenadiers lining the road presented their arms, and saluted Prince Albert, in twentics at a time. It had a striking effect, to see the salute running along the line. The Prince took no notice: he was attentively reading the burial service, and looked neither right nor left. His carriage was drawn by six noble black horses.

Then came the Great Banner, scarcely unfurling its heavy folds. Then, the Duke's butons, trophies of the distinctions he had received from grateful foreign countries, borne by the Duke of Osuna, the Duke of Teicirn, Prince Gortchakoff, Count de Nostitz, Baron d'Omphal, and General Falkett. The baton of England was borne by the brave old Marquis of Anglesca.

Then came the remains of him we mourn—drawn by twelve of the largest, heaviest, strongest, coal-black horses, before whom the others looked as grasshoppers. They were veiled in velvet, and erape, and feathers, so as scarcely to be distinguishable. Directly the funeral car came in sight, every grenadier

grounded his musket, bent his fur-capped head on it, and covered his face with his hands, as if in tears. It was a touching thing, that. The car itself was most majestic!—of solid bronze, supporting an immense bier, covered with a sumptuous black velvet pall, embroidered with silver flowers; on which, at a height parallel with our first-floor windows, rested the uncovered coffin of scarlet and gold, which was surmounted by a gorgeous yet airy Indian canopy, of amber colour, raised on four huge halberts. There was nothing to compare in interest with this sublime spectacle, (though the chief mourner came after, with the blinds of his mourning-coach closely drawn down,) unless it was the pathetic sight of the poor horse, his head abased, his whole appearance crest-fallen and dejected. When the last band had played its last tune, just before St. Paul's, it ended with four plaintive chords, like long-drawn sighs—the very soul of sorrow!

Madam, the post is just going out, and I must end without adding a few appropriate remarks, which were made in a thoughtful spirit by some of our company after the solemnity; but I think that similar ones, of some sort or other, cannot have failed to suggest themselves to almost all reflective and feeling witnesses. For my own part, I shall never forget the nation's tribute to the nation's hero; and I rejoice that so many soldiers saw what honour a nation can pay to a man who prefers duty even to glory.

Your obedient servant,
PHIŒBE FORTESCUE.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

The issue of a regular three volume novel,* by one of the great lights of modern literature, has placed *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in the shade, and been a peculiar blessing during the late miserable weather, not only to mere novel readers, but to the thousands who admire the caustic humour, and estimate the deep "knowledge" of the so-called "world," as it is possessed and dispensed by the author of *Vanity Fair*. Mr. THACKERAY has been long known under the quaint sobriquet of "Michael Angelo Titmarsh," and more than suspected, in some of the most popular periodicals of the day, of the authorship of "Tales," "Sketches," and "Correspondence;" all remarkable for their brilliant and biting wit, and some for their ungenerous personalities, which the tone of his more recent and more thoughtful publications would lead us to believe he would "wish to blot." Mr. Thackeray's

genius need never have descended to a heedless but piquant style to achieve popularity; he has strength and power to *lead* in any walk of literature. He is a scholar, a gentleman, an artist, a traveller, and, more than all, a close and uncompromising observer, not only of words but of deeds, not only of deeds, but of what is both difficult and dangerous to interpret—*motives*. He indulges in few sympathies, and has not many to indulge in; he places his standard of human excellence high, and surrounds it with pitfalls, the marvel being not why so many fall, but how any triumph; he sees the ridiculous in all things, and sees it not to laugh, but to sneer; he is frequently so disagreeably true, that he puts you out of temper with yourself, as well as with others: he pities faults and can forgive crimes, but he has no mercy on foibles; he lashes a fool in his folly to the death—that is to say a *male fool*—but he has a tenderness towards foolish woman, which is by no means singular in clever men; his amiable women are

* *Edmond, a Story of Queen Anne's Reign*. By W. M. Thackeray. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

all weak, and his intellectual ones never more than "clever," and, generally speaking, even in a mild way, utterly good for nothing; he traces the bramble in the rose, and the moth in the sunbeam; he would be a *great teacher*, were he not so at war with small faults, which poor human nature would rather conceal, and gets irritable at having exposed; so that when he deals a home thrust at a downright vice, it loses its efficacy, from the fact of its being only a stronger thrust than was bestowed upon those little harmless foibles which should provoke a smile rather than a stab. Mr. Thackeray cannot be compared to any of his compatriots; he is more systematically caustic than any living author; for when he warns to a person or a virtue, he relapses into his ungenial mood, as does a miser after a feast, self-accused of too much enjoyment—and yet those flashes of sunshine, those gleams of happiness, are positively delicious; fresh, bright, and glowing; his philosophy is sound and healthy as a sea breeze, and he has a biting contempt for maudlin sentiment. It would be an ill compliment to Mr. Thackeray, to call him either the "Fielding," or the "Smollett" of these our days; for his sarcasm, his vivid views of the consistencies and inconsistencies of human nature, are free from every taint of sympathy with the vices or paltriness he records; and he never shocks his readers by the gross indecency of the one or the other of those strangely overrated men of the past century. Mr. Thackeray has a genuine and gentlemanly respect for the *real* proprieties of life, with a distinct and positive contempt for the assumption of them. We might almost call him the Hogarth of modern literature; he means to be, and believes he is, true to the actual life he describes, and his not being always so is the result of some undefined constitutional acidity, mingled with a passion for the ridiculous, which renders him the *ungenial*—while Dickens is the *genial*—chronicler of men and manners. The novel we have just read is partly historical; and the court of Queen Anne, including the poor Queen herself, is altogether the very sort of royalty which feeds Mr. Thackeray's contempt for the great, and makes him enjoy to repletion. He luxuriates in the heaviness, both mental and bodily, which cumbered the last of the reigning Stuarts, and has drawn such a picture of "the first Pretender" as will prevent his ever venturing with either comfort or security among certain Highland chiefs we wot of; indeed, this portrait stands out from the canvas with painful distinctness; it is as powerful and disagreeable as that of a gloating satyr, so frequently found in the pictures of the old masters; but, as if to prove that the sarcasm we hit against, and which hits against us, is only a part of Mr. Thackeray's character and literature, he has created in Colonel Esmond a hero so gentle-hearted, yet so truly brave—so passionate, yet so pure—so elevated, yet so humble—so manly, yet so unselfish—that we can hardly find his parallel in the whole range of fiction; yet he is so perfectly natural that we, old as we are, believe in him as faithfully as a nun believes in her patron saint. We would not do our readers the injustice to attempt to unravel the plot of a novel which they must read, and cannot read without the deepest interest. Some will enjoy the sarcasm, as people often do when it is their friends, and not themselves, who suffer; others will delight in the vivid sketches of character, the panoramic scenes, the philosophy of the story, and the young and faithful believers in the pure and true

(to whom may God preserve their trust!) will joy, to the end of their lives, in Colonel Esmond. The character is conceived in the spirit of the purest poetry; and though some, especially young-lady-readers, will ever and anon scout the idea of a man loving two ladies at the same time, and absolutely wedding the elder, the "Marrying Man" will at once agree in the wisdom of his choice, and declare that "Dentrix," with all her fascinations, was nothing more than a well-born and more ladylike "Becky," of notorious memory. Mr. Thackeray, in this, as in all his literature, is at times strikingly epigrammatic—conveying as much in a sentence as the generality of authors do in a chapter, and giving his readers abundant food for thought long after his book is closed. It is true there will be at least as much pain as pleasure mingled with the remembrance of what he writes; but it *will be remembered*, and recalled, and dwelt upon, and thought over.

SIR FRANCIS HEAD, who some years ago galloped "across the Pampus," has made a "boulé" through Ireland. He has spent "A FORTNIGHT" there, and gives us the result in a volume of exactly 400 pages! This is unjust to himself, and unfair to the country. Having never been in Ireland before, he spends fourteen days there, and if he has given us something that is good, and more that is sensible—of course, pretending to nothing that is *new*—our lament may be, that he did not, by a longer visit, obtain larger knowledge, so that he might really and truly aid the movement that is now progressing in regard to the most capable, and least productive, portion of the dominions of the Queen. Ireland has ever been the victim of haste. There has always been an inclination to deal with her by impulse. A few immatured thoughts seemed enough to give her; and for her practical and permanent good a little loose legislation has appeared sufficient. We speak with reference to her friends, of whom Sir Francis Head is one; and we may grieve and mourn that her destiny has been to receive only the complimentary nothings—the sweet simpers of sympathising admirers, and to be left by them pretty nearly as they found her. Sir Francis is, as has been said, one of her friends. Speaking of the Irish, he says—

"The Irish people, for whom, so long as I may be permitted to live, I shall entertain an unalterable affectionate regard."

Actuated by this feeling, he should have postponed the issue of his book until he could have done more to serve them. His limited knowledge is shown perpetually, from the day of his arrival, when he talks of crossing "Grattan Street"—meaning Grafton Street—to his passage out of the Claddagh at Galway. The brogue of Sir Francis is rather funny. Our Irish friends will smile when they read "jarb" for job, "arn'r" for honour, "orf" for off, "Dhublin" for Dublin, "prato" for parade, "starp" for stop, "wharl" for world, "ut" for it, "thum" for them, "marn" for man, "lum" for him, "whart" for what, "auld" for old, and so forth. Nevertheless, there is much that is valuable in these 400 pages. It might have been given us, indeed, without his having troubled himself to cross the channel. Such, for examples are his account of the Irish constabulary, the National Education, and the College of Maynooth. On these subjects his views are rational and liberal. Of course, they will please

neither party, as Sir Francis will find; for no truth is more clear than that he who writes the truth concerning Ireland will have to endure the wrath of many, and receive the thanks of none. In his tour, also, he sees and describes much that is agreeable. He will not raise the Irish character; he sees the people in their utter misery, and he has—rightly—avoided to throw a veil over their wretchedness. But his kindly sympathies are with them, and his generous thoughts are theirs. His remarks upon the “evictions,” the “clearings,” the desolations, in Connemara do him honour. On this terrible theme he is touchingly eloquent. On the whole, if we regret that this book has been published, it is only because we are, in all probability, thus prevented from obtaining from the same hand a much better.

The Colloquies of Edward Osborne.—Are there any in the fair city of London, read in the chronicles of times long past, who do not remember the history of the ancestor of the Duke of Leeds?—how he was a brave, true-hearted City apprentice, how he served his master faithfully, saved the life of his young mistress, and—oh! but we are book-sworn not to tell—we had nearly permitted to escape the mystery of the prettiest and “quaintest” Christmas tale that ever wooed matrons and maids from the concoction of a Christmas pudding, a jar of minced meat, or a bowl of snap-dragon. We would not for the world have this tale—these *Colloquies of Edward Osborne*—enter our house when we were occupied in much home service, or preparing for a journey, or busied in some weighty literary occupation. It has engrossed us for the better part of a morning; and then we have been forced to read certain passages over again to ourselves, and then to read them aloud to others; and truly we have seen nothing from the pen of our contributor and friend that has given us half so much pleasure, with the exception, perhaps, of a certain MS., which, with others of peerless beauty, will, by God's blessing, commence the next volume of our beloved Magazine. How charming is the grace and freshness with which this City tale is told, how minute the particles that bring forth the whole with so much perfectness and harmony, how delicate the colouring, how perfect the development, how genuine and life-like the characters, how pure the purpose! We know no more fitting gift-book, no work more worthy to grace the table of youth and beauty. We congratulate the publishers on the production of such a “history.” It is right that it comes forth from a City house; and well it comes, in its quaint binding with red edges—which we never see without thinking of Malvolio's cross-quartering and red stockings—in right Christmas fashion. We congratulate everybody who has had anything to do with it, even to the very *Diavolo* who, in a red worsted comforter, waded through the floods with (careful imp!) the proofs in his rabbit-skin cap; and last, not least, do we congratulate our readers, who, on the first of next month, will commence a legend, as good, of *we know who*, by—but it is a secret as deep as Waverley—to be revealed **HERRAFTER!**

* *The Colloquies of Edward Osborne, Citizen and Clothworker of London; as reported by the Author of “Mary Powell.”* London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.

The Autobiography of William Jerdan has arrived at its third volume, and our interest in its contents was certainly increased by its dedication to the memory of L. E. L., “to whose genius,” to quote Mr. JERDAN's words, “the *Literary Gazette* was during many years, indebted for its greatest attractions.” We know this to be entirely true; and we also know, that those portions of the two chapters devoted to memories of this most richly endowed woman, only give her her due meed of praise. She was the most generous of critics, the most affectionate of friends, the most charming of conversationalists, the most unselfish of women. In a long and intimate acquaintance, extending from the year 1825 to the period of her leaving England, during three years of which we were in the habit of seeing her, or hearing from her *daily*, we saw repeated proofs of her most generous, and self-sacrificing nature—of a highly sensitive and poetic temperament. Schooled to the continual small kindnesses of life—boarding as she did in a school—she accommodated herself with the most loving gentleness to the discipline of school life, dining with the pupils, and sending forth the poetry which delighted the world from a small attic, where her bed, and desk, and little high-backed chair were in such close companionship, that we often wondered how she performed the duties of her careful and elegant *toilette*. We have known her throw aside a poem to trim her grandmama's cap, or dress a little girl's doll; and this close companionship, while it won both admiration and affection, showed us, frequently and clearly, the *one fault* to which she owed so much sorrow, and which caused her real character to be so frequently and so cruelly misunderstood and misrepresented. Her poetic temperament was too prone to undervalue *fact* and over-rate *fiction*. She never seemed to understand the difference between them, and would frequently give a *fact* as a *fiction*, and a *fiction* as a *fact*. Her imagination would run away with her judgment, and with her memory, but never with her generosity and kindness. She would say things in playfulness, or for effect, which others would, as we have said, either misunderstand or misrepresent. —Men, too, *men!* themselves fathers of girls as old as she—whom her innocence and gratitude distinguished—men, to whom she, fatherless, clung for advice and protection—have suffered jests to pass at her expense, which flattered their *rancor*, while it blotted her reputation, at the time when—we solemnly, and to this hour believe—she was as pure in conduct as unspotted snow. Her genius is beyond doubt or criticism; the memories of her noble qualities are well clustered round the heart of the few who loved her and knew her, as we did. But we shall look with more than anxiety to the future, which Mr. Jerdan promises to write, of this brilliant and unfortunate lady—to clear away the cloud which slander raised to her dishonour; we expect this—we require this—nay, we demand this from her first literary friend.

In point of interest this volume is greatly superior to its predecessors; the very names of those of whom it treats are a galaxy of talent—Coleridge, Disraeli, Gifford, Barry Cornwall, Mrs. Hemans, Theodore Hook, Dr. Kitchener, and hosts of others, who are now with the “past.” Our only regret being that with such opportunities Mr. Jerdan did not take

“More note of time.”

for what he *does* remember makes us desire more.

He has evidently made up his mind, despite all we believe has been proved to the contrary, that authors are a peculiarly ill-used, miserable, and unhappy race of mortals, whose positions, "when their day is done," can never be traced back to any imprudence, mistake, or mismanagement of their own. Now we are convinced this is not the case—at all events, not to the extent Mr. Jerdan considers.

The feelings, tastes, pursuits, and callings of men of letters are so opposed to what are called, and are in reality "business habits," that they are as incompatible as the duties of the hand with the duties of the eye, though both tend to the establishment of a good order of things; every attempt for the one to do without the other (except, perhaps, in the case of the brothers Chambers,) has been a failure and a ruin. The true wisdom is to draw author and publisher more closely together. If the latter is educated and refined, it is to be hoped he may appreciate the labours of the former, which even Mr. Jerdan seems to admit was the case with the late John Murray; however, as is usual in argument, we have not convinced Mr. Jerdan, and Mr. Jerdan has not convinced us.

Mr. Jerdan writes with much truth and feeling about the late Doctor Maginn, whose wit and learning are now only remembered by a few of his old companions; periodical literature being, in his case, as it always is, the light of the present, the grave of the past. "Billy Maginn," the illuminator of 1820 and 1830, is forgotten; we had a difficult matter to find his grass-grown unrecorded grave in the churchyard of Walton-on-Thames, where we desire to see a little slab to his memory.

Mrs. LEE'S BOOKS.—There are no class of authors to whom we—for our children's sake—were more indebted than to those who crowd around our firesides the tender feelings and pleasant knowledge connected with natural history. It is quite enough to see the name of Mrs. R. LEE on a title-page to ensure our interest and entertainment, and we honestly confess that we have devoured two of this lady's volumes, published in anticipation of the coming Christmas by Messrs. GRANT and GRIFFITH, with more than our usual enjoyment. The first, because the largest, and capable of entertaining and instructing all ages is the *Anecdotes of the Habits and Instincts of Birds, Reptiles, and Fishes*; the second attracts the attention of childhood at once by its title of *Sayings and Doings of Animals*, a title, it may be, a little far-fetched; but the short sketches are primitive and pretty. Both books are well got up, and the illustrations are natural and unaffected; perhaps the chief interest in the larger volume is to be attributed to the "Anecdotes of Fishes," of which, of all created things, we know so little—the fishmonger being in general our great authority, or, perhaps, the patient and pertinacious angler, who insists that fishes cannot feel, and so pursues his sport, without an idea that he is practising cruelty either upon worm or fish. Mrs. Lee thinks so rightly, is so impressed with the value of one portion of what is created to the other, that her reasonings impart increased faith and increased happiness to her readers. "Our great Creator," she says, "has provided so many curious contrivances for their (i. e., the fishes) preservation; He has made so many of them valuable to man; He has endowed so large a por-

tion with extreme beauty; He has caused others to be so singular, others, again, so terrible; and He has ordered some so to step from their general character, so to surpass our finite comprehension, so to cheat us of our ideas of fixed laws, that I flatter myself this last portion of my work will afford the same interest to the general reader as those which have had the precedence." The better natural history is understood the more interesting it becomes, and, in an educational point of view, it is of the greatest value, connecting, as it does, the different countries with their animated productions, all expanding into a mighty and perfect whole, each in truest harmony with the other. Mrs. Lee's views are as expansive as her subject, and her well-balanced and harmonious mind gives an additional charm to the knowledge she imparts.

MR. MARMION SAVAGE, of Dublin, who has been long considered the author of *The Bachelor of the Albany*, and other equally brilliant books, has now thrown off the *incognito*, and come forth with three volumes, with which his name is given. The Dublin literary school fosters much that is bright and sparkling; there is more badinage, more humour, more taste for practical jokes in Dublin society than in that of any other city, either abroad or at home, that we are even now acquainted with. It is frequently very difficult in a Dublin drawing-room for a quiet, matter-of-fact Englishman to distinguish what is real or unreal, true or untrue; there is so much cross-firing, both local and political, so much "quizz," that, whatever be the final result, the first two or three dinners are certain to bewilder and "bother" the stranger. But after a time it has one advantage; it encourages ease, both of mind and manner; it teaches repartee; it banishes the petrifying, conventional stiffness which often encrusts the rich casket of an English heart; it gives an earnest and hearty tone to society, which, however ephemeral, is decidedly pleasant and cheerful; the men are all gaily and yet bitterly political, the women musical, kindly, and unaffectedly intellectual; the very fierce clashing of opinions sharpens their wits; their arrows are not only ready, but barbed, and any one disposed to listen and observe, taking no particular position, and inclined to ride on both sides of the car, will find more to interest and amuse in a thorough round of Dublin society than in any other of the world. In this society Mr. Marmion Savage has lived; of this he has been long one of those admired and sought after, and, consequently, his tales—though the scenes are in England—savour, in their character, mode of thought, and expression, far more of Ireland than of England. *Reuben Medlicott* (the title of these pleasant volumes) is developed, from first to last, with great care and fidelity. His character is a study well worthy a high place in literary fiction, and, indeed, all the *dramatis persone* are sketched and filled out with much more thought and care than the generality of novelists deem it necessary to bestow on what are wrongly termed the minor portions of a book—"The Dean," more especially, is quite Hogarthian. If less brilliant than *The Bachelor of the Albany*, *Reuben Medlicott* develops a much higher range of thought and much greater power than anything Mr. Savage has hitherto produced. The motto tells the moral:—*Il est propre à tout, disent ses amis, ce qui signifie toujours qu'il n'a pas plus de talent pour une chose que pour une autre: ou, en autres termes qu'il n'est propre à rien.*

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.—It is well known that the political occurrences of 1851 in Paris expatriated many of the most brilliant and most remarkable of its literary men, whose politics and popularity rendered them peculiarly dangerous to the new dynasty. Scattered in all directions, they sought refuge in Germany, Switzerland, some few in England, but the greater number claimed the hospitality and protection of Belgium, now the only constitutional monarchy of the continent. To the latter country ALEXANDRE DUMAS shaped his course. And what country would not be proud to receive so distinguished a stranger, and offer him a generous asylum, where he could enjoy the liberty which a truly wise Government never fears to grant! Wherever the great dramatist resides he becomes an object of interest: commanding, as he does, a world-wide fame, all are anxious to offer him the sympathy of their homage. A friend was, a few days ago, so fortunate as to receive an invitation to pass an evening at the house in Brussels which he inhabits, and which, to quote his own phrase, is only “*a petit coin*,” being a small dwelling in the centre of the *Boulevard de Waterloo*, in the agreeable city of Brussels. He very kindly writes us the result: “The house has a pleasant view over a valley studded with small hamlets, farm buildings, and vegetable gardens, to the opposite heights of Vleurgat, crowned by the dense agglomeration of trees forming the boundary of the Forest of Soignes. In company with an accomplished young painter of the Belgian school (M. Slingeneer), we rang the bell at the door of the house, and were shortly afterwards admitted into a small square corridor, beyond which folding doors immediately admit visitors into a parlour something like a garden alcove, where the dinner-table still retained evidences of previous occupancy. In describing this apartment as the ‘alcove’ of a garden we, mean that it is so studded with plants and flowers as to bear resemblance to a small conservatory. The floor immediately over, comprising the drawing-room, and the romancist’s bed-chamber, are equally clustered with an extravagant profusion of the beauties of the floral kingdom, intermingled with bronzes, porcelain, mirrors, and all the adjuncts of *recherché* taste; nor must it be forgotten that in every possible place where draperies of rich stuffs could be suspended they hang in graceful folds, and lend their dazzling hues of gold and vivid colours to complete the singular scene. So much does M. Dumas liken his ‘*petit coin*’ to a conservatory of rare plants, that he makes it a *calenbourg* upon his isolation from France, in the following characteristic letter, in the possession of the writer:—

“ Mon Cher,—Il y a un siècle que je ne vous ai vu.
 “ Vous savez que l’homme à la Serre n’a pas même paru
 Boulevard de Waterloo.
 “ Mes hommages aux pieds de Madame, et tout à vous.
 “ ALEX. DUMAS.”

M. Dumas having dined (our visit was about seven o’clock in the evening), had undressed and gone into bed, where we found him reading the history of the Duke de Guise by the light of a lamp placed on a corner shelf near the head of the bed—of course

accompanied by flowers. He said this was his usual habit—to seek repose, generally reading while reclining thus, until ten or eleven at night, when he arose, took his pen, and commenced writing his popular works of fiction. The night before our visit he said he had continued writing through the night until six in the morning. In person, as far as judgment could be formed from seeing him in bed, M. Dumas appears about the middle height, and inclined to be robust. His head is large, and the features have a mild look of *bon-homme*; perhaps this was occasioned at this time mentally by the affectionate attentions of his daughter, who sat on the pillow beside him and kissed his forehead at intervals, or put her arms round his neck. There is but small trace of his creole origin in the features—the rather fleshy lips and slight tinge of skin are the only indications. The conversation during our visit was lively and agreeable, never in the least approaching to anything assuming or dogmatic. He spoke of being able to read perfectly the English language, but declined to make use of it in conversation. My friend and I sat, at his request, on the foot of the bed, and here we partook of tea, made by his charming daughter before spoken of, a young lady of twenty years of age, or so, who officiated while seated on the pillow near her beloved parent.

Mr. GROOMBRIDGE has again brought Grace Aguilar before the public in a little volume entitled *Home Scenes and Heart Studies*, which, her mother tells us in the preface, completes her works, adding, that “the wishes of the author of the *Women of Israel* will be fulfilled, should the unceasing labours of a life, too early closed, awaken sentiments of pure affection, and illustrate by example the delights of Home.” It seems like again parting from this most admirable and amiable woman to peruse her *last* book; there is something so *drury* in that word “*last*” that we cannot but lament she can no more give utterance to those feelings and sentiments so highly wrought, and yet so full of wisdom and purity; but “*her handwriting is on the wall*,” and both the Christian and the Jew owe her a debt of gratitude. Another edition of *The Women of Israel* is also just published, in two volumes, which we make no doubt will find, as it deserves, a rapid sale.

THERE are few things more delightful than the combination of art and literature. It is this which has added so many charms to modern books; but when we find a traveller who wields both pen and pencil the enjoyment is considerably increased. Our readers may, perhaps, remember Mr. EDWARD LEAR’S *Journals of a Landscape Painter in Albania*; he has now sent forth the result of his travels in *Southern Calabria*, in which his principal object has been to make his journal a landscape painter’s guide book, and he has succeeded to admiration. The illustrations are singularly fresh, and, we believe, faithful, and the accompanying letter-press simple, graphic, and unaffected. We hope Mr. Lear will soon again break new ground.

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